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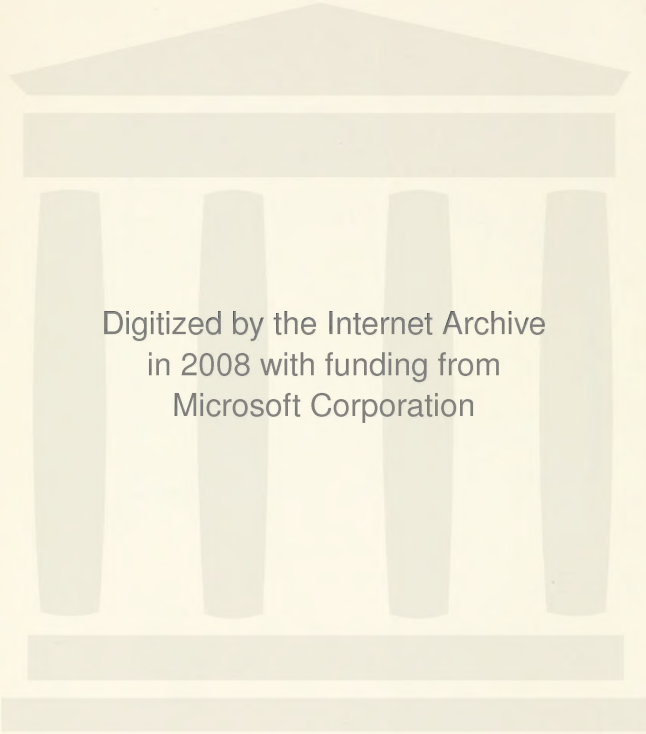
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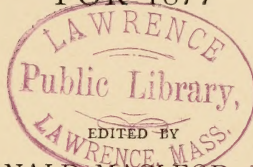


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"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1877



DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

J. MCWHIRTER, H. FRENCH, F. W. LAWSON, E. G. DALZIEL,
PERCY MACQUOID, A. J. C. HARE, P. SKELTON,
AND OTHERS

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"DORIS BARUGH."

GOOD WORDS FOR 1877

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.—SWINGING ON A GATE.



THE day had been full of mist, a soft white veil clung to the side of the steep hill, and blotted out the village straggling up from the river below to the old grey church

with its low crenellated tower and screen of tall fir-trees, standing on the skirts of the moor, five hundred feet above the valley.

This screen of old, thin fir-trees set north and west within the loosely piled stone fence that shut in the churchyard, gave a weird haunted look to the spot.

It may be that this gaunt weirdness, for beyond the thin outstretched fir-arms the moor spreads for miles in a barren level, has fostered the superstition that still hangs over

Burneston; but even nowadays there are ghost stories about Burneston Hall—the grey old manor-house in the valley below—stories which tell how the wife of the last Burneston of Burneston walks up and down—up and down the terraces beside the river, mourning her sin and her sorrow.

To-day even, there is something chilling and mysterious in those tall thin fir-trees looming above the mist, as if trying to keep sight of the long range of pale grey hills across the valley.

Mr. Burneston, the present owner of the Hall, had come up through the mist from the old grey house beside the river to call at the parsonage, but he had not taken the steep way through the village, there was a nearer way by the avenue, and now as he stood looking at the church and its screen of weird trees, he was opposite Farmer Barugh's pig-yard. The white gate was open just now to admit seven fine brown cows, breathing fragrance as they passed, and Mr. Burneston went through it whistling. One could see that the mist had not depressed his spirits, he looked very bright, very happy, and though there was an ease in his movement that betrayed carelessness, he looked like a well-bred kindly English gentleman. He went on past the range of cow stables, then through a rick-yard where a few empty stone posts seemed waiting for the coming harvest, and suddenly came in sight of the gate which led to the glebe field, a swelling green croft high above the white gabled parsonage below.

A girl, dressed in a lilac cotton frock, with

short sleeves, a long, buff-striped pinafore, and a white sun-bonnet, was swinging on the gate. Her back was towards him, and her head was hidden by her sun-bonnet. She did not hear his footsteps, and she went on singing to herself in a sweet voice.

She made such a pretty picture there, with the background of golden starred meadow, that instinctively he stood still, and these words of her song reached him:—

"May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall."

He had been smiling as he looked at the careless grace of the girl's attitude, but as she ended the smile broadened, and he burst out laughing.

The girl started, looked round, and then jumped down; her sun-bonnet fell back as she reached the ground. Mr. Burneston saw the loveliest little face he had ever seen in his life. Large blue-grey eyes gazed at him in bright terror from under delicate, finely-marked brows, shadowed by a frizzled crop of brown hair, which straggled over her forehead, but did not hide its beauty; the red lips were parted with the sudden alarm, but the nose and chin were so delicate, yet so firm in their outline, that they might have belonged to an ancient statue. A bright deep blush spreading over her face and throat wakened Burneston from his sudden enchantment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as if he were speaking to an equal; "but where do you come from?"

It had all happened too quickly for words to render—before his sentence had ended the girl snatched at the strings of her sun-bonnet and fled past him like a bird on the wing.

Mr. Burneston's blue eyes followed her till she disappeared, and he stood staring till two huge geese came and hissed at him.

Then he rubbed his hands across his forehead, and looked about as if he had had a sudden awakening.

"Good heavens, I never saw any one like her; where can she come from?"

Philip Burneston was easy-going, but he was an only son, and had early been his own master; he was accustomed to have his orders obeyed and his wishes gratified at once. He was impatient to know who the girl was, and he came back into the farm-yard, and turning his back to the church, looked at the farm-house, which showed through wreaths of brown and golden apples above the low stone wall.

"I cannot ask there," he said, "they are

almost strangers, and the girl may belong to them."

On the other side of the road which ran down-hill past the churchyard and the large white gate of the farm, were two stone cottages with thatched roofs and low broad lattice windows, and over the door of one of these, making a frame of graceful foliage, stirred now by the breeze that was lifting the mist, was a large flowered white convolvulus.

Mr. Burneston crossed the road, tapped at the door of this cottage and raised the latch. The inner door was opened by an old woman, her head and hands shaking with palsy; but she smiled when she saw Mr. Burneston.

"Ay, ay, sir, ye mun coom in," she spoke heartily, "an' sit ye doon. An' how's yersel', Maister Burneston, an' how is t' wi' t' yung maister? It's long sin fooaks seed yer face oop here."

Mr. Burneston had to stoop as he went into the neat, exquisitely clean little room. The fire-irons and the steel-fittings of the oven shone as if they were not meant for use, the walls and heavy-beamed ceiling were of chalky whiteness, in one corner was an old oak press with glistening brass handles, and in the other corner a triangular cupboard, the red Indian lac door brass-mounted, and through this half-open door showed treasured old china cups and saucers, and plates, and even a blue and white teapot on a high shelf.

"Well, how are you, Mrs. Duncombe? And how is Rose, eh?"

The old palsied head shook more than ever. "Ah'se as hard o' heearin as ivver Ah war; howsomivver, if ye'll bide here a bit, Ah'll just gan an' call t' laahttle lass. Rose, Rose, coom here."

There stole in from the back door a little girl with a round saucy face that in a minute was suffused with a blush of pleasure and shyness at sight of the visitor. Rose's tawny hair, with occasional tinges of red, was brushed smoothly behind her ears, and her fair freckled skin looked scrupulously clean and well kept; but there was something disorderly in the expression of her yellow-brown eyes, her small turned-up nose, and her full, parted lips. She was very plump, and looked much younger than she really was.

"Why, Rose, when are you going to grow?" Mr. Burneston always had kind words for the little village girls, provided they were pretty: he pinched the child's blushing cheek. "You must grow tall as well as broad, little woman."

Rose's eyes drooped at the implied reproof. She thought the want of rapid growth must be caused by her own idleness, and she sighed heavily.

Her grandmother could not hear the sigh, but she noted the confusion of the downcast face.

"Mebbe it's about t' sewin', eh, Rose lass? Ain't Ah allays tell'd thee as thee'l nivver mak a decent stiddy lass wiv'oot thou sticks te t' needle? Mebbly thee'l be bud a poor shiftless thing as lang's thee lives."

At this picture of the possible result of laziness Rose's full pouting lips quivered, her cheeks puckered, and from the closed eyelids came a shower of tears.

Mr. Burneston's bright frank face clouded in a moment.

"Oh don't scold her, grannie," he said in a suffering voice, as if some one had wounded him keenly; then bending over Rose, he said tenderly, "There, there, my dear, don't you cry, grannie doesn't mean it, I'm sure you're a good girl; come down to the Hall, and Mrs. Emmett shall give you a pot of jam."

Rose looked up through her tears with a loving reverence that struck Mr. Burneston, though his mind was full of something else. "How fond that child must be of jam!" and somehow he felt less pity for Rose.

He put his lips close to Mrs. Duncombe's ear—

"Have the Barughs, those new people at the farm, any family?" he said.

The shaking old head nodded as if it meant to roll off.

"Ay, ay, t' missus, Dorothy her man calls her, cooms ov a better sort o' fooak an ther is aboot here, Ah reckon. Fooaks sez as sheea cooms frae t' south, an' 'er fayther 'ad lots o' brass. Neea, bud it wad be a coom doon i' life fer sike as sheea te wed wiv a mon like John Barugh. If Ah ain't gaumed reeghtly, ye mun ax t' laahtle lass fer t' rest o' t' teal."

The increasing impatience in her listener's face had shown Mrs. Duncombe that she was answering wrongly.

"Are there any children at the farm, Rose?" he said abruptly.

The soft-hearted child felt the change in his manner, and she blushed with pain. She who worshipped the ground the squire walked on had managed somehow to be all wrong with him in this visit.

"There's a lass an' a lad."

"And how old are they? Is the girl, for instance, older than you, and—and what like is she?"

The change in his voice made the girl look up, and Mr. Burneston reddened as he met her questioning eyes.

"Thea call t' lad George, an' he's a reet nice un, he is, an' he's goin' thirteen, an' he plays wi' me," said Rose; "bud t' lass is nae better an if sheea'd lost her tongue. Sheea's bigger nor me, an' as fer her 'air it's nivver tidy like, an' sheea deean't play. George sez as sheea's fair daft."

In her bias against Doris she spoke eagerly, quite forgetting her shyness, and Mr. Burneston felt a sudden dislike to Rose Duncombe.

"Ah," he said carelessly, and then he stood thinking—it was useless to question the old woman, she could not hear a word.

"Well," he nodded, "good-bye, Mrs. Duncombe. Be a good lass, Rose, and mind your sewing, or else when you're old enough to get a husband you won't be able to mend his stockings."

The old woman nodded repeatedly, but Rose did not curtsy, she stood with her fat fingers clasped together over her lilac pinafore, watching Mr. Burneston with rapt loving eyes; he had spoken to her again with a smile, and every word was treasured in her warm little heart.

"If Ah sud try fer te please my man as Ah try t' please t' maister," she thought, "why then Ah mun be able te do t' sewin' o' all sorts."

People talk sentimentally of the sufferings of worms trodden on heedlessly, of birds robbed of their young; very few have pity or sympathy for the unrequited love of children or of ugly or unattractive men and women. I say this advisedly, for ugly people are often gifted with extraordinary power of attraction. Perhaps much of this want of sympathy comes of unconsciousness; for people are less conceited or conscious of the love they win and slight, than of their personal gifts or intellectual acquirements.

Certainly Philip Burneston had no consciousness of the warm love that lay nestling for him in little Rose's heart.

Her words had stung him; he felt sure that the rough-headed daughter of Farmer Barugh must be the vision of beauty he had seen on the gate, and it jarred him that this mere village child, Rose, should speak as if the girl were her equal.

He stood facing the farm-yard, and then he turned so as to front the steep descent on each side of which lay the village. The mist had lifted and revealed the opposite side of the valley, with plots of golden corn land, some with shocks ready for carrying; with

green strips of meadow here and there, and darker lines of green hedge dotted with trees. Beyond came a long stretch of woodland, then as the land rose towards the point where the sun was just about to sink behind the hills, the corn was glittering gold and the meadow gleamed emerald against dark fir woods. Beyond all, rose the purple brown of the moor, cresting the long range of hills, purple almost to blackness as after a few minutes the sun sank into the leaden clouds that bordered the horizon.

The river which ran through the valley, and the Hall with its circling woods, were not visible from where Mr. Burneston was gazing, the hill was so steep; and yet he seemed to be searching for his home as he stood looking so fixedly down the winding road with stone cottages on either side, some of these mounted so high on grassed banks above the road that they were reached by quaint flights of broken time-stained stone steps.

Mrs. Duncombe had shut her door. Rose in a sudden and virtuous impulse had brought out a checked duster, and was hemming, with her eyes fixed on her needle. No one was looking at Mr. Burneston while he stood first rapt in thought, and then amused by his own hesitation.

He could not make up his mind to go home till he had had another vision of that frizzled head and the exquisite face belonging to it.

"I have not called on these people yet," he said, "and it is the right thing to do."

He pushed the gate open and crossed the yard diagonally from right to left, passing by the horse-pond which was near the road in the extreme left-hand corner, and in which four black-and-white ducks were dipping and splashing as if they thought water more invigorating when in motion.

There was a small gate in the furthest corner of the yard, almost hidden by apple boughs pendent from their weight of russet fruit, and through this gate Mr. Burneston entered the small trim garden, showing few flowers on its neatly-raked brown borders, except tufts of monkshood and coral plant and some pink blossoms on the blue-green thrift border.

The door stood open, the squire knocked, and then stood waiting.

Mr. Barugh was a new tenant, and was therefore a new feature in Burneston: all the other inhabitants had been born in the village.

These new tenants had come into the Church Farm while Mr. Burneston had been

travelling, and as yet he had only exchanged greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Barugh.

"George, lad, ther's yan at t' deear," a deep voice said from within; "thee mun gan an' see wheea's theer."

There was a door at the end of the passage, and one on each side, and the doors and walls were all painted buff and yellow.

A brown-eyed, pleasant-faced boy opened the left-hand door, and came out into the passage. He looked very shy when he saw the visitor.

"Mayhap it's t' squire," he said over his shoulder.

There was a momentary pause, and then a tall, powerful-looking man, with heavy red eyebrows and bushy red whiskers, appeared at the door.

"Nay, nay, Mr. Burneston, coom in, an' welcome," he said, awkwardly hitching one shoulder a little above the other, and holding out an enormous, but well-shaped red hand. "T' missus an' Ah'se reeght pleased te see ye, that we is. Weean't ye sit ye doon?"

Mr. Burneston looked round eagerly, but as he entered there was only one person in the low-roofed room, and she was rising with evident difficulty from a couch placed beneath the long low window. He started forward at once.

"Please don't get up, Mrs. Barugh. I'm afraid I have disturbed you. I am very sorry. I did not know you were ill."

While he spoke his eyes were dazed with the faded likeness in the wasted, delicate face; it was as if he got here and there a faint trace of the beautiful vision he had seen on the gate, but it was all misty and uncertain. Mrs. Barugh looked very sickly; she wore a cap with lilac bows, and she was wrapped in a faded yellow crape shawl; but she must have been once a lovely woman.

She took the squire's proffered hand, and then pointed to a chair near her sofa with an ease that surprised her visitor, accustomed to the stiff awkwardness of his other tenants on such occasions.

"Sit ye down, John." There was a mixture of pity and of irritation in her voice, and the big man started at the summons, but as he passed her on his way to the fire-place she frowned at him till her delicate brows met.

Mr. Burneston was amused there was no real ill-temper in Mrs. Barugh's face, she seemed to regard her husband as a performing dog who was not going through his part correctly.

"You have very delicate health, I am afraid," he said; "but I hope you like Burneston."

John Barugh had been standing like a stone block beside the large open hearth, where a few charred logs were burning feebly; at this question he turned to answer, without a trace of his first shyness,—

"Sheea wur fairlings weel—fair enough while we coomed oop here; bud it's ower cauld, or sheea's too silly, mair's t' pity. T' stock throddens weel, an' George, t' lad ther, is as cobby as sud be."

"I'm very sorry to hear this of your wife. We always reckon the hill so healthy; even down at the Hall, where, as you know, the river goes almost round the house, the air is considered excellent."

"Perhaps it's not owing to the air"—Mrs. Barugh's voice was so soft and pleasant that it was a pity she minced her words—"but I'm so dull, Mr. Burneston; there's no kind of society to be found hereabout."

Mr. Burneston looked puzzled, and John Barugh gave an uneasy laugh.

"Confound it, yon word society'll dua fer ye sum fahne day, Ah'se thinkin', Dorothy. Neeighbors ther' is, an' plenty, Ah tak' it."

"Oh yes, there's neighbors." Mrs. Barugh's lips curled with the scorn her gentility repressed.

John went on as if he had not heard her. "What neighbors is gude fer," he said in his strong mellow voice, "is te hev sum fooaks te speak tiv besides thae i' yer own hoose; else a man mud get taken up ower metch wi' his own doin's; besides, a mud find a chance o' helpin' whoor help's needful. One neeghber's as gude as annuther te ma thinkin'."

Mrs. Barugh drew her faded yellow shawl closer together, and then shrugged her thin shoulders, wondering how she ever could have thrown herself away on John Barugh.

"Well, not quite that, John, but every one can't think alike; an', besides, there are the children to be considered—they must have playfellows."

Mr. Burneston smiled at George, who had stood close by the door, with both hands in the pockets of his brown trousers; his eyes were fixed on a half-open book on the table. He was wondering at that moment if it would be manners to go back to Robinson Crusoe.

"I suppose that fellow goes to school somewhere," said Mr. Burneston.

One of John Barugh's shoulders rose higher than its fellow.

"Ay," he said uneasily.

The mother broke in eagerly. "Yes, Mr. Burneston, we have sent George to a fairly good school, for a small school, that is to say;

but the master says there's somethin' wrong with the lad, an' that if he studies like the rest mebbey he'll grow crippled."

"Skeelmaisters has their notions as weel's ither fooaks," said John grimly.

"Such nonsense," sighed the mother.

"So you're turned out to grass for a time, eh, my lad; an' you haven't got a brother to help you into mischief?"

George fixed his large, languid brown eyes on Mr. Burneston. "Ah'se gotten Doris," he said, "an' ther's Rose Duncombe; sheea's as gude as a lad."

A faint tinge of colour came into his mother's pale face.

"There's a specimen of what I meant jist now, Mr. Burneston. How can I like my children to play with a gurl who runs wild like little Rose? They gets to speak like she do, an' I've tried hard to make Doris speak properly, an' now she's gettin' to speak like Rose."

"How old is your daughter? Is she at home?" He was growing impatient to see Doris.

"Doris is goin' fifteen, Mr. Burneston, but she doesn't look so old, though she's tall. George, go fetch yer sister."

George shook his head.

"Doris'll none coom. Ah axed her a while syne, an' she sed Ah wer t' say if they axed fer her, she'd bide wi' t' bees."

John Barugh looked wrathful, and moved towards the door, but Mr. Burneston rose.

"Never mind, never mind. I shall find her in the garden," he said. "I know my way to the beehives." Then, bidding good-bye to Mrs. Barugh, "I wish I could make the place pleasanter for you," he said, "but I hardly know how. The housekeeper, Mrs. Emmett, shall come and see you if you like; she is a very clever woman, though perhaps not much of a companion."

Mrs. Barugh looked vexed.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Burneston. I shall be extremely happy to see *you* whenever you like to call."

As soon as the door closed on Mr. Burneston and her husband she fell back on the sofa.

"There's nothing but disappointment in this life," she said. "I did think, whenever I saw the squire, that he would understand and see for himself I was not a ordinary person. Depend upon it, George, there's been some low marriage in the family some time or another, or a gentleman like that would never so forget himself as to recommend a housekeeper as companion for me. Why, George,

lad, what ails ye? Why d'ye go white in that way, and niver speak a word."

She spoke irritably, but she rose up swiftly, as if nothing ailed her, and put her arm round the boy. He had turned a sickly white, and stood shivering, as if he were going to fall.

At first he clung to his mother, glad to let his head sink on her bosom, but next minute he raised it.

"Nay, nay, mother, deean't—thee'l hurt theesel'. Fayther'll be here soon." A groan, and then he fainted, just as his mother had drawn him close to a low chair, on which he fell seemingly lifeless.

CHAPTER II.—DORIS.

"BEES is fond things," said Doris; "they'se rare an' clivver, so they mun know how t' mak some sort o' change i' ther lives. Jist to think o' goin' on year after year, allays doin' t' same things, livin' on i' t' same house, wearin' t' same lilac pinny, an' warkin' hard all t' time. Weel, that's t' best part; wark's some fun when it ain't darnin' socks; if poor mother cud wark as she used, she'd hev somethin' to think on, she wadn't be so hard on fayther."

Doris paused, and looked round to see if there was any work to be done near at hand; and all at once a frown, so like her mother's, knitted her delicate brows, and her firm lips pouted with vexation.

"Fayther's i' t' reeght; Josh is a lazy gude-for-nought; he've gathered in t' beecans an' left t' stalks liggin. Howivver, A'll soon fettle 'em."

She had been standing, sun-bonnet in hand, in front of the beehives at the end of the house farthest from the yard—a very quiet corner with a herb garden in front, and a plot of beans and artichokes behind. High above this garden was a screen of leafy ash-boughs, but there were no near trees to shade the sun from the busy bees, or the loveliness of Doris Barugh. She had recovered from her fright. There was no colour on her transparent skin, except that of youth and health. Her eyes had kindled as she spoke, and glowed deeper in colour—a colour that it is hard to define; there was blue in it, and green, grey, and yellow. Perhaps the eyes looked darker than they really were, from the long dark lashes above and beneath—darker even than her eyebrows, though these were a shade darker than her hair, and the hair would have looked darker brushed flat like Rose Duncombe's, instead of curling at its will over her head, gilded by the sunlight.

As she stood erect and thoughtful, it seemed that Doris was faultless. She wanted colour, perhaps, but then colour would have marred the spiritual tone of her beauty. At first sight she might have been likened to Undine, an Undine with brown hair and grey eyes, but the chief attributes of Undine, her love and her humility, were wanting in this fair English child. Poor Undine would not have met her hapless fate had she had the broad thoughtful forehead and the firmly-chiselled lips and chin of Doris. A fault might have been found with the size of her head; it was too small, and something in it spoke of narrowness. Also there was a certain stiffness in her gait. But no eyes looking at the girl could thus have judged her; her beauty would have blinded all criticism.

Just as her father and Mr. Burneston came up the walk, she set her sun-bonnet firmly on her head, and, stepping behind the beehives, began to drag the bean-haulms into a heap.

"Where's t' lass?" said John, but Mr. Burneston put his hand on his arm.

"Don't frighten her, or she'll run away." He hardly knew what he said, he so feared this lovely apparition would again take flight.

John chuckled inwardly.

"What would t' missus say if she knawed as Doris fettled t' becan-stalks, an' t' squire theer an' awl?"

A tawny-coloured dog with short legs, a sort of mongrel Dandie Dinmont, came running up the walk, barking at two white pigeons which hovered near the eaves of the farm-house. Doris looked up quickly, and the dog ran towards her, its bark changing into a joyous cry of welcome.

She stood, her arms full of bean-stalks; dumb with surprise and shame; her sweet face aglow with blushes.

"Set 'em doon; 'at 'll do, lass. Sheea's a rare 'un, sheea is, fer fettlin' owt 'at's nut dirty wark," he said proudly to Mr. Burneston. "Coom, coom, Doris, an' speak t' squire; it's reel kind on him, it is, t' hev coomed an' hev a chat wi' t' mudher."

By this time Doris had mastered her longing to run away. She still longed for any sort of screen to hide herself from the master of Burneston, but as there was none to be had, she strove to seem cool and unconcerned, though she could not raise her eyes to his face. She curtsied awkwardly, but he held out his hand, and she put her trembling clammy fingers into his warm clasp. Philip Burneston did not notice the chill touch of the frightened fingers; his eyes

were fixed on the girl's downcast face, as if they could not get away; some power, he could not tell what, some magic had bound him to the sway of the slender unformed creature standing there in her lilac frock and white sun-bonnet, so utterly unconscious of the spell she was working, that she longed to unloose her hand and run away before the squire should recognise her as the girl he had seen on the gate.

Mr. Burneston let go her hand, but he did not speak. Perhaps he feared to spoil the effect of this vision of beauty by drawing out words that did not match the face and the unconscious repose which made the charm of Doris. She did not look humble and shrinking, as Rose Duncombe had looked, but rather as if her thoughts were occupied with matters of more importance than herself, or than that which passed around her.

"Are you fond of bees?" Mr. Burneston said at last.

She looked up in slight surprise. "Nay, Ah'se nane so fond on 'em, but Ah likes t' see 'em at wark," she said shyly.

The farmer had stood watching with pride the effect produced by his daughter's beauty. His wife, in her teens, had been to John Barugh's mind the fairest piece of womanhood his eyes had ever seen, when she came on a visit to some north-country cousins; and he had looked at her and looked at her market day after market day as if he fancied his eyes were magnetic, and would draw her to him unsought by words, till one day he found a neighbour also looking at fair Dorothy; then he roused himself to begin his own wooing in a manly and earnest fashion, and to his own surprise he succeeded. He saw that Doris promised to be fairer still than her mother, and with but little chance of admirers. The Burneston farmers had either young wives and young children, or else they were old and childless. Even John, who shrank from his wife's notions about society and speaking proper English, had to own that there was no one in the village fit to be put beside Doris or George. It was a triumph to see a real gentleman like Mr. Burneston so struck by the child's good looks.

"Ay, bud t' lass diz like te see t' wark done, let t' wark be done by whom t' will. Ah tells her sheea wur made te be t' maister; sheea'd keep us all in order, 'at sheea wad, bless her."

"Fayther!" Doris spoke reprovingly, and then, as her long thin arms fell straight on each side of her, she clasped her hands firmly, and wished the visitor would go.

He asked a few questions about the bees, but Doris let her father answer. Mr. Burneston was unable to find an excuse for remaining, though he tried; he could not stand there gazing silently, though the contemplation of her face made him strangely unwilling to talk.

"Perhaps," he looked at Doris, "your mother might like some books to read; there are plenty of story-books at the Hall. Shall I send some up?"

"Thank you kindly, sir." She flushed a little. "Mother does like books, but she's none so set upon tales as upon them 'at is more graver like; you know tales is nob-but fond stuff."

Mr. Burneston laughed, and the angry colour rose to the girl's forehead.

Why was he laughing at her?

"I rather like story books," he smiled at her. "Good morning, but I will not forget what you say; good day, Mr. Barugh." He looked at his watch. "I am too late for the parsonage now, and I shall be late for dinner."

John Barugh went with his visitor as far as the outside gate, and then stood looking after him as he went down the steep village, which straggled nearly a mile in length from the top of the hill to the river below.

"He's a nice chap yon," said John, "as pleeasant-lookin' a chap, an' as free speekin' too, as Ah've knawn, so ther." He said this aloud, slowly and emphatically, to an audience of black short-legged pigs, and then went back to Doris and the beehives.

She had not wasted her time in thinking of the squire. The bean-stalks were piled up in a heap, and the ground on which they had lain was raked into order. And now she stood resting while she watched the bees.

"Weel, my lass!" her father put his broad red hand on her shoulder, "an' what's thee think o' Mr. Burneston, an', Doris, lass, what made thee so shy-like wiv 'im?"

Doris still felt sore and angry, and she did not know on whom to vent her anger.

"He's well eneaf, Ah suppose, but he's nut like wersels. Ah wer shy," she forced herself to speak out, "because—because Ah'd seen him afore. Seest 'ee he fun me singin' fond stuff on t' gate."

She hung her head, and tears came into her eyes.

"Decan't freat about that, my lass," the farmer said kindly, "ah'd warrant thoo'se not t' first lass 'at he's heeard singin' fond stuff afooar; let's hear t' fual sangs, Doris."

"Oh! fayther, t' wer ower fond." She had

broken down at last as the full remembrance of the scene at the gate came back, and she was crying in earnest. "He mun think me such a poor, fond lass," she sobbed, "he'll nobbut laff at me. Joseph Sunley has a tale of a lass 'at went fond an' deed, an' a' fer t' maister o' Burneston, an' she had a feeal's sang, an' a feeal's rhyme."

John Barugh looked puzzled and inquisi-

tive, but he understood Doris too well to question her further. There was that kind of implicit unspoken trust between this father and daughter which often exists between people who never to one another expand into acts of tenderness. I say acts, for, after all, tenderness receives its value from the character of its recipient; and perhaps the most intense tenderness towards some natures



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is to make them feel that thorough though unspoken trust is felt in them. Doris and her father seldom talked together, but they never quarrelled.

John knew at this moment that a smile, a word even, might at once put a seal on the girl's unwonted confidence, and he stood still, only turning his face into a yet more listening attitude.

"Ah wer swingin' on t' gate as Rose might a' done," Doris spoke, with strong contempt against herself, "an' Ah sang t' same words as t' poor mad lass sang, as Joseph Sunley tellt me,—

"May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall."

John's lower jaw fell. He looked so utterly confounded that Doris laughed, spite

of herself. He reddened at this, and then he recovered himself.

"Thee's i't' reeght te laugh, Doris. Thoo's little mair an a babby, an' it's as like as nut as Mr. Burneston heared na'er a word o' tha fond rhyme. Bud it's a feals rhyme for a' that, an' Joseph 's a feal te go learnin' thee such a rhyme."

"Joseph didn't learn it me, fayther. He said it once, an' then Ah couldn't get it out o' my head. Ah says it over an' over again," she said angrily.

"Weel, nivver freeat theesel' about 'un; thee's neean harm." John felt uneasy, though he tried to hide it. He was wondering what Dorothy would think of this adventure. "Nivver freeat theesel' about un, lass; thoo may be seer Maister Burneston heerd nowt on it."

He did not look at Doris, but her eyes fixed on him with a hard scrutiny. It was difficult to believe that such eyes, so full of sweet reflection, could concentrate their expression into such hardness. Then, as her father turned his back and went slowly and heavily towards the house, the girl said to herself,—

"Fayther forgets how old Ah is when he puts me off like a babby. Wheeah! Mr. Burneston heared ivvery word o' r' rhyme, Ah'se sure o' that; an' it wer reeght doon cruel o' him to coom an' find me out."

She pulled at the strings of her sun-bonnet with each hand, and walked indoors with even more dignity than usual.

CHAPTER III.—THE SHADOW OF A PURPOSE.

SOME one has said that you should never judge of men and women till you have seen them at home in the familiarity of domestic life, where all the angles of their characters are in broad light, and where these reflect and refract prism-wise the various influences brought to bear on them directly by tempers and tongues of near kin, as they stand unprotected by any of the blinds and shields which the reticence and ignorance of strangers make for them when abroad.

Till his marriage Philip Burneston had never suffered from any domestic contradictions. He was the only child of loving parents, who died before he was twenty, and though he then spent a short time at Cambridge, his health as a boy prevented him from learning discipline and self-control at a public school, or at least did not give him the opportunity of learning it. And yet his natural gentleness kept him from any headstrong or self-willed measures when he came

into the management of considerable property.

He married at twenty-two the wife assigned him by family arrangements ever since he and Miss Beaumont had been twelve years old, and he had made an irreproachable husband.

The first discipline of life came to him in those nine years of marriage. Mrs. Burneston was very elegant and fashionable, very shallow, exacting, and affectionate. In all larger matters, such as expenditure, place of residence, choice of friends, disposal of time, her husband soon found domestic peace was only to be had by submission, and as human nature must ordinarily, with regard to its fellows, have some compensation for self-sacrifice, this submission, so long unknown to his life, had for compensation a quality also hitherto undeveloped—a determined obstinacy about his own special fancies.

At the end of nine years Mrs. Burneston died, leaving a little boy of eight years old, and a great blank in her husband's life. She had been his occupation rather than his companion, but she had so often asserted her love for him, that it would have been impossible to the loving, gentle-natured man to disbelieve in it—to realise that love is an active rather than a passive quality. He would have been indignant to learn that his wife had died with a falsehood on her lips—unless, indeed, mere fidelity and lip assurance constitute love.

The sensation of freedom was, therefore, alloyed with a sense of loss, and for two years he had wandered about aimlessly, his wife's dislike to foreign travel having kept him from much that he willed to examine, and during this time he had come home only to get occasional and brief glimpses of his boy Ralph, left ostensibly to the devoted care of Faith Emmett, the housekeeper of Burneston, and to the guardianship and tutorship of Mr. Spencer, the vicar. In reality, Ralph had been left free to exercise his own small despotisms on all who came in contact with him.

Mr. Burneston was an archæologist, and though he often had with him a companion sympathetic in the matters of stonework and stones, yet of late he had felt a new discontent, a longing for some more human interest, and on his return from a long Scandinavian excursion he had announced his intention of settling down for a year at least at Burneston.

The villagers smiled at this announcement, and Faith Emmett laughed in the bailiff's face as he made it.

"Mr. Burneston hev nivver stayed three months at once at t' Hall sin' I knawed it," she said scoffingly; "it's nut t' place to suit a lively gentleman. Just t' little she did see o't wur the death o' t' poor lady—it fair gi' her t' horrors, poor soul."

But the butler, Benjamin Hazelgrave, an old servant of the Burneston's, was sternly indignant when he heard of Faith's prophecy.

"Mistress Emmett sud knaw," he said loftily, "that the gentlemen of Burneston are nane fond, like silly wimmin, an' it does nut become one taken fra t' other side o' t' country, an' slipped in as laady's favourite ower awder heads than her own, te be talkin' o' t' maister as if he wur lahk hersel."

This he said at, not to, Mrs. Emmett, and then treated her with scornful silence, it being a sore point with Mr. Benjamin that his own wife, the cook at Burneston, should have had Mrs. Burneston's maid and nurse, Faith Emmett, an entire stranger, set in authority over her as housekeeper.

Faith was right, however, about the aspect of Burneston Hall. It was very weird and dreary; a heavy mass of grey building which, on closer inspection, took the shape of an E, two wings projected towards the river, and in the centre was a shorter projection; between this, which formed the back entrance, and the river came a smooth lawn swept by drooping cedar branches in the centre, and at the sides by low-growing beech trees, so closely set that even from the meadow, planted like a park, on the other side of the river only occasional bits of the grey house and its upper lattice windows could be seen. The river ran swiftly and darkly past the low wall, which formed a long semicircular terrace with here and there willow-trees bathing deeply in the water, and giving a weird, damp look to the manor-house, especially in the dark corners formed by the ends of the semicircular wall, one of which was completely overshadowed by pendent boughs, while the other emerged from its mystery in a straight bit of wall, behind which, at a little distance, rose the lofty enclosure round the real entrance to the house and the stable-yard. Originally Burneston had been used as a shooting residence, and little pains had been taken either with the entrance or with the garden. Her husband's refusal to improve these had determined Mrs. Burneston's dislike to the place.

Just beyond the Hall, on the right as one faced the house, was a stone bridge with three arches, and through these the current

swept strongly, the river broadening to nearly double its width on the farther side till there was room for a tree-covered islet in its midst. Beyond this islet was a narrow wooden bridge, and leading to this came the road down-hill from the church, with the village scattered along its sides; but the Hall was so thickly belted in with trees that no signs or sounds of human life reached it; even the smoke curling from the cottage chimneys as they mounted the hill was hidden away. It was just a place where ghosts might linger.

But at this moment, within the Hall itself, there is noise enough to banish all ghostly fancies. In the entrance hall, a square pleasant room with a Turkey carpet, painted glass windows, and old pictures, a tall slender woman is struggling with, and trying to pinion the arms of a fair-haired boy about ten years old. The woman's abundant white hair confined by a black net contrasted strangely with her long, deep-set dark eyes flashing brightly with anger and excitement.

"Oh! you limb o' Satan!" she calls out amid the boy's outcries. "An' how dare you? It's none my fault, it's yer own, Master Ralph, if I say them words; it's yer conduct what makes me say 'em. Yer as brassend as Hector."

Ralph's blue eyes are bright with mischief rather than anger, and his face has got scarlet in his efforts to free himself; but at this he stands still, and laughs contemptuously.

"Oh! I like that, I do, you hardened old hypocrite. You know you're as glad as you can be to get a chance of using bad words, or they wouldn't come to your tongue so easily. Let go, I say, or I shall twist your wrists, and then you'll be sorry, you old Marplot—I hate you!" he adds angrily.

Faith Emmett lets go of his arms at once, and drops exhausted into a high-backed cane chair. The flush leaves her face; she sits there grey and colourless.

Ralph, in his surprise, forgets his purpose, he stands looking at his nurse, and a sudden hush comes over the storm. Into this hush, startled by the previous clamour, comes Mr. Burneston from a doorway at the end of the hall farthest from the windows.

"Ralph, what are you doing? Is anything the matter with Faith?" for in an instant he sees the woman's pale face.

She rises at once.

"It's nowt. Master Ralph was playin', an'——"

"Hold your tongue, Faith, and don't tell stories to my father."

Faith turns paler still.

"Master Ralph," she says sadly, "that's nut t' way to speak to me."

"No, Ralph, it is not, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Mr. Burneston speaks in a vexed tone; he does not like the nurse's interference, and yet he cannot resent it.

"The long and the short of it is, father"—Ralph looks up coolly in his father's gentle face—"neither of us has been behaving at all. I wanted to shoot at Sir Marmaduke"—he points to one of the old pictures—"with my pop-gun—his nose annoys me—and Faith was goose enough to think she could hold my arms back and prevent me."

Ralph laughs, but looks uneasy when no smile comes on his father's face.

Mr. Burneston looks inquiringly at Faith, but she has seated herself again in the high-backed chair, as if the case were going to be tried before her. Seeing this, he raises his head slightly, and turns to the door by which he came into the hall.

"I want you in the study, Ralph." And he walks on leaving the boy to follow.

But, instead, Ralph turns indignantly on the old woman.

"Bother you; why can't you hold your tongue? My father doesn't care what scrapes I get into and get out of by myself, but he hates to find me sparring with you. I know it by the look of him. Well, I'll just tell you what'll happen. He'll send me to school, and I'm not sure but what, after all, I shan't be jolly glad of it."

This was too much—he had said, "I hate you," he had accused her of telling a story, but to be glad to go to school!—she broke down into tears, though she struggled hard to hide her tears from Ralph.

He stood a moment, then he dashed up and gave her a kiss.

"Don't be an old silly, you'd much better go and make that toffy you promised me, than sit here crying."

"Gang, gang, maister Ralph, honey, gang quick, or yer papa will be mad wi' you." She choked down her sobs and smiled, as the boy nodded and ran away, and then she sat with her hands in her lap, frowning till nothing of her eyes was visible but the yellow light gleaming through her black lashes. She had a curiously shaped face, so wide at the angle of the cheek-bones that it seemed as if in infancy the forehead and chin had been pressed towards each other, and the loss of her front teeth had increased this nearness by shortening the space between nose and chin.

Her face was plump, though her figure was

slender, but spite of this plumpness there was a stern inflexible expression about the mouth, and an almost baleful glare from her eyes which did not impress one favourably.

She sate for some time clasping her bony hands and looking at them as if for counsel. At last she shook her head—

"Eh dearie me, an' how'll it ivver end, he'll nivver hev no beens, he's all made o'gristle, he's as wake as a sneeze. That comes o' so much blood from t' South i' t' family. Ah'd liefer far hev seed him gang away stubborn, an' keep stubborn too, than get all in a moment like a bit o' silk with the creases smoothed out on't. Bud, neeah, neeah, he'll be fierce as a buck-rat one minnit, an' t' nixt as soft as a dumplin'; no mair puppse in him than his fayther afore him, unless it's fer some folly or other, an' then if he wur te want t' moon he'd waste all t' brass as ivver he'd gotten i' steers to reach it. Weel, so lang as ther ain't no new mamma brought heeame te vex him, mebbe he'll git on, bud 'at 'ud bring bad tiv us all, let alone Master Ralph, an' I misdoubt t' maister hissel'."

She rose up at the sound of footsteps, and it was surprising to see how quickly her vindictive look changed into a smile of welcome as she went forward to hold the door for the person who had opened it from the outside, and now entered the hall.

He was tall and thin almost to leanness; long dark lively eyes and the dark hair hanging over them gave him the appearance of a gypsy, and his slouched felt hat, threadbare coat, and patched boots, might have carried out this idea, but for the housekeeper's deep curtsy, and for that something about Gilbert Raine which made him look like a scholar and a gentleman.

He held carefully a fragment of dark-coloured glass so frosted over with long interment that it was covered with prismatic tints; there were fragments of clay sticking to it, and Faith held out her hand.

"Where's Mr. Burneston, Mrs. Emmett?" He took no notice of her outstretched hand, but spoke in a quick abrupt voice that seemed unused to contradiction.

"Maister 's i' the study, sir; bud shan't I wash that for ye, Mr. Raine? It ain't fit te tak indoors, it ain't."

Raine pressed the precious relic against his coat.

"Wash it, indeed—no, thank you, Mrs. Emmett—I haven't quite forgotten the scrubbing you gave to my terra cotta Latona and the mural frescoes you took care of for me last year. Ah, you want a month's training

at Austin's End, you do. I expect you'd like to polish my brazen shield there, and send a good deal else to the dusthole." He laughed and went out to the study with his relic. "She can't help being a woman," he said to himself, "and women's ideas are confined to decorating their persons, and cleaning all that doesn't want cleaning."

He found Mr. Burneston alone. Ralph had been dismissed with a lecture.

"Look here, Phil, I was just digging beneath the wall of the fruit-garden, where that bit of brick turned up the other day, and I found this."—He paused, for Mr. Burneston looked up with only a sickly smile—"Is anything the matter?" said Gilbert Raine, with a sudden change of tone.

Philip Burneston pressed his hand on his forehead.

"Well," he tried to laugh, "I suppose I ought not to have stayed away, and then all these minor miseries would have been such a part of my existence that I should not have minded them; but I seem now always to be called on to interfere about Ralph."

"What's the matter now?" Raine's quick jerking utterance had returned and formed a striking contrast to the slow refined speech of his companion, it was full of seeming impatience, and the fire of his dark eyes enhanced this idea.

"Oh, a trifle not worth repeating, except that trifles make or mar life. I was asking myself, just as you came in, how I am to bring up Ralph without his mother to help me."

"Nonsense—I beg your pardon, my dear fellow"—his voice was gentle in an instant, for he had had deep sympathy with his cousin's sorrow, though he considered Mrs. Burneston had spoiled her husband's life—"but at ten years old I think a boy is better away from women."

Mr. Burneston fidgeted with a paper knife on the table near him.

"Yes, I know I ought to send him to school, but then his mother thought him too delicate, and Faith says it would be the death of him."

"I shouldn't listen to Faith."

"No, you would not, because a single man of your age does not believe in a woman's judgment on certain points of health as a married man does, simply because the single man is a theorist in such matters."

Gilbert Raine shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I intend to keep to theory; but if you don't send the boy to school, you

must marry again, Phil; you can't expect Ralph to submit to an old nurse, the boy wouldn't be worth his salt if he did." A slight flush tinged Mr. Raine's dark hollow cheeks, he was conscious of having encouraged Ralph in small rebellions against the housekeeper's interference.

"Well, perhaps not, but you are the last man I expected such advice from." Mr. Burneston sat upright and looked hard at his friend.

"I dare say—well, yes—but one can't always preach what one practises; a wife would destroy my happiness, she might increase yours; at least, I can see very plainly that you must have some one to take these petty worries off your hands, though, to tell you the truth, I always thought you much too light-hearted to let yourself be worried easily."

Burneston got up, shook himself, and laughed.

"So I am. You happened to come in at a moment when I had been vexed, by this evening I should have forgotten all about Ralph's scrape. I believe," he laughed again, "it is not anything in itself that worries, it is rather that nature revolts from the harness of civilised life after our two years of Arab freedom."

Raine groaned.

"Ah, there is the outcome of having been drilled by a wife. Now I'm going back to Austin's End. I don't mean that my responsibilities equal yours. I have one small estate to look after, and you have two large ones and a boy besides; but still I shan't allow myself to be worried, any more than I worried while we were vagrants."

"I wish we were vagrants again," Mr. Burneston sighed.

Raine went on, "Then again I keep the fewest possible servants, not only from economy, but because I find that servants are a worry. I never study fashion, either in dress or anything else, or that would soon grow into a worry, and I never allow dusting in my rooms: dusting is the greatest worry I can conceive in life, and a wife, you see, would at once bring servants and fashion, and dusters and brooms to Austin's End."

Burneston was laughing heartily. "My wonder is," he said, "that you don't try and find some one of your own way of thinking. You must often want help in arranging your treasures in that wonderful den of yours."

Raine looked serious for an instant.

"No, Phil, I thought of it once, I even argued it out, but I found it would not do.

No," he shook his head. "A woman with my tastes would be a sloven, and I could not stand that in a wife; and probably she would be ugly. I thought once of another plan, but it would be too troublesome."

"And what may that be?"

"Well," Raine reddened, he shrank from his friend's ridicule. "It is an experiment that has been tried, but the result seems doubtful; of course it may not have been tried under favourable conditions. I thought whether it would do to choose out some young, good-looking, healthy country girl of twelve or thereabouts, and have her brought up precisely to suit me."

"But, my dear Gilbert, don't you see that to suit you she must have a certain amount of culture, and with that very culture would come the seeds of all you shrink from, love of dress, fashion, order, and need of attendance, just as one foot follows the other as you walk."

"Yes, I know," Raine looked foolish, "I saw all that, and I also saw another evil harder to bear than any—there might be children, and then there would be that unutterably vexed question of confusion of race, and though the Raines are poor, they have managed to keep to Conservatism hitherto."

"You think opinion is influenced by blood then?"

"Undoubtedly; from such a marriage might spring a thorough-going Radical, who would perhaps level the old place, and build a modern mansion lighted by gas," he said mockingly.

"You are joking; you know as well as I do that outward surroundings and associations do much to cultivate and refine, and that whoever married you would for peace and quietness' sake adopt your opinions."

"Well, I shall not try the experiment, though I think the idea as an idea is not a bad one; but, to go back to the beginning, take my advice and send your boy to school."

CHAPTER IV.—THE FIRST STEP.

GILBERT RAINE only stayed another day at Burneston, and then set off for his cheerless, quaint, museum-like home at Austin's End, nearly a hundred miles away.

Mr. Burneston felt doubly lonely without him; Gilbert Raine was not a talkative companion, unless some favourite topic was discussed; but he was so full of genial warmth, so ready with rough counsel or with full-hearted sympathy, so deeply read and many gifted, that when he went away the old manor-house felt as chilly as if the fires had

gone out in the wide hearths, and the candles had sunk in their sockets.

There had been a singularly strong affection between the friends in their university life, when Gilbert Raine's public school training had enabled him to be of great service to his home-trained cousin. Gilbert Raine had never known the spoiling of prosperity. He had been brought up by an eccentric bachelor uncle, who had made his inheritance of the small estate called Austin's End dependent on the boy's success both at school and college, and had besides enforced on him the strictest economy and self-denial. So that when at thirty he became his uncle's heir, he went on instinctively with the same simple inexpensive habits, content to be left alone with his books, and only rejoicing in his larger means for the power they gave of adding to his treasures. Some of his equals called Gilbert Raine a miserly book-worm; but his poor tenants knew better, and said that there was a real good master at Austin's End.

Mr. Burneston had been so long with his cousin that he felt strangely unsettled at his departure, and yet he had no wish to leave the Hall. He took a lively interest in some planting on one side of the estate, and in draining and farm-building in another quarter; it was only when he came home tired out with his day's work that a restless discontent mastered him. And as discontent requires a very strong guardian, to be kept entirely out of sight, he was stern to Ralph and harsh to Faith, and disposed to general fault-finding with his household. Benjamin shook his head and whispered to his wife, "Theer'll be a new missus afore lang at t' Hall."

"Gan yer ways, sheea'll be a furrineer then, t' maister hev'n't had t' chance o' seein' English ladies, an' after all it 'wad be bud nat'ral, he's too yung to be left aleean."

Joseph Sunley, the old sexton, who lived in the stone cottage next Mrs. Duncombe, was growing much disturbed by the squire's ways. He saw Mr. Burneston often now, and he commented on his frequent visits to the Church Farm. Joseph was not a conscious gossip, but by living alone he had got a habit of talking to himself, and being a little deaf, was unaware how much of his mind he gave to the public.

One evening, about a fortnight after Mr. Raine's departure, he sat at his door in a round backed three-cornered wooden chair; it was a warm evening, and he sat in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe.

His old brown face was puckered more than could have been caused by the effort of

holding his pipe, and when he removed it, and held it between his fingers, the creases deepened round his mouth.

"Dang it," he struck his hand heavily on his brown fustian knees, "it fair caps me, that it diz. John Barugh's a decent chap, a trifle slow an' awkward; bud 'at missus o' hiz sheea's as fahne as a fiddle, an' that's aboot t' truth, an' Ah deean't think Mr. Burneston can find owt te say tiv'er. Mebby he gans noo t' see t' sick lad, bud Ah deean't knaw, an' Ah can't reeghtly tell what fer he gans theer so oft, it's mair an a boddy like me can knaw; bud he diz gan theer, an' that's sure an' certain, so theer."

He stopped not a minute too soon. Looking across the road, he saw Doris opening the white gate. She came slowly in answer to his nod. "How's t' lad," he said. Doris looked very grave.

"Nay, but it's sad then," she spoke slowly, "t' doctor hev telt mother yisterda 'at t' poor lad'll mebby nivver hev t' reet use o' his legs ageean."

"Eh, what's 'at he sed, lass?" Joseph's face contracted, till a fan of wrinkles spread from the corners of his eyes and lips. "Poor chap, nut hev t' use o' his legs ageean—nut walk! What diz t' lass meean?"

"He'll mebby nut walk 'cept wi' crutches. Eh, Mr. Sunley, think o' George wi' crutches." She pressed her lips tightly together; "but t' doctor hev said so—so now ye know."

"Mr. Burneston gans to see t' lad, eh lass; it's reeght kind o' him te gan so oft; ee's a kind chap, t' maister is."

"Ay," said Doris, "but he deean't say much te George, he talks te mother an' me; but Ah mun go, Mr. Sunley, Ah mun go te t' vicarage."

Joseph sate still watching the girl as she went round the corner to the churchyard gate, and then out at a smaller gate in the corner nearest the farm, which led into the glebe field. She could have done this just as well by going through the farm-yard, and out into the glebe field by the gate on which she was swinging when the squire first saw her. But ever since that luckless afternoon Doris had hated the gate with all the strength of her nature. She did not hate Mr. Burneston, her sense of justice told her that he was not to blame because he had heard her foolish song; but she never felt at ease with him, and when she could she avoided being present at his visits, although she secretly delighted in listening to his gentle voice and refined speech.

To-day, besides her dislike to the glebe

gate, she had seen Mr. Burneston standing in the rick-yard talking to her father, and she at once remembered that she had promised George to fetch him a book from the Vicarage.

"Bon it!" Joseph said to himself, "t' wurd's full o' strange things. Te think o' a stiddy chap like Mr. Burneston spendin' his time wi' t' like o' Dorothy Barugh as he diz. Ah'd thowt he'd hev cared te hear o' his fayther an' his grandfayther when a' wer lahtle lads like Maister Ralph. Ah minds 'em both; they wor fahne lads, mebby not so bonny lookin' as what this chap hev growed into; bud neea, neea, t' times is changed, fooalks nivver looks back noo, it's allays forrad, forrad, forrad."

At that moment Mr. Burneston was an apt illustration of Joseph's words. For more than a week he had been soothing his restlessness by mental pictures, which he felt only required an act of will to be converted from castles in the air to realities. And the past—which he had even thought of with regret, even if he had never felt a longing for its return—was gradually fading into a grey mist, in which indifference made all indistinct.

No wonder that Ralph complained of his father's dulness—every link that bound the boy to his father formed part of other links that went backwards into life; there was as yet nothing to bring Ralph into this dream-like fancy which so entirely absorbed the present.

Mr. Burneston saw Doris go out of the house, and then he saw the gate swing, and he knew that she would not come through the rick-yard. But to-day he had made up his mind to act, and her absence was a necessary preliminary to this action.

He watched the girl pass beside the screen of fir-trees, and then he turned with a new purpose in his face to John Barugh.

"I want to have some talk with you and your wife together," he said; "shall we go in?"

He did not wait for the farmer's assent, but led the way to the house.

Joseph had seen Mr. Burneston coming from the rick-yard, and by the time they were crossing towards the house he had reached the gate.

Pre-occupied as he was, Philip Burneston could not forget his habitual courtesy.

"Good-day, Joseph. How's the stiff knee? Did Mrs. Emmet's stuff do any good?"

Joseph shook his head.

"Neeah, neeah, sir, 't wurn't likely 'at t' sort o' stuff 'ud deea fer a knee, when t' wur wrote o' 't i' plain writin' fer a airm; a knee an' a airm ain't made alike, bliss t' lass. Sheea sud read o' t' bottles afore sheea sends 'em te fooak."

"Well, I'll tell her," but Mr. Burneston spoke so absently as he turned away, that a fresh pucker rose on Joseph's forehead.

"Dash mah! Ah's fair capt, Ah is; he's as glum as a sperret," he said, as he limped back to the seat outside his door. "Mebby Mrs. Duncombe knaws summat about 'un; sheea's a 'cute awd lass."

Generally Mr. Burneston's visit only lasted half-an-hour, but to-day, though Joseph never relaxed his watch, an hour and a half passed, and still the squire did not come out. Doris came back, went in with the book, but she did not stay in-doors, and Joseph saw her go on to the beehives.

At last the house-door opened, and Mr. Burneston appeared, followed by both hus-

band and wife. Joseph gave a grunt of disapprobation, as he watched the cordial leave-taking, and then he tried to listen as Mr. Burneston stopped, when he came to the gate to say a few more words to John Barugh.

They seemed very earnest words, but the sexton's deaf ears disappointed his eager longing; he could not hear Mr. Burneston say,—

"Well, I hope in time you will see the matter as your wife does. All that Doris gains at school will be undone if she spends her holidays here; you shall go and see her once a year, and she will of course write to you constantly."

John Barugh's face was full of trouble.

"Ah knaws 'at yeh mean it fer t' lass's gude, sur; bud Ah mean no offence when Ah say Ah cannt see 't, ner Ah cannt say Ah thank yeh nowther. Ah cannt thank any mon as wants t' tak mah lass away fra' me."

TO MOSCOW AND BACK.

PART I.

DASCAL has said somewhere, that the more mind a man has, the more he finds out original people. It is your commonplace person who sees no difference between one man and another. This remark may serve as an apology beforehand for a fragment of travel over well-trodden ground; may even win indulgence for a writer who, wishing to be lively, occasionally may seem trifling; who when he tries to be solid only succeeds in being dull.

All of us, of course, have our own opinions as to the chief good to be got out of a holiday; and we all profess to think health the right thing to say, though some of us have very odd ways of seeking it. For a tired head, however, the first thing needful is to get into quite a new groove of life; and this is a good reason for visiting Russia, if only for the inside of a fortnight. The people, the country, the churches, the costumes, the food, the carriages, the language, even the alphabet, are all more or less new, are all full of interest. Clearly, the less time you spend in getting there, the more time you have for stopping there. Mine was the inevitable month, and half of it was on the sea. But though only fourteen days on dry land did not permit of my going to Nidjni Novgorod or Kazan, both places well worth seeing,

I had quite as much time as most people would care for at Moscow and St. Petersburg. Reasonable persons, if they can't get a whole apple, are usually content with a good bite at the red side; and if the Hermitage and Kremlin are not found an ample recompense even for a tour of three thousand four hundred miles, the journey had best be left alone.

There are three chief routes to Russia, not badly represented by the three essentials for all enjoyable travelling—money, leisure, and health.

The quickest, the dearest, and the most fatiguing is the land railway route by Ostend and Berlin. It takes three days, costs thirteen pounds without provisions, and from Berlin eastward had best be got through by uninterrupted sleep. The route by which you see most, though it is liable to serious delays at the other end, is the route partly by land and partly by sea. Wilson's excellent steamers take you from Hull, either to Christiania or Gothenburg, from both of which places there is railway direct to Stockholm. From Stockholm (the most charming and inexpensive city in Northern Europe) you can reach St. Petersburg in thirty-six hours by water to Hango, and then on by rail; or at an expenditure of three days by a most

comfortable coasting steamer, which, threading the lovely Åland islands, touches at the principal ports in the Gulf of Finland, and is in smooth water the whole way.

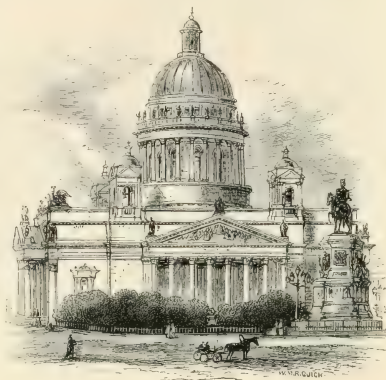
But the cheapest and healthfullest route of all (for those who have no horror of salt water) is by steamer from England to Cronstadt. The Skaw once turned, there is never a day without sight of land. Elsinore, with Hamlet's Castle, the pretty Swedish coast, the towers and spires of Copenhagen, the Sound thronged with ships, the islands of Bornholm and Gottland are all passed in turn. Then, as we steer east into the Gulf of Finland, the distant spires of Revel flash brightly in the sun; and before the week's end Hogland, a long island as ugly as its name, acts as a sort of advance guard to the bustling harbour of Cronstadt.

Cronstadt, armed to the teeth with a new series of forts, erected since the Crimean war, is the actual harbour of St. Petersburg, itself inaccessible through shallow water for ships of heavy burden. During the open season it is full of life and animation, but in the winter it is a city of the dead. The twenty miles steaming to the capital on a fine summer's morning is most enjoyable. The channel at first is quite fifteen miles across, and the white villas of Oranienburg, Imperial Peterhoff among its woods, and the grand monastery of St. Sergius are pleasing features on the right hand as the boat goes on. In the winter the Gulf becomes a solid mass of ice, and a frightfully cold drive

it must be. As we approach the city the Gulf narrows into the Neva; the gilded dome of St. Isaac's, and the slender spire of the Arsenal Church glitter on you with their welcome. We pass up through stately quays, rivalling for breadth and animation those of Bordeaux and Montreal, and our first impression is a

disrespectful one to the filth and squalor of the Pool. Second thoughts, however, usually turn out wisest; and reflection convinces us that there is sufficient consolation to the Port of London for the dirt of the traffic of the world.

Young travellers have usually a grand enthusiasm for climbing summits, not always shared by their elderly relations, who are often tempted to wish that some enterprising American would invent a portable lift, good either for mountains or buildings. Some fatigues, however, in this direction are more amply compensated than others. By all means mount St. Isaac's, even if you have to stay in all day afterwards, for in no other way can you form an adequate notion either of the prodigious audacity which planned a vast city on a wet bog, and at the mercy both of river and sea, or the extent, and symmetry, and picturesqueness of a city which the



St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg.



Monument of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg.

Moscow people, sneer at it as they may, find only too successful a rival as the residence of the Court and the seat of Government. This St. Isaac's Church, built on piles forced deep down into a yielding morass, and continually requiring repairs, from an awkward habit of slipping, has already cost three millions ster-

ling, and to an impartial mind is hardly worth the money. It is a four-square building, approached on each side by a grand flight of steps, and supported by a magnificent peristyle of columns sixty feet high, granite monoliths from Finland. There is a central cupola, richly gilt and supported by thirty granite pillars, the whole surmounted by a golden cross three hundred and sixty feet from the ground. The capitals of the columns are in bronze, and there is much metal ornamentation on the exterior in the shape of bas-reliefs, statues, and busts, a mingling of materials which, to me, seemed infelicitous. Imposing, however, as the exterior undoubtedly is, the interior is yet more striking to an eye accustomed to the austere simpli-

city of Protestant churches. The walls are of polished marble covered with pictures, many of which are in exquisite mosaic. The roof is painted in fresco. The iconostas, or screen, which in Greek churches separates the body of the church from the sanctuary, is adorned with columns of malachite and lapis lazuli, and profuse gilding everywhere gives a rich and splendid effect. Roughly described, St. Isaac's is a sort of dwarfed St. Paul's without nave or choir, and the Restoration Committee might do worse than study the decoration of St. Isaac's as a possible model for their own cathedral. As to the services, I quite agree with Dr. Norman Macleod, that on the whole they are not so interesting as those of the Latin Church.



Nevsky Prospekt. View from the Imperial Library.

Even the singing, sweet, solemn, and impressive as it is, becomes monotonous after a time. Give me, if I may choose, one of Henry Smart's services in York Minster, with Dr. Monk at the organ. The worshippers soon set one thinking; and the thinking finally settles itself into a question which cannot quite be answered, and into a regret which must be expected to remain. That incessant complicated ceremonialism, with its incessant bowing, and prostration, and picture kissing, and lighting of tapers to be placed before a favourite saint—can it be a real force in those people's hearts, helping them to recollect God, and to fear Him, when they go out—back to their temptations and their duties? And why can't we borrow for our own worshippers a little of that undoubtful and sincere

reverence, giving back to Russia what we humbly think we have more than she has, and which she is sorely in need of just now—intelligence and spirituality in worship! But really there is no barter in such matters; God above makes the best of us all, and we must make the best of each other. Two short sentences sufficiently express the substance of the whole matter: "God is the Judge;" let us not judge our brother. "God is a Spirit;" we must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

One more church we must visit (at the risk of the Editor's scissors), not so much for its ecclesiastical features as for its historical associations—the Church of the Arsenal, otherwise known as the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is interesting as being the

mortuary of the Imperial Family, who from Peter the Great downwards are buried here. The coffins are in the vault beneath, and immediately over each of them, on the floor of the church above, is an oblong tomb of white marble inscribed in gilt letters with the name of the occupant below. The effect is certainly not so solemn as in the Church of the Archangel Michael in Moscow, where the Czars were formerly interred, and where the tombs, draped in black velvet, have a less garish effect than sparkling white stone. While, however, neither of them can be named in the same breath with the burial-place in the Escorial, where the Kings of Spain lie in their glory—as you stand over the tombs of Catherine, and Nicholas, and the young Czarevitch, who died at Nice, Pascal's sentence about the greatness and littleness of man comes quite home. Death levels, but it also dignifies, and certainly helps us to be just.

Hard by is the little wooden house (for its better preservation encased in a bigger one of the same material) which Peter the Great inhabited while superintending the erection of the city. It is in odd contrast with the colossal grandeur of the Winter Palace opposite; with only three rooms (one of them converted into a chapel) furnished just as he left them, and excessively small. Outside the window is a boat, which he built with his own hands. In a corridor at the Hermitage there are many other memorials of him in the shape of turning-lathes, walking-sticks, telescopes, and a heavy iron staff constantly in use. His effigy in wax, in the dress of the period, gives a good notion of his vast strength and size. St. Petersburg is his imperishable monument; and there is a noble statue of him on horseback with his right hand stretched over the Neva, trampling under his horse's hoofs a huge serpent, emblematical of the difficulties he surmounted. Great, both in his vices and in his virtues, like many of his order, he was singularly unhappy in his domestic relations; and it is a curious instance of the possible inconsistencies in human nature, that the man who lost his life by saving a peasant from drowning, put his eldest son to death.

The public places of St. Petersburg for width and grandeur are unparalleled in Europe; and during winter, when the Court is in residence, and the nobility have returned to the city, nothing can exceed the gaiety of the scene. Numberless sledges move noiselessly over the glittering snow with costly furs inside that represent a fortune. Magnificently capa-

lised troops give colour and life to the vast thoroughfares, and every one seems bent on defying the terrible cold, which the gales from the neighbouring Gulf make far more severe than at Moscow. In summer, however, everything is at dead low-water; and some one has truly remarked that at that time of year the frame is too big for the picture. Public gardens have lately been made in front of the Admiralty, and are exquisitely kept. The Summer Garden going down to the Neva is a favourite lounge for the citizens. The great square between the Winter Palace and the War Office is magnificent, and when massed with battalions of the Imperial Guard under review must suggest warlike thoughts of pride to the bystanders, but of serious peril to Europe. The monolithic granite column in the centre to the memory of the Emperor Alexander, were it not dwarfed by the immense space that surrounds, would instantly be recognised as the largest in the world.

If, however, the traveller looks for life and bustle, shops and carriages, tramways and omnibuses—a thoroughfare to rival Regent Street for animation, and the Rue de Rivoli for length—let him go to the Newsky Prospect, which from the Admiralty Square to the Moscow Railway Station is three miles long, with shops not despicable even after Paris and London. In this street is the Kazan Church, with a colonnade resembling that of St. Peter's, and the chief church of the capital until the erection of St. Isaac's. Here, too, are the vast bazaars, which are a convenient mart of Russian housekeepers, who sometimes desire to furnish a large palace from garret to cellar, between sunrise and sundown. It was here that, in a shop for the sale of *vertu* and old silver, I encountered a keener and more resolute business capacity than I ever remember to have met anywhere—out of Yorkshire.

For a suburban drive no prettier can well be found than the one to the islands of the Neva, of which the Yelagin island is the favourite, from the convenience of its position for seeing sunsets in the Gulf. Here is the head-quarters of the River Yacht Club, and the road is well supplied with traktors or tea-houses, where you drink your tea out of tumblers; and, as with tea-gardens at home, can have other beverages if you please, stronger and less innocent.

But now it is time to go to the Hermitage—the best for the last; and then our inevitably brief glimpse of the four chief sights in St. Petersburg will be finished.

It is a small palace originally built by the

Empress Catherine, but greatly enlarged and beautified by the Emperor Nicholas with splendid suites of apartments for heirs apparent, and such-like great people. Now principally used as a museum of works of art, with its priceless contents, it is the private property of the Imperial Family. Mounting a superb staircase, you are first ushered into a long corridor ornamented with huge vases of malachite and oriental jasper. This opens into a suite of twenty-four saloons, hung with rare pictures from every school in Europe, which you enter with eager delight, and leave with every sense fatigued, but every expectation gratified. The rooms are the very perfection of picture galleries, for while richer than the somewhat bare and austere saloons at Madrid, they do not oppress nor distract you with the massive ornamentation of the Louvre. The floors are in parqueterie, the ceilings in fresco, crimson and gold settees, *with the covers off*, rest the limbs of the weary, courteous lackeys in the imperial livery coax you on with gentle violence from room to room, and tin binoculars of a shape I had never seen before are placed everywhere for your use. There are seventeen hundred and forty pictures, selected with great care from a total of four thousand, and arranged in their present order by Dr. Waagen, out of which I would name the following as especially worthy of notice:—

Two portraits by Vandyke of Inigo Jones and Archbishop Laud have, of course, attraction for an Englishman. There is an exquisite "Jacob's Dream" by Murillo; and among others by the same pencil, Raphael's well-known "Virgin and Child," a marvellous little gem, and in its original frame, given by the Emperor to the Empress on their silver wedding-day. (Why does not she keep it in her own apartments?) In a "Mary Magdalene," by Titian, the features are so intensely sad that the very canvas seems to weep. Paul Potter's famous "Watch Dog" is here, and his "Farm Yard," supposed to be his masterpiece; and another picture by him grotesquely horrible, describing in twelve compartments the "Hunter's Life," in the top-most of which, falling into his enemies' hands, he is being roasted to death by a boar and a goat. Unique in other respects, the gallery is unique in this, that here alone among the picture galleries of Europe is the English school represented. A picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted to express order of the Empress Catherine, and representing the Infant Hercules strangling a serpent, occupies a conspicuous place in a small cabinet.

It is interesting to know that it gave the Empress entire satisfaction; it is even more interesting to feel that we have far better examples of that illustrious painter at home.

Rembrandt's picture of the "Prodigal Son" depicts the face of the elder brother with great significance; was he an elder brother himself? And his "Descent from the Cross at Night," while historically inaccurate, might awake grave thoughts in the most flippant observer. But, possibly from a total want of previous acquaintance with them, some works of the modern Russian school took most hold of my fancy. Lossenko's "Sunrise on the Black Sea" has all the effect of a tragedy acted before your eyes. There has been a frightful tempest. A wet sun, peeping out of a misty sky, over which torn fragments of cloud are scudding at prodigious speed, looks down on a raft filled with shipwrecked men tossing on the edge of a vortex of enormous billows, from which it seems impossible to emerge. Your imagination is taken by storm; it seems impertinent to examine the details—to ask if ever there were such waves, and of such a lustrous opal colour, and if the man who had seen them could ever have got out of them. One thought absorbs you as you look at the picture, and one only—Will they escape?

We must hastily leave the gems and enamels—the jewelled caskets and flashing diadems, the china and the snuff-boxes, the Greek pottery and the Roman sculpture, and conclude with a trifling incident useful to point the last thing I wish to say.

Entering a railway station on my way to Russia, I was suddenly asked by an excited official if I advised him to sell his Russian bonds. The question was a responsible one, but feeling equal to the occasion, I counselled him to hold. Apart, however, from an individual's interest in it, the question was crucial; and the credit, which is essential to the prosperity of a tradesman, may involve the existence of an empire.

There are four marked features in the public affairs of Russia, which, while they make it infinitely hazardous even to guess the future turn of affairs, may anyhow help us to understand the enormous complications that defy calculation, and make his who holds the helm of the State about the hardest task upon earth. There is the position of the Emperor, the enormous extent of the empire, the want of a safety-valve for the ignorant enthusiasm of a superstitious and excitable people, and the tottering public credit.

Russia is pre-eminently the country of great distances, vast contrasts, deep gulfs and unfinished enterprises in more senses than one. An incomplete statue of Michael Angelo's in the Hermitage Palace (a work of incomparable genius) is not an inapt parable of the present and future of Russia.

Between the Emperor Alexander and a mudjik there is a social gulf inadequately represented by the distance between Finland and Kamschatka. His life of irresponsible power, unparalleled magnificence, and almost awful solitariness, to some may be an object of envy, to others is one of pity. His sad thoughtful face bears evident marks of immense care and incessant strain; and the constant rumours of abdication would probably soon be verified if his strong sense of duty permitted him to be free. Only in Russia is it possible to form an adequate notion of the tremendous power wielded by the Emperor, a power none the less burdensome from the feeling of the people that he is something almost divine, and at crises like the present unbearably weighted with tremendous responsibility. In Russia there is no such thing as a government jointly responsible for the administration of affairs. Each minister is answerable only for his own department, and the Emperor oversees and overrules in all. In a dominion which stretches from the Gulf of Finland to the Amoor River, which has been exactly doubled in the last hundred years, and which includes so many provinces won by the sword even within the present century, what skill, and firmness, and information, and vigilance must be needed both to hold them together, and gradually to weld them into an united and organic whole! Finland, Poland, Circassia, Turkestan, each is a world in itself, each has in it combustible materials that might set the rest of the empire in flames. Governing by telegraph may have some advantages, but it is fraught with the serious drawbacks of imperfect information, incessant worry, and immature decisions. An empire which must go on growing or it falls to pieces, must grow fast and unequally; may some day, like a weak ship, break its back in a gale of wind and go down; is always a great drain of vital power. Then there is the eighty millions of people, ignorant, superstitious, impulsive, enthusiastic to a degree, without a free press

to be the mouthpiece of all its aspirations, without public meetings to blow off its sudden steam by fervent and hot speech. What is the consequence? That everybody is helplessly in the dark as to the real state of public feeling up to the moment when an explosion is imminent, and it is too late to lock up the powder; and that a country honeycombed by secret societies, maddened by religious zeal, intoxicated by the possession of an enormous army, and the memory of ever-growing conquest, sometimes forces the sceptre out of the sovereign's hands without knowing that it is doing so; and, itself king, plunges into an abyss, how and when to emerge who shall say?

For though it sounds reasonable to say that Russia cannot fight without money, and who is there to lend it her? there are still great resources within the country, and a great loan at Moscow for a religious war might be placed to-morrow. No doubt there is an annual deficit; no doubt the grain trade has of late fallen off; no doubt there have been some serious failures; no doubt the change in currency has been a great embarrassment to the exchequer; no doubt for years past the interest on the public debt has been partially met out of capital. But these things have happened before to states far more heavily burdened than Russia, and they have righted themselves again; and the probability is, unless she ruins herself by a long war, that Russia will right herself too. With her enormous though undeveloped resources, with her sufficiently completed railway system, with the shrewd commercial instincts of her great trading communities, with the astute diplomacy of her Foreign Office, with the grand traditions and inexhaustible ambition of her Imperial Family, the value of her bonds may go down in selling value, but it is very unlikely that the interest will cease to be regularly paid, and Russia is about as likely to sink into the degraded insolvency of Greece or Spain as Bank of England stock to fall below par. To all which deliverance by a private individual on a subject of which he cannot possibly know anything, the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange will doubtless reply, "Take care."

A. W. THOROLD.

(To be concluded.)



AFTERNOON.

"OH, sweet," she said, "that afternoon,
 The smile of God on land and sea;
 And sweet through many a vanished June
 Comes back, like a remembered tune,
 The silence of the shore to me!
 Oh, sweet the moment was! the scene!
 The flashing of the shingles wet,
 The scent of clover and of bean,
 Warm fragrance of the fields that met
 The salt fresh breezes of the sea!
 The white sails dropping out of sight
 Were kindled into tawny flame,
 And all the moor lay steeped in light
 The way he came, the way he came!"

"Oh, sweet," she said, "the warm, wet
 reach
 Of glittering sand! the tide that woke
 In tumult all along the beach,
 Yet made the very calm it broke!
 Blue was the heaven that o'er us bent!
 The sheep upon a sunward slope
 A quiet to the landscape lent;
 And all things gave a widening scope
 To thoughts of peace and calm content,
 And all things seemed in league with
 hope
 The way we went, the way we went!"

DORA GREENWELL.

WALKS IN LONDON.

NO. I.

IT is very easy to live in London with our eyes open, but it is more usual, and a great deal more fashionable, to live there with our eyes shut. Scarcely anybody in what is usually called "society" in London has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in their own great city, because they never look, or still more perhaps because they never inquire. The architectural and historical treasures of the City are almost as unknown as the buried cities of Bashan or the lost tombs of Etruria. People go off to Caen in Normandy, or to Bayeux, to see the great Norman churches, who have never thought of looking at St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield; and few even of those who consider themselves consumed by a hopeless passion for historical archæology have visited the priceless treasures of Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, though they may have lived for years within four miles of them.

Those who have broken the ice, and have done what is so easy, and seen London, and cared about seeing it, have been well rewarded. The London of Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, still more the odious London of Belgravia, South Kensington, and Tyburnia, will be found to be as different from the London of our great-grandfathers as modern Paris is from the oldest town in Brittany, and dwellers in the West End will feel almost a refreshment and tonic of going abroad in the transition from straight streets and featureless houses, to the crooked thoroughfares half an hour off, where every street has a story and every turn is a picture. Artistically, London

after a time will be found more interesting than any other place. Nowhere are there such atmospheric effects as on fine days in our own great city. Nowhere is the enormous power of blue felt more in the picture; while the soot, which puts all the stones into mourning, makes everything look old.

It is with the notion of helping to make sight-seeing in London more easy that these papers are begun. Many of the objects described will doubtless be more or less familiar already to the readers of GOOD WORDS. Many of the facts about them will contain nothing new. There are also many books—from the old histories of Stow and Strype, to Cunningham's excellent Dictionary of London and the recently published volumes by Walter Thornbury—which will tell you a great deal more than can be told here; but when the writer was wishing to know something about London himself, he felt the want of having things brought together in the order in which they occur, of one recollection being interlaced with another in a way which might help him to remember it; and this is what he would now wish to do for others.

The chief interest of London still hovers about those parts of the old City which were spared by the great Fire, and which, though altered and modernised, existed before the reign of Charles II. But, scattered throughout the district which was then devastated, are several important fragments which escaped, and, scarcely less interesting, though not always beautiful, and of a character exceedingly unusual in England,

are the numerous buildings erected immediately after the Fire in the reign of Charles II. The treasures which we have to look for are often very obscure—a sculptured gateway, a panelled room, a storm-beaten tower, or an incised stone—and in themselves might scarcely be worth a tour of inspection; but in a city where so many millions of inhabitants have lived and passed away, where so many great events of the world's history have occurred, there is scarcely one of these long-lived remnants which has not some strange story to tell in which it bears the character of the only existing witness. The surroundings, too, are generally picturesque, and only those who study them and dwell upon them can realise the interest of the desolate tombs in the City churches, the loveliness of the plane-trees in their fresh spring green rising amid the smoky houses in those breathing spaces left by the Fire in the old City churchyards where the churches were never rebuilt, the soft effects of aerial perspective from the wharfs of the Thames or amid the many-masted shipping in the still reaches of "the Pool," where the great White Tower of the Conqueror still frowns at the beautiful church built in honour of a poor ferry-woman in the reign of King John.

In the City of London, also, more than in any other town in England, we find historical records in the existing names of streets and alleys and squares—scarcely ever meaningless; while the saints to whom the churches are generally dedicated are the old English saints honoured before the Reformation, whose comparative popularity may be gathered from the number of buildings placed under their protection. Thus there were four churches dedicated to St. Botolph, two to St. Giles, three to St. Leonard, while St. Ethelburga, or St. Etheldreda, St. Vedast, and others, have their single church.

The most interesting approach to the City is by the great highway of the Strand.

To us, when we think of it, the Strand is only a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic, and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Gaiety theatres, as our taste may guide us. But the name which the street still bears will remind us of its position, following the *strand*, the shore, of the Thames. This was the first cause of its popularity, and of its becoming for three hundred years what the Corso is to Rome, and the Via Nuova to Genoa, a street of palaces. The rise of these palaces was very gradual. As late as the reign of Edward II. (1315) a petition was presented complaining

that the road from Temple Bar to Westminster was so infamously bad that it was ruinous to the feet both of men and horses, and moreover that it was overgrown with thickets and bushes. In the time of Edward III. the rapid watercourses which crossed that road and fell into the Thames were traversed by bridges, of which there were three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. Of two of these bridges the names are still preserved to us in the names of two existing streets—Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane; the third bridge has itself been seen by many living persons. It was discovered in 1802, buried deep beneath the soil near St. Clement's church, and was laid bare during the formation of some new sewers. In the reign of Henry VIII. "the road of the Strand was still described as full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." But gradually great houses had sprung up along its course, the earliest being Essex House, Durham House, and the Palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House; though even in Elizabeth's time the succession was rather one of country palaces than of town residences, for all the great houses looked into fields upon the north, and on the south had large and pleasant gardens sloping towards the river.

As the houses closed in two hundred years ago and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakespeare when in London would have been directed to at the sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three Crowns, or whatever the emblem of the house might be at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing the foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the City Museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently surnamed from their signs. Thus the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called "Thomas of the Snipe," from the emblem of the house where he was born.

One only of the great Strand palaces has survived entire to our own time. We have all of us seen and mourned over Northumber-

land House, one of the noblest Jacobean buildings in England, and the most picturesque feature of London. The original design was by Jansen, but it was altered by Inigo Jones, and from the plans of the latter the house was begun (in 1603) by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who was ridiculed for building so large a residence in the then country village of Charing. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, who was the builder of Audley End, and who finished the garden side of the house. It was then called Suffolk House, but changed its name (in 1642) when Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. On his death it passed to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was twice a widow and three times a wife before she was seventeen. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset—the Duke who never allowed his daughters to sit down in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House, and who omitted one of his daughters in his will because he caught her involuntarily napping by his bedside. In his last years his punctiliousness so little decreased that when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulders, he turned round upon her with, “Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty.” It was a son of this proud Duke who was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his only daughter, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. Added to, and altered at different periods, the greater part of the house, though charming as a residence, was architecturally unimportant. But when it was partially rebuilt, the original features of the Strand front had always been preserved—and as we saw its beautiful gateway, so with the exception of a few additional ornaments, Inigo Jones designed it. The balustrade was originally formed by an inscription in capital letters, as at Audley End and Temple Newsam, and it is recorded that the fall of one of these letters killed a spectator as the funeral of Anne of Denmark was passing. High above the porch stood for a hundred and twenty-five years a leaden lion, the crest of the Percies (now removed to Syon House); and it was a favourite question, which few could answer right, which way the familiar animal’s

tail pointed. Of all the barbarous and ridiculous injuries by which London has been wantonly mutilated within the last few years, the destruction of Northumberland House has been the greatest. The removal of some ugly houses on the west, and the sacrifice of a corner of the garden, might have given a better turn to the street now called Northumberland Avenue, and have saved the finest great historical house in London, “commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour”—the house in which the restoration of the monarchy was successfully planned in 1660 in the secret conferences of General Monk.

It is just beyond the now melancholy site of Northumberland House that we enter upon what is still called “the Strand.” If we could linger, as we might in the early morning, when there would be no great traffic to hinder us, we should see that, even now, the great street is far from unpicturesque. Its houses, projecting, receding, still ornamented here and there with bow windows, sometimes with a little sculpture or paragonising work, present a very broken outline to the sky; and, at the end, in the blue haze which is so beautiful on a fine day in London, rises the Flemish-looking steeple of St. Mary-le-Strand, with the light streaming through its open pillars.

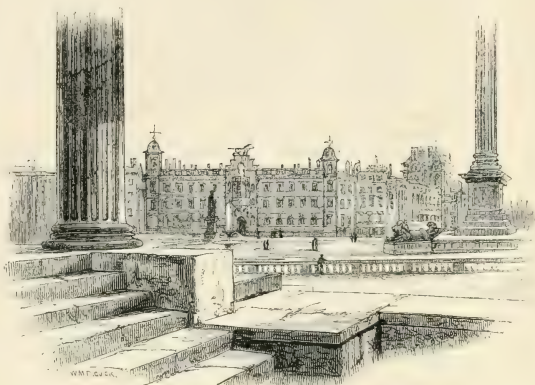
The Strand palaces are gone now. In Italian cities, which love their reminiscences and guard them, their sites would be marked by inscribed tablets let into the later houses. This is not the way with Englishmen; yet, even in England, they have their own commemoration, and in the Strand the old houses and the old residents have their record in the names of the adjoining streets on either side the way. Gay, calling upon his friend Fortescue to walk west with him from Temple Bar, thus alludes to them:—

“Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e’en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple’s silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray,
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel’s famed structure rear’d its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian’s glowing paint the canvas warm’d,
And Raphael’s fair design with judgment charm’d,
Now hangs the bellman’s song, and pasted here
The colour’d prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias’ hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex’ stately pile adorn’d the shore,
There Cecil’s, Bedford’s, Villiers’—now no more.”

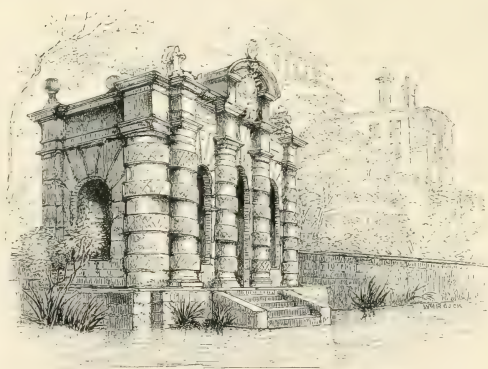
We must turn to the right, immediately beyond Charing Cross Railway Station, to visit the remnants of the famous palace known

as York House. The Archbishops of York had been without any town house after York Place, now Whitehall, was taken away from them by Wolsey, and this site was given to them by Mary. The Archbishops, however, scarcely ever lived here. They let it to the Lords Keepers of the Great Seal, and thus it was that Sir Nicholas Bacon came to reside

at York House, and that his son, the great Lord Bacon, was born here in 1560. He in his turn lived here as Chancellor, and was greatly attached to the place; for when the Duke of Lennox wished him to sell his interest in it, he answered, "For this you will pardon me, York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed,



Northumberland House—from the National Gallery



The Watergate of York House.

and there I will yield my last breath, please God and the king."

Steenie, James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, obtained York Place by exchange, and formed plans for sumptuously rebuilding it, but only the Watergate was completely carried out to show how great were his intentions. Afterwards the Parliament gave

the house to their General, Fairfax, but when his daughter married George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, it brought the property back into that family. Cromwell was exceedingly angry at this marriage. The Duke was permitted to reside at York House with his wife, but on his venturing to go without leave to Cobham to visit his sister,

he was arrested and sent to the Tower, where he remained till the Protector's death. It was this Duke who sold York House and its gardens for building purposes, at the same time buying property in Dowgate. He insisted as a condition of purchase that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets erected on his former property, and this quaint memorial of him still remains in the names of George Street, Villiers Street, with Duke Street and Buckingham Street, formerly connected by Of Lane—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This nomenclature was much laughed at at the time, and gave rise to the satire called "The Litany of the Duke of Buckingham," containing the lines,—

"From damning whatever we don't understand,
From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling in the Strand,
Calling streets by our name when we have sold the land,
Libera nos Domine!"

Villiers Street, where John Evelyn tells us that he lived 1583-4, "having many important causes to despatch, and for the education of my daughters," leads by the side of Charing Cross Railway Station to the pretty gardens on the Thames Embankment, where we may visit the principal remnant of York House—and a grand one it is—the stately *Watergate*, built for Duke Steenie by Inigo Jones. On the side towards the river are his arms, and on the side towards Buckingham Street the Villiers motto, "Fidei coticula Crux,"—"The Cross is the Touchstone of Faith." The steps, known as York Stairs, and the bases of its columns, have been buried since the river has been driven back by the Embankment, and the "Watergate" has now lost its meaning; but since it is undoubtedly one of the best architectural monuments in London, perfect alike in its proportions and its details, it is a great pity that a large fountain or tank is not made in front of it, so that its steps might still descend upon water. At present it only serves curiously to mark the height to which the Embankment has been raised.

Immediately behind the gate, is, at the end of Buckingham Street on the left, the only remaining portion of the old house of the Duke of Buckingham. It is now used for the Charity Organization Society, but retains its old ceilings, decorated with roses and apples magnificently raised in stucco of extraordinary bold design; and, in the centre, pictures, perhaps by Verrio, of Spring and Summer. Peter the Great lived in the upper part of this house when he was in England; and here also Dickens, who lived here for some time himself, makes his David Copper-

field reside in "a singularly desirable, compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman." The house on the other side the way, upon which the windows of this old house look out, was once occupied by Samuel Pepys. York House itself contained a fine picture gallery in the time of Charles I., and the Cain and Abel of John of Bologna was amongst the decorations of its garden.

Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the Strand, came Durham House, originally founded by Beck, Bishop of Durham, in the time of Edward I., and rebuilt by Bishop Hatfield in 1345. Edward VI. gave it to his sister Elizabeth. Afterwards it was inhabited by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and here, says Holinshed, were celebrated in May, 1553, three marriages, that of Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of Northumberland, with Lady Jane Grey, that of her sister Katherine, with Lord Pembroke, and that of Katherine Dudley, youngest daughter of Northumberland, with Lord Hastings. Lady Jane's marriage was intended as a prelude to placing her on the throne, and from hence she set forth upon her unhappy progress to the Tower to be received as Queen.

Elizabeth afterwards granted the house to Sir Walter Raleigh. "Durham House was a noble palace," says Aubrey. "After Sir Walter Raleigh came to his greatness he lived there, or in some apartments of it. I well remember his study, which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world."

But, on the death of Elizabeth, the Bishops of Durham reasserted their claims to their palace, and Raleigh was turned out. On part of the site of Durham House was built, in 1608, the New Exchange, called "the Burse of Britain" by James I. It was here that the wife of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, sold gloves and washballs, at the sign of "The Three Spanish Gypsies," when married to her first husband, Thomas Radford the farrier; and here that the Duchess of Tyrconnel, ruined by the fall of James II., sate working in a white mask and dress, and was known as "the White Milliner," under which name she appears in a drama by Douglas Jerrold.

Part of the site of Durham House and its gardens is now occupied by *Adelphi Terrace*, approached by streets with names which commemorate each of its founders, the four enterprising brothers, John, Robert,

James, and William Adam (1768); while the name Adelphi, from the Greek word *ἀδελφοί* (brothers), commemorates them collectively. David Garrick died (1779) in the centre house of the Terrace, which has a ceiling by Antonio Zucchi. The witty Topham Beauclerk also died in the Terrace, and Boswell narrates how he "stopped a little while by the railings, looking on the Thames," and mourned with Johnson over the two friends they had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind them.

On the right of the Strand Salisbury Street and Cecil Street now commemorate Salisbury House, the town residence of Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I. No trace of it is left except in the names.

On the north of the Strand, where the palaces we have been describing once looked into the country, is *Southampton Street*, whose name was given in compliment to Lady Rachel Russell, daughter of an Earl of Southampton. Here the "Bedford Head" was situated, where Paul Whitehead gave his supper parties, and which is celebrated in the lines of Pope,—

"When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on pea-chicks—at the Bedford Head."

Southampton-street leads into *Covent Garden*, a space which, as early as 1222, under the name of Frère Pye Garden, was the convent garden of Westminster, and which through all the changes of time and place has ever remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence, so that, though they are no longer growing, it has never lost its old name of "garden." It was not till 1621 that the houses around it were built from designs of Inigo Jones, but then, and long afterwards, the market continued to be held under the shade of what Stow calls "a grotto of trees," hanging over the wall of the grounds of Bedford House (now commemorated in Bedford Street) which bounded Covent Garden on the south. Many allusions in the works of the poets of Charles II.'s time show that this was then one of the most fashionable quarters of London—in fact, that it was the Belgrave Square of the Stuarts. When Bedford House was pulled down in 1704, the market gradually, by the increasing traffic, became pushed into the middle of the area, and finally has usurped the whole, though a print by Sutton Nichols shows that as late as 1810 it only consisted of a few sheds.

The north and east sides of the market are still occupied by the arcade which retains its quaint name of *Piazza*, an open corridor

like those which line the streets of Italian towns. It is common-place enough now with ugly plastered columns, but when originally built by Inigo Jones was highly picturesque, with its carved grey stone pillars relieved upon a red brick front. There is an odd evidence of the popularity of the piazza in the time of Charles II., James II., and William III., in the fact that "piazza" was chosen as the favourite name for the foundling children of the parish. The registers abound in such names as Peter Piazza, Mary Piazza, and Paul Piazza. It was the custom in those days to lay all foundling children at the doors of the unfortunate Bishop of Durham, and leave them there. In the last century the square was used for the football matches, which are described by Gay:—

"Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the football war;
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue,
O whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound."

It was in Covent Garden that the Beef-steak Club was originally founded. Amongst those who lived in the square were Sir P. Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller. When St. Martin-in-the-Fields became too small for its parishioners, Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, to whom all this neighbourhood belonged, desired Inigo Jones to build him a chapel in Covent Garden, but said that he would not go to any expense about it—in short, that it must be little better than a barn. "Then it shall be the handsomest barn in England," said Inigo Jones, and he built *St. Paul's, Covent Garden* (always interesting as the first important Protestant church raised in England), which exactly fulfils his promise. Bare, uncouth, and featureless in its general forms, it nevertheless becomes really picturesque from the noble play of light and shade caused by its boldly projecting roof, and the deeply receding portico behind its two pillars. The most serious defect is that this portico leads to nothing, for, in order to have the altar to the east, the entrance is at the side, and the altar behind the portico. The interior is a miserable, featureless parallelogram. The portico alone escaped a fire in 1795, all the rest, which was originally of brick, perished, together with the tomb of Sir P. Lely, and his famous picture of Charles I. as a martyr, kneeling with a crown

of thorns in his hand, having cast his royal crown aside.

A great number of eminent persons were buried here when Covent Garden was in fashion. They include Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset (1645), the notorious favourite of James II., who lived hard by in Russell Street; Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels (1673); Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras" (1680), under the north-west wall of the church; and—in the last century—William Wycherley the dramatist (1715); Grinling Gibbons the sculptor (1721); Sir Robert Strange the engraver (1792); and Thomas Girtin, who has been called the father of English water-colour painting (1802).

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, its especial market days, Covent Garden should be visited. It is really one of the prettiest sights in London, and it is difficult to say whether the porch given up to flowers, or the avenue devoted to fruit, is most radiant in freshness and colour.

The names of the streets which surround Covent Garden bear evidence to the time of their erection. King Street, Charles Street, and Henrietta Street are called after Charles I. and his Queen; James Street and York Street from the Duke of York; Catherine Street from Catherine of Braganza; while Russell Street, Bedford Street, and Tavistock Street are named from the noble family

which owned them. All these streets abound in associations with the wits of the last century. In Russell Street they had their meetings at Button's coffee-house, where Pope describes Addison as coming to dine daily, and remaining for five or six hours afterwards. In Bow Street, Covent Garden, lived Edmund Waller the poet, Grinling Gibbons, William Wycherley the dramatist, and, at one time, while he was writing "Tom Jones," Fielding the novelist. At the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street, was Will's coffee-house (the house still survives, but is a butcher's shop now), which "was sacred," says Macaulay, "to polite letters." Here, in the last century, all that was most distinguished in connection with literature and art used to congregate, and the great press was to get near John Dryden's chair, which occupied the warmest nook by the fire in winter, but which in summer was generally placed on the balcony. Hither Pope, at twelve years old, persuaded his friends to bring him that he might look upon the great poet of his veneration. Here also was long seen daily the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his spectacles on his nose, his trumpet always in his ear, and his silver snuff-box ever in his hand. In *Maiden Lane*, which runs parallel with the Strand to the south of Covent Garden, the great artist Turner was born in May, 1775, being the son of a hairdresser.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

LIFE-MOSAIC.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand
 Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may suit
 Some little chips to cut with care minute,
 Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
 Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
 And make a life-work of the great design
 Which Thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled, combine
 To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
 Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
 Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
 Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
 Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace,
 Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
 And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. ;

SELF-HELP IN SCIENCE.

THERE was great excitement in the straggling Fifeshire village of Kettle one day in the spring of 1816. The inhabitants were all active, searching here, searching there, and going out in bands in this and that direction. A toddling child had gone astray, and could not be found, had perhaps been carried off by the gypsies, as Adam Smith had been; and the concern and grief of one couple was made common to all, as is the wont of villages, in spite of gossip and petty strifes, at less exciting times. But no child rewarded the eager searchers, though they had even met with blows at the suspected gypsy's encampment. When hope had almost been abandoned, and it seemed hardly possible to do more, in rushed the pig-wife to the father's house, crying, as she threw the child, safe and sound, into the mother's arms, "There, woman, there's your bairn! but for God's sake keep him awa' frae yon place or he may fare waur next time." The infant, who had already shown a keen love of animals and great courage and determination in handling them, had several times been found eagerly looking through the bars at a young litter. He had in some way got to gratify curiosity by nearer scrutiny, and had been for a whole night beside them. The adventure, odd and even ludicrous as are its circumstances, may be said to typify the life of the hero, as finding nothing in nature that is common or unclean, or unworthy of kindly interest, pursuing his studies in face of all obstacles and warnings "to keep awa' frae yon place," and dourly seeking to make a home with nature in her less accessible corners without thought of object beyond the delights of new knowledge.

Thomas Edward, with whom Mr. Smiles has done well to make the world fully acquainted in his latest work,* will take high rank among self-helpers. We can scarcely imagine what he might have done had he been blessed with more sympathy in his chosen pursuit while young, and expressly educated for it. Nevertheless, though illiterate, lonely, and poor, he has accomplished a great work, and his life is perhaps as deserving of study on account of the faithfulness, patience, and self-denial that have characterized it, as for the direct contri-

butions he has made to science, and these are by no means small. The son of a weaver, who had become a militiaman in the days when the thought of Napoleon was a nightmare on men's minds, Thomas Edward was born in 1814, at Gosport, where his father was stationed. After the disembodiment of the militia, the Edwards returned to Kettle, the mother's native place; but work being hard to find there, they resolved after a short time to go to Aberdeen. Here, being close to the Inches (which some sixty years ago were green and beautiful), the child found an inexhaustible field for observation. Each new creature he made acquaintance with he yearned to catch and to make a pet of. Before he was four years of age, his mother had been involved in difficulties with the neighbours through his "vermin." He brought home beetles, tadpoles, frogs, stickle-backs, crabs, rats, newts, hedgehogs, horseleeches, and birds of many kinds?

"The fishes and birds," Mr. Smiles says, "were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horse-leeches, rats, and such like—they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbours complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs, and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them. The boy was expostulated with. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests; and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next time that he went out to play, he brought home as many 'beasts' as before. He was then threatened with corporal punishment. But that very night he brought home a nest of young rats. He was then flogged. But it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him, as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances."

If Tom were sent a message it was odds but some bird or fine butterfly or other insect caught his eye and he was off in chase, forgetful of his charges. When set down to rock the cradle as his mother was filling her husband's pirns (reels) or otherwise engaged, he escaped, as if at the prompting of some irrepressible instinct. His father threatened to confine him to the house, and tried it, with no avail—for the sun shone out of doors and all creatures were abroad, as if whispering to Tom to come and join them; then he was actually tied, but he loosed his hands by dragging the heavy table close to the grate, and thus setting fire to them, and almost to the house itself, in the process. His clothes

* "Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society." By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," &c. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. John Murray.

were next taken from him and carried by his father to his workshop; but Tom tied an old petticoat round him, and was off to the woods—the strangest spectacle! When he came home his father threatened to chain him. “But,” replied Tom, “ye hinna a cooch” *—for he had no notion of anything being chained but dogs. “Never mind,” said his father, “I’ll chain you.”

But there was no need for that next day, nor the next. Tom’s exposure in the petticoat had brought on a fever, which kept him down for three months, and the first thing he spoke of was his beasts. “Mother, where are my crabs and bandies that I brought home last night?” “Crabs and bandies,” said she; “you’re surely gaun gyte [become insane]; it’s three months sin ye war out.” This passed the boy’s comprehension. His next question was, “Has my father gotten the chains yet?” “Na, laddie, nor winna; but ye mauna gang back to your auld places for beasts again.” “But where’s a’ my things, mother?” “They’re awa. The twa bottoms of broken bottles we found in the entry the day you fell ill were both thrown out.” “And the shrew mouse you had in the boxie?” “Calton (the cat) took it.” This set the boy crying, and in that state he fell asleep, and did not waken till late next morning, when he felt considerably better. He still continued, however, to make inquiries after his beasts.

His father after this was inclined to take a less severe view of his erratic ways, and would sometimes go for short walks, when the boy would assail him with questions that he could not answer about the rocks, and how they came there, and many other matters. Tom now formed parties of boys, with which he wandered in the woods or by the sea-shore; but he always found it possible to escape from them when anything special attracted his attention, and he desired to follow it. One of the most notable of these early escapades was his taking off his shirt to wrap in it a paper bees’ byke (nest), which was new to him, and which he thus conveyed home; but on its being observed that he was shirtless, he came very near to getting beaten, and had his wasps’ nest destroyed before his eyes.

He was next sent to a dame’s school; but his habit of taking tame rats, mice, and other creatures there in his pockets became intolerable to the mistress. A crisis came through a tame “kae,” or jackdaw, which his mother one day sent him out with, under

orders not to bring it back to the house again. He could not find it in his heart to part with the “kae,” and carried it to school, hid in his trousers. But the “kae,” failing to accommodate itself to his altered position when he knelt down at prayer, disturbed the school by its sudden *cre-waww!* *cre-waww!* set the children all laughing, and caused him to be expelled in spite of the friendship that existed between the teacher and his mother. It was the same at two other schools of more importance. Against all his good resolutions, the temptation not to lose the chance of getting a rare bird or beast always proved too much for him. Before he was six years old he was declared utterly incorrigible and hopeless, and his parents soon after were glad to get work for him in a tobacco factory, at which he could earn two shillings a week. They thought that he was falling into idle ways in his roving and gatherings of “vermin.” Here he met with some encouragement from his master, as he was fond of birds. But before he was eight the consideration of larger wages, and the prospect of extending his field of observation, caused him to seek work at a mill about a couple of miles from Aberdeen. Though he had to rise at four in the morning, so as to be at the mill by five, and was seldom home till nine in the evening, and with but short meal-hours, he was happy and contented at Grandholm Mill. The wages were from three to four shillings a week, rising to five or six. Edward says:—

“People may say of factories what they please, but I liked this factory. It was a happy time for me whilst I remained there. It was situated in the centre of a beautiful valley, almost embowered amongst tall and luxuriant hedges of hawthorn, with water-courses and shadowy trees between, and large woods and plantations beyond. It teemed with nature and natural objects. The woods were easy of access during our meal-hours. What lots of nests! What insects, wild-flowers, and plants, the like of which I had never seen before! Prominent amongst the birds was the Sedge-warbler,* which lay concealed in the reedy copses, or by the margin of the mill-lades. Oh, how I wondered at the little thing; how it contrived to imitate all the other birds I had ever heard, and none to greater perfection than the chirrup of my old and special favourite the swallow.”

When he first saw a kingfisher the sight was like a revelation—an introduction to a world of poetry. But, as in poetry, illusion and reality lie near each other, so his simple account of his chase after it actually reads like a parable of life and its dreams.

* A dog-kennel.

* Called also the English mocking-bird and Scottish nightingale.

But this delightful life could not last. When he was barely eleven his father apprenticed him to a man named Begg, a drunken shoemaker, who had a particular dislike to his natural history pursuits, and beat him so mercilessly in his mad fits that the boy at last refused to go back, and ran off, making his way on foot to his mother's relatives at Kettle, who, however, so little relished the new accession, that he had to return home again, as he had come, somewhat humbled.

He now agreed to finish his apprenticeship with a man in Shoe Lane. In addition to his pupil-money, his employer received a percentage of his earnings. Here Edward was in a measure his own master, and pursued his studies, managing to begin a botanical garden, which he stocked with rare wild-flowers. He saw birds and animals stuffed in the gunsmiths' windows, and tried his hand on a mole, of which he was not a little proud. Having finished his apprenticeship, he got steady work for a time at set wages, and would have gone on with some degree of content, although he never liked his trade, had not a slack period come. He was thrown out of work, and his funds ran done. He tried to stow himself away in a ship for America, but, as the vessel was rigorously searched before sailing, he had to come forth.

His next step was to enlist in the Aberdeenshire Militia, but we can infer that the military drill was not much to his taste. He nearly incurred severe penalties for breaking the ranks when a rare butterfly flitted past during parade. He was only saved by the earnest appeal of a lady friend of the officer in command. He disliked his trade so much that he tried several things (he was a church beadle for a short period), but in his twentieth year he could not see any prospect of a better opening in Aberdeen, and removed to Banff, where he had found work. His landlady was greatly puzzled by him, as well as his shopmates, who were often brought into rather close neighbourhood to his favourites; her excessive carefulness compelling him to make his stool serve for a repository. She said, "She didna ken fat [what] kind o' chiel he was. A' body tried to keep awa' frae vermin but himsel'."

He married when only twenty-three years of age a sensible Banff woman who so far understood him, and helped him, and did not banish his "vermin;" and though she had good cause to appreciate his sobriety, for, in spite of advice, he never took

whisky with him in his rambles, she could not but have agreed so far with his drunken fellow-workmen, when they spoke of him as "a queer wanderin' kind o' creature." He now began seriously to collect, since he had room to keep. "It was indispensably necessary for him to husband carefully both his time and his money, so as to make the most of the one and the best of the other. And in order the better to accomplish this, he resolved never to spend a moment idly nor a penny uselessly;" a resolution from which he never departed. His wages were only 9s. 6d. a-week, so that he could not abridge his working hours.

"He had bought an old gun for four-and-sixpence; but it was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out the charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown-paper bag. A few insect bottles of middling size, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for putting his plants in, constituted his equipment."

He did not cease work till nine at night, and commenced it at six in the morning. The moment he was free he set out on his rounds, with his supper in his hands or in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink.

"So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths or beetles, or plants or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept till the light returned. Then he got up and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labour. It was no unusual circumstance for him—when he had wandered too far, and came upon some more than usually attractive spot—to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and thus lighten of everything, except his specimens, take to his heels and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time. . . . His neighbour used to say of him. 'It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house.'"

Sometimes he was caught in severe rain storms on lonely moors, and before he could find shelter his insufficient pill-boxes had given way with the wet, and he presented the aspect of a vagrant so overrun with vermin that the good people into whose houses he went ran away from him in fright. Often all the bed he could get was to drop feet-foremost into a hole in a bank. "Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at your face while asleep! Or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! These visitors, however, did not always prove an

annoyance. On the contrary, they sometimes proved a windfall; for, when they came within reach, they were suddenly seized, examined, and, if found necessary, killed, stuffed, and added to the collection." Many were the adventures he thus had with creatures of the night—polecats, otters, and rats. With owls and other night-birds he was abundantly familiar, and from night observations he was able even to note some new facts about so well-known an animal as the rabbit.

He divided the district into three circuits—six miles along the coast one way, and about five the other, and a radius of some five miles inland; and, though he could only visit one circuit on one night, each of them was visited twice a week, and his nets and other repositories he had set down for securing prey were carefully searched. But he was considerate, and tried to save the creatures all needless pain, using chloroform, which he always carried with him. It is worth noting, too, that, scant of time as he was, he faithfully kept the Sabbath, which was no doubt in favour of health, not to speak of higher things.

When he was by stress of weather hindered from going abroad, he devoted his time to making cases for his specimens, many hundreds of which he finished at one time or other in his life. But these did not always protect him from pillage. After having, with great labour, placed his collection (numbering nearly a thousand) of insects in these cases, and stowed them away in the garret, what must have been his feelings when, on going to take them out again, he found that they had all been gnawed away by rats or mice? His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. "Weal," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment; but, I think, the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." And he did; so that in 1845 he was able to give an exhibition in Banff, with such favourable results that he listened to the advice of friends to transport the collection to Aberdeen, and exhibit it there. With much anxiety a shop was rented for the purpose. At much expense and labour the collection was transported to the "granite city." But, though the exhibition was visited by a few scientific persons who could not credit that he had himself made the collection, the crowd did not rush to it, though in view of them, he had reduced the price of admission to one penny. Dr. Macgillivray, the well-known naturalist, was delighted, but told Edward that

the people of Aberdeen were not yet prepared for such an exhibition, especially that it was the work of so poor a man, and said he had come a century too soon. Another of the visitors was that very lady who, in the days of militia drill, had by her appeals saved him from punishment for breaking the ranks in pursuit of the butterfly. She asked him to her house to meet some scientific people, but his shyness and the distressing circumstances in which he was placed made him decline to go. Debt was above all things hateful to him. With all drawbacks, he had hitherto kept clear of it. But ruin now stared him in the face. He was deep in debt; and a stranger in a strange place. No wonder that he was depressed in spirit. He actually yielded to a melancholy suggestion, and was very near to committing a tragically rash act. His ruling passion saved him; but the incident is so touching that we must give it:—

"He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat before rushing into the sea; when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sand near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills, as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something more of the nature of this bird, he approached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Don mouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the further side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature."

Calmer and brighter thoughts now came back, and with them new energy. He advertised his collection for sale, and sold it, paid his debts, and returned to Banff, to begin anew his work of shoemaking and collecting. Very much the same life was carried on as before, and by the year 1850 he had made another collection, in some respects surpassing the first one. But, owing to an unfortunate fall over a steep cliff, the effect of which confined him to bed for a month, he was compelled to sell the greater part of it. Luckily about this time, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Smith, of Monquhitter, who lent him books, and otherwise aided him. Under this genial encouragement, he pursued his researches, till, in 1858, he had formed a third collection, more valuable than either of his former ones. For many years, through lack of books, he had been under the necessity of sending his specimens to others at a distance to be named; and it had so often happened that such speci-

mens were never returned to him, that he had learned never to part with his discoveries unless he had duplicates of what he sent away. But now he had done much to improve his education, and, though he was indefatigable in following out his old system, he devoted a part of his time to recording his observations. These were at first inserted in the *Banffshire Journal*, and afterwards, at Mr. Smith's suggestion, in the *Zoologist*, and attracted considerable attention.

It was fortunate for him that he had been able to form this third collection; for it was the only provision he had against misfortune. He had educated his family well; and how could he save anything? In 1858, misfortune came; he was taken seriously ill. He had before this time had frequent twinges of rheumatism, and had not materially altered his ways; but now the doctor shook his head, and gravely warned him. He was told that, although his constitution was originally sound and healthy, it had, by constant exertion and exposure to wet and cold, become impaired to a much greater degree than had at first been supposed. He was also distinctly warned that if he didn't at once desist from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing. "Here," adds Mr. Smiles, "it appeared, was to be the end of his labours in Natural History."

To get wherewithal to pay the doctor and the bills that had accumulated during his illness, his only hope lay in the sale of his third collection. Accordingly it went, as the others had done. "Upwards of forty cases of birds were sold, together with three hundred specimens of mosses and marine plants, with other objects not contained in cases. When these were sold Edward lost all hopes of ever being able to replenish his shattered collection." But a measure of strength returned, and not only did he, to some extent, replenish his stock, but he won honours in a new field. He had been introduced to Mr. Spence Bate, who, in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, was engaged in writing the account of the "Sessile-eyed Crustaceæ," and to the Rev. Mr. Merle Norman, a well-known zoologist. In order to aid them, he was led to devote himself more particularly to marine zoology. He had no trawling or other gear, but he set traps in the pools at the sea-side; he went along the shore and picked up the wreck from the wave; he sent his daughters for miles along the coast to get the waste

from the fishermen's nets and lines, which, after much importuning, they had promised to keep for him. As the record of many falls and bruises conclusively tells that no cliff or scaur was left unscaled when he was in chase of a much-wanted specimen, so now no pool, however deep, could stop his way when he wanted a rare crab, or fish, or fish-parasite. The value of the contributions which he was able to make to science in this particular department are fully recognised in the valued works of Messrs. Bate and Westwood and Mr. Norman. In recognition of his services to science, a few years ago, he received the honour of an associateship of the Linnean Society, and was made a member of one or two other scientific societies in Scotland. Various efforts were at one time or other made to get some unimportant scientific post for him: he tried photography; applied even for a berth as a police-officer, or tide-waiter. None of these things were successful. The only tangible recognition of his scientific merits is the curatorship of the Banff Museum with a salary of £4 per annum. In face of the ignorant perversities of others, he has done good service in preserving some of its most valuable antiquities—of which the "Auld Been," which has a history, is not the least prominent.

Mr. Smiles does not need to apologize for writing the life of such a man because he still lives. His own shyness and modesty have prevented him from gaining the recognition and reward which he might have secured, and surely no liberal-minded man will grudge him the benefit of being "put into a book." He well deserves the exceptional honour. We sincerely trust that the Banff folk will pleasantly disappoint his over-modest expectations, and buy many copies; and that in later editions it will hardly be correct to end the volume with the words that conclude the present edition:—

"HERE I AM STILL on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of Nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."

H. A. PAGE.



"AN ARTIST'S DREAM."

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

UNDER the boughs of an apple-tree,
 A grassy mound made a seat for me,
 And while I dreamed on a summer day,
 A swift-winged swallow came that way :
 "Here are a pair of wings for you,
 Wanting, maybe, a feather or two ;
 But over the land and over the sea,
 They'll carry you where they've carried me."
 But I thought so long ere I told my delight
 That the bird and his wings were out of sight

A blythe little squirrel looked down on me
 From the topmost twig of that apple-tree,
 And babbled the queer little tale of his life,
 How he frisked and played with his sweet young wife
 Out in the woods while the days were fair,
 But, sheltered warm from the winter air,
 They had built themselves a cosy nest,
 Where he asked me to come and be their guest ;
 But the winter days seemed far away,
 So I answered the blythe little squirrel, "Nay."

Then a sweet soft wind came sliding by,
 And told in a voice, like a lover's sigh,

How he had come from the far, far South,
 With olive and myrtle boughs in his mouth
 To wed with the North, but too sad was he,
 He was pining to get back over the sea ;
 And he whispered softly he'd take me too
 Out where the olive and myrtle grew :
 But I cared not to haste on that summer day,
 So the soft wind sadly floated away.

Then a little child came by that way,
 Bounding along in its happy play.
 As I felt the grasp of its tiny hand,
 It thrilled me through with a new command.
 I followed meekly, my will was spent ;
 I cared not to know what way we went ;
 We gathered daisies till tired with play
 (And towards the close of that summer day),
 The child slept softly on my knees.
 So the dream begun in the apple-tree,
 Can never more be finished by me.
 But oft as I paint it comes to my mind
 Like a faint sweet odour on summer wind.

C. BROOKE.

COLIN CAMPBELL, MINISTER OF ARDCHATTAN 1667—1726.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER.

THESE essays in metaphysical theology* are curious in themselves, and much more so in the circumstances of their author. They were written about two centuries ago, by a long-forgotten clerical recluse in the West Highlands of Scotland, round whom a cloud of mythical tradition gathered in the neighbourhood in which he lived. We have now, for the first time, means of judging what manner of man he was intellectually. We have in these tractates reasonings about the eternal questions of the origin of the universe and our destiny in it, which were produced by the pastor of a parish in Argyleshire, who lived when the Stewarts reigned, and after the house of Hanover succeeded to the throne. While Locke was pondering his "Essay on Human Understanding," and Leibnitz his "Pre-established Harmony ;" before Samuel Clarke had published his "Demonstration," or Berkeley had conceived his theory of a constant divine presence throughout the visible world, questions of the

sort were argued acutely, if with less originality, depth, and comprehensiveness, by Colin Campbell, beside the shore of Loch Etive.

This seems to be a solitary example of a Scotch parish priest, secluded in metaphysical study, whose thoughts, buried in manuscript for some two hundred years, were destined at last to find their way to the printer. Two partly resembling cases occur in rural English parsonages. Soon after Colin Campbell was working out his demonstrations at Ardchattan, John Norris and Arthur Collier were not dissimilarly engaged in their Wiltshire rectories. Norris was rector of Bemerton, the parish of the sainted George Herbert, near the grand old cathedral of Salisbury, and he was introducing to England in the reign of Queen Anne the divine vision and mystical philosophy of Malebranche. Collier, rector of Langford Magna, was about the same time devising in a theory of universal immaterialism a rational foundation for faith in the existence of God, and excogitating a metaphysical speculation about the Trinity, both of which lay buried in manuscript for a century after his death. But they were living within a hundred miles of London : Campbell was in the heart of

* 1. "A Demonstration of the Existence of God against Atheists" (25 pp.). 2. "The Trinity of Persons in the Unity of Essence" (70 pp.). By the Rev. Colin Campbell, Minister of the Parish of Ardchattan. Printed for private circulation by William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1876. (The manuscripts have been deposited in the Library of the University of Edinburgh.)

the Highlands, as the Highlands were nearly a hundred years before Prince Charles and Culloden.

The parish of Ardochattan lies in that north-eastern part of Argyshire, with Oban for its present metropolis, which is bounded on the west by the Linnhe Loch, while it touches at its opposite extremity the moor of Rannoch in Perthshire, and the awful defile of Glencoe. Separated by Loch Creran on the north from the romantic country of Appin, the land of the Stewarts; by Loch Etive from the undulating region of Mid-Lorne on the south, redolent of birchwood and bog myrtle over the moorlands of Muckairn; the sea to the west dividing it from Lismore, the fertile seat of the cathedral church of the isles, and with a wilderness of pathless mountains in the east, the greater part of this parish is isolated as if it was meant by nature to be a place for meditative seclusion, and therefore protected by water and the mountains from all vulgar thoroughfares. It is thus little known to the modern tourist. The other part, which contains Cruachan and the high hills on the east side of Loch Etive, washed, too, by Loch Awe and the river Awe, loses itself in the interior among the mountains that stretch towards wild Tyndrum. From the south-western to the north-eastern extreme, the parish extends not less than forty miles, and its breadth varies from nearly twenty miles in the east to four miles and less where the mountains decline towards the western sea. Its irregular figure affords a sea-coast of fully sixty miles. The surface presents examples of grandeur mixed with beauty equalled by few in Britain. It is everywhere mountainous, but the mountains are varied by romantic valleys, woodlands, and burns in dells where the luxuriant vegetation reminds one of the south of Ireland or of Wales. As its central range of hills approaches the Linnhe Loch, there is, on each side, and at the extremity, a margin of cultivation, with intervening spaces of moorland, the most extensive known as Ossian's plain of Lora, having Selma and its vitrified fort, the mythical Beregonium, and other symbols of Ossianic and Pictish tradition, on its western boundary. Nearly all the inhabitants live on this partly cultivated margin, which forms the shores of lower Loch Etive and Loch Creran. The grand wilderness of mountains in the east is penetrated by the glens of Creran and Etive. The well-known pass of Brander, now softened at its entrance by the noble domain of the Campbells of

Monzie at Inverawe, opens the way to Loch Awe. The vale of Creran, from the woods of Barcaldine upwards to Glenure, is a paradise of sylvan beauty. In the great central glen of Etive there is hardly a sign of human life. Nowhere in the Highlands is there a more awful sense of solitude than where this sublimest of western lochs is guarded by the granite hills, with their rival monarchs Cruachan and Bidian, or where the "Shepherds of Etive" watch over the forest of Dalness.

The grand natural framework of the parish offers some monuments of man on which imagination lingers. One of these, near the shore of Loch Etive, before it expands among the granite mountains, is the now ivy-covered ruin of what once was the priory of Ardochattan, with the fragments of its transepts, cloisters, side chapels, and arched tracery, surrounded by memorials of the dead of many generations. This was an establishment of Cistercian monks, founded by the lords of Lorne early in the thirteenth century, in the days of scholastic study and Roman religion, when the older universities and the great cathedrals rose and when Europe was united by Catholicism, nearly a hundred years before Wallace and Bruce fought for Scotland. For three centuries this venerable sanctuary, with its low square tower rising amidst surrounding forests, the everlasting hills shaped and coloured then as they are shaped and coloured now, represented religion and civilisation to a turbulent people—all through the war of Independence—while the throne was occupied by successive Jameses—when Scotland was mourning after Flodden—and during Mary's troubled reign. It was dissolved after the Reformation, when its chapel was made the parish church, and the abode of the prior became the mansion house of the Campbells of Ardochattan. The last prior and first laird was John Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, born of the knights of Calder, a branch of the house of Argyll. The ancient family who still hold the lands of the priory are his descendants. They have since sent gallant officers to the wars, and made contributions to literature. One fell in the battle of Cambden in North America, and another at the siege of Pondicherry. A third, Laurence Dundas Campbell, among other works, wrote an ingenious dissertation on the authorship of Junius, in the form of a Life of Hugh Boyd, known to those interested in that curious question.

A parish church, with its surrounding

tombs, in the stillness of the country, is, according to the thought of Wordsworth, a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both. Some of the history of the neighbourhood may be read in the churchyard of the priory. Figures of ecclesiastics in monastic dress, and warriors in coats of mail, on tombstones which commemorate sons of lords of Lorne who were priors, and others connected with the priory, carry us back to the middle ages. Others are of later date. In a corner under the shadow of the ruined tower, the remains of the Campbell ancestors of Lord Macaulay rest. Their home was among the yew-trees of Esragan and Blarcreen, within a mile of their tombs. The paternal grandfather of the brilliant historian, essayist, and orator, was minister of the adjoining parish of Lismore, and his grandmother was born near the priory. The Rev. John Macaulay removed from South Uist to Lismore in 1755, and in 1766 from Lismore to Inverary, where his son Zachary, Lord Macaulay's father, was born in 1768.* When he was minister of Lismore, he married a daughter of Campbell, the laird of Inveresragan, on Loch Etive side. This now extinct family, like their kinsfolk the Campbells of Ardochattan, were descendants of John, Bishop of the Isles.

The ancestors of Colin Campbell rest in another corner of this "churchyard among the mountains." He was a younger son of Patrick, first laird of Barcaldine, and of Bethia, a daughter of Murray of Ochertyre. His paternal grandfather was Sir Duncan Campbell, first baronet of Glenorchy, and ancestor of the noble house of Breadalbane. He was born in 1644. The year after his birth his father was wounded at Inverlochy, fighting under Argyll against Montrose. Barcaldine Castle, seven miles from the priory, was his baronial residence, and perhaps the birthplace of his philosophic son. This was one of seven castles built by the cowed knight of Glenorchy, of whom and of his castles we read in the Black Book of Taymouth. As the priory is a monument of mediæval religion in Lorne, the castle of Barcaldine, with its clustered turrets, is a monument of feudal life. Unlike others in the Highlands, which are built on sea-girt rocks, it rests on a gentle eminence,

at the side of the high road between Loch Etive and Loch Creran. The views from it and near it are magnificent. "Everything," says MacCulloch, "is beautiful on the road between the two lochs. It is but five miles, but it is a day's journey for a wise man." This castle, with its freshness and its avenue of living trees, carries one back into the past with a startling sense of reality. The tomb of Patrick, its first occupant, may be seen at the foot of the ivy-covered tower of the priory, and a Latin epitaph on it attributed to his son Colin. Fragments of monuments of others of the same family are near, but there is no memorial of the mathematician and metaphysician. A stone commemorates a later descendant, another Colin, laird of Glenure, and a younger son of Barcaldine, mysteriously murdered after the troubles of the '45 by some of the Stewarts of Appin, in the wood of Lettermore in that country, on a summer evening in 1752, and who was buried here. This murder occasioned a trial memorable in our courts of justice, with its tissue of curious circumstantial evidence, which in those times was thought enough to condemn to death as accessory James Stewart in Aucharn in Duror of Appin, whose body was, in consequence, hung in chains for seven years on a rising ground near the ferry of Ballachelish, while the supposed murderer escaped to France, to perish forty years after in the great revolutionary struggle.* The romance and mystery of Glenure's tragical end suggested to Mr. Gleig his novel of "Allan Breck."

Young Colin, of Barcaldine Castle, went to study at St. Andrews about the time of the Restoration. He was admitted to the charge of Ardochattan when he was twenty-three, and he ministered there for almost sixty years, till his death in 1726. There was no manse in those days, but Campbell inherited land from his father the laird. He spent his long life on his own small property of Achnaba on Loch Etive, within two miles of his church at the priory. There the recluse student pursued his studies in mathematics and astronomy, metaphysics and metaphysical theology. Stately limes and sycamores and silver firs, around what was once his home, have witnessed to his taste. In these sixty years he published nothing. The tracts now printed, a century and a half after his death, are the only evidence in print of the sort of

* In 1773, when Johnson and Boswell were returning from the Hebrides, they were entertained at Inverary by Mr. Macaulay, and the London sage thus conversed with the ancestor of one who sixty years later so vividly reproduced them in the *Edinburgh Review*.

* See Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to "Rob Roy," also "Trial of James Stewart" (1753), and *Scots Mag.* for 1752 and 1755.

mind he had. What one of his correspondents calls his "vicious modesty," hindered his writings from reaching the world. Much of what he wrote was burnt when the sale of the property, after his death, led to the family removal. But letters and essays enough remained to show his intellectual persistency, and his considerable epistolary intercourse with contemporary celebrities who lived far from his seclusion among the mountains of Lorne. Many of his letters were in Latin, then the language of science in Scotland. They were to and from the Gregories of Aberdeen and Cambridge, Colin M'Laurin, the Edinburgh Professor of Mathematics and son of an Argyshire clergyman, Cheyne, the physiologist, and Bishop Burnet, some from Sir Isaac Newton, and one it is said from Leibnitz. There were metaphysical disquisitions on the Immortality of the Soul, and a theological treatise on Human Knowledge, as well as the two tracts on the metaphysical necessity for the existence of God, and for a Trinity in the Unity of the Divine Essence. One essay was on the lawfulness of Episcopacy, and another was against the usurpations of Popery. Mathematical and astronomical problems and solutions were accumulated to a great extent. Some of these last, at a later day, reached scientific hands. In the third volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society are letters to Campbell, from Professor Gregory of St. Andrews, written in 1672 and 1673, in which problems sent by him to Gregory are solved, with unusual expressions of respect for the philosophical clergyman. They are annotated by Professor Wallace.

Intellectual work of this sort, persisted in for many years for the personal satisfaction of the workman, touches the imagination, through contrast with the troubled age and the rude surrounding society. In the first twenty years of Campbell's ministry at Ardchattan, he was ruled by the Bishop of Argyre, in the Church of Sharpe and Leighton; in the last forty by the General Assembly of the Church of Dunlop and Carstairs. The revolution from Episcopacy to Presbytery does not seem to have much disturbed his meditations. In his early years at Ardchattan, rumours of the covenanting struggle then going on in the lowlands, must have often reached him, and afterwards news of the landing of King William, and the flight of King James. The Glencoe massacre was perpetrated on a snowy night in winter, when he was about middle age, on the confines of his parish,

and within twenty miles of his study. Then came the Darien enterprise, the Treaty of Union, the Patronage Act, the death of Anne and the arrival of the Elector from Hanover, the insurrection of Mar, and the fight of Sheriff-Muir—all while Campbell was ministering in the old church at the priory, corresponding with Newton and Leibnitz, or meditating and arguing about the origin of the world, the destiny of man, and the rational foundation of faith.

The sixty years of this ministry at Ardchattan was the most barren time of Scottish intellectual life since the revival of letters. The Church and the universities were destitute of great names. The learned men of the Reformation and of the early covenanting struggle had passed away; the age of David Hume and Adam Smith and Robertson was not yet come. Hardly an ecclesiastical name except Carstairs has descended from this period. The universities were grammar schools, and the names of their illustrious professors are all of later date. M'Laurin and Simson, the mathematicians, appear towards its close. Cheyne and Arbuthnot had transferred themselves from Scotland to London. Hume's "Treatise on Human Nature," which opened a new world to philosophy in Europe and the most prolific and brilliant age of Scottish literature, dates twelve years after the death of Campbell. Latin was dying out as the language of the learned, but Scotland had not yet found another language for its science and literature. It was different in England. Far away, in London, sages and wits were giving lustre to the Restoration, and to the reign of Queen Anne. If the modern newspaper could then have circulated in Argyshire, Campbell might have read soon after he was settled at Ardchattan of the deaths of Milton and Spinoza and Hobbes, and not long after of the death of Bunyan, if that was then thought worthy of record. Obituaries of Dryden, and soon after Locke's death, "at the manor house of Oates in Essex," would have followed, and in Campbell's old age the announcement of the death of Leibnitz. He might have received a lately-issued number of the *Guardian* by Steele, or of the *Spectator* by Addison. The "Principia" of Newton, the "Essay" of Locke, the "Demonstration" of Clarke, and the "Principles" of Berkeley, would be among the announcements of "new books," which in these years might have attracted him, when the east wind descended from Cruachan, or even when the purple hills of Mull were relieved by the

gorgeous colours of an autumnal sunset in the West Highlands. But our modern newspapers and reviews were then unknown, and tidings of the learned world reached Ardchattan in a slow and intermittent manner.

It is hardly fair to judge the intellectual capacity and moral purpose of this secluded life by fragments not meant for publication. We may read them however, with this allowance, as all that remains to tell us what their author was in abstract thought and argument. And when we do so, we find conclusions acutely drawn, but by the help often of assumptions which a reader imbued with the modern spirit of experimental science might refuse to accept as certain or even probable. The premises and the logical methods of drawing forth their contents are what might issue from the intellectual discipline of St. Andrews, as revealed in its textbooks of the seventeenth century. The style is rugged, the sentences unmelodious, and an imperfectly cultivated literary faculty is at work. Yet a remarkable argumentative vigour and incisiveness, of the scholastic sort, runs through the performances, relieved here and there by a meditative vein, in harmony with that deep feeling of mystery in life and in the universe that is somehow natural to the Celtic temperament.

In the tract against Atheism, three chief and several subordinate lines of abstract reasoning are made to converge in showing the necessity, in the rational nature of things, for the existence of a Being without beginning, boundless, uncompounded, and therefore incapable of dissolution, and absolutely perfect. This Being "we call God, from whom, by progress, all other things are produced; for by God is signified all and only what can be conceived of an infinite perfection, in an infinite indivisible subject."

Every healthy human mind is spontaneously convinced of the reality of this Being, but all do not reflect as philosophers upon the rational necessity for His existence. Those who are satisfied with what is practically their intuitive conviction, and who do not care to have it vindicated by an analysis of its rational principles, may disregard what follows. But the history of mankind shows occasional reactions against convictions of the common reason, and especially against the faith that our lives have their deepest ground and meaning in the perfect or divine Being. The aim of the religious philosopher is, by applying reflective intelligence to spontaneous faith, to test the intellectual obligation of the

faith. Campbell's way of doing this would perhaps not satisfy many now, at the altered point of view of these times; and an hour of Socrates, intent on deeper definitions, and questioning received axioms, might have perplexed his abstract and sometimes verbose proofs. The starting-point of his demonstration recalls Descartes. Like him he sets out from the conscious certainty we have of our own existence, and argues thence that "Something" exists in an absolutely necessary manner. As Samuel Clarke afterwards did—acknowledging the imperfect comprehension we can have of this Something—he seeks to demonstrate that eternity, immensity, unity, and perfection must, in the nature of things, and therefore demonstrably, be attributes of the Something that is thus shown to be infinite and perfect or divine. The abstract *principle* of causality, and the *fact* that we began to exist are assumed throughout. The argument is a mixture of what has been called the ontological with what has been called the cosmological proof. But most minds are likely to find the reflective confirmation and explanation of their practically intuitive conviction that the Being in whom we live and move is perfect, in the consideration of *what* we are, rather than in the naked fact that we exist. That we now are the moral or spiritual beings we find ourselves to be—by whatever processes we have become what we are—is probably the most cogent contribution of reflective reasoning to spontaneous faith in God and immortality. It ceases to be intelligible, however, to those who, like so many at the present day, confine their attention to visible and tangible phenomena and their laws, and who recognise a verification of human beliefs by sensible facts alone as the one ultimate criterion of truth—although this verification itself presupposes a conviction of the constancy of natural order that is not more rational than our faith in moral order and in our own unending connection with the spiritual world.

Campbell's demonstration ends in a reverential recognition of the ultimate mystery of the perfect Being who had been proved to be the deepest reality in existence—in an expression of the feeling that a scientific knowledge of God is impossible, though His existence is involved in the necessities of reason. "We cannot," he says, "comprehend infinitude, and therefore we know that we cannot comprehend the Infinite in His infinity, albeit we know what finite can know of Him. This knowledge may be true, though it cannot be perfect with respect to the Infinite

Object; but it may be both true and perfect with respect to the finite knowing subject. We may certainly know that God is, but we cannot know all that He is; and that not for any defect of God's power to reveal, but for defect in the capacity of the subject to whom the revelation is made, which cannot go beyond its own proper nature, else it would not be the thing it is, which is impossible. When I have done all I can, I am infinitely short of the knowledge of what God is; but I see certainly that He must be—and yet must be infinitely more than I can see in myself or express to another. Therefore we should never exalt ourselves in rising to those sublime thoughts, but in the spirit of humility and submission and fear, acquiescing contentedly in the humble knowledge of what is revealed to our capacity for exciting our devotion; for if we intend more than the raising our devotion for the Object of our adoration, we shall be confounded with the glory, as the eye is blinded by looking on the body of the sun shining clearly."

The other tract seeks to show against mere Deism the rational necessity for a Trinity in the unity of the already demonstrated divine Being. It assumes, as reasonable postulates, that God must be eternally active, and yet that He cannot act eternally except on Himself, as there is nothing else eternal to be acted on. So God eternally produced God, as according to an imperfect analogy light produces light—not as if there were an anterior matter out of which to make, but begotten of Himself—very God of very God. And this eternal divine Product could not but be eternally loved by the Producer, which love, eternally emanating from both, is the divine Spirit. It thus follows necessarily—so he argues—that, as against the atheists reason evinces that there must be God, against the deists, there must be a threefold relation, a double production and an indivisible essence, and "all the reach of our little intellect cannot perceive a rational necessity for more than these three relations. This is the incomprehensible Trinity in Unity that we adore." Then follow arguments to show that this necessarily triunital Being is the free, voluntary cre-

ator out of nothing of contingent things and persons; other arguments unfolding sundry logical inconsistencies of atheistic atomists, who besides fail to see that there are agents in the universe whose moral and spiritual "faculties" cannot be explained by atoms. Evil is accounted for as a negation of divine action, and is yet a possible contingency if free created agents are permitted to exist at all. The essay then describes the "faculties" of man, and at last expands into the wide field of Christian theology, ending in an attempt to reconcile the certainty of our Christian faith with the fallibility of our faculties of belief and knowledge.

There are signs that the author of these tracts was a diligent reader as well as an acute arguer. His argumentative proof of the rational need for a Trinity in the divine Unity, with an individuality of his own, suggests Anselm, while Aristotle, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Durandus, and others of the schoolmen, Calvin and Barrow are referred to here and there in these tracts. And the liberal temper of a philosophic mind may perhaps be inferred from the tone of the allusions to divines of various persuasions—Roman and Anglican Episcopalians, French or Swiss Presbyterians.

Though Campbell was remarkable for his turn of thought among the rural Scottish clergy of his day, and though he lived in the barren time of Scottish literature and science, he was not alone as an example of good birth and refinement in the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the century and a half after the Restoration. Many other examples might be named. The visit of Samuel Johnson to the Hebrides in 1773 discovered learned ministers in Highland manse, whose intellectual conversation made the Anglican churchman "wish that they had not been Presbyterians." The Church in the Highlands seems, in those days, to have drawn its ministers from all classes, and the manse was thus a common centre for high and low. Is this equally so now, and if not, through what causes has Presbyterianism ceased to engage in its ministry the sons of lords and lairds as well as of humbler occupants of the soil?



A DOG AND HIS DOINGS.

PART I.

FAR away, in that portion of the grim Laurentian wilderness of North America which stretches its iron belt between the more recent formation of the Bay of Hudson and the valley of the Mackenzie River, there lies a sheet of water named Deer's Lake by the old English fur-traders who first reached its shores from the estuary of the Churchill River.

It is essentially a lonely place; the rocky shores, broken into deep and quiet bays, hold a vegetation of fir and spruce trees, dwarf, rigid, and of dark sombre hue; the waves beat in monotonous cadence against the bare rocks which mark the "points" or capes between the deep indentations of the shore; and the bays are often filled with long growing reeds and waving grasses, through which the wind makes ceaseless moan, as early autumn follows with rapid footsteps the September sun.

In summer, short though it be, there are sights to be seen on this lake, filled with that rare beauty only to be found where the rain and the sun have together and alone woven the covering of the earth; for in summer there falls upon these hills the strange, unwonted beauty of saffron sunsets, lengthening out the shadows of dark pine-trees on water so still that the ripple from a wild duck's breast steals far over the surface, and gently rocks the shadowed image of the shore, and waves the motionless pine-branch on the cliff, and dies in the water-worn hollows of the old grey rocks, with an echo just audible in the great stillness of the scene; then, too, as the light of evening deepens, and the western end of some long arm of the lake yet lives in the strange contrast of dark rigid tree-tops outlined against a lustrous after-glow, there sounds over lake and shore a cry, the vivid distinctness of which startles the echoes deep into the bosom of the woods. It is the wail of the loon—a wild and lonely call that tells the shy moose in his willow lair he may rise and seek his mate; that calls the dark-furred otter from his haunt beneath the rock to his nightly toil of fishing in the quiet pools where the fish glance like silver arrows in the moonlight; that signals to the grey owl that his time has come too, to flit amid the dusky shadows; that tells wild beast and wild bird they may set forth for feast or love or war,

safe under the cover of the night, in their great home of the wilderness.

On the south shore of this lake there stands a small trading-house or "fort" of the Hudson Bay Company. It is the usual type of structure common throughout the fur country of the great north. Log-house and picket-fence, trading-store, and hut for half-breed servants, all alike built from the wood of the straight fir-tree, roofed with logs, covered with the bark of junipers, and made secure from the searching winds of winter by mud and moss stuffed tightly between the interstices of the logs.

In winter, house, fence, and hut lie deep drifted, amid snow piled high by storm; in summer dogs stretch in lazy delight upon the sloping pathway between the picket-fence and the lake shore; a boat lies up-drawn upon the beach; an Indian birch-bark canoe, turned downwards upon its face, lies near it. Far out upon the lake another canoe, a speck on the water, is seen coming from the further shore with some Indian family intent on trade; and around, over the palisades and roof-tops, in endless lines, the motionless and rigid pine-trees stand dark and changeless.

In fact, this fort at Deer's Lake differs not from a hundred other forts scattered over this great northern wilderness. Its aspect, life, people, boats, canoes, surroundings, are all the same; everything is alike here as elsewhere—everything save one item, and that one item is an important one—it is the dog. The dogs of Deer's Lake differ from other dogs in most of the forts of the great northern land.

Dogs, it is true, are fond of differing all the world over; but on this point of difference between dogs at Deer's Lake and dogs elsewhere in the north there is a notable distinction, and it is this—that while the dogs at the many fur forts further inland, the trading forts scattered over the vast basins of the Saskatchewan, Peace, and Athabasca Rivers, are a poor and wolf-like breed, those at Deer's Lake are remarkable for possessing a strength, size, and symmetry, a uniformity of colour and characteristic, stamping them at once as a distinct species which has developed into that perfection always attained by nature when in the wild state she moulds her creatures to their own

wants and purposes. The dogs are, in fact, of Esquimaux breed, a species of which it will be necessary to say a few words.

Around the wide circle of the Arctic Sea, on all northern shores of Europe, Asia, and America, that extraordinary race of human beings known as Esquimaux possess a breed of dogs unequalled for the value of the assistance they afford to their human masters. The Arab has his horse, the Indian his

canoe, the Libyan his camel; but in the dog the dwarfed and hardy races of the frozen north possess an auxiliary more constant, more untiring, more useful, than any other thing of animate or inanimate nature the wild world over.

From northern Norway, along the cold slopes of Lapland and the White Sea, far into that unknown region where Russia's north-east cape stands the nearest conti-



Cerf Volant.

mental outpost to the pole upon the earth; down along the wintry shores of the Lena and the wild Yakoutsh waste, to the Straits of Behring; and, again, into the regions of North America by the mouths of the three great rivers which seek the Arctic Ocean, until, sweeping around the wide Bay of Hudson, the line crosses to Greenland and ends on the east coast of that desolate island—all around the immense circle of this northern shore-line there is found a

breed of dogs, differing in size, it is true, but closely identical in shape, habit, and characteristic.

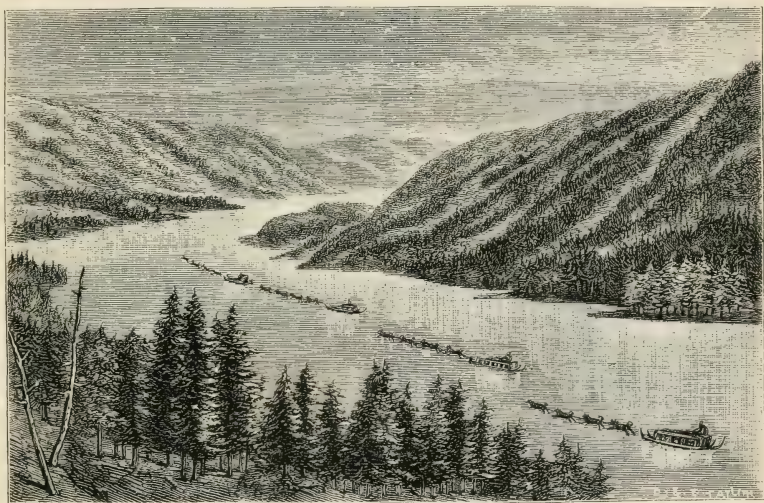
When the scattered tribes of Esquimaux move east or west along the shores of their lonely realms, when the spring-time tells them to quit their snow-houses, and to set out upon their dreary quests of fishing, while yet the ice gives safe and ready means of travel, when early winter closing in the dusky darkness upon the short summer sends

them again to their huts, the dog is ever there to haul his load of dried fish or musk-ox meat, of oily blubber or skin, of drift wood or dried moss; of walrus-bone for spear-heads; of all the curious craft of kettle, axe, knife, arrow-head, and tent, which the Esquimaux fashions from the few rude materials flung to him by the sea, or grudgingly yielded by the inhospitable shore.

Deep-chested, broad-backed, long-woolled, clean-legged, sharp-nosed, pointed-eared, bright-eyed, with tail close curled over back in token of an everlasting good humour towards man, and of fierce resentment to all outside dogs, the Esquimaux dog stands of

his species the only animal which gives to his master the twofold service of horse and dog.

The lake called Deer's Lake, of which we have already spoken, is not many marches distant from the west shore of Hudson's Bay. Indians descending the Beaver or Churchill River can easily reach the fort which stands at its mouth, in the summer; and in winter, when the cariboo are plentiful along the belt of woods lying between Lake Athabasca and Hudson's Bay, stray parties of Indians move at times back and forward from Deer's Lake to Fort Churchill. Thus there has arisen an intercourse between



Dog-sledging—Night into Day.

the two stations, and as Fort Churchill is the most southerly point to which the Esquimaux come on the shores of the bay, it has fallen out that the dogs bartered by the Esquimaux have been carried inland to the post of Deer's Lake, and that around the palisades and huts of that remote establishment the burly forms and upraised tails of these best and truest Arctic travellers are to be seen.

Nearly a dozen years ago from this present time, an event occurred at this post of Deer's Lake which, although it received neither comment nor chronicle at the moment, is still worthy of a passing notice in this record. It was only the birth of a dog.

Beyond the fact that the event took place at the time I have indicated, little more is known; indeed, it may be admitted that even that fact would for ever have remained in the limbo of unrecorded history, if an event had not occurred in the after-life of this dog which gave prominence to his earlier existence.

It may, however, be safely presumed that the earlier stages of puppyhood were passed by this dog in circumstances of unusual felicity; doubtless the year was one of plenty, so far as white fish in the lake was concerned, or the herds of reindeer were unusually numerous in the neighbouring woods;

and doubtless, too, the mother of this dog was of a free and generous nature, who grudged not to her progeny a share in spoil of bone, or in the feast that followed the return of the lake-boat from the nets—an event usually watched with anxious eyes by the whole pack of dogs at a northern fur fort, who welcome with hilarious howl the grating of the keel upon the beach, sure prelude to a rich feast, if the night's yield has been propitious.

Thrown a chance wanderer in some of these remote and lonely posts in this wilderness of the north, it has often been my occupation to watch the habits of these dogs in the idle hours of their lives. Their fights and mutual jealousies, their impertinent intrusion into the provision-sheds, their wolf-like howls when the earliest streak of dawn glimmered over the eastern hills, their joy when released from harness, their sorrow when about to be placed in it, have often filled up the moments of a day spent in one of these remote spots.

I remember once, at the fort called St. John's, on the Upper Peace River, being witness to a strange conflict between the instincts of a dam to her whelps and the cravings of her own hungry nature. She had become, by some fortunate chance, the possessor of a large bone; this she had carried to a place of safety under my window, followed by her family of four puppies, just verging from the age of toddling to that of toothsome tendencies. The mother's gaunt sides and staring bones showed that the progeny were no easy burden to her, and their rounded and chubby figures contrasted strongly with her angular outline.

Nevertheless, the four youthful haulers seemed to be of opinion that it was wiser for them to claim a share in the bone now under discussion than to await a future moment when its sustenance might be derived second-hand from their maternal relative. They growled and tugged at the bone almost in the mouth of their hungry nurse, and rolled over each other and over the bone in a mixture of infantile ferocity and fun most laughable to look at. The expression of their mother's face was one of hungry perplexity. Here was a clear case of injustice on the part of the offspring: they still looked to her for support, and yet they also sought to share her support—this precious bone; nay, they even presumed upon her feelings to rush in and take it by force, knowing that from her alone could they secure it without being severely bitten.

Her only resource was in flight: raising the bone in her mouth, she tried to get away from her family to eat it alone; but they invariably toddled after her to renew again their importunities. A bright idea seemed suddenly to strike the brain of one of the puppies: he relinquished his attempts at the bone and devoted himself to his more legitimate province of deriving nourishment from his mother; but I could not determine whether this manoeuvre was only a ruse to detain her for the benefit of his three brethren yet struggling for the bone, or simply an effort to improve the occasion with reference to a "square meal" on his own account.

Arguing from these and similar scenes witnessed among dogs generally in the north, and having regard to the excellent proportion attained by the dog whose history began at Deer's Lake, I can safely aver that his mother must have been of a free and generous nature to him in his early youth. But whatever may have been the conditions of that earlier life, it must suffice for us to know that four winters of hauling, and four summers of repose had passed over him ere fate determined that the name of the dog and his doings should fall upon the ear of the big outside world.

It was the winter of 1871.

For three months the great northern forest had lain prone beneath snow, ice, and bitter cold. Many a storm had swept over the immense waste, piling the dry snow into huge drifts by the banks of frozen rivers; silting up willow islands, covering the wreck of fallen vegetation in the dark pine woods, and moaning away into endless space over lake, and plain, and forest.

The scene is in the neighbourhood of the fur fort called Cumberland, on the shore of Pine Island Lake, near the lower Saskatchewan River. It is the hour of sunrise. Along the white bed of a tortuous river, fast frozen beneath five feet of ice, and deep drifted in snow, came three dog-trains; twelve dogs in all. Four men accompany or follow these trains in the rapid stride and long swing of snow-shoe walking. The bells upon the dog-harness ring and jangle clearly in the keen frosty air, for the thermometer is standing at some twenty-five degrees below zero. A white steam rises from the breaths of dogs and men, and great icicles hang on the beards of the travellers, whose fur caps are frosted over with ice dust fine as flour.

The pace is about four and a half miles an hour, and its rapid movement has done more

to make the blood course freely through their bodies than capôte or mittaine, or fur cap could ever achieve on such a morning. Suddenly, from a bend in the river channel, there became visible on the left shore a solitary Indian wigwam; a thin column of smoke issues from the opening in the pointed roof, a dog barks vigorously toward the new-comers from the bank in front; all at once the train-dogs quicken their pace to a sharp trot, the men break into a run, and in a few minutes the sledges are abreast of the wigwam; then the leading dogs make a wild lurch to leave the river and ascend the bank, with a view to a rest, and perhaps to a spell out of harness; but that is not to be, and a loud and stern word of command from the leading driver makes them crouch together in the dry yielding snow in the centre of the river.

The three men ascend the river bank and enter, one by one, on their hands and knees, the low opening of the Indian wigwam. The scene inside is a curious one. Through the open in the roof the light comes fully in; a fire is burning on the ground in the centre; its smoke, only half escaping through the aperture above, hangs in the upper part of the tent, and it is only by sitting on the ground that one can escape its influence and see with ease and comfort. At the further side of the fire from the doorway sits an old withered, wrinkled Indian, who scarcely regards the new-comers, but continues to sing a low, monotonous song; a young woman and two children are squatted near.

The new-comers sit on some dried rushes around the fire; the old man, having shaken hands with them one by one, continues his dirge. The leader of the party asks his followers what the old man is singing about. "About the death of his son," they reply. "His son, this woman's husband, and the father of these two children died here two days since; and last night a dog-train came from the fort (Cumberland), and took the body away for burial in the graveyard there."

"And the man, who was he? What did he die of?" asked the leader of the party.

"He was a French half-bred who had adopted the Indian life, and he lived here in this wigwam, hunting for the family. He died of cold caught in chasing a black fox, which had carried away one of his traps. He was a good hunter."

The story of this man's life and death was soon told; meantime the Indian continued his song.

"What is he singing?"

"He says that he is old and cannot hunt;

that his support has gone from him; that it would be better if he went too."

A few minutes later, the party left the wigwam and continued their journey along the frozen river. There was now a trail on the ice, and the dogs followed it with rapid steps. Soon the river opened upon a large lake; the sleds bounded briskly over the hard drifted surface of the snow, which bore the trace of a recent dog-train upon it; then there appeared, far off in front, the misty outline of buildings grouped together on the dim opposite shore of the lake. Quicker went the dogs, faster beat and clanged the bells, until, leaving the ice, the dogs dragged their loads into an irregular open space surrounded by wooden houses, in the centre of which other dogs and men stood watching the new-comers.

Prominent amongst the dogs, a large burly-figured, bushy-tailed animal at once caught the eye; he appeared to be intent upon combining two almost impossible lines of conduct in one and the same moment; namely, to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the men of the party just come, and to intimidate by a series of quick but ferocious "asides" the new dogs; thus he presented a singular contrast of solicitude and swagger, the up-turned tail wagged to man and shook menace to beast almost at the same instant; the face by turns glared and grimaced, and the ground was trod by a sort of light springy motion, which indicated a desire to give his paw to anybody who might take the trouble to ask for it, or to show his jaw to any and every dog who looked in his direction.

There have been ingenious German artists who have succeeded in producing similar effects in the portraits of some of their great national heroes. Looked at from one side, the picture presents to the beholder the graceful outline of a ballet dancer, or of a rustic maiden; regarded from the front, the lowering lineaments of Bismarck, the wrinkled ferocity of Moltke, or the Mosaic ramrodism of the German Emperor's face and figure strike grimly upon the eye. This, however, must be what is termed "high art"—in the case of the bushy-tailed dog at Cumberland it can only be regarded as low nature. But to proceed.

The general appearance of this dog and his grotesque goings-on quickly caught the eye of the leader of the party, and inquiries followed as to his name and ownership; these were soon answered. The dog was of pure Husky breed; he was born at Deer's Lake, three hundred miles further north; his owner was one Isbister, a well-known trapper, and traveller

over a wide extent of country; he was but just returned from bearing his part in hauling the dead body of Joe Miller from the Indian wigwam; his name was "Cerf Volant," or the Flying Deer.

Thus at Cumberland, on Pine Island Lake, was first introduced to the writer of these pages an animal destined hereafter to fill a prominent part in long and varied scenes of toil and travel. And now, having brought to a point of contact at the fur fort called Cumberland the life of this dog and of his future owner, it will be better for the smoothness of the narrative, and the truer weaving together of two threads of life, to continue our story in the personal pronoun.

I became the possessor of Cerf Volant. He was the "foregoer," or leader, of three other dogs, who bore the names of Tigre, Muskeymote, and Cariboo; the first, a good and trusty hauler, the two others wild and shaggy dogs, of savage disposition and unkempt aspect.

The financial operation which resulted in transferring these dogs to my possession was of a nature to surpass all other operations of the kind ever known in the north—in other words, more money was on this occasion asked and given for this train of four dogs than the oldest inhabitant had ever remembered in similar transactions; but had that sum been three times what it was, and had that triple amount been demanded for the single "foregoer," Cerf Volant, exclusive of his three comrades, it would still have been an eligible investment, to be repaid afterwards with the interest of an amount of true and faithful service impossible to over-estimate.

The long journey which had begun three months earlier, was, at the time we write of, drawing to a close. Five hundred miles yet remained to be traversed ere the point from which I had started in October would be again reached, and this distance, lying as it did for the most part over vast stretches of frozen lake, promised to be traversible without greater difficulty than that of cold and hardship; for over these large lakes the very force and violence of the winds have made the mere labour of travel comparatively easy. The snow closely packed upon the ice forms a hardened surface, upon which the snowshoe leaves but scant impression, and the dogs and sleds run lightly over the smooth and dazzling highway which cold and storm have laid across the vast spaces of these inland seas.

It was the 31st of January when I set out

with my new train for this last stage of five hundred miles. The cold was very great; the country as desolate as frozen swamp, spreading in endless succession for eighty miles' distance, could make it; but the story of that journey has been already told in another place, and its introduction here is only necessary in order to carry on the history of the "foregoing" dog into times and through events which have found no record.

Twenty days passed away; the marsh and the lakes had been crossed. There had been days of bitter blast, and nights of still, cold rigour, and cosy camps on islands drifted deep in snow, where the tall pine-tree stood to shadow back the glow of the fire lit beneath it, and to shelter the wayfarers whose passing footsteps had broken, for one short night, the quiet of these lonely isles.

And now it was all over! I had got back again to house and fireside, bed and board. True, it was only four months since I had left these adjuncts of civilisation, but time in those matters has only a relative significance, and distance had so lengthened out the vista of these hundred and twenty days, that it seemed half a life-time had been spent in the wilderness.

I took up my quarters in an unoccupied house lying about six miles from Fort Garry, in order to quickly complete some official reports relative to my journey. I had as attendant an old pensioner; as companions my four dogs.

The pensioner dwelt in the kitchen, the dogs occupied a large stable. I had the rest of the house to myself. When not suffering from a too liberal allowance of Hudson's Bay rum, the pensioner was wont to devote his leisure moments in the evening to endeavouring to elucidate, with my assistance, some problems that perplexed him.

He had quitted the army and left England before the era of the introduction of electricity, and "them themagruffs," as he used to term the telegraph, was ever a fruitful source of conversation with him. For the rest, he cooked for me, and for the dogs, kept my fire alight, and fulfilled that truest of all services by leaving me to myself as often as I pleased. At times I gave the dogs a run over the snow, or put them in harness and ran them to the fort for exercise or business.

But even the border civilisation of the Red River Settlement had many temptations for Cerf Volant and his comrades. There were some farmsteads in the neighbourhood of my house, and ducks and turkeys and a cock

were things as completely beyond the comprehensions of my team as the telegraph had been puzzling to my attendant; with this difference, however—that while the old soldier lost his head over the mystery of the electric wire, the cock and his companions invariably lost their heads to my team's inability to comprehend their true functions in civilisation.

More than once was the mid-day scamper up the roadway in front of my house attended with wild scenes of flutter and confusion in strawyard and byre into which my dogs had penetrated, and more than once were my repeated calls by name of each dog answered by the reappearance of these "missing links" between civilisation and savagery in a state of hilarious joy over the capture and decapitation of these puzzling poultry.

At last the time came to quit the settlement for other and larger scenes of civilisation, into which the dogs could not go.

A Hudson's Bay officer about to start for Norway House, on the north shore of Lake Winnipeg, became the purchaser of the team and cariole, and *Cerf Volant* passed from my possession to resume his old place in a Hudson's Bay fort. I parted from the dog with keen regret, he stood alone among his comrades not only as a hauler, but as a friend. The work of our lives is the real test of our natures. Any man can be jolly or good-tempered at his dinner, or during his leisure moments; but if the daily routine of his work leaves no frown upon his nature, if his heart does not close or harden beneath the hourly hammering of his toil, then you

may swear there lurks no cranny of discontent in his being—there is no nook of selfishness in his heart. So was it with this dog. He alone was ever jolly at his post; he hauled through all the hours of a long day without slack of collar trace, or stint of effort, but the ear was ever ready to turn responsive to a kindly call, the tail to wag a welcome within the tight-drawn traces of his toil; and when the evening came, and the collar was laid aside, and the last strap unbuckled, not lighter did he shake from him the dry powdery snow than the vestiges of his work.

Companion in the camp, faithful servant during the day—what more could man desire?

The day of departure came. I drove through the single street of Winnipeg village on my way south: at the entrance to the town, at the spot where, on the night of my first arrival eight months earlier, I had parted from my guide, to pursue alone the way to the friendly Indian settlement, I saw my dog-train coming at a brisk pace along the frozen road; *Cerf Volant* was leading, a half-breed driver ran behind the sled. "*Cerf Volant, old dog!*" I called out. He turned in his harness at the well-known voice, there was a crack of the half-breed's whip, like a pistol shot, and the dog, realising that a mighty change had passed over his life and fortunes, bent his head to the collar and trotted on bravely towards the north. The last link of the lone spaces was gone!

W. F. BUTLER.

FORLORN FEMALES *v.* WORKING WOMEN.

THERE are certain sad stories which periodically appeal to the pity of the public. And even amid that little varied mosaic, prominent by its utter monotony is the ever-recurring story of the well-born, well-bred, single woman, of good character, entirely destitute. Let us note the features never absent from these dismal cases, and which may at once explain the existence of this misery, and give some clue to guide experiments for its relief and removal.

These unfortunate ladies are generally the connections of a professional man of some sort, which means that their former affluence and comfort was of that most precarious kind which depends on the health and personal success of one person.

They have been seldom left entirely penniless. They generally relate that when first

left to confront the world, they had a sum of money, coming from life insurance, small investments in the funds, or from proceeds of sale of good-will or furniture.

They then endeavour to earn something: utterly ignorant of practical life, and knowing no adviser wiser than themselves, or not caring to consult any, they often waste much of their little store on adventures which any experienced person could tell them would be worth nothing. Presently they get some wretchedly paid "genteel" work, which they judge will eke out the remainder of their money till they get something "more remunerative." Every week, as their fund sinks lower, they stitch on an hour longer, they drop their daily paper, with its advertisements for everybody but themselves, their neat garments wear out, the family relics go

to the pawnbroker, and happy are they whose lives fail before their courage, and who fall where they are fighting.

Poor victims of a false code of honour and gentility, while some suffer for folly and weakness not all their own; others revenge themselves upon society by victimising those who would be wiser than themselves. A man longing to apprentice or otherwise thoroughly train his own portionless daughters, is often crippled in his power of so doing, because he has to maintain their maiden aunts, who in real life do not invariably offer his girls the brightest example of industry, dispatch, and sterling independence.

The question arises, how had these women occupied themselves before their day of adversity? In a few instances, alas! we should have to reply "in nothing." The hand and the brain of the over-worked father was expected to pay cook and housemaid and page; dressmaker, laundress, and needlewoman; while the ladies of his household paid calls, read novels, and made a little inferior point lace.

In most cases, however, we may hope matters have not been quite so bad as this. Probably one servant and a washerwoman have sufficed for all the female labour outside the family. The "girls" have dusted the rooms, made the pastry, and done all the needlework, even their dressmaking and millinery. So far, well and good. But are they quite sure that they have done their home work, in what legal phraseology describes as "a proper and workmanlike manner." Is the furniture as bright as housemaids would be expected to keep it? Is the pie of "puff paste?" Are the shirts cut on "mathematical principles?" And is any lace needed to screen the little misfit about the neck of the bodice? If so, then very well indeed, and these ladies need never fear starvation if—and here is the rub—they are prepared to set themselves to earn a livelihood by the same work which they did at home.

But, unfortunately, it is seldom so. The feeling seems to be, we may make our own dresses, but for others we may make only antimacassars and pincushions. We may dust our own rooms and (very privately) brush our own grates, but for others, we may only comb the lap-dog, carry the bag, and take a hand at whist with dummy for our partner, as becomes a lady companion.

Therefore, without venturing any opinion as to how many women had better "doom" themselves to a lifetime of what the least

fitted for anything else are the most apt to call "mere domestic drudgery," we only say that women have no right to occupy themselves with one class of work till they are thirty years of age, and then expect to get a living by any other.

These two classes—those who can do nothing really well, and those who will not do what they can do, but will do what they cannot, make up that sad female labour-market where nobody comes to hire. To a small private association for the sale of "ladies' work," which struggled through a blighted existence a short time ago, one poor lady sent about fifty flat card pincushions roughly covered with second-hand silk. The pins did not even disappear into their interior, but stood out like the rays from the sun on a signboard! For these, the poor soul vainly expected 1s. each.

The editor of a high-class illustrated periodical has repeatedly endeavoured to employ lady wood-engravers, but their work never came up to his standard. Yet he says, it is simply wonderful that their work is as good as it is, since they expect to do in a few months what men have given years to learn—the fact being that work is seldom thought about, till need is imminent.

Anybody taking up any daily paper may see the advertisements which demonstrate the existence of this helpless and pitiable class of women. Their need and their vanity are openly taken into consideration by such phrases as "ladies who desire to profitably employ their leisure time (for charity or otherwise)." Let none imagine that these advertisements are a repetition of certain frauds which were constantly exposed in police courts some years ago. These are published by honest people, who ask no fee nor premiums, save perhaps a deposit for the value of working material given out, and even that is generally waived if a "reference" is offered. There are really elaborate cushions to be worked at from 9s. to 14s. each, which must absorb the daily labour of at least two or three weeks. There are really stockings to be clocked, dainty plain sewing to be done, and pretty little knickknacks to be made, at rates yielding about three farthings for every hour of hard labour! It seems it is the fashion for employers of this kind of industry to state candidly that they hope the applicant for it does not intend to live by it. Naturally, they do not want any deaths by starvation at their door. So the poor suppliant for toil says she has "other means," and gets her task and stitches away for bread, relying upon

some exterior aid for gown and slippers and roof-tree. Alas!—but at this point we skirt a chasm, down which who will dare to look?

In this inquiry into the condition of the women rather than into the skill of the work, we find an element in the employment of female labour which seems entirely absent from masculine contracts. It appears in yet another form. Even among those who most disinterestedly devote themselves to the advancement of female industry, there may be often observed a tendency to find the work for the worker, rather than the worker for the work. Poor ladies come to them and plead not what they can do, but that they are “so well connected,” and employment is sought for them sometimes less suited to their ability or education than to the position of their grandfather the major-general or their uncle the dean. And when ideas of caste are dying from all older official arrangements, it is a pity that they should be even suggested in connection with entirely new plans for female employment; yet we hear, on good authority, that in the higher grades of lady-clerks in the Post Office, preference is given to the daughters of professional men! Surely in the administration of affairs in a country whose revenue is contributed by all classes, the best work should be sought without any reference to ulterior circumstances in the worker. And it may be described as one of those favours which are insults for genuine superiority in education; character or refinement will always hold their own.

When the subject of women's work was first discussed, it was often objected that they would take employment from the men, who would simply suffer in their stead. One hears less of that objection now. Looking at the matter dispassionately, few will deny that women have an equal right with men to existence. On the other hand, a few people unwisely urged female employment on the grounds of its greater economy. Now, it seems to me, that sex, like caste, should not enter into this question at all, which should be decided simply by fitness for work and success in it. No wise employer will prefer to have ten women to do the work that five men could accomplish in the same time, though the larger number may cost no more in wages than the smaller. Let us freely grant that as yet very few women have equalled the success of the great masters of pencil or pen: we only say that they receive the same payment and consideration as the men whom they do equal, be they lowly or lofty. Let it be the same in other

walks of life. The woman who can earn as much as a man will equally benefit society by the home she will keep up and the support she will render to more helpless relations. The well-trained, energetic, business-like woman may well resent the flood of female incapacity which threatens to swamp her in its hopeless morass—an involuntary trades union, without co-operation or allowances.

And now, having discussed some of the difficulties which beset female independence, let us consider what may be done to make the “destitute gentlewoman” at least as rare among our descendants as is the “sturdy beggar” of Queen Elizabeth's time among ourselves.

There is, we see, an incipient evil which can only be prevented by a growth of healthier public opinion, and by a stronger sense of parental responsibility.

And we see there is also an existing misery which has too often gone beyond cure, and upon which experiment would be not only cruel, but worse than useless. And what can society best do to alleviate this incubus which has grown upon it, in its own negligence and selfishness, and whose pain it must not leave to be borne solely by those who have not solely been guiltless of producing it? Would anybody be worse, and would not everybody be much better, if every girl of every rank were taught to do something so well that she could get her living by it if necessary? This need not preclude the rudimentary domestic training which every woman should have. But the acquisition of a few simple rules of cleanliness, and some nice skill in plain cooking (matters which a very little time for practice will keep up), is all that is needed, in this way, for any girl who is quite determined not to get her bread by making souffles or cleaning ormolu, however well she can accomplish those useful arts. Yet this leaves plenty of leisure between a girl's leaving school and the possible date of her probable marriage. Habits of attention, method, and dispatch, such as she would acquire in the study of any fine handicraft or art, would certainly lay a better basis for the character of a noble house-mother, if life calls her to such a post, than the idle sauntering of common girl existence, with its worse than useless dreams and endeavours. Let us provide for our daughters while we live. Let us give them the skill and knack which will remain with them when fortune fades. Let us train them in the habits of common sense, forethought, and promptitude, which will best

save fortune from fading. Let us grant that trade premiums and thorough courses of first-class lessons cost money—and this is a bugbear that looms very large in the mist of some parental imaginations—but let us remember that money goes somehow, and it is only a question how it goes. As Ruskin says in “The Ethics of the Dust,” “the money which the English habitually spend in cutting diamonds would, in ten years, if it were applied to cutting rocks instead, leave no dangerous reef nor difficult harbour round the whole island coast;” and we think that if the money even decently-disciplined girls waste on ecru lace and double-button gloves, useless fancy work, dilatory lectures, and all sorts of perishable and unbeautiful finery, were well and wisely husbanded, it would suffice to keep them instructed and interested in the present, and safe and happy in the future. Spending money is the only excitement within the grasp of some women.

The daughters of wealthy families need not rush into the labour market simply because they have the power to do so. Because they can engrave, they need not be engravers, any more than they become servants because they can dust a room or cook a potato. Helpfulness of any kind may be kept in store, as well as used as current coin. But in many middle-class families the daughters might well relieve the cares of their father, or advance the prospects of the younger children, by practical work. Many engagements might be shortened, and much sorrow and bitterness averted, if the lady-love was a woman who had helped herself and could help herself again, if need were. We can imagine no prouder moment for a young bride than when she crowns her husband's loving provision for her with a modest dowry of her own earning, thus spurring him to do his utmost for one so worthy of him, and silently assuring him that the hand put in his, though soft to clasp, is also strong to uphold.

The writer will not venture to make any suggestions in remedy of the evil, except in the form of questions, which her readers may answer to their own satisfaction.

1. Is there any agency through which solitary and helpless women can get information, not only about work, but about board, lodging, emigration, sales, investments, &c.?

Of course such an agency would require to be in close communication with agencies already existing for any one of these objects, should have honorary corresponding members throughout the kingdom, from whom information could be obtained, and should have offices with salaried officials in two or three capital cities. Applicants should be expected to pay a small fee, but persons subscribing a certain sum might have a certain number of free passes to distribute.

2. Are there any large establishments where elderly ladies can find comfort and shelter by dropping their little store into a general fund? Three or four hundred pounds or even more is but a poor provision for an untrained woman past middle age. To succeed, they must be large, numbering not less than one hundred ladies, or the arrangements will be penurious, and the range of society, &c., not sufficiently large for the happy adjustment of all difficulties.* One need scarcely say that such establishments must be guaranteed and promoted by men of high standing, with business capacity and power for organization.

3. Is there any well-known and active society at work to secure to working women of provident habits such benefits as are offered by the Foresters and other friendly societies?

And now, in conclusion, let me say one word to those of my own sex, who have never worked for their bread; let me say, “Honour the working woman.” She knows as sham much which you still accept as truth. She knows the worth and the happiness to be found in that great wild outer world which makes you afraid. If she is a wise and strong woman, she need not grudge you anything you have. If she is a weak one, be pitiful, for you might have failed in the paths where she has fallen. And remember, however poor and homely she may be, she is richer by one experience than you are, and that is an experience she shares with most of the greatest men and women who have shown us that life is worth the living.

ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.

* Many plans might be suggested by which the lives of ladies in such establishments might be saved from being wearisome to themselves or unproductive to the world at large. Without interfering with any class of paid workers, they might do much work, which now, God knows, goes undone. But this is not our present consideration.



UNDER THE STARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

O YOUTH, rose-crowned, yet full of strife,
Craving uncomprehended joys,
Hearing the desperate fight of life
But as a far-off pleasant noise,
Come, ere on thy bold way thou start,
While not a cloud thy future mars,
And still that wildly-beating heart
Under the stars.

O stormy prime, so beautiful
With fierce delight, ecstatic pain;
Spending and being spent; no lull;
No rest; no count of loss or gain;
Ere with tired feet thou come to tread
The blood-stained field of ended wars;
Pause—bow the glories of thy head
Under the stars.



O heavy time of brows disrowned,
And hanging hands, and feeble knees,
With piteous pale ghosts haunted knees,
And longings for impossible ease;
Nay, beat no more like wounded bird
Against fate's iron prison bars;
When all sounds cease, God's voice is heard
Under the stars.

Soon, soon will come the supreme hour
When like a painted show life seems,
Or perfume of remembered flower,
Or dear dead faces seen in dreams.
Clasp hands beneath the silent night
That hushes all these mortal jars;
God, thou alone art Love—and Light—
Beyond the stars!

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Show us the Father."

(1.) **T**HIS prayer of St. Philip expresses man's deepest need. The religious instinct is as distinctive a fact as any that is established by physical science, for we have as much warrant to classify mankind from the phenomena of his spiritual nature as from the development of his brain or the figure of his skull. This desire for God is in a manner more characteristic of man, in the truest sense of the term, than a frontal bone or vertebra. It is found strongest when our humanity is most advanced, and weakest when it is so demoralised as to approach the lowest types. The cry for God is in a measure innate and can never be wholly choked. As the young eagle, drawn from its lofty eyrie and caged from the shell amid the narrow dwellings of men, by the force of an irrepressible instinct will, with its growing pinions, gaze upward with an eye which in its keenness seems to scorn the clouds and pierce to the gateways of the sun, no less is there within man an instinctive cry for God, an untamable longing for immortality, which to him who but ponders it is surest prophecy of his destiny. Were we to translate all that has been highest in the spiritual history of mankind, when unaided by revelation, it would find expression in this prayer of St. Philip, "Show us the Father." The noblest characteristic of the great minds of classic heathendom, as well as of the old religions of the East, was their earnest "feeling after God, if haply they might find Him." Few spectacles ought to move us to greater admiration than the intensity with which they not only thirsted for light, but groped their way through darkness until they almost reached the borderland of revelation.

All men need to know God, but all men do not experience the intensity of that need, nor the difficulties which may be connected with its satisfaction. There are some who so imbibe Christian convictions from their childhood, that it would require a mental effort on their part to throw themselves into the attitude of questioners, who, gazing on this outward world of form and colour, ask whether there is indeed a Personal God, unseen yet near, Who hears their prayers and has for them the tenderness of a Father's love. There are others who scarce give room to

serious thought. The noise and traffic of the world so stun the ear and engross the interests, that the still small voice of the spirit is stifled. But there are times with most of us when these questions of our higher nature must perforce be heard, when we pause under a deep sense of the awfulness of existence, when the present seems shadowy, and the future is shrouded in mystery. There are hours of sorrow, when the "old familiar faces" pass from us beyond the veil, and we are left stricken and filled with wonder. Then there presses on the soul a crowd of solemn questionings. What am I? What is life—death—immortality? Am I but a drop tossed for a moment from the great ocean of Being, only to sink again, my individuality lost in the unconscious, all-embracing sea of universal life?

We crave for some answer. It is impossible to accept the advice of some of our brilliant modern teachers of science, who tell us that the only wise course is to be content in the meantime with our ignorance, waiting till inductive reasoning shall have sifted out the lurking enigma of life; not to trouble ourselves with that metaphysics called theology; to do good, making our spot in life greener around us by justice and charity; to achieve some substantial work in the world, and leave all these useless questions of the spirit alone. But how vain are such babblings of peace when there can be no peace! To me this cold content of ignorance, when the love we have to the departed, who are more precious to us than our own soul, craves for light, seems more horrible than the blasphemy of infidelity. For the despair which is tempted "to curse God and die" does, in some moods, appear a worthier thing than the callous cynicism which would wither all spiritual instincts by a sneer at their utter uselessness.

(2.) But not only did St. Philip utter the deepest need of our humanity when he said, "Show us the Father," he also went to the only One who could satisfy his request. For if the answer of Christ is untrue, and if there is no such Father in the universe as He revealed Him, there is no other spot in the whole horizon of human knowledge to which we can look for an adequate reply to the deep cry of the heart. Not nature, nor science, nor philosophy can afford a sufficient basis for religious faith. There may

be much in Nature which at first appears full of comfort to him who would draw from her pages lessons of hope and confidence. We may with joy see how the lilies of the field are clothed with greater glory than the splendid Solomon, and observe with thankfulness the tender and wide provision whereby all things are supplied with their portion in due season, from the blade of grass sparkling with its allotted dewdrop, to the ancient forest, which has for centuries received a never-failing supply of rain and sunshine. That wide care which provides food for the young lion in the lonely desert, and sustains the tiniest ephemeral on the summer air, may suggest to our minds the consoling thought that we, too, are in the midst of a wise order, and shall find a destiny consonant with this all-prevailing goodness. But Nature has other aspects than these. A closer scrutiny finds that she herself is built on ruin and is nourished by decay. Life feeds everywhere on death. The very rocks are churchyards. "A thousand types have perished." If we come to Nature with our deepest questionings, she sweeps on clothed in her own magnificence and beauty and mystery; but for the hearts that may be breaking with longing for the living God, and craving for an answer to loves that are stronger than death, she is utterly voiceless. The drifting clouds and the sloping stars, the changing moons and successive seasons, float past in their own sweet grace as in terrible mockery of the vain effort of unaided man to pierce the secret of being.

Science leaves man equally helpless. The words that are most precious for man can never find voice from the cold lips of Science. She can never speak of mercy and love, of joy and sorrow, of right and wrong, of sin and guilt, of forgiveness or hope or fear. She has no remedy for the stings of conscience, nor any aid against the turbulence of passion.

Nor is Philosophy a better guide. At the best she can but give an analysis of what we are, or supply a cold abstraction to the heart craving for a Person to love and be loved by.

It is well for us to weigh what it is we are called to give up when men speak lightly of the revelation that is in Christ. All who have read the terrible dream of Jean Paul Richter, in which he supposes the news to have passed through creation that God had died, and pictures the spirit of man winging its eager flight to the utmost regions of space, and in wild despair seeking

God, only to be met everywhere by the cry, "God is no more!" must have felt a thrill of horror at the spectral conception of such a homeless existence, and of a state of being which had ceased to be centred in the will of a righteous Father. But dreadful as is the dream of the poet, it seems to me a just representation of what the effect would be if faith in Jesus Christ should prove to have been a delusion. If there is no such God in the universe as Christ revealed; if when on the cross He cried, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," He was but calling to empty air; if there has been no resurrection, and the claims and teaching of Jesus have been a baseless dream; if the holy lives and burning aspirations of apostles and martyrs, and the harvest of saintly virtues which the Church has gathered have all been founded on a mistake—then let us face the alternative, "we are yet in our sins," and, for all that we know, "the dead in Christ have perished." We are back once more to heathen Greece, and have to face the old problems more hopelessly than ever.

If it is a vain thing to cry, "Show us the Father," let us realise the sadness of such a conclusion; for if Christ and the whole experiences of the Church have been no more than the product of man's instinctive groping after the unseen; if, for all that we know, there is no Father in the unseen to meet this longing, then may the curtain of night be allowed to fall on every clear beacon. "Of all men we are the most miserable." "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

SECOND SUNDAY.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

The first thing which strikes us in this reply is that it comes from human lips. God is revealed in a man. We are called to see Deity expressed through and in our humanity. But how can the Infinite be expressed by the finite, or the Boundless be limited within the conditions of our mortal existence? Is there not contradiction here? Nay, is there not something so derogatory to every just conception of the nature and glory of God in such an identification of the divine with the human as to make it an impossible belief? Now, without entering on the discussion of such abstract questions, we may look on some aspects of the subject which meet us at the threshold of the inquiry. Consider, then, if there could be any other form of

revelation intended for man so suitable—I might say, possible—as one in and through humanity? Remember that the glory of God, as far as we are concerned, lies not in that impalpable and invisible essence which we designate naked spirit, for of this we can form no conception. In this sense “no man can see God.” Nor does it lie in the mere infinite of magnitude, duration, power, knowledge; for while all these are attributes of Deity, yet how necessarily vague are such conceptions to us! We cannot even imagine the eternity of the Great I AM. The mind reels when it attempts to scale the giddy heights of Infinite Being. Verily “none by searching can find out God, or discover the Almighty to perfection.” The glory of God is His character manifested in holiness, justice, goodness, truth, love, mercy. And in such a life as that of Christ we can see an infinite goodness, and a holiness and truth and mercy spotless and fathomless as that of God. I would have you consider whether there could be for man any revelation of these so suitable as that which was in Christ. The great mountains girding the earth with their strength, the sheet of ocean, and the gleaming firmament, have no alphabet from which we can spell out the Father’s mind toward the spirit of man in relation to the moral and spiritual questionings of His being. Nor could any mere message, though conveyed by the burning lips of a seraph, or in the inspired language of a mighty prophet, so teach us God’s tenderness or His holy hatred of sin, as does Christ when living out the character of God in all the vividness of action, emotion, joy, and sorrow. For no bare description of love can ever affect as does love itself unfolded in a life. Pages of moralising, however exalted, will never convey such an impression of what evil is to the holy, as does a flash of the eye, or the pang instinctively quivering through the frame at the sight of selfish wrong. One soft sigh or a bursting tear will teach more eloquently than all the schools the tenderness of a love which sorrows as it seeks us. Such a revelation as this speaks not only in the most powerful, but also in the most universal form. All men can understand a perfect life. The subtlest and darkest truths are melted “into current coin,” when they are thus uttered through One Whose looks, and words, and every deed are exponents of thought and feeling.

“When truth in closest words shall fail,
Then truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors,
And so the word had breath and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;
Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes which watch the wave
In roaring round the coral reef.”

Let us, however, distinguish the sense in which Jesus Christ, the Son of Man and Son of God, revealed the Father. There are two errors which here meet us at the outset—one which would make Christ no more than a creature, and one which would confound the personality of the Father and the Son.

There is a sense, indeed, in which all created things are revelations of God. “The heavens declare His glory, and the firmament sheweth His handywork.” There is much, too, in every man, which, if truly considered, is a revelation of what is in God. God’s fatherliness is in a sense mirrored in the parental instinct. And our sense of justice, and mercy, and truth, though broken lights, yet all lead us up to the mighty source of our spiritual being. Because man is made in the image of God, there is therefore, in our nature, a certain reflection, however dim, of the original glory. God is shadowed forth in His works as the mind of the artist is embodied in the breathing marble. And there is a sense in which a perfect man, were such to be found, would, although no more than a creature, be the purest mirror in which to trace the beauty of the divine will.

But it is not in this sense that Jesus said, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” “I and the Father are one,” speaks of a closer and more awful relationship.

But if it is not as a creature revealing the Creator that Jesus reveals the Father, let us also beware of confounding the Sonship of Christ with the Fatherhood of God. Jesus does not say, “I am the Father,” but, “I and the Father are one.” Not, “I am He,” but, “I am the same.” “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” “Let all men honour the Son even as they honour the Father.” There is here not identity of persons, but identity of glory. As the sunbeam is not in its light and heat a mere reflection of the sun, but is itself the sun shining, and as every dazzling ray which falls on earth is for us the very light and heat of the sun itself, so is Christ “the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His person.” He is not from beneath, He is from above. He is, as it were, the direct ray of the Eternal Sun.

So that we can say this is not merely light ; it is the light of God. This is not love, which is only like the love of God ; it is the actual love, the very warmth of the divine compassion which is being poured out upon us. This is no mere imaging forth of the glory of God, as in a man made after His image ; but it is the very glory itself "shining in the face of Jesus Christ." This revelation of God in Him is therefore not only adequate, it is commensurate ; it teaches not by its likeness, but by its oneness. It is the same, in kind, in intensity, and in power. He that has seen Christ has seen the Father, so that in what Christ felt, we see what the Father feels. In Christ's holiness, mercy, tenderness, are revealed the very holiness and mercy and tenderness of God Himself. For "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And thus, if the glory of God consists in His wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness, truth, there is for the spiritual eye a profounder manifestation of divine splendour in Him who was "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," than could be ever gained by any mere outward vision of the spotless throne compassed by dazzling myriads of prostrate cherubim. There is here a holy radiance more charged with divine majesty than that which shed intolerable brightness on the eye of the seer of Patmos. For here is Deity incarnate—God's goodness uttered in a life.

But if revelation in and through a life is richer and more universal in its appeal than any verbal message can be, it follows that any verbal description of such a life must also prove to a great extent inadequate. No one can put into words what any dear friend is to them, for to speak of their kindness does not convey any sufficient sense of that fountain of tenderness in a living heart, ever welling over with fresh tokens of affection. And how far more must this hold true of any attempt to describe the glory of the Highest ! Jesus Christ, who lived and became dead and is alive for evermore, the Friend, the Brother, the Saviour, is far more than can ever be declared in measured speech. Christ Himself is the alone adequate revelation of the Father. Each passing light and shade of feeling, as well as every word and deed, contribute vividness to its expression. You cannot limit His declaration of God to so many sentences. When He tells us, for instance, that God loves the world, we feel this is true, not because of this text alone or of that verse. He Himself, the Immortal,

Incarnate Love, shines through every Gospel, the Light, the Truth of all, the only completely expressive manifestation of God to man.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"He is a man of sorrows."

What was it, then, men saw in Christ ? Such a question requires the entire Gospel history for its answer. The wisdom, holiness, truth, and love which were expressed in that life from Bethlehem to Calvary can alone constitute an adequate reply. But among many illustrations which may be given of the manner in which Christ revealed the Father, we may select two:—(1.) The Father revealed in the sorrows of Christ ; (2.) The Father revealed in the Sonship of Christ. This evening we will consider the first of these.

No one can regard society with a thoughtful eye, or enter with a sympathetic heart the dwellings of the poor, or of the suffering and depraved, whether rich or poor, without painful questions often suggesting themselves. What mean these contrasts between man and man ? Why this tangled web of life wherein virtue and vice, prosperity and adversity, are mingled confusedly ? Why is there this abounding wretchedness in hearts crushed and sunless ? Why this legion of diseases, pains, and sorrows ? Who can for a moment imagine this planet Earth rolling amid the brightness of God's universe, and bearing so dire a burden of crime and ignorance and untold misery, without asking the question, What does God feel about it all ? Does He care ? Is the conception of the old Greeks about their gods not apparently true now ?

*For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps,
and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
preying hands."

Is it not so still ? Does the Infinite not dwell apart in His own divine calm ? But if this cry is entering into His ears, then, what is His mind regarding it all ?

Or this bitter question may have been suggested by sore personal experience. When sorrow has dealt its first stab at the heart, and a man in his terrible agony has beheld the heavens smiling sweetly, and all around fixed and inexorable, there may have come the tempting thought, Does God feel for me ? Is my sorrow anything to Him ?

Has He left me to the inflexible fulfilment of mechanical law, or is He indeed a Father?

Now, what an answer have we to all these doubts in Jesus Christ! When the very mind of God was incarnated in Jesus Christ, and He moved among men, coming in closest contact with these very sins and sorrows and pains, how was He affected? Did He regard it all with indifference, gathering up the skirts of His own perfect holiness from all human taint, and keeping aloof in unbending rectitude from the crowd of sufferers? Thank God, it was not thus He appeared, but as "the Man of sorrows," who, Himself free from evil, was yet so affected by the evil around Him that it became His own heavy burden. "Himself taketh our infirmities and beareth our sicknesses," was the impression men received as they followed Him.

It is Christ's character as the Man of sorrows which has really touched the heart of the world. It is the Cross as the emblem of suffering Love which has been the mighty instrument of the Church. Not, indeed, that mere suffering, as such, whether bodily or mental, could have this power. Were it so, His sorrow would move our pity rather than our repentance. But many elements are blended here. We feel that aback of all this compassionate sadness of Jesus there is the wisdom of the Divine Teacher, and an unfathomable heaven of personal sanctity, and a spiritual repose, inward and deep and strong as that of God. But it is not the truth, however high, nor the holiness, however pure, which have been the power of God to affect men. It is only when this lofty truth and steadfast righteousness and holy calm actually bend and soften and, as it were, clasp us in the embrace of a sympathy, which is pierced to the very core by our evil, that the deep response of man has been awakened.

The sorrows of Christ were not arbitrary or imposed on Him from without, for they were necessitated by His character, and can only be measured by His divine glory. For if we think of Him as one with God, and yet brought in contact with evil; and as one with man, and therefore seeing this evil in those who were His brothers, with whom He was identified, we must also perceive how sorrow and pain of the keenest description must have been His.

It requires on our part a certain elevation of soul before we can faintly imagine what it was for pure and spotless Deity to be immersed in the world's sin. For sin can affect us with a shock of pain, only

as we ourselves are in sympathy with the right. The habitually dishonest cannot comprehend the indignant revulsion experienced by the man of chivalrous honour at the slightest imputation of falsehood. And in like manner our unholiness renders us incapable of measuring the moral disgust with which the holy and loving mind of Jesus was stirred by the selfishness and manifold wickedness of man. In His eyes the angry spirit was as murder, the impure thought as adultery, the contempt of human pride as the very hatred of hell. The infinite pain which evil as evil gave Him, was proportionate to His infinite holiness.

But Jesus was, on the other hand, bound to man by ties closer than those which bind brother to brother. He did not stand as an isolated individual, but when He entered into humanity He became its Head and Representative, so that there was no man or woman whom He could regard in the spirit of a cold and distant indifference. By no fictitious sentiment, but by the sensitive tie of a common life, He was touched with the feeling of all our infirmities, and came under the burden of all our sins. For it is of the nature of love to come under the burden of those we are bound to in affection. It is only when a father has ceased to love his son, that he can be indifferent to his misery or sin. As long as he is a true father, there must be such a quick and lively sense of identity that the dishonour or misfortune of the son falls on him as a personal burden.

It was thus, but in a far higher sense, that Christ was the Man of sorrows. Men were bound to Him, they were His brothers, His sisters. These sorrows were the natural product of His love at once to God and man.

Had He come to an unfallen world, unstained by evil, and full of the light of God, and had been the Man of sorrows there; or if, moving amid brothers who were one with Him in His holy love, He had been "acquainted with grief," then might we have been astonished at that countenance being "marred more than that of other men." But when we realise, however dimly, what Christ met when He was in the world, we must see that He could not have been anything else than a Man of sorrows. Think of even such sights of suffering as were presented to His eye in those crowds which gathered from all the country and brought their sick and diseased to His very feet! The tenderness with which He laboured, giving Himself "no leisure so much as to eat," reveals how He was touched by the bodily

sufferings of man. There was a continual throng of misery, a stream of wretchedness pouring itself around Him, of blind and leprous, and paralysed, and devil possessed, some borne in litters, some led by the hand, others lying writhing on the ground before Him, and all were received by Jesus with such quick sympathy, that He seemed Himself to suffer with the sufferers. But if our bodily pain so touched Him, far more did our sin. By the pureness of His holy vision He pierced to the very thoughts and intents of the heart, and beheld evil laid thoroughly bare in all its loathsomeness and condemnation. We cannot measure the import of such sayings of Christ, as when He said, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee." "I am alone, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me." "They have both seen and hated me and the Father." "The light is come, but men love the darkness more than the light." "How often would I have gathered you, and ye would not!" "Reproach hath broken my heart."

Such words express the solitude in which the Holy One found Himself amid the unholiness of earth. Assuredly, there could be nothing more divine than that sorrowing love; for nothing could teach us so powerfully the horribleness of sin to the mind of God, and the reality of God's love to sinners, as when we witness what our sins and ourselves were to Christ, not only through His whole life, but when He was pierced by sin even unto death. Methinks no judgment fulfilling itself in bolts of fire hurled on the wicked, could convey so divine a sense of the horror of evil, as when we trace its effects on the heart of Christ in that "agony and bloody sweat, that cross and passion." Methinks no declaration of God's Fatherly seeking of men, though heralded by angels, could be so constraining as that love of Christ which took loathsome death home to itself, rather than let go this sinful humanity.

If Christ is divine, "ought He not to have suffered these things?" If there is a God at all, must He not be possessed of that mind which was revealed in Christ? Except we believe that indifference is more divine than love, and cold power more Godlike than fatherly care, we must confess that the glory "shining in the face of Christ" is the very glory of God. We need no miracle to make us see that this is divine. We perceive its harmony with the eternal fitness of things.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

The Sonship of Christ.

The highest proof that the glory manifested in Christ is indeed the glory of God must ever be its intrinsically divine excellence. The very word *revelation* might lead us to look here for the ultimate appeal. Christ has revealed the Father because He has made the Father manifest.

It is evident that the manifestation of the Father through the Sonship of Christ is not of the same direct kind as that which is through His sorrows; for in Christ's sorrows we behold the actual movements of divine love. We cannot thus directly see the Father in the life of Sonship which Jesus led; but as we can judge of the presence and force of the invisible current of electricity by the manner in which the magnetic needle is affected, so too may we learn lessons of deepest import as to the glory of the will of the Father by the corresponding Sonship of Jesus Christ.

We are met at the outset by the contrast presented between the first and second Adam. The sin of our first parent consisted, not in the mere eating of an apple, but in putting God off the throne of the heart, and in the attempt of man to be a god unto himself. Instead of the confidence of a child towards God, there came first the suspicion of God's love; then the desire to be as God, knowing good and evil; then the assertion of false independence in the act of disobedience, and so man fell from the blessed estate of sonship. The history of human society since has been but a prolonged illustration of the same sin. The attractions which have swayed the ambitions, the toils, the joys, and sorrows of mankind have been derived from centres other than the recognition of the will of God. God may have indeed overruled all for good and for His own glory, but as far as human motive has been concerned, there has seldom, if ever, been a passage in the stream of human history which can only be accounted for on the ground that men so acted because they were obeying God. So far from this, we could say, with greater show of truth, "God was not in their thoughts." We are so accustomed to this, that we are not shocked by the extent of the rebellion. Nevertheless there have been those who have moved amid the entanglements of earthly existence as if drawn by the Invisible. There have been prophecies of Christ, not given in word only, but in lives that were foreshadowings of His glory. Thus Abraham walked

with God. His life cannot be accounted for on any other ground than the overwhelming mastery which the glory of God had over all other motives. For years, through darkness and difficulty, in mysterious journeys and acts of strangest import, did he move on, because he believed in the living God and yielded Him the obedience of a life. And this sacred principle is discovered when we trace the history of the Church of God from Abraham downwards. Moses, and David, and Elijah were, in this sense, living types of Jesus Christ the true Son. It is thus, too, that Israel, as being ideally the Church, is so often spoken of as "the Son of God," as "the dear child." For, however much Israel may have failed, yet the idea of the theocracy was that of a nation bearing witness to a living God, who was in all things obeyed as King. But in Jesus Christ all these foreshadowings found their complete fulfilment; and He comes to earth with this glorious purpose, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." The temptation at the beginning of His ministry consisted in the choice between using His power for self or in accepting the position of childlike dependence on the will of the Father; and His whole life onwards was a continued witness to the supreme excellence of obeying the will of the unseen God. "My meat," He said, "is to do the will of the Father." The Father was "ever present with Him."

In our sinfulness we cannot estimate the joy it was to Him, in the midst of a godless and rebellious race, to set forth how worthy that Father is to be loved and trusted. When all were "turning each to his own way," and "choosing each his own devices," oh! the grandeur of this one life, held firmly anchored in the Eternal, which never swerved through force of circumstance, but presented unceasingly the ideal of spotless Sonship! But its unmovable strength in God was made fully apparent only when self had to be yielded up as a living sacrifice. That the trial of the cross was a real trial, is evident from the agony of Gethsemane, when in the still moonlight He lay, His face on the ground, praying more earnestly the more He was agonized, "Father, if it be possible—yet not my will, thine be done." And as in the temptation He refused to exert His power for self, and lay back on God in the trust of Sonship, so on Calvary this Sonship was exhibited unto death. Let us never forget that His will was terribly tried as He accepted the cup of suffering. Let us never forget the possible alternative which lay aback of it all;

for He had "power to lay down His life, and power to take it again." But it was His to glorify the name of Father by obedience unto death. And so self was yielded wholly up, and Jesus, "crucified through weakness," leant entirely as a Son on the power and will of the Father. Thus it was He glorified Him, when, during the tedious hours in which He was tasting upon the cross the foul cup of human iniquity, as the Holy One alone could taste it, He heard in the bitter mockery of His murderers the very essence of that sin of the world which by His death He was condemning. It was the old lie of the wicked one which was then tossed and bandied from lip to lip, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself, and come down from the cross." As if they said, "Use thy power for self; be a god unto thyself, thou shalt not die. Save self, and come down from the cross." But they knew not the deeper truth of their scorn, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." But silence and suffering were the only answer. It was as if He said, "Father, I glorify Thy name by thus accepting as a law what Thou hast appointed." And so He sank lower and lower still, and the tide of life was permitted to ebb slowly out, until all was sacrificed—all audibly given up to God in the dying cry, "Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit."

But though thus crucified through weakness, "He lived by the power of God." If He "glorified the Father," so also did "the Father glorify the Son." "He did not leave His soul in hell, neither did He suffer His Holy One to see corruption." This same Jesus did God raise up, and "declared Him to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." Because He was thus "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, God hath also highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth; and every tongue confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father." The resurrection was the response of the Father to the trust and obedience of the Son.

I will conclude by urging one lesson.

The spirit of Sonship as it was in Christ is the revelation of man as well as God. "As He was, so are we in this world." His obedience, therefore, was not intended to supersede the necessity of similar obedience on our part, but that we might be led to know the God we have to do with, to recognise the wickedness of this rebellious kingdom of

self which we have set up independent of the Father, and be brought ourselves to "die unto sin, and to live unto righteousness." Let us be assured that the law is eternally fixed. "If any man will come after me, he must deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Be certain that the temptation of Adam in Paradise, and of Christ in the desert and on the cross—that the way of sin and the way of redemption—are matters with which each of us must have daily to do. Christian life is a tremendous reality to him who truly accepts it in obedience. And when we do seek to walk with God, and to have a life in Him alone; when it is our earnest struggle to be no more than children

looking upward to the Father, willing that He should reign over us, and guide us as seems best to Him; when in our lives also there come hours of sore conflicts with self, when temptations press on us, and the path of duty appears the thorniest; or when our cup of sorrow seems too bitter, and the darkness settles thickest on the soul; where can our resource be but in "looking unto Jesus, who endured the cross and despised the shame," who "though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered:" and in our great weakness crying to Him, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us."

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A RAVEN once sat—so runs an Eastern fable—at early dawn upon a projecting rock, with his back to the rising sun. Seeing his shadow projected far down into the valley, he plumed his feathers, and said to himself, "Aha! we shall feast upon a camel to-day!" Time passed on, the shadow grew less, and he said, "I suppose we shall have a cow for dinner to-day!" The sun rose higher, the shadow contracted, and he thought a sheep would not be a bad thing to eat; and when noon came, and the shadow lay at his feet, feeling the pangs of hunger, he flew off in search of anything he could get.

In regard to the Eastern question a considerable modification has taken place in the tone of public feeling within the last few months. When the horrible truth about the Bulgarian atrocities became generally known, indignation was justly aroused, and it was peremptorily demanded that such crying wrongs should at once and effectually be righted. But as one impracticable measure after another has been proposed, we have been gradually brought to the humbling conclusion that the question to be solved has wider dimensions and greater complications than were visible on the surface, and that after all there was much truth in Lord Derby's words, that we must distinguish between what we would wish to do and what can be done.

An empire of vast extent, embracing many different races with different religious beliefs, and speaking different languages; an empire founded by the sword, extended by conquest, and held together by the power of one dominant race—such is the spectacle which Turkey presents. There is no one word

which, either within the empire or by those outside of it, can be applied generally to a subject of the Ottoman government. The name Turk is applicable only to one race, and does not embrace all who profess the religion of that race. The name *rayah* or subject may be used indiscriminately of the non-Mussulman population, but would be considered an affront to a Mohammedan, who must be styled *seyyid* or lord.

To rule justly so many subject races, whose subjugation at first was not a little owing to their jealousies of one another, and who are utterly incapable of united or even separate self-government, had been no easy matter to any Power; and had Turkey honestly tried it she would have deserved the sympathy of the civilised world. The fact that she has not honestly attempted the task, or has miserably failed in all her attempts, lies at the root of the Turkish question in its broadest aspect. The fact that this failure has drawn the attention of other Powers to the internal condition of Turkey, and specially to that of some of the European provinces, constitutes the Eastern question in its more limited aspect, as a question of European politics. And it is evident that the former must in some manner be settled before the other can be taken out of the way as a cause of perpetual discord in Europe.

How the condition of the Christians in these more northern provinces has been brought prominently into notice from time to time, is well known. It should not, however, be forgotten that there is one law for the subject races everywhere, and that some of the most promising of these races are not in

Europe. If *their* wrongs have not been so publicly proclaimed, it has been mainly owing to the fact that they wanted a herald of sufficient influence to declare them. Atrocities almost, if not altogether, as horrible as those of Bulgaria have been witnessed in other parts of the empire, and might still take place though the European provinces were free. The massacres of Lebanon, and the butcheries of Damascus which followed them by a fanatical contagion, are still fresh in our memories; and many a day have foreign residents in Turkey lived in fear of a repetition of such horrors. Moreover, it should be remembered that the Christians are not the only persons who have cause to complain of Turkish misrule. Even the Mohammedans who are disposed to lord it too much over their non-Mussulman neighbours, are not passed by when the tax-gatherer makes his rounds, and whether orthodox or heterodox, they alone are liable to one of the heaviest exactions of the government, the conscription. It is a very common thing in a Turkish garrison town to see a band of rough-looking peasants, shackled and bound together, driven in from the country by mounted soldiers, and though they are made to sing their rude war-song to keep up their martial spirit, it is evident that they sing it with little heart, and that they would not grudge the Christians "the honour and glory" which the Sultan has repeatedly promised to grant the non-Mussulman population of fighting for their country. An exciting scene, too, is the drawing of the conscription papers. A certain number of recruits is demanded from a town or district, and a list of those eligible is made out. At the hour appointed all whose names are enrolled present themselves, and a motley crowd of men, women, and children wait with breathless impatience as Hassan or Ali steps up to the box. If he draws a white ticket he is borne off with a noisy shout of congratulation, but the appearance of a black paper in his hand is the signal for a loud wail of disappointment, for he must either enter the ranks, or find a substitute, or pay down a hundred liras and remain liable to conscription on a future occasion. On such a day Christians are generally prudent enough to keep out of the way as much as possible, for their payment of an exemption tax of twenty-eight piastres per head is considered a very easy escape from a heavy burden.

Any remedy, therefore, that is effectually to reach the sore of Turkey must be co-extensive with Turkish rule, or rather misrule.

However it may suit Russia to limit the question to the provinces in its neighbourhood, the indignant cry that was lately raised in this country in the name of humanity will not surely be silenced by any merely local readjustment of territory. The claims of humanity are not circumscribed by the Balkan or the Bosphorus; and with both Russia and Turkey as much Asiatic as European Powers, with our own great interests and responsibilities in Asia, with the closer intermingling of races and the more rapid inter-communication of ideas from day to day, the Eastern question deserves to be looked at on broader than European considerations. British interests in this case coincide with the cause of civilisation, and the present crisis, if taken advantage of, may be turned to the lasting good of Western Asia and the world at large.

An Eastern proverb says, "It is impossible to hold two water-melons in one hand," and this homely similitude expresses exactly the course that Turkey has endeavoured to follow till she has landed herself in utter confusion. The same thing was expressed in other words by the Sultan on a public occasion in 1868, when he ascribed all the misfortunes of the empire to an attempt to work the laws in a manner hostile to the spirit of the age. The ruler of Turkey has tried to sustain two contradictory positions; within his own dominions he has acted as successor of the prophet; to European powers he has represented himself as a constitutional sovereign; and these two positions cannot be made to agree. In strict Mohammedan law, a non-Mussulman, if an idolater, must die, and if he has a written religion he ransoms his life by the payment of tribute, but his position is one of subjection. From this fundamental position have been deduced endless regulations for the treatment of the subject races, and the indignities that used to be heaped upon Christians and Jews are well known. There are those living who remember how a British Consul was ordered to dismount at the gate of Damascus so as not to enter the holy city on horseback, as a Moslem alone had a right to do. A peculiar colour of dress had to be worn by them, they were not allowed to walk on the right of a Mohammedan nor to sit down in his presence, and the most opprobrious names were considered good enough for them. Whether all this would be borne out by the Koran we need not inquire, it was received as the interpretation of the subject position of non-Mussulmen. From time to time, however, this strict intolerance had been made to relax

under the pressure of western civilisation, till imperial firmans formally abolished such distinctions. The most notable of the reforming acts of Turkish legislation were the Hatti Sherif of Gulhané, which in 1839, in the hall where the glorious mantle of the prophet is preserved, and in presence of the Ulama and the grandees of the empire, the Sultan swore to observe; and the Hatti Humaoun of 1856, on which, as it was publicly read at Constantinople at the close of the Crimean war, the Sheikh ul Islam solemnly implored the divine blessing. These acts secured to all subjects of the Ottoman government, without distinction of race or religion, the preservation of honour and the security of life and property, prescribed an equable assessing and levying of taxes, and ordained that all should serve in the army. In 1843 took place the last public execution of an apostate from Mohammedanism, and the penalty of death for apostasy was finally abolished in 1844. In other respects, too, the spirit of intolerance had gradually given way, so that when in 1856, by a curious coincidence—if it was nothing more—the same year in which the Hatt last-named was passed, an edition of an authoritative book on Mohammedan law issued from the imperial press, many of the old prescriptions for the treatment of the subject Christians had already become obsolete, and the pious editor is left to lament that “our present rulers are guilty of a grave offence in permitting Christians to wear fine clothing, to ride upon horses, and even to have Moslems for their servants,” and to utter a repeated woe over the degeneracy of the times.

It was in the complete contradiction of these two positions that the difficulty of the Turkish government lay. To attempt to rule the empire, with its millions of Christian inhabitants, on the old lines of Moslem intolerance, and at the same time to maintain anything like the position of a nineteenth-century power in Europe, was sheer nonsense. On the other hand, to put into practice at one stroke a system of toleration so far in advance of the prejudices of the people, was a task which, even if the Porte had had the best intentions, it could not have easily performed. The attempt to moderate between the two has led to unutterable confusion.

That the Porte has not honestly set itself to do all it might have done is simply notorious. Looking at the waste of expenditure, the corruption of the administration, the stupid indifference to its own best interests, the utter incompetence or obstinate

unwillingness to grapple with internal disorders, one wonders that the Ottoman Power has not long ago, like a drunken man, fallen by its own weight. On the other hand, it would not be just to say that nothing has been done, and that edicts of reform have been simply used as instruments of procuring fresh loans. Credit should be given for some attempt at carrying out these reforms. Mixed tribunals for the treatment of cases between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans do exist, there is such a thing as the taking of Christian testimony, the contemptuous treatment of non-Mussulmans has to a great extent passed away, and there is some semblance of religious liberty in the empire. Safvet Pasha, the minister for Foreign Affairs, last year told an official of the British Embassy that his Imperial master's government “piqued itself upon being one of the most tolerant in Europe;” and though the expression may at first provoke a smile, it may be well to remember that all Christian denominations enjoy valuable immunities from taxation, that Christian churches are freely allowed to be erected, that there have been for many years missionary agencies on a large scale at work in Turkey, and that the native Protestant Church is placed on the same footing with other Christian communities. It may be well also to remember that quite recently it was chronicled as a great stretch of liberality that the Russian government allowed an English society to send a mission to the Jews in one part of its dominions. And on this subject of religious liberty the statement of an American missionary of long standing as to the benefits immediately following the Hatti Humaoun may be placed side by side with the Russian law on proselytism:—

“Only a few years since the headless bodies of apostates from the Mohammedan faith might be seen lying in the streets of the great city. But now such apostates may be seen at all hours of the day walking these same streets without any apparent danger, urging the claims of Christianity even in the very courts of the royal mosques. And all this wonderful security is, under God, owing entirely to the Hatti Humaoun.”—Dr. GOODELL, 1859—69.

“Whoever endeavours, by preaching or writing, to seduce members of the orthodox Church to join any other Christian community will be punished, the first time with and the third time with the loss of all his personal and social and civil rights and status, and transportation for life to Tobolsk or Tomsk.”—Russian Penal Law, art. 207.

“No native, who is a member of the Russian Greek Church, can change his or her religion.”—Return to F. O. Circular, 1851.

Many influences have combined to frustrate the progressive operation of the reforms promised in 1856. Prejudices and jealousies of ages, and the demoralising effect of long-standing corruptions, thwarted the execution of the best designs. Of all the custom-house officials that I have heard abused in Turkey, none was more deeply cursed than a *mudir* whom no one could accuse of unfairness or induce to take a bribe. And when, after the massacres in Lebanon, a reformed government was introduced into the mountain, a petty Maronite chieftain headed a revolt, and for many months embroiled the district of Kesrawan in trouble. It is quite possible, as was alleged at the time, that he was abetted by Turkish influence, with the view of showing that the reforms could not be worked, but unless he had been thoroughly backed by local sympathy, he could not have resisted for a day. Most of all, however, is to be deplored a clause inserted in the Treaty of Paris in relation to this same Hatti Humaoun. While recognising the high value of the communication of the Hatt made to them, the Contracting Powers made it "clearly understood, that it cannot, in any case, give to said Powers the right to interfere, either collectively or separately, in the relations of his Majesty the Sultan with his subjects, nor in the internal administration of his empire." The danger to which this clause pointed was manifest, but the practical result of its insertion has been that the Turkish government was not only allowed to carry out its reforms in its own way, but constituted the interpreter of those principles of civil and religious liberty which the Contracting Powers sought to guarantee. Non-interference has been interpreted to mean, not only that the Powers cannot come between the Sultan and his subjects, but that they cannot *insist* upon his fulfilling promises on the strength of which they entered into treaty with him. And so the old corruption has remained, and in many cases increased, and the expected reforms have been nullified by the superposition of the old spirit of Mohammedan intolerance. Of what avail is it that a Christian gives his evidence, while the verdict is pronounced by a Mohammedan judge who decides according to the principle that it is no evidence? Of what avail is it that the Mohammedan convert is not killed, if he must renounce his Moslem name, or be sent to a distant country, *for his own safety*? Of what avail is it to tell us that the profession of all religions is equally free, while restrictions are imposed upon

those who are led by conscience to change one profession for another? Instead of going forward since 1856, the Ottoman government has in some vital respects shown a tendency to go backward; and it must be admitted that more substantial concessions were obtained before the Hatt was passed than since the time it became a law of the empire recognised by the Contracting Powers.

The non-interference clause has given occasion to another abuse. Instead of making united cause at the Porte, the Powers contented themselves with individual and separate representations, too often, it is to be feared, in behalf of sections of the population or to gain national influence, with the result of making Turkish diplomatists thorough masters in their distinguishing policy of playing off one party against another, and leaving necessary reforms undone.

What is to be the issue of all these complications no one may venture to predict. War may be needed to clear the ground for the settlement of the question. But it will be hard to convince the ordinary Mohammedan that war is undertaken merely for some modification of territory or government in the neighbourhood of the Balkan; and the scenes that have been enacted in Bulgaria are but indications of what would inevitably occur on a larger scale if it was believed that the hour had come for a final trial of strength between Christianity and Islam. What has to be borne in mind, moreover, is this, that even should war be undertaken and ended, the great difficulty would remain to be faced; there would still be Mohammedan intolerance to be restrained, and subject races to be educated to self-government. It ought to be remembered that, just *because* this is a war between Christianity and Islam, Christianity should fight with its own weapons. No force will eradicate a spirit of intolerance, and those who, like Sir Charles Napier's marines at Acre, would go to war to fulfil the prophecies, may be asked whether it is not better to dry up the Euphrates than to bridge it over with spears. It is only a fanaticism that would demand that the Turkish race should be swept out of Europe; humanity and civilisation demand that Turkish intolerance should be swept from the face of the earth. There is as yet no Christian race in the Turkish empire fitted to rule so as to command the confidence of the other Christian races, far less to govern with fairness and firmness the Mohammedan population. Unless, therefore, the whole country is to be given over to

anarchy, we must fall back upon the old lines of internal reform and gradual civilisation, which the Porte has promised and the European Powers have sanctioned. It may be said, and said truly, that a Mohammedan power cannot grant these reforms consistently with its claims of supremacy. But it is not for the civilisation of the nineteenth century to insist that a Mohammedan power should be consistent; it should be demanded that such a government act in the spirit of the times, and the great point already gained is that the Porte has declared that this is a sound doctrine. The firman of 1856 is a formal abandonment of the intolerant spirit of Islam, the death-blow of the great evil of Turkey, and had these reforms been firmly carried out, even as far as was possible, the empire might, out of that death, by this time have been animated with a better life.

It is plain, however, that the Ottoman government cannot be trusted to work out these reforms. In this respect the forbearance of Europe has been outrageously abused, and may fairly declare that non-interference can be exercised no longer. Popular fanaticism, which the Porte held up as a bugbear whenever any reform should have been undertaken, has only been fomented by the maintaining of the old barriers of class; the Christians, as they advanced in intelligence, have only despised their rulers the more, and the Mohammedans in turn become more jealous of the Christians. Between the two, the government, instead of setting up a standard of justice which both could have respected, has resorted to miserable shifts of expediency and made matters worse. The time has come when a standard of fair-play should be set up, to which not only Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans, but the government also, should submit; and, let Turkish officials say what they will, it would command general respect. There are enlightened men in Turkey who know that this is needed, the great mass of common Moslems would hail with delight any institution that would deal fairly with their persons and their property; Ulema and Softa might pore over their old books and lament the degeneracy of the times; but were an honest attempt made to treat all classes alike, progress would be made, and in due time the best men and the best races would come to the front.

The guarantees for the fulfilment of reforms would naturally vary with the circumstances; but guarantees would be required for some time at every stage, for if reform is to be introduced into Turkey, some one besides the

Turkish government must see to its execution. Armies of occupation are not civilising agencies, but there must be a display of force sufficient to convince the Porte that the Powers are in earnest. Changes in the provincial governments, where required, might, as in the Lebanon, be guaranteed by making the Powers parties to the appointment of the high officials; and for the execution of local and general reforms, there might be some security in the presence of the existing or a larger staff of consular agents empowered to report on abuses. Instead of contenting itself as heretofore with issuing loud-sounding proclamations forbidding officials to take bribes "of the value of a peppercorn," and soldiers to exact without payment "even an egg," let the Porte request information of abuses and define the punishment to be inflicted, and many of these would soon disappear. An arrangement of this kind already exists in regard to slaves. A slave once came to me complaining that he wished to be set free from an oppressive master. It was a simple matter. He was taken to the British consulate to make his declaration; the matter was reported to the Turkish officials, and he was free.

The task before the statesmen of Europe is no easy one, but it need not be despaired of. Experience has proved that the policy of non-interference was adopted before Turkey was prepared for it; and practically the demanding of reasonable reforms has been found consistent with a non-interference between the Sultan and his subjects in the sense of a protectorate. The Mohammedan ruler of Egypt has found it quite possible to treat Moslems and Christians alike, and Turkey might do the same. The Turks once already adopted the religion of a race whom they subdued; might they not again be brought under the influence of principles essential to the religion of races subject to them? Wherever European influence has been predominant, and European officials vigilant, it has been found possible to check and forestall abuses; and the European governments generally are to be blamed for not having seen that they were preparing trouble for themselves by overlooking evils that were pressed upon their notice. A *civilian* army of occupation for years would be less expensive than a few months of military operations, and the bloodless victory they would gain would be a glory, not to individual nations merely, but to the world. International jealousy has hitherto hindered true progress

as much as internal corruption, but we may hail with satisfaction the solemn assurances given by all the Cabinets of Europe that they desire for the future only the execution of those principles of fairness which are the basis of all stable government, and which Turkey herself is emphatically declaring to be necessary. Russia, as well as Britain, "has a civilising mission in Asia." If these two, in the fulfilment of that mission, make it plain that the force at their command is to be exerted neither for the ruling class nor

the ruled, but against a spirit of intolerance which is the deadly enemy of both, and set themselves to prove their alleged friendship to the races of Turkey generally by helping her against herself, all is secured; the treasure spent and the blood shed in the Crimea will not have been in vain; the graves of the brave men who fell on both sides will be the dearly-bought sepulchres in a Promised Land, which may yet become the home of civil and religious liberty.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

REMINISCENCES OF A YORKSHIRE NATURALIST.

BY PROFESSOR W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.

FEW coasts present so many facilities for scientific study as that of which Scarborough is the centre. The magnificent series of bays and headlands stretching from the Humber to the Tees, exhibit endless changes of sand and gravel, mud and scar. Its sparkling rock-pools, amongst which Turner delighted to exercise his talents in the clear, pure style of his early days, abound in marine plants and animals. The bold cliffs by which so many of those bays are enclosed exhibit a series of strata, ranging from the Chalk of Flamborough Head, to the Red Sandstone through which the Tees cuts its way to the sea. These strata occur with a regularity of superposition that is rarely seen on any other coast of the same extent, whilst their richness in the fossil treasures of the Oolitic and Cretaceous periods has long caused the geology of the Yorkshire coast to attract the attention of geologists throughout the scientific world. But, in addition to its regularly stratified rocks, the coast displays an ample development of the *Drift* or boulder deposits—the relics of a glacial age—which have latterly received so much of the attention of geologists. They cap many of the loftier cliffs, and fill most of the lower hollows, whilst the storms of unnumbered winters, removing the muddy clay far seaward, have left vast tracts of the shore laden with bouldered stones and pebbles, the long lines of which are rich with the spoils of regions far away to the north and west. The same causes which have given the coast so picturesque an outline, have also affected its inland scenery. The dry and almost woodless valleys of the Chalk-wolds contrast with the rich line of Oolitic woodlands that sweep away to the west and

north from the eastern boundary of the vale of York, whilst on their north-eastern side the dark-brown moorlands stretching towards Whitby and Guisborough on the north, and to the Hambleton hills on the west, correspond with the outdrop of a series of Oolitic sandstones which constitute a remarkable feature of the geology of the country. It is scarcely necessary to say that such a district offers rich opportunities to the field naturalist, and these advantages have not been neglected. They attracted the attention of Lister towards the close of the seventeenth century, and still more so of Hinderwell, the celebrated historian of Scarborough, at the latter part of the eighteenth. The latter observer, who resided in the town, made what was then considered to be a rich collection of the fossils and minerals of the district, and the greater part of which is still incorporated with the collections of the Scarborough Philosophical Society.

After Hinderwell, two men arose, whose combined labours gave an immense impetus to the scientific study of the neighbourhood, and as their names are now the common property of science, the fact of both being near relatives of my own affords no reason why I should be reticent in referring to their labours. Readers of the lately published edition of Professor Phillips's "Geology of the Yorkshire Coast" will readily learn how much Yorkshire natural history owes to the prolonged researches of these two explorers.

During my early childhood my father's investigations were chiefly limited to the plants, fossils, and recent shells of the district. Mr. William Bean, who was his cousin, had enjoyed the advantage of a much better education than had fallen to my father's lot.

He extended his inquiries amongst the Corallines and Crustacea of the coast as well as amongst its shells and fossils; and previous to the time when the modern practice of deep-sea dredging brought to light such a vast number of species, not met with in the shallower waters to which conchologists had hitherto confined their attention, Bean's collection of British shells was one of the finest in the kingdom. Both these collectors shared in the passion for gathering Carnelians and the so-called "moss-agates" with which the Yorkshire shore-gravels abounded in those days. These were siliceous pebbles originally derived from the disintegrated trap-rocks, or ancient lavas of various parts of Scotland and other localities, and which were part of the Drift or boulder-clay deposits to which I have already referred. Washed out of that clay by the action of the tidal waves, they were found in the gravels of the shore where they had attracted little or no attention for ages; but they were neglected no longer, and loud were the pæans of these pebbles-hunters when any of them returned from a day's hunt with a stone in which the oxydes and other ores of iron to which the pebbles owe their beauty and value, presented richer hues or more definite imitations of growing moss than usual. Their triumphs culminated in the discovery of one stone of which the memories still linger in the district. It was a large, translucent Mocha, brilliant with rich tints of red and green which gave it some resemblance to the painted windows of the cathedral from which it derived its local name of the York-Minster agate. A fine slice of this stone is now in the Scarborough Museum.

It was whilst Bean and Williamson were pursuing their unaided labours, that the proposal to institute a "Philosophical Society" at Scarborough was carried into effect. Such societies had become by no means uncommon throughout the country. The close of the last century had witnessed that revival of the study of natural history which found its outward expression in the establishment of local institutions for its promotion. Sometimes, as at Bath, two or three men, like Smith, the father of English geology, and his friends Richardson and Townshend, were the moving springs. Manchester had established its Literary and Philosophical Society as early as 1781. Still later other institutions followed in quick succession, and at length Yorkshire felt the impulse. Leeds founded such a society in 1820. York and Hull followed in 1822, Whitby in 1823, and

now—in 1827—Scarborough, stimulated by this action of the surrounding towns, resolved that it, also, would have a "Philosophical Society."

But this was not achieved without difficulty. Mr. Bean contributed to the building fund, but otherwise held aloof from the movement; whilst Dr. Thompson, an able physician then living in the town, issued a stinging pamphlet in opposition to it, his objections being less directed against the establishment of a local society for working out the local natural history than against the pretentious title of "Philosophical," by which it was proposed to designate it. But, notwithstanding its difficulties, the society started on a career which long exercised a healthy influence upon the town, and led to a far more extensive knowledge of the natural resources of the surrounding district than had previously been obtained. To me the inaugural dinner which celebrated its birth was a remarkable one, since it was the first occasion on which I had the chance of listening to finished oratory. The late Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, was one of the speakers, and as the polished periods fell from his lips I wondered and envied the gifted orator.

Previous to this time my father's collections were lodged in a room of our house, dignified by the name of the "Museum." Most of the fossils which they contained were unnamed. The only guide which we then possessed in reference to them, was the quarto of Young and Bird, then far in the rear of the rapidly advancing science of geology. But all this was soon changed by the energy of a young man who had been recently appointed to the curatorship of the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. A nephew of William Smith, and the companion of his distinguished uncle, he had obtained an extensive acquaintance with the geology of Yorkshire; this led to his appointment to the curatorship. He here found a fine collection of Yorkshire fossils, which grew rapidly in his hands. Stimulated by this advantage, he determined to prepare a new work on the geology of the Yorkshire coast, the appearance of which in 1829 at once placed John Phillips in the foremost rank of that brilliant band of British geologists of whom he was almost the last survivor. His latest labours were given to the preparation of a new edition of his classic work, which was on the eve of publication when the sad accident, at Oxford, robbed the world of one of its most distinguished sons.

But though the appearance of the first edition of this work was an invaluable boon to the scientific world, it seemed anything but a boon to my boyish mind. A very large proportion of the fossils enumerated in it were either derived from the York Museum or from the private collections of Mr. Bean and my father. Up to this time a large number of these specimens were unnamed and undescribed, and the appearance of a volume giving all the needful information naturally stimulated my father to rearrange his collection under the guidance of the new light. But his only time for accomplishing this task was in the evenings when the regular labours of the day were over. Hence "the Museum" was our nightly resort. We were toiling to identify the fossils with the names assigned to them in Phillips's volume whilst my playmates were spinning their tops and bowling their hoops through the street. Longing to join my boyish companions, I looked upon Phillips's new book as the sole obstacle to my doing so, and I need scarcely say how often I wished that both the book and its author were fathoms deep under the sea. The publication was *the* tribulation of my boyish days. Looking backwards through several decades, I now see how it was one of my greatest blessings. Almost as soon as I was in my teens the important fossils of that remarkable coast became as familiar to me as household words, and long before the rearrangement of the collection was finished, the knowledge acquired in the process had begotten a life-long love.

At about the period of which I am speaking William Smith began what proved to be a prolonged residence in my father's house, though in the first instance he had merely come to deliver a course of geological lectures at Scarborough. In his life of his distinguished uncle, Professor Phillips, referring to this period, says,—

"Always charmed with the bold and varied line of rocky coast, and interested by the geological peculiarities of the north-eastern part of Yorkshire, he gladly seized this occasion of renewing his residence at Scarborough, and his intercourse with several friends. At this time the well-known naturalist, Mr. William Bean, who had long possessed a magnificent collection of the Testacea and other recent productions of the Scarborough coast, had begun to gather that large and exquisite series of organic remains which now enriches his beautiful museum.* Mr. John Williamson was in full activity, and had already laid the foundation of the collection afterwards transferred to the museum of the Scarborough Philosophical Society. The rich hoard of Spelton fossils was almost untouched, almost unexamined since the days

of Lister; the plants of Greathorpe were unknown, but a spirit of geological research began to spread amongst the residents and visitors of Scarborough that promised the happiest results."

My reminiscences of the remarkable aspect of the great founder of modern geology are very distinct. His general appearance is well represented in Gilbert's engraving of "The Distinguished Men of Science living in 1807-8." He was rather above the middle height, and of a portly contour. He was almost always attired in drab, knee-breeches, and grey stockings, with a capacious waistcoat, and the round cut-away coat with erect collar, so often worn by the Quakers of that period. No intelligent person would have passed him by without notice. Though his countenance was somewhat heavy, its meditative aspect made it one of the most striking I ever remember to have seen. And in this respect it was an exact reflection of his mind. He was the Coleridge of science. What was done or being done by others attracted little of his attention. Of the continental literature of geology he was almost absolutely ignorant, and even the labours of his fellow-countrymen were almost entirely disregarded. He knew that he had inaugurated a new era in geological science through his own unaided labours, and his mind was continually revolving what he had seen and done—not with a feeling of self-complacency; nothing was more alien to him than such a spirit; but he was ever meditating upon the facts which he had already discovered, and endeavouring to bring them into proper relationship with those which he continued to discover. His conversations were usually monologues, in which he thought aloud. When I knew him his favourite themes were the affinities which he observed between the Yorkshire strata and those of Oxfordshire, amongst which he was born, as well as those of the districts of Bath and the Cotswold Hills, where he had long laboured in his earlier years. About the broad generalisations of modern geology he knew little and cared less. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the mass of detail with which his mind was stored, and the importance which he legitimately attached to the one grand generalisation at which his knowledge of those details had enabled him to arrive, viz., the identification of the various stratified rocks by means of their fossil organic contents—a discovery with which his name will be inseparably associated so long as science possesses a history. Notwithstanding some modifica-

* Since transferred to the British Museum.

tions of Smith's generalisation, which later discoveries have indicated to be necessary, it has untravelled some of the most important mysteries of geological science, and become the foundation-stone on which all its modern superstructure reposes.

At this distant date there remains no reason why I should be silent respecting the domestic surroundings of this remarkable man. I have already reminded my readers that the late Professor Phillips was his nephew. In his latter years that nephew exhibited much of the physiognomy of his uncle; but Miss Phillips, the only sister of the professor, became yet more like Smith. Those who remember her at Oxford towards the close of her life will have no difficulty in realising the features of the distinguished geologist. Her face became the very image of his—a fact to which her brother strongly directed my attention in the latest conversation which I had with him previous to the melancholy occurrence which so suddenly closed his noble career.

When Smith came to Scarborough he was accompanied by his wife, an eccentric little round-faced woman, who was about as unsuited for being the partner of a meditative philosopher as she could well be. Who she was or where he had found her, we never could learn. She seemed to have neither relative nor friend, and during the many years in which she survived her husband the only persons who exhibited the slightest care for her were the professor and his sister. Of a small and somewhat stunted figure, oddly attired, with her cheeks rouged up to the highest point of which they were capable, and with short, dark-coloured, girlish curls gathered closely round her brow, she was daily to be seen walking a few yards in the rear of her husband, who plodded steadily on his way, apparently too much immersed in his geological meditations to give a thought to her who followed behind. Yet, though I never remember to have seen them walking side by side, they were rarely far apart.

In those days it was my frequent mission to fetch for the old lady sixpennyworth of something which she always designated "you know what!" At these times I invariably received sixpence and a penny—the former being destined to provide a supply of rouge for her cheeks, the latter being my boyish reward. She was occasionally subject to violent outbursts of temper, which, for the time, disturbed the even tenor of her husband's way. He never wrangled with her on such occasions, but would quietly walk

out of the room, locking the door as he did so, and leave the house for a solitary stroll. On more than one occasion, when he thus sought to escape from his momentary Xantippe, I have known her dash some object through the window of her temporary prison as he passed outside of it, with a view of bringing the truant back again. Yet, notwithstanding these occasional outbursts and their intellectual uncongeniality, their domestic life was, on the whole, a happy one.

Professor Phillips says of his uncle, "Whatever he saw he remembered for ever." Of this fact we had many illustrations. In his "Life of Sir Roderick Murchison" Professor Geikie mentions a visit paid by that geologist to the Yorkshire coast in 1826, when on his way to Brora, in the extreme north of Scotland. Murchison had found in that remote quarter some unexpected outliers of Oolitic strata of the same age as those which constituted many of the cliffs between Filey and Whitby, and he visited the latter district for the purpose of familiarising his mind with their characteristic phenomena, as a preparation for that special study of the Scotch deposits, which resulted in the well-known memoir on the Brora coal-field. I well remember the visit. Murchison, then in his early prime, travelled with his admirable young wife in their private carriage; but he was anxious to study the coast-line from the sea. The travellers arrived at what was then the Bull Inn late on a Saturday night. My father was roused from his slumbers for the purpose of arranging a trip early on Monday morning; when, accordingly, Smith and my father accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Murchison in a small steamer, which proceeded northwards close to the coast. They parted from the Murchisons some distance beyond Whitby, and were walking back by the high-road to the latter town when Smith suddenly stopped my father and said, "I have only been here once, and that many years ago; but if my memory serves me aright, we shall see near here a little hollow running to the eastward." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, turning a corner of the road, the travellers came upon the insignificant little dell in question, the recollection of which had been thus permanently photographed on the mind of the veteran geologist.

Smith was an inveterate snuff-taker. In those days the interchange of snuff-boxes was one of the most ordinary acts of social civility, and the large silver-mounted mull was to be found in many households. But Smith dis-

dained the restraint of snuff-boxes. He carried his snuff loose in one of the pockets of his capacious waistcoat, whence he readily extracted frequent pinches of his favourite stimulant. The result was that his garments constantly exhibited vertical lines of snuff streaming down from the pocket in which the supply was stored.

I have now before me a letter which exhibits, in some degree, the constant tendency of Smith's mind to wander back to his own early labours. The document is a testimonial which he had given to a young man who was seeking a scientific appointment. Its first few words are devoted to its special object of recommending the young candidate; but this is soon abandoned, when he launches off into his wonted line of thought:—

"I have been long enough in the field to see what retards the progress of science. Those difficulties which mistified (*sic*) the dawn of my discoveries and hung over me as a cloud, now so happily surmounted by my nephew, I foresaw as the work of a new generation, and therefore I trained him at an early age to the task of arrangement and illustration, and obviously by his early acquirement of the language of science, he must have been gratified to find as soon as he had learnt his Latin there was a use for it, and that with him it would never be a dead language. Just so, I conceive, it may be with the young man you have engaged."

We have here that union of contemplation of the past with sound practical sense applicable to the present, which was so characteristic a feature of the father of English geology.

None of the other men who actively promoted the establishment of the Scarborough Philosophical Society did much to advance science by their personal investigations. There was Mr. John Dunn, the first secretary of the society, a surgeon full of active energy and scientific enthusiasm, but who had not enjoyed the preliminary training essential to a scientific explorer. Another valuable member was the amiable and benevolent Dr. Murray, who commenced his scientific career chiefly as a mineralogist, but who, after he took up his residence in Scarborough, directed his attention to its fossils, of which he made a small but very select collection, and which still remains in the town. Then there was Isaac Stickney, a draper by trade, belonging to the Society of

Friends, a fine example of nature's gentlemen, refined in speech and life, as so frequently are the members of the religious body to which he belonged. He was not a practical man of science, but intensely alive to its importance, and devoted much of his leisure to promote its progress; in this he was aided by other men whose social position and aims were very similar to his own.

As indicated by the previous extract from Professor Phillips's work, my father's collections were transferred to the new society, and he was appointed the first curator of its museum. These collections, and the small one bequeathed to the town by Hinderwell, the historian, constituted the only specimens which the young institution at first possessed; but the necessities of the society gave a new and powerful stimulus to local investigation. Our lives were now spent in an almost unbroken succession of field explorations. At one time, gun in hand, we worked at the ornithology of the district. The sunny days of summer and autumn saw us ranging, net in hand, among the woods of Raincliff and Hackness or over the moorlands of Seamer and Whitby in search of their insect treasures. Then, again, the whole line of coast from Burlington Bay to Skinninggrave was worked over time after time, digging out the fossils for which it is so famous. Now extracting Sponges from the Chalk of Flamborough Head; now plunging ankle-deep in the blue mud of the Speeton clay; lying on our backs by the hour detaching specimens from beneath the Oolitic ledges of Filey Brig, or gathering rich stores of ammonites from the alum-shales of Whitby and the Peak. Our days followed each other in rapid succession, and found us in the enjoyment of a bright and happy life, such as can only be known by those who have a healthy work to do, and who set themselves vigorously to do it. Our midday meal, most frequently consisting of a little bread and a few hard-boiled eggs, eaten by the side of some gurgling spring, was eaten with a relish never felt by those who dine (?) in gilded halls when the clock indicates the approach of bedtime. In a word, it was a life rich in everything tending to give health to the body and vigour to the mind—a life which belongs emphatically to the field naturalist, and to but few besides.



THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

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PART I.

IN the days when Admiralty charts were unknown, when the southern seas were unmapped, when the adventurous Spaniard and the bold buccaneer knew nothing of a wide berth in mid-ocean, where the middle watch may slumber through their time a thousand miles from land—in the days when the charts of the Spaniard were studded with cautious “Look out here,” when some keen-eyed steersman had spied what might be a rock, or more possibly the back of some great Biscayan whale (long since, alas! by the greed of whalers, utterly exterminated from the ocean)—the adventurous navigators between Africa and the Indies had sometimes picked up in mid-ocean a strangely-shaped double cocoa-nut of huge size, a sort of vegetable Siamese twin. None knew whence it came, and it was imagined to be a product of the sea, and so named “Coco de mer.” On the principle of “*Omne ignotum pro magifico*” it was believed to possess mysterious medicinal virtues, and fetched enormous prices in India. At length, in 1742, the mystery was solved. A French ship of war from Mauritius visited a group of islands which had been discovered by the Portuguese two hundred and fifty years before, but had never been colonised; and there was discovered the palm which produced the coco de mer, growing in profusion on some of the uninhabited islands, named thenceforward the Seychelles, though now confined to one of the smaller isles of the group, Ile de Praslin, and to another insignificant rock. So soon as the prosaic and terrestrial source of the coco was known, its value fell, and it became a worthless curiosity.

But how happened it, that while most of the species of palm have a vast distribution, ranging like the date-palm, over continents, or encircling the greater part of the tropical old world, like the cocoa-nut; a species so unique and different from all others should be found on two little islets of this isolated group, and there of the world alone? The reply to this simple question embraces theories and speculations which carry us back to remote geological epochs, and involve the origin and disappearance of continents, and

the formation of all the islands of the Indian Ocean.

The group, of which the Seychelles forms an outlying part, consists of Mauritius, the most important of them all, seventy miles to the south-west of which is Réunion, or Bourbon, while some hundreds of miles eastward rises Rodriguez, and the Seychelles lie far to the north of the others. Almost in the same parallel of latitude, eight hundred miles further east, is the Chagos group, politically a dependency of Mauritius, and most probably having also a physical connection, what little is known of their plants indicating an affinity rather with Mauritian than with Indian forms. Unfortunately, no naturalist has yet reported on the Chagos. We know only that its inhabitants, French creoles and negroes from Mauritius, have very generally supplanted the indigenous trees by the cultivated palm, and that the “Bois mapan,” or great rose-tree, which grows to the height of two hundred feet, appears to be allied to some of the peculiar families of the Mauritian forests. Vast coral reefs encircle the archipelago, the basis of which has been reasonably assumed, though not yet proved, to be of volcanic origin.

The geological character of the other islands is well known. They are wholly composed of trap, basalt, and other volcanic rocks, with the exception of Seychelles, the constituent of which is granite. Beyond the very recent formation of alluvial vegetable deposit and sand on the coral reefs which encircle all these islands except Réunion, there is no trace anywhere of sedimentary rocks or deposits of any kind. Such a geological formation might lead us to expect that the plants and animals would be those which had sprung from some stray seeds floated from the nearest continent, and from the storm-driven stragglers, who, borne by the gales, had at length reached a haven of refuge. Such are the indigenous inhabitants of the Bermudas, which, eight hundred miles from the land, possess not a single peculiar bird or plant. All have either been carried from the opposite coast of Virginia, or floated up from the south on the gulf-stream, which passes these islands.

But in the case of the Mascarene Islands, as this Mauritian group has been called, we are arrested by the phenomenon that, geologically modern as might be islands of volcanic origin, there is here neither plant, bird, land-shell, or insect, common to the nearest continent of Africa, nor to the more distant Indian regions on the other side. Every aboriginal is an original peculiar and unmistakable; and in the case of birds, the greater portion of the denizens being incapable of flight, could never have crossed from other lands.

Mammalian quadrupeds were entirely absent, a circumstance which might have been expected, and would have gone to prove that the islands were modern, and had been accidentally peopled from the continents, had the bird and plant forms been similar to the continental ones; but which, in this case of a peculiar fauna and flora, makes for a very different conclusion, and seems to hint that we are in the face of forms of life far older than those of the continents, and carrying us back to an epoch anterior to the existence not only of man, but of his immediate predecessors in the occupation of the earth, "cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind;" in short, to that period when, according to the sketch given to us in Genesis i., the pause at the end of the fifth day occurred, "winged fowl after his kind" had been created, and were the highest types of animal life yet produced.

When we examine in detail the characteristics of the larger birds of these islands, we shall find that they were such as could not, for any lengthened period, have co-existed with any of the carnivorous or omnivorous mammalia, large or small. Not only incapable of flight, but without much speed, often unwieldy and unprovided with any weapons, either of offence or defence, their fate must have been at the very outset what it very soon was when man and his satellites began to trespass on their preserves. Here, then, natural history comes to the aid of geology, and, in the case of these volcanic islets, helps us to form some idea of their antiquity and origin, where no fossil or palæontological remnant can be found to yield a conjectural date. If creation has been progressive, as Scripture and science combine to teach us, these strange birds must have been formed or developed and specialised into existent types, either antecedently to or without the presence of any mammalian forms except bats. Further,

as we shall find on a detailed survey, there was a strong affinity and resemblance between the bird types of each island. Utterly distinct from all others in the world, there was a coaisnship between the dodo, the solitaire, the géant, the great water-hen of each island, which seems to indicate pretty clearly a common origin for the whole—some generalised parent form which, by lapse of ages and differing conditions, had become stereotyped into the species of each island.

Let us, in order to support these conclusions, examine in detail what we know of the birds of each of the group.

The Seychelles, as the most northern portion of the group, may be taken first. Of the natural history of these islands when first discovered, and ere man had introduced the very questionable satellites of civilisation, we know nothing, for the gigantic "coco de mer" does not seem to have attracted settlers, and the archipelago lies too far out of the ordinary route of Indian traders to be often touched at for supplies. Of the several hundred rocks and islets which compose the group, only about a dozen are inhabited, and the small population of under eight thousand is chiefly concentrated in the principal island, that of Mahé, seventeen miles long by five wide, and with a bold mountain backbone three thousand feet high. It is not here that the "coco-de-mer" is found, though probably it once existed, but has been cut down and supplanted by the palms of cultivation. It is now confined to the small islet of Praslin and another rock, "Curieuse," and from the report of Professor Percival Wright, of Dublin, who visited the islands as a botanist, it seems probable that, unless active measures of protection be speedily taken, the "coco-de-mer" will soon be as extinct as the beautiful ebony-tree of St. Helena. But as we are not proposing to enter at further length into the botanical peculiarities of the Mascarene Islands, we need only add that the indigenous flora generally, wherever it has not been exterminated by introduced plants, is peculiar, but evincing strong relationship with the botany of the more southern islands of Mauritius, &c.

The geological formation is peculiar, for while all the other Mascarene Islands are trap, basalt, or of later volcanic formation, the Seychelles alone are granite, abundantly supplied with water from the perennial rivulets that trickle down the central ridge. A broad fringe of growing coral encircles the whole. This lonely granite ridge, standing in the centre of the Indian Ocean, is almost

unique, and is, with the single exception of the still more isolated peaks of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, the only instance of a granite mountain rising apparently out of a great oceanic area of depression. Whether we incline to the theory of an old continent occupying the present area of the Indian Ocean, or support the view that the great ocean basins have always, since the earth assumed its present consistency, been more or less the same, facing the great granite backbones which form central continental ridges; Seychelles must claim a vast geological antiquity, quite equal to, more probably superior to, that of any of the other Mascarene Islands.

Of gigantic birds formerly existing here, we know nothing; but no search has been made for caves or other deposits which might yield ornithic remains, and it is quite possible that many of the indigenous birds may have been exterminated after its first discovery and before its settlement by the French, which only took place in A.D. 1742. As a dependency of Mauritius it fell to the share of England at the conclusion of the great French war, and its human population has been recently largely increased by the landing of several cargoes of rescued African slaves, taken by our cruisers from Arab dhows. This increase is not likely to increase the number of the native bird population, which already are succumbing year by year to the introduction of other species from India or Africa, and seem incapable of maintaining themselves in the face of their continental brothers. Still there remain, or rather linger on in scanty numbers, twelve native species of land birds known to us, and of these all are peculiar to the Seychelles alone, but all have a relationship, more or less close, to species existing in the other islands. The same may be said of the land shells, which are all, so far as we know, as peculiar as the birds and plants, very numerous in species, but unmistakably resembling the Mauritian and, though in a much more distant degree, the Madagascar forms. At first sight it is difficult to realise the fact that when man first touched this little rock of a few miles in extent, every living and growing thing on them was distinct from every other in the whole world.

What, then, are the affinities of these birds? The twelve species, we may classify under eleven genera, or nine different sub-families, or larger classes of bird life. Two of these are Indian, but not African forms (*Copsychus* and *Hypsipetes*), while one (*Foudia*) is African,

but not Indian. Some of the others, as the white-eyes (*Zosterops*), of which there are two species in Seychelles, are spread over the whole of the tropical old world. The white-eyes of various species extend from South Africa to India, South Japan, the Indian Islands, and New Zealand. The Paradise Flycatcher (*Tchitrea*) is represented by various species both in India and Africa, and by a special one here. The little sun-bird (*Nectarinia*), though the most obscurely plumaged of these generally brilliant little bird gems, has relations both in Africa and the east. So too have the parrots, while the kestrels and the turtle-doves are of world-wide distribution.

One thing may generally be remarked of the Seychelles birds, viz., that their powers of flight are feeble than those of the continental species which they represent. A similar well-known peculiarity, amounting almost to inability of flight, occurs in the water-hen peculiar to the island of Tristan d'Acunha. The shortness of wing is no doubt an absolute advantage to these isolated birds, for greater powers might have involved greater dangers. Mr. Wollaston has shown, in his charming and ingenious work on the coleopterous insects or beetles of Madeira, that in these little creatures a similar incapacity for flight has probably been the chief means of their preservation—that by a natural process all those individuals who had powers of vigorous flight were gradually thinned out by being induced to try their powers too far, or by being carried out by gales when they had left the land, while the heavier and less lively stay-at-homes escaped these dangers. So we find in Seychelles a peculiar turtle-dove (*Turtur rostratus*), while one or two species suffice for the requirements of the whole old world continent from Ireland to Japan; and our familiar turtle-dove of the south of England, and the graceful Egyptian dove in a warmer latitude, range over the greater part of three continents. Yet Seychelles must have its own dove, and it is not a bird that could ever have got away from its home. Heavy in body, short in wings, its constitution forbids distant travelling; while the size of its bill, from which it gains its specific Latin name, suggests that some peculiar fruits or plants have rendered a bill stronger than ordinary to be of advantage to the turtle-dove of the Seychelles.

Another of its most interesting birds is the Seychelles kestrel-hawk, with the exception of the little Indian "Hierax," the smallest hawk in the world. Here, again, we find one kestrel

ranging from Ireland to Japan, from the North Cape to Cape Comorin; our well-known "wind-hover," not to the exclusion of, but side by side with, various other species; but one graceful dwarf is the sole raptorial bird of Seychelles, being rather smaller than a thrush, and quite incapable of striking terror even into the timid heart of an English gamekeeper trembling for his pheasants. Beetles, no doubt, are its prey, just as mice and caterpillars are the ordinary food of the much-persecuted English kestrel. Further, we may note, that not only Seychelles, but Mauritius and Madagascar, have still their own peculiar kestrel, and we have reason to believe that the same privilege was once claimed by Rodriguez and Réunion. But the most peculiar and interesting of all the existing Seychelles birds is a pigeon, now we fear on the verge of extinction (*Erythræna pulcherrima*), which tells more plainly than anything else the very close affinities of this island with the other Mascarenes and with Madagascar. It is a pigeon of most peculiar type, such as is found nowhere else in the world, with the body, wings, and tail of a rich metallic blue-purple, the neck a peculiar ash-grey, and the crest red. In Comoro we find another of precisely similar arrangement of colour, but without the red head. In Madagascar we have another, also without the red head, but with a red tail. There was once another in Mauritius, but for nearly a century the only remains of it have been the specimens in the British Museum and in Paris, which had, with the body and neck of the others, the red crest of Seychelles, and the red tail of Madagascar. There were also, we know, others like pigeons in Réunion and Rodriguez; but these have gone and left no trace beyond their mention by the earlier voyagers.

There are still the parrots lingering in very small numbers in these islands, and they, too, quaint and peculiar, have, or rather had, their representatives in the other islands, but specifically distinct. If such be the gleanings of Seychelles, what might have been its harvest of knowledge had some careful observer noted and preserved its birds when the first buccanier watered and revictualled by its mountain streams?

Other islands have also their tale of birds to tell, written more or less legibly on the ever-wasting sands of time. To the south of Mauritius ninety miles, there towers out of mid-ocean a black mass with a lofty crest, the island of Réunion. Unlike its sister island, it has rarely changed its allegiance,

but often its name. Discovered in A.D. 1545 by the adventurous Portuguese, it was first known as Mascaregnas, and subsequently as England's Forest, Bourbon, Napoleon, and now, perhaps not finally, as Réunion. It is wholly volcanic in its structure, one mass of black basalt and trap, with an active volcano on one side, some seven thousand feet high, still pouring forth streams of lava, and an extinct one, Piton des neiges, ten thousand three hundred feet high. Round this central cone is a broad belt of dreary desolation, treeless and verdureless. The decomposed volcanic surface affords a rich fringe of cultivated soil round the whole coast, once dense forest, but now carefully tilled for sugar and other tropical produce. Unlike any of its sister islands, Réunion has no coral belt encircling it, and possesses not a single secure harbour, its best being but an open roadstead. This absence of coral may probably be accounted for by the abruptness with which the rock rises from its ocean bed, which has never afforded any base sufficiently near the surface as a foundation for the labours of the coral polyps. These little builders can never work except at a certain depth below the surface, and consequently, as has been frequently ascertained in the South Pacific, where the land gradually rises or sinks, they extend their operations outwards or inwards, according to circumstances, forming in this manner central islands, rings, atolls, or reefs, as the case may be.

Caves and peat mosses have afforded in the other islands rich harvests of bone remains to the explorer, but in Réunion no one has yet found either a bog or a vestige of a cave. The cultivated soil is level, and extends to the edge of the desert centre, which has been so overflowed with continuous lava streams, and so shattered and pounded by incessant earthquakes, that all its constituents have been shaken and packed together into a loose but close mass of shivered rock.

Thus uninviting to the navigator, Mascaregnas remained unclaimed by any European power, until in A.D. 1642 the French took possession of it and settled it under the name of Bourbon. We know enough of it from the accounts of the ancient voyagers, to learn that it, too, had its giant bird inhabitants, uncouth, helpless, harmless, and wingless as the others, and all of them, so far as we can ascertain, distinct specifically from their neighbours. But of all its primæval bird-lords, not a bone remains to us, and only a few casual hints as to their habits and appearance. The early French settlers seem to

have begun by trying to eat everything, in which experiment they have been thoroughly successful. They have been careful to record the flavour, the fatness or leanness, and the mode of cooking each bird, and having thus satisfied themselves as to its gastronomy, less considerate of the curiosity of posterity than the founders of the kitchen-middens of Denmark, they consigned the bones, not to their refuse heap, but to their dogs.

The most conspicuous of these old inhabitants was a white didine bird, known as the white dodo of Bourbon. It still existed in A.D. 1674, when Du Bois described it, but very meagrely. It must have been then on the verge of extinction. A picture of it remains of uncertain date, by Pierre Witthoos, who died in A.D. 1693, and there is an earlier figure of it by Bontekoe, of about the date A.D. 1646. The earliest record is by Tatton who visited the island in 1613, and speaks of "a great fowl of the bigness of a Turkie, and so short-winged that they cannot flie, beeing white." Bontekoe calls it "Dodeersen," and Carré a French voyager, speaks of the beauty of its plumage, white and lemon. The picture of Witthoos has been admirably reproduced in the Transactions of the Zoological Society (vi. pl. 62.) There can be no doubt of its identity with the dodo of Bourbon, from circumstantial evidence. The bird is one of a group, some of which have evidently been selected from their rarity or their beauty. Among them is a goosander, and an admirably exact drawing of the rare and beautiful red-breasted goose of Siberia. Now these birds are all most accurately coloured, and drawn to scale, so that they afford us good ground for relying on the accuracy of the painter, both as to form, size, and colour of their unknown companion. We are told elsewhere that this bird was bigger than a goose, was white, with a very large bill, had short legs, and merely a tuft of loose feathers in its rump for a tail, while its apology for wings consisted of a pad of soft feathers, of a saffron hue, bending backwards instead of forwards, as in the dodo of Mauritius. In all these respects the painting and the description are in exact harmony.

In 1696, we find an incidental mention of a gigantic "Oiseau bleu," which seems to have been a giant water-hen, allied probably to the *Notornis mantelli* of New Zealand, of which latter but two specimens are known, both in the British Museum. The other has been conjecturally named *Notornis cerulescens*. Another quaint form of bird-life has left but its shadow on the pages of Sir T. Herbert,

who tells us of what he calls the "hen," with a long straight bill, very short wings, which it could not use in flight, and no tail. Though the Dutch naturalist Schlegel has given it the name of Herbert's dodo, there can be little doubt but that it was a wingless rail, or water-hen, which had its cousins in the giant extinct water-hens of Mauritius and Rodriguez, and more distant connections in the flightless weka-rails of New Zealand.

As completely gone are the indigenous parrots of Réunion, one very large and with a massive bill, the other more graceful and slender, which lingered till the end of the last century. Only one indigenous peculiar bird remains, a kind of shrike (*Oxynotus newtoni*), which is represented by a closely allied species in Mauritius.

One of the most singular forms of Réunion bird-life certainly did exist till about forty years ago, though not a specimen of its skin is to be found in any museum of Britain (*Fregilupus varius*), figured and described by many of the older naturalists. Fortunately there is a skeleton in the possession of Professor Newton of Cambridge. It puzzled the old writers, who were at a loss to say whether it were hoopoe, crow, or starling. Its skeleton, however, proves its relationship to the starling, though its fine crest and long bill were suggestive of the hoopoe. But it is to be noted that no representative of this bird has been detected on the other islands; yet, as we find that without exception every other peculiar species had its cousin on each island, we may fairly infer that among our lost treasures are a family of species of this crested crow-like starling.

There are, of course, many other birds in Réunion, but all introduced by man, excepting one or two warblers, identical, or very nearly so, with the birds of Mauritius. Still, it is not impossible that research in the few remaining forest tracts of the island may bring to light some few lingering remains of the old denizens of the woods when the dodo was the lord of the little domain.

There are many questions connected with the rapid and continued extermination of these island birds which may be better considered after the recapitulation of the bird-history of Mauritius and Rodriguez; but we may here remark in passing, that it is hardly necessary to go beyond the simple fact of swine having been turned loose by the earliest visitors to account for any amount of destruction of animal life. Dr. Hooker has shown how in the island of St. Helena, which once, too, had its peculiar flora, the turning out of

goats on the hillsides has caused the extermination of the black ebony-tree, of which our only relics are a few dead stumps and the dried specimens in the Kew Gardens Museum. Elsewhere the goat has acted more indirectly in conjunction with other agencies. Thus Mr. Solvin has suggested that the rapid diminution of the peculiar birds of the Gallapagos

is being caused by the extermination of the native plants through the rivalry of those introduced from South America. This native flora maintained special insects, which perish along with the plants on which they feed. The birds are thus in turn deprived of their sustenance, and may probably share the fate of the fauna of the Mascarene Islands.

“THE WHEELS OF GOD.”

THE wheels of God, they say, move on,
 They stay not at our feeble cry;
 All is decreed, and must be done,
 Till Judgment rends the sky;
 Hearts must be broken, tears must flow,
 And none may change his fatal woe.

The great wheels move, and shall a worm
 Arrest them, grinding sure and slow?
 The sun moves on through calm and storm,
 The tides of ocean flow;
 Shall they go back for one poor wight,
 Or shall he change his ordered flight?

Were he, for one brief day, a slave,
 To halt or haste at our command,
 What anarchy in wind and wave,
 What trouble in the land!
 Old Chaos would his rule resume,
 And all be misery and gloom!

Yet, though a man, unwise and weak,
 May not thus mar God's great design,
 If I in faith to Jesus speak,
 All that I ask is mine;
 E'en as the wayside beggar prayed,
 And the world's Lord at once obeyed.

The Sun may never stay for me,
 Nor haste to set in my defence;
 I may not rule the raging sea,
 Nor pluck one darling thence;
 Nor may I, though a man of prayer,
 Have health and riches for my share;

Still, every plea my Saviour hears,
 And every pang my Saviour feels,
 He has not changed, these thousand years,
 Who orders all the wheels;
 Yea, though I know it cannot be,
 They seem to move alone for me.

They move, and many a boon unsought,
 Unvalued, in my bosom lies,
 Rare jewels, passing human thought,
 And oft in dark disguise;
 By wisdom sent, to crush my pride
 And set me by the Saviour's side.

They move, and all I need is mine,
 The little all enough for me,
 Around me grace and glory shine,
 My heart is glad and free;
 I fear not sorrow, death, nor hell,
 Christ moves the wheels, and all is well!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.







"WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES."

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WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.—THE BRUNNENTHAL PEACOCK.

IF ever there was a Tory upon earth, the Frau Frohmann was a Tory; for I hold that landed possessions, gentle blood, a grey-haired butler behind one's chair, and adherence to the Church of England, are not necessarily the distinguishing marks of Toryism. The Frau Frohmann was a woman who loved power, but who loved to use it for the benefit of those around her,—or at any rate to think that she so used it. She believed in the principles of despotism and paternal government,—but always on the understanding that she was to be the despot. In her heart of hearts she disliked education, thinking that it unfitted the minds of her humbler brethren for the duties of their lives. She hated, indeed, all changes,—changes in costume, changes in hours, changes in cookery, and changes in furniture; but of all changes she perhaps hated changes in prices the most. Gradually there had come over her a melancholy conviction that the world cannot go on altogether unaltered. There was, she felt, a fate in things,—a necessity which, in some dark way within her own mind, she connected with the fall of Adam and the general imperfection of humanity,—which demanded changes, but they were always changes for the worst; and therefore, though to those around her she was mostly silent on this matter, she was afflicted by a general idea that the world was going on towards ruin. That all things throve with her herself was not sufficient for her comfort—for, being a good woman with a large heart, she was anxious for the welfare not only of herself and of her children, but for that of all who might come after her, at any rate in her own locality. Thus, when she found that there was a tendency to dine at one instead of twelve, to wear the same clothes on week days as on Sundays, to desire easy chairs, and linen that should be bleached absolutely white, thoughts as to the failing condition of the world would get the better of her and make her melancholy.

These traits are perhaps the evidences of the weakness of Toryism;—but then Frau Frohmann also had all its strength. She was thoroughly pervaded by a determination that, in as far as in her lay, all that had

ought to do with herself should be “well-to-do” in the world. It was a grand ambition in her mind that every creature connected with her establishment, from the oldest and most time-honoured guest down to the last stray cat that had taken refuge under her roof, should always have enough to eat. Hunger, unsatisfied hunger, disagreeable hunger, on the part of any dependent of hers, would have been a reproach to her. Her own eating troubled her little or not at all, but the cooking of the establishment generally was a great care to her mind. In bargaining she was perhaps hard, but hard only in getting what she believed to be her own right. Aristides was not more just. Of bonds, written bonds, her neighbours knew not much; but her word for twenty miles round was as good as any bond. And though she was perhaps a little apt to domineer in her bargains,—to expect that she should fix the prices and to resent opposition,—it was only to the strong that she was tyrannical. The poor sick widow and the little orphan could generally deal with her at their own rates; on which occasions she would endeavour to hide her dealings from her own people, and would give injunctions to the favoured ones that the details of the transaction should not be made public. And then, though the Frau was, I regret to say, no better than a Papist, she was a thoroughly religious woman, believing in real truth what she professed to believe, and complying, as far as she knew how, with the ordinances of her creed.

Therefore I say that if ever there was a Tory, the Frau Frohmann was one.

And now it will be well that the reader should see the residence of the Frau, and learn something of her condition in life. In one of the districts of the Tyrol, lying some miles south of Innsbruck, between that town and Brixen, there is a valley called the Brunnenthal, a most charming spot, in which all the delights of scenery may be found without the necessity of climbing up heart-rending mountains, or sitting in oily steam-boats, or paying for greedy guides, or riding upon ill-conditioned ponies. In this valley Frau Frohmann kept an hotel called the Peacock, which, however, though it was known as an inn, and was called by that name, could hardly be regarded as a house

of common public entertainment. Its purpose was to afford recreation and comfort to a certain class of customers during the summer months,—persons well enough to do in the world to escape from their town work and their town residences for a short holiday, and desirous during that time of enjoying picturesque scenery, good living, moderate comfort, and some amount of society. Such institutions have now become so common that there is hardly any one who has not visited or at any rate seen such a place. They are to be found in every country in Europe, and are very common in America. Our own Scotland is full of them. But when the Peacock was first opened in the Brunnenthal they were not so general.

Of the husband of the Frau there are not many records in the neighbourhood. The widow has been a widow for the last twenty years at least, and her children,—for she has a son and daughter,—have no vivid memories of their father. The house and everything in it, and the adjacent farm, and the right of cutting timber in the forests, and the neighbouring quarry, are all the undoubted property of the Frau, who has a reputation for great wealth. Though her son is perhaps nearly thirty, and is very diligent in the affairs of the establishment, he has no real authority. He is only, as it were, the out-of-doors right hand of his mother, as his sister, who is perhaps five years younger, is an in-doors right hand. But they are only hands. The brain, the intelligence, the mind, the will by which the Brunnenthal Peacock is conducted and managed, come all from the Frau Frohmann herself. To this day she can hardly endure a suggestion either from Peter her son or from her daughter Amalia, who is known among her friends as Malchen, but is called “the Fraulein” by the Brunnenthal world at large. A suggestion as to the purchase of things new in their nature she will not stand at all, though she is liberal enough in maintaining the appurtenances of the house generally.

But the Peacock is more than a house. It is almost a village; and yet every shed, cottage, or barn at or near the place forms a part of the Frau's establishment. The centre or main building is a large ordinary house of three stories,—to the lower of which there is an ascent by some half-dozen stone steps,—covered with red tiles, and with gable ends crowded with innumerable windows. The ground-floor is devoted to kitchens, offices, the Frau's own uses, and the needs of the servants. On the first-story are the two

living rooms of the guests, the greater and by far the more important being devoted to eating and drinking. Here, at certain hours, are collected all the forces of the establishment,—and especially at one o'clock, when, with many ringing of bells and great struggles in the culinary department, the dinner is served. For to the adoption of this hour has the Frau at last been driven by the increasing infirmities of the world around her. The scenery of the locality is lovely; the air is considered to be peculiarly health-compelling; the gossipings during the untrammelled idleness of the day are very grateful to those whose lives are generally laborious; the love-makings are frequent, and no doubt sweet; skittles and bowls and draughts and dominoes have their devotees; and the smoking of many pipes fills up the vacant hours of the men.

But, at the Brunnenthal, dinner is the great glory of the day. It would be vain for any æsthetic guest who might conceive himself to be superior to the allurements of the table to make little of the Frau's dinner. Such a one had better seek other quarters for his summer's holiday. At the Brunnenthal Peacock it is necessary that you should believe in the paramount importance of dinner. Not to come to it at the appointed time would create, first marvel in the Frau's mind, then pity,—as to the state of your health,—and at last hot anger should it be found that such neglect arose from contempt. What muse will assist me to describe these dinners in a few words? They were commenced of course by soup,—real soup, not barley broth with a strong prevalence of the barley. Then would follow the boiled meats, from which the soup was supposed to have been made,—but such boiled meat, so good, that the supposition must have contained a falsehood. With this there would be always potatoes and pickled cabbages and various relishes. Then there would be two other kinds of meat, generally with accompaniment of stewed fruit; after that fish,—trout from the neighbouring stream, for the preservation of which great tanks had been made. Vegetables with unknown sauces would follow;—and then would come the roast, which consisted always of poultry, and was accompanied of course by salad. But it was after this that were made the efforts on which the Frau's fame most depended. The puddings, I think, were the subject of her greatest struggles and most complete success. Two puddings daily were, by the rules of the house, required to be

eaten;—not two puddings brought together so that you might choose with careless haste either one or the other; but two separate courses of puddings, with an interval between for appreciation, for thought, and for digestion. Either one or both can, no doubt, be declined. No absolute punishment,—such as notice to leave the house,—follows such abstention. But the Frau is displeased, and when dressed in her best on Sundays does not smile on those who abstain. After the puddings there is dessert, and there are little cakes to nibble if you will. They are nibbled very freely. But the heat of the battle is over with the second pudding.

They have a great fame, these banquets; so that ladies and gentlemen from Innsbruck have themselves driven out here to enjoy them. The distance each way is from two to three hours, so that a pleasant holiday is made by a visit to the Frau's establishment. There is a ramble up to the waterfall and a smoking of pipes among the rocks, and pleasant opportunities for secret whispers among young people;—but the Frau would not be well pleased if it were presumed that the great inducement for the visit were not to be found in the dinner which she provides. In this way, though the guests at the house may not exceed perhaps thirty in number, it will sometimes be the case that nearly twice as many are seated at the board. That the Frau has an eye to profit cannot be doubted. Fond of money she is certainly;—fond of prosperity generally. But, judging merely from what comes beneath her eye, the observer will be led to suppose that her sole ambition on these occasions is to see the food which she has provided devoured by her guests. A weak stomach, a halting appetite, conscientious scruples as to the over-enjoyment of victuals, restraint in reference to subsequent excesses or subsequent eatings,—all these things are a scandal to her. If you can't or won't or don't eat your dinner when you get it, you ought not to go to the Brunnenthal Peacock.

This banqueting-hall, or Speise-Saal, occupies a great part of the first-floor; but here also is the drawing-room, or reading-room, as it is called, having over the door "Lese-Saal" painted, so that its purpose may not be doubted. But the reading-room is not much, and the guests generally spend their time chiefly out of doors or in their bedrooms when they were not banqueting. There are two other banquets, breakfast and supper, which need not be specially described;—but

of the latter it may be said that it is a curtailed dinner, having limited courses of hot meat, and only one pudding.

On this floor there is a bedroom or two, and a nest of others above; but the accommodation is chiefly afforded in other buildings, of which the one opposite is longer, though not so high, as the central house; and there is another, a little down the road, near the mill, and another as far up the stream, where the baths have been built,—an innovation to which Frau Frohmann did not lend herself without much inward suffering. And there are huge barns and many stables; for the Frau keeps a posting establishment, and a diligence passes the door three times each way in the course of the day and night, and the horses are changed at the Peacock;—or it was so, at any rate, in the days of which I am speaking, not very long ago. And there is the blacksmith's forge, and the great carpenter's shed, in which not only are the carts and carriages mended, but very much of the house furniture is made. And there is the mill, as has been said before, in which the corn is ground, and three or four cottages for married men, and a pretty little chapel, built by the Frau herself, in which mass is performed by her favourite priest once a month,—for the parish chapel is nearly three miles distant if you walk by the mountain path, but is fully five if you have yourself carried round by the coach road. It must, I think, be many years since the Frau can have walked there, for she is a dame of portly dimensions.

Whether the buildings are in themselves picturesque I will not pretend to say. I doubt whether there has been an attempt that way in regard to any one except the chapel. But chance has so grouped them, and nature has so surrounded them, that you can hardly find anywhere a prettier spot. Behind the house, so as to leave only space for a little meadow which is always as green as irrigation can make it, a hill rises, not high enough to be called a mountain, which is pine-clad from the foot to the summit. In front and around the ground is broken, but immediately before the door there is a way up to a lateral valley, down which comes a nameless stream which, just below the house, makes its way into the Ivil, the little river which runs from the mountain to the inn, taking its course through that meadow which lies between the hill and the house. It is here, a quarter of a mile perhaps up this little stream, at a spot which is hidden by many turnings from the road, that visitors

come upon the waterfall,—the waterfall which at Innsbruck is so often made to be the excuse of these outings which are in truth performed in quest of Frau Frohmann's dinners. Below the Peacock, where the mill is placed, the valley is closely confined, as the sombre pine-forests rise abruptly on each side; and here, or very little lower, is that gloomy and ghost-like pass through the rocks, which is called the Höllenthor; a name which I will not translate. But it is a narrow ravine, very dark in dark weather, and at night as black as pitch. Among the superstitious people of the valley the spot is regarded with the awe which belonged to it in past ages. To visitors of the present day it is simply picturesque and sublime. Above the house the valley spreads itself, rising, however, rapidly; and here modern engineering has carried the road in various curves and turns round knolls of hill and spurs of mountains, till the traveller as he ascends hardly knows which way he is going. From one or two points among these curves the view down upon the Peacock with its various appendages, with its dark-red roofs, and many windows glittering in the sun, is so charming, that the tourist is almost led to think that they must all have been placed as they are with a view to effect.

The Frau herself is what used to be called a personable woman. To say that she is handsome would hardly convey a proper idea. Let the reader suppose a woman of about fifty, very tall and of large dimensions. It would be unjust to call her fat, because though very large she is still symmetrical. When she is dressed in her full Tyrolese costume,—which is always the case at a certain hour on Sunday, and on other stated and by no means infrequent days as to which I was never quite able to learn the exact rule,—when she is so dressed her arms are bare down from her shoulders, and such arms I never saw on any human being. Her back is very broad and her bust expansive. But her head stands erect upon it as the head of some old Juno, and in all her motions,—though I doubt whether she could climb by the mountain path to her parish church,—she displays a certain stately alertness which forbids one to call her fat. Her smile,—when she really means to smile and to show thereby her good-will and to be gracious,—is as sweet as Hebe's. Then it is that you see that in her prime she must in truth have been a lovely woman. There is at these moments a kindness in her eyes and a playfulness about her mouth which is apt to

make you think that you can do what you like with the Frau. Who has not at times been charmed by the frolic playfulness of the tiger? Not that Frau Frohmann has aught of the tiger in her nature but its power. But the power is all there, and not infrequently the signs of power. If she be thwarted, contradicted, counselled by unauthorised counsellors,—above all if she be censured,—then the signs of power are shown. Then the Frau does not smile. At such times she is wont to speak her mind very plainly, and to make those who hear her understand that, within the precincts and purlieus of the Brunnenthal Peacock, she is an irresponsible despot. There have been guests there rash enough to find some trifling fault with the comforts provided for them,—whose beds perhaps have been too hard, or their towels too limited, or perhaps their hours not agreeably arranged for them. Few, however, have ever done so twice, and they who have so sinned,—and have then been told that the next diligence would take them quickly to Innsbruck if they were discontented,—have rarely stuck to their complaints and gone. The comforts of the house, and the prices charged, and the general charms of the place have generally prevailed,—so that the complainants, sometimes with spoken apologies, have in most cases sought permission to remain. In late years the Frau's certainty of victory has created a feeling that nothing is to be said against the arrangements of the Peacock. A displeased guest can exercise his displeasure best by taking himself away in silence.

The Frau of late years has had two counsellors; for though she is but ill inclined to admit advice from those who have received no authority to give it, she is not therefore so self-confident as to feel that she can live and thrive without listening to the wisdom of others. And those two counsellors may be regarded as representing—the first or elder her conscience, and the second and younger her worldly prudence. And in the matter of her conscience very much more is concerned than simple honesty. It is not against cheating or extortion that her counsellor is apt to her; but rather in regard to those innovations which he and she think to be prejudicial to the manner and life of Brunnenthal, of Innsbruck, of the Tyrol, of the Austrian empire generally, and, indeed, of the world at large. To be as her father had been before her,—for her father, too, had kept the Peacock; to let life be cheap and simple, but yet very plentiful as it had been in his

days, this was the counsel given by Father Conolin the old priest, who always spent two nights in each month at the establishment, and was not unfrequently to be seen there on other occasions. He had been opposed to many things which had been effected,—that alteration of the hour of dinner, the erection of the bath-house, the changing of plates at each course, and especially certain notifications and advertisements by which foreigners may have been induced to come to the Brunnenthal. The kaplan, or chaplain, as he was called, was particularly adverse to strangers, seeming to think that the advantages of the place should be reserved, if not altogether for the Tyrolese, at any rate for the Germans of Southern Germany, and was probably of opinion that no real good could be obtained by harbouring Lutherans. But, of late, English also had come, to whom, though he was personally very courteous, he was much averse in his heart of hearts. Such had ever been the tendency of his advice, and it had always been received with willing, nay, with loving ears. But the fate of the kaplan had been as in the fate of all such counsellors. Let the torism of the Tory be ever so strong, it is his destiny to carry out the purposes of his opponents. So it had been, and was, with the Frau. Though she was always in spirit antagonistic to the other counsellor, it was the other counsellor who prevailed with her.

At Innsbruck for many years there had lived a lawyer, or rather a family of lawyers, men always of good repute and moderate means, named Schlessen; and in their hands had been reposed by the Frau that confidence as to business matters which almost every one in business must have in some lawyer. The first Schlessen whom the Frau had known in her youth, and who was then a very old man, had been almost as conservative as the priest. Then had come his son, who had been less so, but still lived and died without much either of the light of progress or contamination of revolutionary ideas from the outer world. But about three years before the date of our tale he also had passed away, and now young Fritz Schlessen sat in the chair of his forefathers. It was the opinion of Innsbruck generally that the young lawyer was certainly equal, probably superior, in attainments and intellect to any of his predecessors. He had learned his business both at Munich and Vienna, and though he was only twenty-six when he was left to manage his clients himself, most of them adhered to him. Among others so did our Frau,

and this she did knowing the nature of the man and of the counsel she might expect to receive from him. For though she loved the priest, and loved her old ways, and loved to be told that she could live and thrive on the rules by which her father had lived and thriven before her,—still, still there was always present to her mind the fact that she was engaged in trade, and that the first object of a tradesman must be to make money. No shoemaker can set himself to work to make shoes having as his first intention an ambition to make the feet of his customers comfortable. That may come second, and to him, as a conscientious man, may be essentially necessary. But he sets himself to work to make shoes in order that he may earn a living. That law,—almost of nature we may say,—had become so recognised by the Frau that she felt that it must be followed, even in spite of the priest if need were, and that, in order that it might be followed, it would be well that she should listen to the advice of Herr Schlessen. She heard therefore all that her kaplan would say to her with gracious smiles, and something of what her lawyer would say to her, not always very graciously; but in the long-run she would take the lawyer's advice.

It will have to be told in a following chapter how it was that Fritz Schlessen had a preponderating influence in the Brunnenthal, arising from other causes than his professional soundness and general prudence. It may, however, be as well to explain here that Peter Frohmann the son sided always with the priest, and attached himself altogether to the conservative interest. But he, though he was honest, diligent, and dutiful to his mother, was lumpy, uncouth, and slow both of speech and action. He understood the cutting of timber and the making of hay,—something perhaps of the care of horses and of the nourishment of pigs; but in money matters he was not efficient. Amalia, or Malchen, the daughter, who was four or five years her brother's junior, was much brighter, and she was strong on the reforming side. British money was to her thinking as good as Austrian, or even Tyrolese. To thrive even better than her forefathers had thriven seemed to her to be desirable. She therefore, though by her brightness and feminine ways she was very dear to the priest, was generally opposed to him in the family conclaves. It was chiefly in consequence of her persistency that the table napkins at the Peacock were now changed twice a week.

CHAPTER II.—THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.

OF late days, and up to the time of which we are speaking, the chief contest between the Frau, with the kaplan and Peter on one side, and Malchen with Fritz Schlessen on the other, was on that most important question whether the whole rate of charges should not be raised at the establishment. The prices had been raised, no doubt, within the last twenty years, or the Frau could not have kept her house open;—but this had been done indirectly. That the matter may not be complicated for our readers, we will assume that all charges are made at the Peacock in zwansigers and kreutzers, and that the zwansiger, containing twenty kreutzers, is worth eightpence of English money. Now it must be understood that the guests at the Peacock were entertained at the rate of six zwansigers, or four shillings, a day, and that this included everything necessary,—a bed, breakfast, dinner, cup of coffee after dinner, supper, as much fresh milk as anybody chose to drink when the cows were milked, and the use of everything in and about the establishment. Guests who required wine or beer, of course, were charged for what they had. Those who were rich enough to be taken about in carriages paid so much per job,—each separate jaunt having been inserted in a tariff. No doubt there were other possible and probable extras; but an ordinary guest might live for his six zwansigers a day;—and the bulk of them did so live, with the addition of whatever allowance of beer each might think appropriate. From time to time a little had been added to the cost of luxuries. Wine had become dearer, and perhaps the carriages. A bath was an addition to the bill, and certain larger and more commodious rooms were supposed to be entitled to an extra zwansiger per week;—but the main charge had always remained fixed. In the time of the Frau's father guests had been entertained at, let us say, four shillings a head, and guests were so entertained now. All the world,—at any rate all the Tyrolese world south of Innsbruck,—knew that six zwansigers was the charge in the Brunenthal. It would be like adding a new difficulty to the path of life to make a change. The Frau had always held her head high,—had never been ashamed of looking her neighbour in the face, but when she was advised to rush at once up to seven zwansigers and a half (or five shillings a day), she felt that, should she do so, she would be overwhelmed with shame. Would not her customers then have cause of complaint? Would not they

have such cause that they would in truth desert her? Did she not know that Herr Weiss, the magistrate from Brixen, with his wife, and his wife's sister, and the children, who came yearly to the Peacock, could not afford to bring his family at this increased rate of expenses? And the Fraulein Tendel with her sister would never come from Innsbruck if such an announcement was made to her. It was the pride of this woman's heart to give all that was necessary for good living to those who would come and submit themselves to her for four shillings a day. Among the "extras" she could endure some alteration. She did not like extras, and if people would have luxuries they must be made to pay for them. But the Peacock had always been kept open for six zwansigers, and though Fritz Schlessen was very eloquent, she would not give way to him.

Fritz Schlessen simply told her that the good things which she provided for her guests cost at present more than six zwansigers, and could not therefore be sold by her at that price without a loss. She was rich, Fritz remarked shrugging his shoulders, and having amassed property could if she pleased dispose of it gradually by entertaining her guests at a loss to herself;—only let her know what she was doing. That might be charity, might be generosity, might be friendliness; but it was not trade. Everything else in the world had become dearer, and therefore living at the Peacock should be dearer. As to the Weisses and the Tendels, no doubt they might be shocked, and perhaps hindered from coming. But their places would surely be filled by others. Was not the house always full from the 1st of June till the end of September? Were not strangers refused admittance week after week from want of accommodation? If the new prices were found to be too high for the Tyrolese and Bavarians, they would not offend the Germans from the Rhine, or the Belgians, or the English. Was it not plain to every one that people now came from greater distances than heretofore?

These were the arguments which Herr Schlessen used; and, though they were very disagreeable, they were not easily answered. The Frau repudiated altogether the idea of keeping open her house on other than true trade principles. When the young lawyer talked to her about generosity she waxed angry, and accused him of laughing at her. "Dearest Frau Frohmann," he said, "it is so necessary you should know the truth! Of course you intend to make a profit;—but if you cannot do so at your present prices, and yet

will not raise them, at any rate understand what it is that you are doing." Now the last year had been a bad year, and she knew that she had not increased her store. This all took place in the month of April, when a proposition was being made as to the prices for the coming season. The lawyer had suggested that a circular should be issued, giving notice of an altered tariff.

Malchen was clearly in favour of the new idea. She could not see that the Weisses and Tendels, and other neighbours, should be entertained at a manifest loss; and, indeed, she had prepossessions in favour of foreigners, especially of the English, which, when expressed, brought down upon her head sundry hard words from her mother, who called her a "pert hussey," and implied that if Fritz Schlessen wanted to pull the house down she, Malchen, would be willing that it should be done. "Better do that, mother, than keep the roof on at a loss," said Malchen; who upon that was turned at once out of the little inner room in which the conference was being held.

Peter who was present on the occasion, was decidedly opposed to all innovations, partly because his conservative nature so prompted him, and partly because he did not regard Herr Schlessen with a friendship so warm as that entertained by his sister. He was, perhaps, a little jealous of the lawyer. And then he had an idea that as things were prosperous to the eye, they would certainly come right at last. The fortunes of the house had been made at the rate of six zwansigers a day, and there was, he thought, no wisdom more clear than that of adhering to a line of conduct which had proved itself to be advantageous.

The kaplan was clear against any change of prices; but then he burdened his advice on the question with a suggestion which was peculiarly disagreeable to the Frau. He acknowledged the truth of much that the lawyer had said. It appeared to him that the good things provided could not in truth be sold at the terms as they were now fixed. He was quite alive to the fact that it behoved the Frau as a wise woman to make a profit. Charity is one thing, and business is another. The Frau did her charities like a Christian, generally using Father Conolin as her almoner in such matters. But, as a keeper of a house of public entertainment, it was necessary that she should live. The kaplan was as wide awake to this as was the Frau herself, or the lawyer. But he thought that the changes should not be in the direction indicated by Schlessen. The condition of

the Weisses and of the Tendels should be considered. How would it be if one of the "meats" and one of the puddings were discontinued, and if the cup of coffee after dinner were made an extra? Would not that so reduce the expenditure as to leave a profit? And in that case the Weisses and the Tendels need not necessarily incur any increased charges.

When the kaplan had spoken the lawyer looked closely into the Frau's face. The proposition might no doubt for the present meet the difficulty, but he knew that it would be disagreeable. There came a cloud upon the old woman's brow, and she frowned even upon the priest.

"They'd want to be helped twice out of the one pudding, and you'd gain nothing," said Peter.

"According to that," said the lawyer, "if there were only one course the dinner would cost the same. The fewer the dishes, the less the cost, no doubt."

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the Frau.

"Perhaps not," said the lawyer. "On those little details no doubt you are the best judge. But I think I have shown that something should be done."

"You might try the coffee, Frau Frohmann," said the priest.

"They would not take any. You'd only save the coffee," said the lawyer.

"And the sugar," said the priest.

"But then they'd never ask for brandy," suggested Peter.

The Frau on that occasion said not a word further, but after a little while got up from her chair and stood silent among them; which was known to be a sign that the conference was dismissed.

All this had taken place immediately after dinner, which at this period of the year was eaten at noon. It had simply been a family meal, at which the Frau had sat with her two children and her two friends. The kaplan on such occasions was always free. Nothing that he had in that house ever cost him a kreutzer. But the attorney paid his way like any one else. When called on for absolute work done,—not exactly for advice given in conference,—he made his charges. It might be that a time was coming in which no money would pass on either side, but that time had not arrived as yet. As soon as the Frau was left alone, she re-seated herself in her accustomed arm-chair, and set herself to work in sober and almost solemn sadness to think over it all. It was a most

perplexing question. There could be no doubt that all the wealth which she at present owned had been made by a business carried on at the present prices and after the existing fashion. Why should there be any change? She was told that she must make her customers pay more because she herself was made to pay more. But why should she pay more? She could understand that in the general prosperity of the Brunnenthal those about her should have somewhat higher wages. As she had prospered, why should not they also prosper? The servants of the poor must, she thought, be poorer than the servants of the rich. But why should poultry be dearer and meat? Some things she knew were cheaper, as tea and sugar and coffee. She had bought three horses during the winter, and they certainly had been costly. Her father had not given such prices, nor, before this, had she. But that probably had been Peter's fault, who had too rashly acceded to the demands made upon him. And now she remembered with regret that on the 1st of January she had acceded to a petition from the carpenter for an addition of six zwansigers to his monthly wages. He had made the request on the plea of a sixth child, adding also, that journeymen carpenters both at Brixen and at Innsbruck were getting what he asked. She had granted to the coming of the additional baby that which she would probably have denied to the other argument; but it had never occurred to her that she was really paying the additional four shillings a month because carpenters were becoming dearer throughout the world. Malchen's clothes were certainly much more costly than her own had been, when she was young; but then Malchen was a foolish girl, fond of fashion from Munich, and just at this moment was in love. It could hardly be right that those poor Tendel females, with their small and fixed means, should be made to pay more for their necessary summer excursion because Malchen would dress herself in so-called French finery, instead of adhering, as she ought, to Tyrolese customs.

The Frau on this occasion spent an hour in solitude, thinking over it all. She had dismissed the conference, but that could not be regarded as an end to the matter. Herr Schlessen had come out from Innsbruck with a written document in his pocket, which he was proposing to have printed and circulated, and which, if printed and circulated, would intimate to the world at large that the Frau Frohmann had raised her prices. Therein the

new rates, seven zwansigers and a half a head, were inserted unblushingly at full length, as though such a disruption of old laws was the most natural thing in the world. There was a flippancy about it which disgusted the old woman. Malchen seemed to regard an act which would banish from the Peacock the old friends and well-known customers of the house as though it were an easy trifle; and almost desirable with that very object. The Frau's heart warmed to the well-known faces as she thought of this. Would she not have infinitely greater satisfaction in cooking good dinners for her simple Tyrolese neighbours, than for rich foreigners who, after all, were too often indifferent to what was done for them? By those Tendel ladies her puddings were recognised as real works of art. They thought of them, talked of them, ate them, and no doubt dreamed of them. And Herr Weiss,—how he enjoyed her dinners, and how proud he always was as he encouraged his children around him to help themselves to every dish in succession! And the Frau Weiss—with all her cares and her narrow means—was she to be deprived of that cheap month's holiday which was so necessary for her, in order that the Peacock and the charms of the Brunnenthal generally might be devoted to Jews from Frankfort, or rich shopkeepers from Hamburg, or, worse still, to proud and thankless Englishmen? At the end of the hour the Frau had determined that she would not raise her prices.

But yet something must be done. Had she resolved, even silently resolved, that she would carry on her business at a loss, she would have felt that she was worthy of restraint as a lunatic. To keep a house of public entertainment and to lose by it was, to her mind, a very sad idea! To work and be out of pocket by working! To her who knew little or nothing of modern speculation, such a catastrophe was most melancholy. But to work with the intention of losing could be the condition only of a lunatic. And Schlessen had made good his point as to the last season. The money spent had been absolutely more than the money received. Something must be done. And yet she would not raise her prices.

Then she considered the priest's proposition. Peter, she knew, had shown himself to be a fool. Though his feelings were good, he always was a fool. The expenses of the house no doubt might be much diminished in the manner suggested by Herr Conolin. Salt butter could be given instead of fresh at breakfast. Cheaper coffee could

be procured. The courses at dinner might be reduced. The second pudding might be discontinued with economical results. But had not her success in these things been the pride of her life; and of what good would her life be to her if its pride were crushed? The Weisses no doubt would come all the same, but how would they whisper and talk of her among themselves, when they found these parsimonious changes! The Tendel ladies would not complain. It was not likely that a breath of complaint would ever pass their humble lips; but she herself, she, Frau Frohmann, who was perhaps somewhat unduly proud of her character for wealth, would have to explain to them why it was that that second pudding had been abolished. She would be forced to declare that she could no longer afford to supply it, a declaration which to her would have in it something of meanness, something of degradation. No! she could not abandon the glory of her dinner. It was as though you should ask a Royal Academician to cease to exhibit his pictures, or an actor to consent to have his name withdrawn from the bills. Thus at last she came to that further resolve. The kapitan's advice must be rejected, as must that of the lawyer.

But something must be done. For a moment there came upon her a sad idea that she would leave the whole thing to others, and retire into obscurity at Schwatz, the village from whence the Frohmanns had originally come. There would be ample means for private comfort. But then who would carry on the Peacock, who would look after the farm, and the timber, and the posting, and the mill? Peter was certainly not efficient for all that. And Malchen's ambition lay elsewhere. There was, too, a cowardice

in this idea of running away which was very displeasing to her.

Why need there be any raising of prices at all,—either in one direction or in the other? Had she herself never been persuaded into paying more to others, then she would not have been driven to demand more from others. And those higher payments on her part had, she thought, not been obligatory on her. She had been soft and good-natured, and therefore it was that she was now called upon to be exorbitant. There was something abominable to her in this general greed of the world for more money. At the moment she felt almost a hatred for poor Seppel the carpenter, and regarded that new baby of his as an impertinent intrusion. She would fall back upon the old wages, the old prices for everything. There would be a difficulty with that Innsbruck butcher; but unless he would give way she would try the man at Brixen. In that matter of fowls she would not yield a kreutzer to the entreaties of her poor neighbours who brought them to her door for sale.

Then she walked forth from the house to a little harbour or summer-house which was close to the chapel opposite, in which she found Schlessen smoking his pipe with a cup of coffee before him, and Malchen by his side. "I have made up my mind, Herr Schlessen," she said. It was only when she was very angry with him that she called him Herr Schlessen.

"And what shall I do?" asked the lawyer.

"Do nothing at all; but just destroy that bit of paper." So saying, the Frau walked back to the house, and Fritz Schlessen, looking round at Malchen, did destroy that bit of paper.

A CANADIAN TO THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

COULD child of thine attune the lyre
Which Albion's humblest brooks inspire,
St. Lawrence, thy majestic wave
The minstrel's homage well might crave.

Though feudal tower nor storied shrine,
Nor vine-clad slopes thy course define,
Thou sham'st the streams of high degree
That creep through England to the sea.

As if unloosed at His command
Who holds the ocean in His hand,
In deep that thunders unto deep,
Thou plungest from thy native steep:

Thy hoary locks behind thee flung,
The mist of ages o'er thee hung,
Thou com'st like chaos from night's womb,
His reign of terror to resume;

Waves huge as Boreas ever piled
About thy footsteps dancing wild,
And as thy forehead high and broad,
Thy diadem the bow of God.

Nor less for majesty renowned,
Thy long procession island-crowned
And forest girt, a silver chain
Of cataracts from mere to main ;

So strong, so free, so undefiled,
From rock to rapid rolling wild,
With music ceaseless as the roar
Of seas that break on Thule's shore.

Roll on, my country's pride ; thy wave
Still may Ontario's raftsmen brave,
Still from St. Anne's the boat-song wake
The echoes of the maple brake :

Still summer banquet in thy bowers,
Autumn descend in golden showers,

And winter decorate thy wave
With silver dome and architrave ;

And aye may Phœbus, from whose smile
Affrighted shrink such brooks as Nile,
Upon thy brow his kisses lay,
And with thy azure tresses play.

That children of the human race
Insult thee, and would fain debase,
Boots not. For higher ends designed,
Thou art not here man's slave to grind.

From Niagára's veil of smoke,
In thunders from of old hath broke
The tribute of the prostrate floods
To Him whose throne is in the clouds.

With filial reverence would thy child
Blend with thy voice his wood-notes wild,
And with thy cataracts upraise
To heaven a humble song of praise.

SAULT AU RECOLLET.

THE CHILDREN'S PSALMS.*

BY A. P. STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."—PSALM viii. 2.

"Like as to arrows are in the hand of a giant, so are the young children."—PSALM cxxvii. 4 (old version).

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?"—PSALM xv. 1.

WHEN, year by year, we see a congregation of children with their parents assembled, it is, or ought to be, a joy and comfort to those who feel the burden of life, the darkening shades of sorrow, and the weight of care. Why is this? Why is the sight of children a consolation? Parents, perhaps, will understand best what I have to say at first, although I shall also have to say something which children will understand for themselves. I have taken these verses from the three Psalms which are sung on occasion of these gatherings to express what I mean.

I. The first is from the eighth Psalm. That is a psalm which almost certainly was written by David. He wishes to unravel his thoughts, and to have a clear idea of God; and he finds it in two things—in the moon and the stars, which we see in the sky on a

cloudless night, and which cause him to think of the order with which this great universe has been arranged; and in the bright faces and the blameless talk of little children. Little children give him an idea of what man, who was born in the image of God, was meant to be. No doubt there are bad children—naughty children; and, even in good children, there is something which may become very bad. Still, in children there is an innocence, a lightness of heart, an ignorance of evil, a joyousness, and a simplicity, which ought to be refreshing to every one. It was this which made our Saviour so fond of them—taking them up in His arms and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and it is this which is well expressed by a good English poet, who says, as he looks back regretfully to his childhood:—

"Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;

* This was an address delivered at the annual gathering of children in Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day (December 28), 1876.

But felt through all this earthly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness :
Oh how I long to travel back,
And tread again the ancient track ! ”

And this it is, also, which gives a soothing thought to any who have lost their darlings in infancy or in early childhood. Their lives were complete. They had shown us the glory of God in their dear little ways. They have gone to be with Him. “We do not count by months or years where they have gone to dwell.” May I read to you the words of a great scholar and philosopher after the death of a sweet daughter? Parents may take the words to themselves, and children may know from them what a comfort they may be for their parents if they have been good and gentle and diligent. “As soon as her last breath was gone I was able to thank God that He had taken my child into His arms, where she is safe for ever from all the troubles and the sorrows of life. The first chapter of her existence has closed. Who knows what troubles might have been in store for her? But she was found worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child. Here we have toiled for many years, and been troubled with many questionings, but what is the end of it all? We must learn to become simple again like little children. That is all we have a right to be; for this life was meant to be the childhood of our souls, and the more we try to be what we were meant to be the better for us. Let us use the powers of our minds with the greatest freedom and love of truth; but let us never forget that we are, as Newton said, ‘like children playing on the seashore while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us.’”

II. But we must not, in thinking of children, think only of them in the past. We must think of their future; and here let us look at another Psalm, the hundred and twenty-seventh, a psalm which some of the Jewish teachers long ago thought might have been written by the great King Solomon. At any rate it well expresses what a man of vast experience of human life might well have said. It tells us that we must console ourselves in the sorrows and troubles of the present time by thinking of what the children who stand around us may be in the time which is coming. They are like the arrows which a mighty archer can shoot far away into the distance and the darkness, and strike a target that we, perhaps, can hardly see, but which, if these little arrows are winged with good thoughts and pointed with good resolves, and polished by a good train-

ing, they will surely reach. We may sometimes, as we look towards the immediate future of our country, think sadly perhaps how few there are of any great characters or glorious gifts to enlighten the close of this nineteenth century, as we and our fathers were enlightened by the great characters and the glorious gifts of those who adorned its beginning. But our consolation may be that those who are the children of this generation shall grow up to fill this void, and to comfort those who are still unborn. Amongst the children who are now present here, there must be many who will live to the twentieth century. Let them remember, when the first year of the next century shall dawn upon them, that they were called upon, as now in this abbey, to take their part in rendering their country a great, a happy, and a Christian nation. Where we have failed, let them succeed; where we have succeeded, let them improve; where we have lost, let them recover. Happy is that country which has its quiver full of good, strong, active, honest, Christian children. She shall not be afraid when she speaks with her enemies in the gate. There is a long, long day before most of you. Make the very most of it. Let us feel assured that when we die and pass away we have left our country, our religion, and our honour safe in your hands.

III. And this brings me to the third lesson which we may take from these psalms. The fifteenth Psalm is also almost certainly written by David. It was what he wrote, we may suppose, when he had conquered Jerusalem, and asked who was worthy to live in the holy city; that is, what are the characters that God loves and wishes to be with Him? There is no difficulty in understanding what David says in the verses which follow the first; and, when people talk of the difficulty of teaching religion to children, let them remember these different verses of the fifteenth Psalm. They will find how very easily they can be learned and how very easily they can be applied. I will try to apply them now; and so I turn to you, my children, and having told you how much we and your country expect from you, I will tell you who it is that shall be thought worthy of the house of God and His holy hill, and I will ask those who are parents and friends, or who have any influence over any of these children, to try to make a good atmosphere round about them, so that these conditions may become possible and easy for them. What, then, is it that we may recommend to all children if they would wish to please their parents, to

please God, and to go to heaven? Love honest work. Love to get knowledge. Never forget to say your prayers morning and evening, never be ashamed to say them. It will help you to be good all through the day. Always keep your promises. Do not pick up foolish and dirty stories. Never, never tell a lie. Never strike, or hurt, or be rude to a woman or a girl, or to any one weaker or younger than yourselves. Be ready even to risk your own lives to save a friend, or a companion, or a brother, or a sister. Be very kind to poor dumb animals. Never put them to pain. They are God's creatures as well as you; and if you hurt them you will become brutal and base yourselves. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people. Listen, and do not interrupt when they are talking. If you have an old father or grandfather, or a sick uncle or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough speaking. Be careful and tender to them. You cannot think what good it does them. And if it should happen that any amongst you have poor fathers or poor mothers who have to get up early in order to go about their business, and to earn their bread and your bread, remember what a pleasure it will be to them to find that their little boy or their little girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter morning, and lighted a bright, blazing fire so as to give them a warm cup of tea. Think what pleasure it will be to them if they are sick, or if they are deaf, or if they are blind, to find a little boy or a little girl to speak to them, to read to them, and to lead them about. But there is not only the comfort which is experienced in being thus helped; there is the still greater comfort of knowing that they have a good little son or a good little daughter who is anxious to assist them, and who, they feel sure, will be a joy, and not a trouble to them, by day and by night. No Christmas present can be so welcome to any father and mother as the belief that their children are growing up truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, unselfish, and religious. And do not think that any of these things are too much for any of you. I know that many of you have great temptations. Perhaps you may have homes where it is very difficult to be tidy and clean. Perhaps, as you go to school along the streets, there may be wicked people who endeavour to lead you astray, and who try to make you steal and use

bad words. Yet I am sure that, if you do your best, you will find such delight in so doing your duty that you will go on in what is good. Let the good frighten the bad; let the light drive away the darkness; let the whole world know that there are little English boys and girls who are determined to do their duty whatever befalls them. Some of you may remember that, last year, I spoke of the gallant boys who behaved so well on board the *Goliath* ship, when it was on fire. Well, these same boys have just begun their training over again. It was only on Tuesday last that they got on board their new ship, the *Exmouth*; and they are working for their country once more. God bless and prosper them, and may they still be examples to all of us. It was only the other day also, that I heard a brave, modest little boy—Hammond Parker was his name—who was only just fourteen years of age, but who had saved, at different times, the lives of no fewer than four other boys by plunging into the rough sea after them on the coast of Norfolk. Now, that shows what you may all do—not, perhaps, by plunging into the stormy sea, but, at any rate, by saving little brothers or little sisters from going wrong. You can do far more for them than, perhaps, any one else, because you are always with them. Stand by them; protect them; stand by each other; and then the foolish, wicked, and cruel people who want to mislead you will very soon run away. Bad people are almost always afraid of good people, even though the good are much fewer—even, indeed, though the good may be only a little child. I knew once a very famous man (it was Adam Sedgwick), who lived to be eighty-eight years old, and who was the delight of every one about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like the eagle's when it flashed fire against what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this? I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when he was a little boy at school; and what do I find written in his own hand on the first page of it? I find these words, "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not." That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honoured down to the day when he was borne to his grave. Be just, be good, and fear not. Let that be your rule; and God and Jesus Christ will be with you now and always.

WALKS IN LONDON.

NO. II.

RETURNING to the Strand, *Burleigh Street* and *Exeter Street* commemorate Exeter House, where the great Lord Burleigh lived and died. Its site was afterwards occupied by the Exeter Change, which contained a famous menagerie, of which the elephant Chunee, whose skeleton is now at the College of Surgeons, was a distinctive feature. Between the two streets now stands *Exeter Hall* (built in 1831 by Deering), celebrated for its concerts and its religious "May meetings."

On the right, on the site of Beaufort Buildings, stood Worcester House, once the palace of the Bishops of Carlisle, afterwards rented from the Marquis of Worcester by the Lord Chancellor Hyde. Here it was that, with outward reluctance and secret glee, he connived at the strange marriage of his daughter Anne, which was celebrated in the middle of the night of September 3, 1662, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The house was pulled down when the Duke of Beaufort bought Buckingham House in Chelsea. In Beaufort Buildings lived Fielding the novelist, and it was here that, having given away to a needy friend the money which had been advanced to him in his poverty by Jacob Tonson the publisher, for the payment of his taxes, he said coolly to the astonished collector, "Friendship has called for the money and had it, let the tax-gatherer call again."

We must now turn aside by a narrow street upon the right of the Strand, and it will be with a sense of almost surprise as well as relief that we suddenly find ourselves transported from the noise and bustle of the crowded thoroughfare to the peaceful quietude of a sunny churchyard, where the old grey tombstones are shaded by a grove of plane trees and lilacs, and where an ancient church stands upon a height, with an open view towards the gleaming river with its busy Embankment, and Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament rising in the stillness of the purple haze beyond. In this churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighbouring courts and warehouses, once stood the famous *Savoy Palace*, which was built by Peter, brother of Archbishop Boniface, and uncle of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward III., when he came over on a visit to his niece. He bequeathed it to the monks of Montjoy at Havering at the Bower,

from whom it was bought by Queen Eleanor for her second son Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It continued in the hands of his descendants, and, after the battle of Poitiers in 1356, became the residence of the captive King John of France. John was set free in October, 1360, but being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, and unwilling to cede to his captor the Black Prince in chivalry and honour, voluntarily returned, and being again assigned a residence in the Savoy, died there April 9, 1364, at which, says Froissart, "the King, Queen, and princes of the blood, and all the nobles of England, were exceedingly concerned, from the great love and affection King John had shown them since the conclusion of peace."

In 1381, "the Duke of Lancaster's house of the Savoy, to the which," says Stow, "there was none in the realm to be compared in beauty and stateliness," was pillaged and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, to punish the duke for the protection he had afforded to the followers of Wickliffe. Thirty-two of the assailants lingered so long drinking up the sweet wine in the cellars, that they were walled in, and "were heard crying and calling seven daies after, but none came to helpe them out till they were dead." Hardyng's Chronicle commemorates the flight of John of Gaunt from the Savoy:—

"The commons brent the Sauoye a place fayre
For evill wyll the hand vnto Duke John;
Wherefore he fled northward in great dyspayre
Into Scotlande; for socoure had he none
In Englande then, to who he durste make moane;
And there abode tyll commons all were ceased
In Englande hole, and all the land well peased."

The Savoy was never restored as a palace, but Henry VII. rebuilt it as a hospital in honour of St. John Baptist, and endowed it by his will, and the institution then founded was only dissolved in the reign of Elizabeth. During the government of Cromwell, the Synod of the Savoy was held here for the revision of the Liturgy, in which twelve bishops and nine clergymen of the Church of England met an equal number of Independents in discussion, and took great offence at one Richard Baxter, then an unknown person, who drew up an entirely new liturgy in a fortnight, and offered it for approval.

The remains of the Savoy palace were all swept away when Waterloo Bridge was built, with the sole exception of the *Church of St. Mary le Savoy*, which had been the chapel,

not of the palace, but of Henry VII.'s hospital. It is of Perpendicular architecture (1505), with a quaint low belfry like that of Holy Island on the coast of Northumberland. The interior was entirely destroyed by fire in 1860, and was for the second time renewed by the munificence of Queen Victoria as Duchess of Lancaster. It has a rich coloured roof, and resembles a college chapel; but the tombs which formerly made it so interesting perished in the flames. Only one small figure from Lady Dalhousie's monument is preserved, and the brass of Gavin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell the Cat, Earl of Angus, who is represented in "Marmion" as celebrating the wedding of De Wilton and Clare:—

"A bishop at the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and roquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Among the lost monuments were an Elizabethan tomb, ascribed, but without certainty, to the famous Countess of Nottingham; that of Sir Robert and Lady Douglas; of the Countess of Dalhousie, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower; of Mrs. Anne Killigrew (1685), daughter of a Master of the Hospital, described by Dryden as—

"A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;"

and of Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died (1834) of a wound received from the natives while exploring the Niger. Amongst the most remarkable persons buried here without a monument was George Wither, the voluminous poet of the Commonwealth, in 1607.

On the same side of the Strand, beyond the wide opening of Wellington Street, are the buildings of *Somerset House*, used for public offices and for the rooms of the different learned societies, erected from the stately plans of Sir William Chambers, 1776-86. The river front is six hundred feet in length. This building, now of little interest, occupies the site of one of the most historic houses in London, which was only destroyed when the present house was raised. The old Somerset House was built by Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector, brother of Queen Jane, and uncle of Edward VI. Its architecture was attributed to John of Padua, "devizer of his Majesty's buildings" to Henry VIII. The tower and the greater

part of the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, the cloister (called Pardon Churchyard) of St. Paul's, and the chapel of Pardon Churchyard near the Charterhouse, were unscrupulously pulled down, and their materials used in its erection. But long before it was finished (1552) the Protector had been beheaded in the Tower, and his house was bestowed upon the Princess Elizabeth. James I. gave it to Anne of Denmark, and desired that it might be called Denmark House, and here that Queen lay in state in 1616, and James I. in 1625. Charles I. then gave the house to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and caused a Roman Catholic chapel to be built here for her use, which was served by Capuchin monks, and in which many of her French attendants were buried. Their vaults still exist under the present courtyard. The little Duke of Gloucester died here in 1660, and was taken from hence "down Somerset stairs," to be buried at Westminster. The time of the Commonwealth was marked for Somerset House by the death of Inigo Jones within its walls (1652); and here Cromwell lay in state with a magnificence of expenditure which made people collect outside the gates and throw dirt upon his escutcheon at night.

With the Restoration, Henrietta Maria, then called "the queen-mother," returned to Somerset House, and when she left England, in 1665, she was succeeded by the Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., who trembled here in her chapel as she heard the frenzied people shouting round the effigy of the pope as they burnt it before Temple Bar, on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage with Mary of Modena. Catherine restored the old palace, which had become greatly neglected, with a magnificence which is commemorated by Cowley, who extols its position:—

"Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The spring-tides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town."

My other fair and more majestic face
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itself below,
In the best mirror that the world can show."

General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state at Somerset House in January, 1669, when his waxwork figure, now in Westminster Abbey, was made.

The former gardens of old Somerset House extended far along the river-bank, and it was near their "water-gate" that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was strangled in 1678. An attempt was made to connect the Queen's

name with the murder, but Charles II. refused to listen, telling Burnet that she was "a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing."

After Catherine of Braganza left England for Portugal in 1692, this old Strand palace continued to be regarded as the dower house of the queens of England, but as there were no queens-dowager to inhabit it, it was used, as Hampton Court is now, as lodgings for needy nobility. By an Act of 1775, Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte instead of Somerset House, and the old palace of the queens of England was then destroyed. The courtyard of the present building is well proportioned and stately. In the centre is the great allegorical figure of Thames, by John Bacon. Queen Charlotte, whose feeling has been shared by thousands since, said to him when she saw it, "Why did you make so frightful a figure?" "Art," replied the bowing artist, "cannot always effect what is ever within the reach of nature—the union of beauty and majesty."

Along the east wing of Somerset House, occupied by King's College and school, runs the narrow alley called *Strand Lane*, which formerly ended at the landing-place called Strand Bridge, where we read in the *Spectator* that Addison "landed with ten sail of apricot-boats." On the left of the winding paved lane a sign directs us to the "*Old Roman Spring Bath*," and in this quiet corner we find one of the most remarkable relics of Roman London—a vaulted room containing, enclosed in brick-work and masonry, apparently Roman, a beautiful bath of crystal water, thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and four feet six inches deep. It is believed that the wonderfully cold, clear water comes from the miraculous well of St. Clement, which gave a name to the neighbouring Holywell Street, and was once greatly resorted to for its cures. A second bath, in the same building, still used, and with chalybeate properties, is said to have been constructed by Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, when he was residing hard by in Essex House. It is said that it was in a house in this neighbourhood that Guy Fawkes and his comrades took the oath of secrecy and received the sacrament before attempting to carry out the Gunpowder Plot.

Here, in the midst of the street, rises the *Church of St. Mary-le-Strand*, which is of interest as being the first of the fifty new churches whose erection was ordained in Queen Anne's reign, the original St. Mary's

having been destroyed by the Protector Somerset when he was building Somerset House, which covers its site. Gibbs was the architect of the present church, but its steeple, so beautiful in spite of having the fault of appearing to stand upon the roof of the church, was not part of the original design. The church was to have been towerless, but a stately column was to have risen beside it, crowned by a statue of Queen Anne. But the Queen died before the plan was carried out, and flattery being no longer necessary, the church had its steeple. It occupies the site of the famous May-pole, one hundred and thirty-four feet high, which, having been destroyed in the Commonwealth as "a last remnant of vile heathenism, an idol of the people," was re-erected with great pomp under Charles II. The tract called "The Cite's Loyaltie Displayed" relates how it was erected by seamen under the command of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, no landsmen being able to raise it, and how, as it rose, "the little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear." Gathered around the last May-pole on this spot four thousand London school-children sang a hymn as Queen Anne passed in triumphant procession to take part in the public thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the Peace of Utrecht. The May-pole was finally removed in 1717, and, being given to Sir Isaac Newton, was set up in Sir Richard Child's park at Wanstead in Essex, where it was used for raising a telescope. The London May-pole was long commemorated in May-pole Lane, the old name of Newcastle Street. The exchange for the church is mentioned by Pope in the *Dunciad* :—

"Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Pity ordain),
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

Holywell Street formerly ended in Butchers' Row, where, covered with roses, fleurs-de-lis, and dragons, was the old timber house of the French ambassadors. Here is now the *Church of St. Clement Danes*, erected in 1680 by Edward Pierce, under the superintendence of Wren. Like all Wren's parish churches, it depends entirely upon its steeple, which is built in several stories, for its reputation. Its bells chime merrily, even to a proverb,—

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's;"

but the chimes can also play the Old Hundredth Psalm, and other tunes. Here Dr. Johnson sate in church, "repeating," as Bos-

well says, "the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy," and here in his seventy-fifth year (1784) he returned public thanks for a recovery from dangerous illness. A brass plate now appropriately marks the pew in the north gallery whither the old man, who was so vehement in discussion and fierce in argument on week days, never failed to come humbly on Sundays, to seek, in his own words, "how to purify and fortify his soul, and

hold real communion with the Highest." It was in this church that, on October 11, 1676, Sir Thomas Grosvenor was married to Miss Mary Davies, the humble heiress of the farm now occupied by Grosvenor Square and its surroundings, which have brought such enormous wealth to his family. In the vestry room is a painting executed as an altar piece, by Kent the landscape gardener. In 1725 an order was issued by Bishop Gibson for its



The Churchyard of the Savoy.



The Moor of Clement's Inn.

removal on account of its being supposed to contain surreptitious portraits of the Pretender's wife and children. It was removed to a neighbouring tavern—the Crown and Anchor—celebrated for the meetings of "the Whittington Club." Here of course it attracted far more attention than it ever would have done but for its story, was engraved by Hogarth, and after some years was restored to the church, but not to the altar.

Of the strange name, St. Clement Danes, various explanations are given. Stow tells how the body of Harold, the illegitimate son of King Canute, buried at Westminster after a reign of three years, was exhumed by his successor, the legitimate Hardicanute, and thrown ignominiously into the Thames, and how a fisherman, seeing it floating upon the river, took it up and buried it reverently on this spot. This is the more picturesque story ;

but perhaps that of Strype is more likely, who says that when Alfred expelled the remnant of the Danish nation in 886, those who had married English wives were still permitted to live here, whence the name—St. Clement Danes.

The "fair fountain," formerly called St. Clement's Well, after becoming a pump, was finally destroyed in 1874, but is commemorated in *Clement's Inn*—to the left at the end of Wych Street, now an inn of court dependent on the Temple, but originally intended for the use of patients coming to the miraculous waters of the well. Shakespeare introduces it in his *Henry IV.* as the home of "Master Shallow." We should walk

through its quiet red-brick courts, by the quaint chapel, where an anchor commemorates the martyrdom of the sainted Pope Clement, who was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. Hence, through a brick archway, we have a pleasant glimpse of trees and flowers, and enter a garden square, in the centre of which is a curious kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sun-dial, brought from Italy by Holles, Lord Clare. Behind it stands "the Garden House," a picturesque relic of Queen Anne's time.

A further archway leads into the poor and crowded district of *Clare Market*, named, as is told by a tablet on one of the houses, "by Gilbert Earl of Clare, in memory of his uncle Denzil, Lord Holles, who died in 1679, a great honour to name, and the exact pature of his father's great merit, John, Earl of Clare."

Wych Street, which opens behind Holywell Street close to the entrance of Clement's Inn, contains some curious old houses. It is famous in the annals of London thieving for the exploits of Jack Sheppard, who gave rendezvous to his boon companions at the White Lion (now pulled down) in White Lion Passage. It was from Angel Inn in Wych Street that Bishop Hooper, in 1554, was taken to die for his faith at Gloucester.

A hosier's shop, which occupies a picturesque old house in the Strand parallel with Holywell Street, retains its old street sign of the Golden Lamb swinging over its door. The streets which debouch here from the Strand—Surrey Street, Norfolk Street, and Howard Street—mark the site of Arundel House, originally the palace of the Bishops of Bath and Wells. It was sold by Edward VI. to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, described by Latimer as "a man the furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard of in England." Here he married and greatly ill-treated the Queen-Dowager Katherine Parr, and incurred much censure for his impertinent familiarities with the Princess

Elizabeth, who was living under her protection. After the execution of Seymour for treason it was sold to the Earl of Arundel, and being thenceforth called Arundel House, became the receptacle of his busts and statues, a portion of which, now at Oxford, are still known as the "Arundel Marbles." It was in Arundel House that "Old Parr" died, having been brought to London from Shropshire to make acquaintance with Charles I., when far advanced in his hundred and fifty-third year. He

was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph narrates how he lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, and had a son by his second wife when he was a hundred and twenty years old.

Peter the Great was lodged "in a house prepared for him in *Norfolk Street*, near the water-side," on his first arrival in England in the reign of William III., and in the same house—that nearest the river—lived William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had a peeping-hole at the entrance, through which he surveyed every one who came to see him before they were admitted. One of these having been made to wait for a long time, asked the servant impatiently if his master would not see him. "Friend," said the



Temple Bar.

servant, "he hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee." The fact was he had discovered him to be a creditor.

In *Howard Street*, which connects Norfolk Street with Surrey Street, Mr. Mountfort was killed (December 9, 1692) by Captain Richard Hill, in a duel fought for the sake of the beautiful and virtuous actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the Diana of the stage." Lord Mohun, afterwards himself killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, was Hill's second in this quarrel.

William Congreve (1666-1729), in whose licentious plays the immaculate Mrs. Bracegirdle obtained her greatest successes, lived and died in *Surrey Street*. Condemned now, no English author was more praised by his contemporaries; Pope dedicated his *Iliad* to him, Dr. Johnson lauded his merit "as of the highest kind," and Dryden wrote,—

"Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave so much, he could not give him more."

Perhaps the only snub which Congreve received was from Voltaire, who came to visit him here, and being received with the airs of a fine gentleman, announced that if he had thought he was *only a gentleman*, he should not have come thither to see him.

We now come to *Essex Street*, occupying the site of Exeter House, which belonged to the Bishops of Exeter, where Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, who was holding London for Edward II. was besieged by the people, and flying to take sanctuary at St. Paul's, was beheaded, and brought back to be buried under a dust-heap by his own gateway. After the Reformation, Exeter House was inhabited by the Earl of Leicester, and then by Elizabeth's other favourite, the Earl of Essex, when the name was changed to Essex House. It was here that the handsome earl tried to rouse the people against Sir R. Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other reigning court favourites whom he believed to have been the cause of his losing his ascendancy over the Queen. Here he was blockaded, cannon being pointed at Essex House from the roofs of the neighbouring houses and the tower of St. Clement Danes, and hence, having surrendered, he was taken away to the Tower, where he was beheaded. It is to Essex House that Spenser alludes, after describing the Temple, in the *Prothalamion* :—

"Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case."

A pair of stone pillars at the end of the street,

which perhaps belonged to its water-gate, are the only existing remains of the old house. But in *Devereux Court* (on the left of Essex Street), high up on a wall, is a bust of Lord Essex, attributed to Cibber. It marks the celebrated Grecian coffee-house, where the wits of the last century loved to congregate, and whence Steele, in the first number of the *Tatler*, says that he shall date all his learned articles. The dandyism and affectation displayed by the young students of the Inns of Court frequenting the Grecian excited the contempt of Addison (*Spectator*, 491), who says, "I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be the ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments."

We now arrive where, black and grimy, in much sooty dignity, *Temple Bar* still ends the Strand, and marks the division between the City of London and the Liberty of Westminster. It was never a city gate, but as marking the City bounds, has, according to ancient custom been invariably closed, and only then, when a sovereign approaches the City on some public occasion. When the monarch arrives, one herald sounds a trumpet, another herald knocks, a parley ensues, the gates are flung open, and the Lord Mayor presents the sword of the City to the sovereign, who returns it to him again. Thus it was at the old Temple Bar with Elizabeth when she went to return thanks at St. Paul's for the destruction of the Armada; so it was with Cromwell when he went to dine in state in the City in 1649; so with Queen Anne after the battle of Blenheim; so with Queen Victoria when she has gone to the City in state.

Strype says that "anciently there were only posts, rails, and a chain" at Temple Bar. In the time of Henry VII. it is believed that the wooden edifice was erected, beneath which the bier of Elizabeth of York, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, was sprinkled with holy water by the abbots of Bermondsey and Westminster. This was the gate which was repainted for the entrance of Anne Boleyn, and again for the coronation of Edward VI.

The present Temple Bar was built from

designs of Wren in 1670; the feeble statues on the west side are Charles I. and Charles II., on the east Elizabeth and James I. They are the work of Bushnell, a sculptor who died mad in 1701. No one can see Temple Bar without connecting it with the human remains—dried by summer heats, and beaten and occasionally hurled to the ground by winter storms—by which it was so long surmounted. The first ghastly ornament of the Bar was one of the quarters of Sir William Armstrong, who was concerned in the Rye House Plot, and who, after his execution (1684), was boiled in pitch and divided into four parts. The head and quarters of Sir William Perkins and the quarters of Sir John Friend, who had conspired to assassinate William III., “from love to King James and the Prince of Wales,” were next exhibited. The last heads which were exposed here were those which were concerned in the “rebellion of ’45.” It is difficult to believe that it is scarcely more than a hundred and twenty years since Colonel Francis Townley, George Fletcher, and seven other Jacobites were so barbarously dealt with—hanged on Kennington Common, cut down, disembowelled, beheaded, quartered, their hearts tossed into a fire, from which one of them was snatched by a bystander, who devoured it to show his loyalty. Walpole afterwards saw their heads on Temple Bar, and says that people used to make a trade of letting out spy-glasses to look at them at a halfpenny a look. The spikes which supported the heads were only removed in the present century. It was in front of the Bar that Titus Oates stood in the pillory, pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs.

Whenever Temple Bar is removed, it will sweep away with it an immensity of the asso-

ciations of the past. Almost all the well-known authors of the last two centuries have somehow had occasion to mention it. Fleet Street, just within its bounds, is still the centre for the offices of nearly all the leading newspapers and magazines, and those who stand beneath the soot-begrimed arches may still have somewhat of the experience which Dr. Johnson describes in his “Project for the Employment of Authors” (1756). “It is my practice,” says Dr. Johnson, “when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers; and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discovering their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected; another cursing the French, who fight away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy; another perusing as he walks his publisher’s bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken a drowsy world to a sense of his merit.”

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE TURNED LESSON.

“I THOUGHT I knew it!” she said;
 “I thought I had learnt it quite!”
 But the gentle teacher shook her head,
 With a grave, yet loving light
 In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

“I thought I knew it!” she said;
 And a heavy tear fell down
 As she turned away with bending head;
 Yet not for reproof or frown,
 And not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the playhour lost;
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But her teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the birds
 In the depth of an autumn wood;
 And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
 Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 “Now I will try you again,”
 And the lesson was mastered, every word;
 Was it not worth the pain?
 Was it not kinder the task to turn
 Than to let it pass
 As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart?"
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace
The lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by His side
Till the page is really known;
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss), can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
That we knew it all so well,
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell?

And oh! how could we grieve once more
That Patient One
Who has turned so many a task before!

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
Though our task be turned to-day.
Oh! let Him teach us what He will,
In His own most gracious way,
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

TO MOSCOW AND BACK.

PART II.

YEARS ago, when entering the Bay of Rio, I asked of a fellow-traveller, in a moment of rapture, "Is there anything to beat this in the world?" The reply was chilling: "You should see the Bay of Sydney." It is with no intention of passing on this experience to my readers that I presume to ask them, "Have you seen Moscow?" If you have, then, even though Venice and Constantinople and Naples are still among the delights of the future, you have seen what rivals, if not surpasses, them all. If you have not, instantly resolve to devote your next holiday to going there.

An eminent living divine remarked the other day to a friend, "There are three bishopricks—London, Calcutta, and Melbourne." It is just as true that there are three Christian cities—Jerusalem, Rome, and Moscow. While Jerusalem has Olivet and the Holy Sepulchre, and Rome the Pantheon and St. Peter's, Moscow has the imperishable tradition of the Great Fire and the Kremlin. From St. Petersburg to Moscow is four hundred and two miles, as nearly as possible—the distance from London to Edinburgh. What the Great Northern express travels in nine hours, and thinks nothing of it, the Nicholas Railway takes fifteen hours to accomplish, and calls it a prodigious feat.

The road passes through a soft green country, at one part diversified by scenery which might almost be called hilly, and touching occasional towns, of which Tver,

one of the most important, is on the Volga. There are good refreshment rooms at sufficient intervals, and with enough time for comfortable eating. The express is a night train, and for those who desire them, beds are made up in a sleeping-carriage, at a trifling additional charge. We travelled in a saloon carriage, provided with large crimson velvet arm-chairs, which let down behind and in front, and when supplemented with a pillow, make capital sleeping-places.

Editor permitting, it may be convenient here to introduce a few practical remarks on travelling in Russia, for the information of those who may feel constrained by the delightful things they are going to read about, to come and see for themselves.

Travelling in Russia is expensive, and even couriers charge one-third more for their services here than in other parts of Europe. The writer was from home a month, of which by far the cheaper half was spent at sea, for it involved an expense of only £10 10s., everything included. For the other fortnight the expenditure amounted to £30, wine, public amusements, and washing not included. The best hotel at St. Petersburg is Hotel d'Angleterre, and at Moscow Hotel Billo; but neither of these is on a level with a first-rate hotel in Germany or Switzerland. English is spoken at both these hotels. Commissionaires cost eight shillings a day; but judiciously used, they soon save you the money, and there is sure to be some one at

the hotel glad to share the expense. At St. Petersburg John Michael Timoff (to be heard of at the Hotel d'Angleterre) is a reliable and useful man; at Moscow Charles Kemings at Hotel Billo is well known to English and Americans. The heat and dust are great in the summer months; but I found sufficient cleanliness, and there were no insects. A serious difficulty is found just at first in deciphering the names of the streets, which are, of course, written up in the Russian characters, and totally unintelligible to the ordinary mind. Hardly any English is understood outside the hotels, which makes a difficulty in settling with the droshky drivers, who have no tariff, and who, in the event of no previous arrangement, can ask what they please—and do. There is much natural politeness in the Russian, though, like the Frenchman, he feels very sorry for your not being Russian, and, as once happened to me, is unable to conceal his compassionate surprise if you cannot speak Russ. It is also characteristic of the people that their being made clearly acquainted with your ignorance in this respect never in the least daunts them in their own conversation. On flows the mellifluous talk in its sweet soft accents; you bow, and try to look intelligent; your friend, hearing himself, is content.

If at St. Petersburg a bird's-eye view of the city is indispensable to a thorough appreciation of its main features, at Moscow it is equally necessary, less fatiguing, and even more enjoyable. The most striking view of the city is from the Ivan Veliké Tower, which we shall have something to say about when we visit the Kremlin; but the most complete is from the tower of the Strasnoe Monastery, which is on high ground in the very centre of the town. And a marvellous, nay, in some respects, a matchless view it is! No doubt it wants water, and Constantinople has the Bosphorus. There are no ruddy Pyramids as at Cairo, filling the heart with a grand mystery. From the Alhambra you see the Sierra Nevada rising up like a wall of amethyst edged with snow; here, in the far-off distance, there is but a haze of blue low hills, enough to bound the sight, not enough to awe the fancy. Still there is a view that, in some respects, recalls the well-known beauty of Damascus; in others surpasses it. You look down on an ocean of verdure, out of which peep house-tops of all heights and shapes and hues, bounded on the horizon by green parks and woods, and out of them rising up in all colours and styles of architec-

ture the domes and towers of eight hundred churches, some gilt, some a pale blue, some green, some white, some a reddish chocolate, some studded with golden stars, some striped with bands of colour. The effect is unique, and when you remember that for quite six months in the year the city is covered with a mantle of glittering snow, the meaning of all this colour breaks on you. It is a deliberate and artificial foil to the cold and dismal monotony of the deadly whiteness; the buoyant challenge of hearts, which, loving Nature in all her moods, and fearing her in none of them, dares her to her worst.

Moscow with its six hundred thousand inhabitants (fifty thousand fewer than St. Petersburg) is in a much truer sense the heart of the Russian nation, and being the centre of an important railway system which radiates to the extremities of the empire, is rapidly increasing in wealth. Two things soon strike you in Moscow. One, the villainousness of the roads, on which the municipality, indifferent to the good example of the citizens of Odessa, refuse to spend the money that is required. The other is the extreme unevenness of the architectural features of the city, which no doubt has been mainly caused by its rapid and irregular reconstruction after the fire, and which constantly give one surprises not always of a pleasing character, and deprives an important metropolis of its just effect. The city is extremely healthy, and the water excellent, a compliment which cannot be passed on to St. Petersburg, where, notwithstanding the recent formation of costly waterworks, the water is so unwholesome that few strangers can drink it, unboiled, with impunity. The citizens are vehement in their nationalism, and at the present moment are very bitter against England, partly because we bought the Suez Canal shares (in some people's eyes our best justification for having bought them), partly on account of the line we are taking about this unhappy Servian war. There is an English church at Moscow attached to the British factory, of which Mr. Penny, the kind friend of so many English travellers, is the diligent and esteemed minister. It sorely needs repairs, and there are no local funds here, as happily there are at St. Petersburg, for effecting them. The English population numbers about five hundred.

Before we descend the tower a few prominent objects which attract the eye deserve notice. They may be as well described here as anywhere, and to one person, at least, it will be a relief to feel that they are done.

What is that yellow massive building, looking like a vast barrack, just over the line where the river flows? It is the Foundling Hospital, where thirteen thousand children are admitted annually from all parts of the empire, without any question being asked; and after vaccination are sent out again to be boarded privately in the country. As a means of ridding unprincipled persons and unnatural parents of the trouble of rearing those who belong to them, the system acts admirably; also as a quick way of easily sending them to heaven; for half of the children die from a variety of causes before they are a year old, and of the rest only one-half attain maturity. The yearly grant to the hospital is £180,000; the yearly loss to the country, through the direct encouragement of immorality, and the wasting of so many precious lives is—perhaps a good deal more.

Beyond the spires and towers of the Kremlin, the Acropolis of Moscow, is a grand white church with a gilded dome flashing in the sun, on an imposing elevation all by itself, and apparently unfinished. This is the Church of the Saviour, which we visited afterwards (not without difficulty in obtaining admission), and which has been in process of construction ever since the French invasion, of which, indeed, it is the national monument. When finished, which it will not be for several years yet, it will have cost two millions of our money, and it helped me to understand what becomes of Russian loans. Much of it is built of Labrador stone, and the interior, which was blocked with scaffolding, is elaborately decorated with Finnish and Siberian marbles. Frescoes, commemorative of principal events in the war, are being painted, not in a high style of art, and on the whole to be deprecated. The effect of the combined wealth of gold and marble will be superb. Hard by is a tumble-down prison, where exiles for Siberia are confined before starting on their journey. The Russians appear to see no advantage in building palaces for their *mauvais sujets*, or in providing them with a more elaborate dietary than honest men would find at home. A polite official handed me some soup, which I politely tasted, and did not ask for more. The saddest sight here was some quite young boys; let us hope brought there through the misfortune of their parents, not their own sin.

Another fine building in this quarter of the city is the Museum, where is a most interesting ethnological collection, in accurately costumed figures, the size of life, of the various

racés inhabiting Russia. There is one just like it at Constantinople. With their implements, and in some cases their tents, these gentlemen and ladies really look like so many actual human beings suddenly petrified, and unpleasantly staring you in the face. Persons of a nervous turn of mind might easily think it ghostly, and request to be taken away. As a matter of fact, the Exhibition, though from not exactly this cause, when first opened here in 1867, caused serious apprehension in Austria.

The Moscow bazaars, like those at St. Petersburg, absorb much of the trade of the city, and are divided into separate streets, each with their own speciality of merchandise. Visitors to Constantinople will have a few reminiscences stirred in them, but there is a great falling off here in the varieties of costume, as well as in the general bustle of the place. Nor do we see here the dignified and picturesque Turk majestically smoking his chibouque in the midst of his merchandise, and loftily indifferent to the needs and wishes of his customers, of whose existence, indeed, just at first, he appears superbly unconscious. Just outside the bazaar an interesting house is shown, now the property of the Imperial Family, and once the residence of Michael Romanoff, the founder of the dynasty now on the throne. It has been skilfully restored after the period of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the small quaint rooms, some of them hung in stamped gilt leather, with the furniture of the period, and pathetically attractive with the nursery toys, and even tiny apostle spoons used by a Romanoff boy, are well worth a visit.

One more feature attracts the inquisitive gaze of a spectator, not too shortsighted, in a mass of wood that clothes an abrupt amphitheatre of sharply falling ground looking down on Moscow from the south. These are the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon had his first look at Moscow, on his way from Smolensk, and where the French army, feeling Moscow at last in its grasp, uttered cries of joy.

And now for the Kremlin!

Passing through the vast square in which is situated the Opera House, and skirting the picturesque old wall, which surrounds the enclosure called the Kitai Gorod, or the Chinese Quarter (though the Chinese have had no more to do with it than we have), we soon see the wall of the Kremlin in front of us, dating from the fifteenth century, and enclosing a circumference of two miles. Keeping it on our right, we climb rising

ground, and passing under one of the most sacred gateways in Moscow, we see in front of us, perhaps the most curious church in Europe, the Church of St. Basil. This church stands on what is called the red or beautiful place, and was built by Ivan the terrible, a Czar whose memory is full of traditions of atrocious violence, and one of which, in relation to this very church, credits him with having put out the eyes of the architect immediately on its completion, to prevent his building a better. It is best described as a cluster of exquisitely shaped bulbs or toad-stools, eleven in number, all differing from each other in colour and design, and some of them ornamented in stripes of brilliant colour, each surmounting its own chapel below. The walls are painted in a coarse fresco, the effect of which is excellent, and much should I like just once to see it in the snow. On the right is the Redeemer Gate, most sacred of the five by which you enter the Kremlin, and where every one bares his head in fulfilment of a religious custom, and in deference to a national prejudice. We pass under it, and at once we are on a noble platform, with a monastery on our right hand, painted in a lovely blue colour, and on our left, Moscow at our feet. What Kremlin means, no etymologist can exactly tell us. What it is, is an easier matter, since it contains a palace, five churches, a monastery, the great bell, and a smaller one, besides several of silver, and is associated in the mind of every patriotic Russian with the most august traditions, and the most solemn ceremonies of the empire. Here the Czars are crowned, and here they repose when their toils are over. The Kremlin is the soul of Russia; and when Napoleon climbed the grand staircase to take solemn possession, the country was struck to the heart.

After a moment's impatient gaze on the panorama before us, the Ivan Veliké Tower came in front of us, and a little more climbing had to be done. But what a reward! Here was quite another quarter of Moscow to look down at, with river, and wood, and monastery; turn round, and you look into the courts of the Kremlin, and at once master the geography of that rather complicated place, while at the foot is the great bell, the largest in the world, weighing four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, with a great piece knocked out of its side by an ugly fall; in its mortified grandeur placed by the Emperor Nicholas on its present pedestal, and not in the least likely to get higher.

There are four churches in the court-yard of the Kremlin. The church of St. Michael and all Angels has been noticed in the previous paper, and the only further reference I would make to it is to the little dome, so perfectly and smoothly gilt, that the surrounding landscape was perfectly reflected in the scorching sunshine of that brilliant July day. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the Emperors are crowned, deserves a moment's notice.

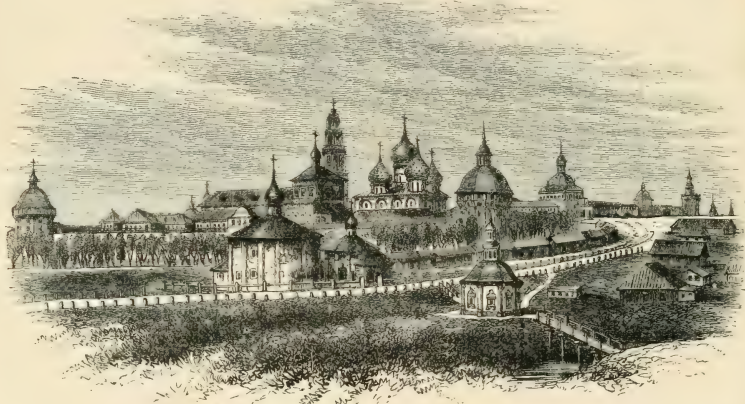
In size a chapel rather than a church, and almost rebuilt after the fire in 1737 (not Napoleon's fire), it still retains its primitive form, and its architectural character, a mixture of Byzantine and Lombard. Outside it is white, with domes covered with gilt copper, and pictures in mosaic over the doors. Within, the first effect recalled St. Mark's, though the Venetian church is on so much a vaster scale. The domes are supported by lofty pillars covered with life-size frescoes on a gold ground. The walls are covered with gilding happily toned down by age. On the Iconastis are pictures of great antiquity and sacredness; one of them, of the Virgin, is said to have been painted by St. Luke, and is adorned with jewels valued at £45,000. From one of these pictures, a short time ago, an audacious thief, reverently kissing it, bit off and carried away an emerald of great value. Here the Czar crowns himself, and then entering through the sacred doors of the sanctuary takes from the holy table the elements of bread and wine, and partakes of them before the people, the living embodiment of Church and State in one. An admirable account of this church, and of the chief ceremonies of the coronation, is to be found in the "Eastern Church" of Dean Stanley, whose personal knowledge of Russia is only surpassed by the exquisite charm of the style with which he communicates it to his countrymen.

The sacristy, or sacred treasury, hard by, is bursting with costly embroidery, jewelled chalice, and old silver plate of enormous value. They were all carried away to a distant place of security before the French reached Moscow. We were also shown the room where the holy oil is mixed, with which all Russian infants are anointed at their baptism. Every third year it is prepared with much solemnity by the metropolitan and the higher clergy, and is composed of thirty different ingredients. When made, it is kept in sixteen silver jars, out of which it is taken for distribution through the country.

The Palace at Moscow, hardly known out-

side Russia as it deserves to be, was built by the Emperor Nicholas, and, without exaggeration, may be said to contain three of the grandest rooms in Europe. The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress are much like any others of the kind, but the pictures in the Emperor's cabinet of Napoleon's entering and leaving Moscow, and of the battles of Borodino and Smolensk, show an ineffaceable impression on the Russian mind. The glory, however, of this Palace is in its three grand halls. St. George's Hall, dedicated to the military order of that name, is two hundred feet long by sixty-eight feet broad, and sixty-eight feet high, with fittings in black and orange, and the names of

members of the Order inscribed in gold letters on the walls. Of course we looked for Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and soon we found him. It is lit with three thousand two hundred candles, always wax. Out of this opens the Alexander Hall, very gorgeous in pink and gold, one hundred and three feet by sixty-eight, and lit by four thousand five hundred candles. Out of this, again, opens that which struck me as the most noble of all, the Hall of St. Andrew, hung with blue silk, with the Emperor's throne at the end, one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty-eight, and is lighted by two thousand and ninety-five candles. When these three great halls are thrown open for company, and filled



Troitsa Monastery.

with gorgeous uniforms, flashing diamonds, beautiful women, and the sumptuous retinue of a magnificent court, nowhere in the world can be seen in its greater perfection the pride of life, and the pomp that comes with power. In this part of the Kremlin there are two other objects of interest, in quaint contrast with these chambers of lofty splendour. One, the gold court, once used as an audience chamber for the patriarchs and archbishops, a low, dark, square room, full of a grand and almost solemn antiquity; the other, the Terem, anciently devoted to the Czar's wife and her children, a building in four stories, restored about thirty years ago. The rooms are filled with curious antiquities, among other things, ancient charters, and

they are approached by a curious carved staircase of stone.

Such is but a quick glance at some of the features of the Kremlin, to which the hearts of all Russians turn in love and pride, as the souls of the exiled Hebrews from the river of Babylon to the distant city of their God. The tide of the nation's life has now receded from Moscow, and beats upon St. Petersburg; but Moscow is still its holy joy. On the Neva the Emperor administers the empire; at the Kremlin he owns it.

With a day's pilgrimage to the Troitsa Monastery, forty miles from Moscow on the line to Yaroslaf, our traveller's budget will be done.

If it does not sound very conceited to say

so, Holy Russia is in some respects just three hundred years behind England, and the monasteries are a case in point. There are altogether five hundred and forty in Russia (what we call nunneries included and

even expressed by the word), some of them possessing vast revenues; and a Government inquiry on the entire subject has lately been completed, not without considerable obstruction on part of the monks. This Troitsa



St. Ivan Veliké Tower and Great Bell.



The Kremlin and St. Basil's Church from Bridge.

Monastery, as a proof of its great wealth, was called upon for a contribution of £800,000 to the Crimean War, and paid it. The monastery of St. Alexander Newsky at St. Petersburg has also large revenues and commanding influence. Troitsa is the Can-

terbury of Russia. Built within ancient and picturesque walls that have stood a siege, and sheltered Peter the Great in early perils, it is a town in itself, and contains ten churches, the most ancient of which is the Cathedral of the Trinity, with a shrine of St. Sergius, of

pure silver. The belfry is remarkable for its height; the day we saw it, soaring grandly into a cloudless sky of limpid blue. The sacristy occupies four rooms, and is simply crammed with costly vestments, jewelled ornaments, and ancient silver. The large refectory rather reminded me of the hall at Queen's College, Oxford. Exquisite specimens of modern ecclesiastical painting can be bought here at a very moderate cost. Some of the monks hanging about had not very pleasant faces, and were in odious contrast with the devout appearance of the pilgrims, who come here in swarms. But not all of them are drone bees. Attached to the monastery is an ecclesiastical academy for the training of young clergymen, a hospital, and a primary school outside the walls. Within them, it has no business to be wanted.

At a short distance from Troitsa is the Hermitage of Gethsemane, founded by the late much-venerated metropolitan Philaret. We saw with our own shuddering eyes two underground cells, actually inhabited by monks, and one being left open, we took the liberty of walking in and looking round. It was a narrow, dark, damp, lightless den, that a toad would catch its death of cold in, lit by a small lamp, and just warmed during the frightful cold of winter. No air but what comes through the damp passages. No variety but going to chapel, and saying prayers to which the entire life is giving the lie. What a God men must think their God to be, if this sort of life can either please or glorify Him; and can prayers be heard which keep men rotting there!

Almost as great a gulf separates the superior from the inferior clergy in Russia as severs the Czar from the mudjik. The bishops are accomplished and polished men, and a theological professor, who was good enough to call on me at St. Petersburg, seemed the very ideal of culture, consecrated by piety. But the parochial clergy, "passing rich on £40 a year," are taken from "the lowest of the people," without undergoing the humanising and elevating process of a liberal education. Consequently, their influence with the poor is deplorably small, with the upper classes is less than nothing.

In some respects the influence of religion in Russia is beyond what it is with us; in other respects, on a level with us; in others, the balance is in our favour. The working—and, perhaps, as a rule, the middle—classes are profoundly convinced of the truth of their religion, and if they neglect its precepts,

devoutly observe its rites. When Russia ceases to venerate the Kremlin, Church and State will be severed; not before. They, as we, are terribly hampered with an almost universal intemperance; and I shall not soon forget the drunken shouts of a mudjik, who passed us in a gallop near the Sparrow Hills, and pushed his horse over all sorts of rough places, at the risk of his life. I know, had I been the horse, I should have soon jerked him off into the middle of next week. But the enormous ignorance and base superstition which are to be found in Russia have no parallel in our English population, and if the Russian clergy would start and work a temperance society as it is now being worked by Christian ministers in England, a great change might come over the land. Reforms are imminent in many directions; but they must be cautiously and quietly carried out, or they would provoke a revolution from Archangel to Odessa. What seemed to me most needed was that some Luther should come and shake the Greek Church out of her slumber, as rough but kind hands have stirred us from ours. With many virtues, the Church in Russia is woefully deficient in the one infallible sign of divine life—a missionary spirit. The present metropolitan of St. Petersburg, who laboured for years in Kamschatka, is a noble exception; but he is supremely alone. There is a sure Nemesis on hostility to foreign missions, in a cold indifference to religious enterprise at home. In Moscow or St. Petersburg, our twelve days' mission in London would not only be impracticable, it would be unintelligible.

And yet God is not the God of the English only, or of the Scotch only; is He not also of the Russians? Will He not judge them by their opportunities, as He most assuredly will judge us by ours? Yes; and judge them with merciful judgment. And is not He teaching them also, as they are able to bear it, still, in divers manners, as at divers times, revealing Himself in His Son? "Christianity is like the sunshine—a force of spiritual heat and light which expands, develops, and irradiates; assimilating, but according to the original arrangement of the spiritual atoms of each character; so that it does not destroy, but enhances individuality, does not injure, but intensifies variety."

In the centre of the dome of the Cathedral of the Assumption, there is a noble face of Christ, looking down as from heaven, in an ineffable benignity, and in an everlasting compassion, on the worshippers below, who come age after age to worship Him. It is

silent, and we know it is but a painted face: still it may be a parable to our imagination; and the teaching of the parable is one of tolerant humble love. For it says to us that God most high, in His glorified humanity, equally belongs to all; because He equally belongs to all, has grace, and goodness, and patience, and righteousness for all; but on the one condition that while we value truth, we also keep charity, that in thanking

Him for what He does for us, and by us, we recognise also what He is doing for others, and by others.

Russia is the property of Christ as much as England is; He will judge between us, and give the right where He sees it due. He says to both of us, "Follow me." He says about both of us, "In every nation he that feareth God and doeth righteousness is accepted of me."

A. W. THOROLD.

STORY OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

I.

WHEN Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, he issued a number of decrees or edicts for the purpose of stamping out Protestantism in France. Each decree had the effect of an Act of Parliament. Louis combined in himself the entire powers of the State. The king's word was law. *L'état c'est Moi* was his maxim.

The Decrees which Louis issued were of a similar character. They were tyrannical, brutal, and cowardly. Some were even ludicrous in their inhumanity. Thus Protestant grooms were forbidden to give riding-lessons; Protestant barbers were forbidden to cut hair; Protestant washerwomen were forbidden to wash clothes; Protestant servants were forbidden to serve either Roman Catholic or Protestant mistresses. They must all be "converted." A profession of the Roman Catholic faith was required from simple artizans—from shoemakers, tailors, masons, carpenters, and such-like—before they were permitted to labour at their respective callings. Thus Protestantism was to be exterminated amongst the working class.

The cruelty went further. Protestants were forbidden to be employed as librarians and printers. They could not even be employed as labourers upon the king's highway. They could not serve in any public office whatever. They were excluded from the collection of the taxes, and from all government departments. Protestant apothecaries must shut up their shops. Protestant advocates were forbidden to plead before the courts. Protestant doctors were forbidden to practise medicine and surgery. The *sages-femmes* must necessarily be of the Roman Catholic religion.

The cruelty was extended to the family. Protestant parents were forbidden to instruct

their children in their own faith. They were enjoined, under a heavy penalty, to have their children baptized by the Roman Catholic priest, and brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. When the law was disobeyed, the priests were empowered to seize and carry off the children, and educate them, at the expense of the parents, in monasteries and nunneries.

Then, as regards the profession of the Protestant religion:—It was decreed by the king, that all the Protestant temples in France should be demolished, or converted to other uses. Protestant pastors were ordered to quit the country within fifteen days after the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. If found in the country after that period, they were condemned to death. A reward of five thousand five hundred livres was offered for the apprehension of any Protestant pastor; and after that, hanging. Of course, Protestant worship was altogether prohibited. If any Protestants were found singing psalms, or engaged in prayer, in their own houses, they were liable to have their entire property confiscated, and to be sent to the galleys for life.

These monstrous decrees were actually carried into effect. They were carried into effect at a time when France reigned supreme in the domain of intellect, poetry, and the arts—in the days of Racine, Corneille, Molière—of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Fénelon. Louis XIV. had the soldier, the hangman, and the Jesuit at his command; but they all failed him. They could imprison, they could torture, they could kill, they could make the Protestants galley-slaves. They could burn their Bibles, and deprive them of everything that they valued; but the impregnable rights of conscience defied them.

The only thing left for the Protestants was to fly from France in all directions. They took refuge in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England. The flight from France had begun before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but after that act, the flight rapidly increased. Not less than a million of persons are supposed to have escaped from France in consequence of the Revocation.

Steps were, however, taken by the king to stop the emigration. He issued a decree ordering that the property and goods of all those Protestants who had already escaped should be confiscated to the crown, unless they returned within three months from the date of the Revocation. Then, with respect to the Protestants who remained in France, he decreed that all Frenchmen found attempting to escape were to be sent to the galleys for life; and that all Frenchwomen found attempting to escape were to be imprisoned for life. The spies who denounced the fugitive Protestants were rewarded by the apportionment of half their goods.

This decree was not, however, considered sufficiently severe, and it was shortly after followed by another, proclaiming that any captured fugitives, as well as any person found acting as their guide, should be condemned to death. Another royal decree was issued respecting those fugitives who attempted to escape by sea. It was to the effect, that before any ship was allowed to set sail for a foreign port, the hold should be fumigated with a deadly gas, so that any hidden Huguenot who could not otherwise be detected, might be suffocated to death.

* These measures, however, did not seem to have the effect of "converting" the French Protestants. The Dragonnades were next resorted to. Louis XIV. was pleased to call the dragoons his *Booted Missionaries*, *ses missionnaires bottés*. The dragonnades are said to have been the invention of Michel de Marillac, whose name will doubtless descend to infamous notoriety, like those of Catherine de Medicis, the Guises, and the other authors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Yet there was not much genius displayed in the invention of the Dragonnades. It merely consisted in this: whenever it was found that a town abounded with Huguenots, the dragoons, hussars, and troops of various kinds were poured into it, and quartered on the inhabitants. Twenty, thirty, or forty were quartered together, according to the size of the house. They occupied

every room; they beat their drums and blew their trumpets; they smoked, drank, and swore, without any regard to the infirm, the sick, or the dying, until the inmates were "converted."

The whole army of France was thus let loose upon the Huguenots. They had been beaten out of Holland by the Dutch Calvinists; and they could now fearlessly take their revenge out of their unarmed Huguenot fellow-countrymen. Whenever they quartered themselves in a dwelling, it was, for the time being, their own. They rummaged the cellars, drank the wines, ordered the best of everything, pillaged the house, and treated everybody who belonged to it as slaves. The Huguenots were not only compelled to provide for the entertainment of their guests, but to pay them their wages. The superior officers were paid fifteen francs a day, the lieutenants nine francs, and the common soldiers three francs. If the money was not paid, the household furniture, the horses and cows, and all the other articles that could be seized, were sold publicly.

No wonder that so many Huguenots were "converted" by the dragoons. Forty thousand persons were converted in Poitou. The regiment of Asfeld was the instrument of their conversion. A company and a half of dragoons occupied the house of a single lady at Poitiers until she was converted to the Roman Catholic faith. What bravery!

The Huguenots of Languedoc were amongst the most obstinate of all. They refused to be converted by the priests; and then Louis XIV. determined to dragonnade them. About sixty thousand troops were concentrated on the province. Noailles, the governor, shortly after wrote to the king that he had converted the city of Nismes in twenty-four hours. Twenty thousand converts had been made in Montauban; and he promised that by the end of the month there would be no more Huguenots left in Languedoc.

Many persons were doubtless converted by force, or by the fear of being dragonnaded; but there were also many more who were ready to run all risks rather than abjure their faith. Of those who abjured, the greater number took the first opportunity of flying from France, by land or by sea, and taking refuge in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, or England. Many instances might be given of the heroic fortitude with which the Huguenots bore the brutality of their enemies; but, for the present, it may be sufficient to mention the case of the De Péchels of Montauban.

The citizens of Montauban had been terribly

treated before and after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The town had been one of the principal Huguenot places of refuge in France. Hence its population was principally Protestant.* Its university had been shut up. Its churches had been levelled to the ground. Its professors and pastors had been banished from France. And now it was to be dragonnaded.

The town was filled with troops, who were quartered on the Protestants. One of the burgesses called upon the Intendant, threw himself at his feet, and prayed to be delivered from the dragoons. "On one condition only!" replied Dubois, "that you become a Catholic." "I cannot," said the townsman, "because, if the Sultan quartered twenty janissaries on me, I might, for the same reason, be forced to become a Turk."

Although many of the townsmen pretended to be converted, the Protestant chiefs held firm to their convictions, and resisted all persuasions, promises, and threats, to induce them to abjure their religion. Amongst them were Samuel de Péchels de la Boissonade and the Marquise de Sabonnières, his wife, who, in the midst of many trials and sorrows, preferred to do their duty to every other consideration.

The family of De Péchels had long been settled at Montauban. In 1547 Pierre de Péchels held the baronies of La Boissonade and St. Cran Barré, situated near that town. Pierre's son, Jean Horace, held the office of Councillor of the Chamber of Edicts, and other honourable offices. Pierre's grandson, Jean Horace, a king's councillor, was the father of Samuel de Péchels, the subject of the following narrative.

The De Péchels, being regarded as among the heads of the Protestant party in Montauban, were marked out by the king's ministers for the most vigorous treatment. When the troops entered the town on the 20th of August, 1685, they were at once quartered upon the Protestants. The inhabitants were treated as if the town had been taken by assault. The officers and soldiers vied with each other in committing acts of violence. They were sanctioned by the magistrate, who authorised their excesses, in conformity with the king's will.† Tumult

and disorder prevailed everywhere. Houses were broken into. Persons of the reformed religion, without regard to age, sex, or condition, were treated with indignity. They were sworn at, threatened, and beaten. Their families were turned out of doors. Every room in the house was entered and ransacked of its plate, and silk, and linen, and clothes. When the furniture was too heavy to be carried away, it was demolished. The mirrors were slashed with swords, or shot at with pistols. In short, so far as regarded their household possessions, the greater number of the Protestants were completely ruined.

Samuel de Péchels de la Boissonade had no fewer than thirty-eight dragoons and fusiliers quartered upon him. It was intended at first to quarter these troopers on Roupeiroux, the king's adjutant; but having promptly changed his religion to avoid the horrors of the dragonnade, they were removed to the house of De Péchels, and he was ordered by Chevalier Duc, their commander, to pay down the money which he had failed to get from Roupeiroux, during the days that the troopers should have occupied his house. De Péchels has himself told the story of his sufferings, and we proceed to quote his own words:—

"Soon after," he says, "my house was filled with officers, troopers, and their horses, who took possession of every room with such unfeeling harshness that I could not reserve a single one for the use of my family; nor could I make these unfeeling wretches listen to my declaration that I was ready to give up all that I possessed without resistance. Doors were broken open, boxes and cupboards forced. They liked better to carry off what belonged to me in this violent manner than to take the keys which my wife and I, standing on either side, continued to offer. The granaries served for the reception of their horses among the grain and meal, which the wretches, with the greatest barbarity, made them trample underfoot. The very bread destined for my little children, like the rest, was contemptuously trodden down by the horses.

"Nothing could stop the brutality of these madmen. I was thrust out into the street with my wife, now very near her confinement, and four very young children, taking nothing with me but a little cradle and a small supply of linen, for the babe whose birth was almost momentarily expected. The street being full of people, diverted at seeing us thus exposed, we were delayed some moments near the door, during which

* Nearly half the inhabitants of Montauban are still Protestant. The college has been restored for the instruction of students destined for the Reformed Church ministry.

† In the letter of the Marquis de Louvois to the governors of provinces and magistrates of towns, the royal mandate of Louis XIV. was thus expressed: "Sa majesté veut qu'on fasse éprouver les dernières rigueurs à ceux qui ne voudront pas se faire de sa religion; et ceux qui auront la sotte gloire de demeurer les derniers, doivent être poussés jusqu'à la dernière extrémité."

we were pitilessly drenched by the troopers, who amused themselves at the windows with emptying upon our heads pitchers of water, to add to their enjoyment of our sad condition.

"From this moment I gave up both house and goods to be plundered, without having in view any place of refuge but the street, ill suited, it must be owned, for such a purpose, and especially so to a woman expecting her confinement hourly, and to little children of too tender an age to make their own way—some of them, indeed, being unable to walk or speak—and having no hope but in the mercy of God and His gracious protection."

De Péchels proceeded to the house of Marshal Boufflers, commander of the district, thinking it probable that a man of honour, such as he was supposed to be, would discourage such barbarities, and place the dragoons under some sort of military control. But no! The Marshal could not be found. He carefully kept out of the way of all Protestant complainants. De Péchels, however, met Chevalier Duc, who commanded the soldiers that had turned him out of his house. In answer to the expostulations of De Péchels, the Chevalier gave him to understand that the same treatment would be continued unless he "changed his religion." "Then," answered De Péchels, "by God's help I never will."

The dragoons, being masters of De Péchels's house, helped themselves to his grain, his furniture, his linen, his clothes, and those of his wife and children—to everything, in short, which they were able to find and carry away. They did all this by order of the Chevalier Duc, who was under the authority of Marshal Boufflers, the Intendant (M. de Berchère), and the Bishop (Vesmond). They each strove to outdo each other in giving countenance to the Chevalier's cruelties. The Intendant issued an order for the sale of the furniture, to raise money enough to pay the officers and soldiers, while they had occupied and plundered the house!

At length, when it had been thoroughly stripped, and the dragoons had decamped elsewhere, De Péchels received an order to return to his house, in order to entertain another detachment of soldiers. The criminal judge, who had possession of the keys, entered the house, and found it in extreme disorder. "I was obliged to remain in it," says De Péchels, "amidst dirt and vermin, in obedience to the Intendant's

orders, reiterated in the strictest manner by the criminal judge, that I should await the arrival of a fresh party of lodgers, who accordingly came on the day following."

The new party consisted of six soldiers of the regiment of Fusiliers, who called themselves simply "missionaries," as distinct from the "booted missionaries" who had just left. They were savage at not finding anything to plunder, their predecessors having removed everything in the shape of booty. The fusiliers were shortly followed by six soldiers of Dampier's regiment, who were still more ferocious. They gave De Péchels and his wife no peace day or night; they kept the house in a constant uproar; swore and sang obscene songs, and carried their insolence to the utmost pitch. At length De Péchels was forced to quit the house, on account of his wife, who was near the time of her confinement. These are his own words:—

"For a long time we were wandering through the streets, no one daring to offer us an asylum, as the ordinance of the Intendant imposed a fine of four or five hundred livres* upon any who should receive Protestants into their houses. My mother's house had long been filled with soldiers, as well as that of my sister De Darassus; and not knowing where to go, I suffered great agony of mind for fear my poor wife should give birth to her infant in the street. In this lamentable plight, the good providence of God led us to the house of Mdlle. de Guarrison, my wife's sister, whence, most fortunately, a large number of these soldiers, with their officers, were issuing. They had occupied it for some time, and had allowed the family no rest. Now they were changing their quarters, to continue their lawless mission in some country town. The stillness of the house after their departure induced us to enter it at once, and hardly had my wife accepted the bed Mdlle. de Guarrison offered her, than she was happily delivered of a daughter, blessed be God, who never leaves Himself without a witness to those who fear His name.

"That same evening a great number of soldiers arrived, and took up their quarters in M. de Guarrison's house, and two days after, this burden was augmented by the addition of a colonel, a captain, and two lieutenants, with a large company of soldiers and several servants, all of whom conducted themselves with a degree of violence scarcely

* The French livre was worth three francs, of two shillings and sixpence English money.

to be described. They had no regard for the owners of the house, but robbed them with impunity. They had no pity for my poor wife, weak and ill as she was; nor for the helpless children, who suffered much under these miserable conditions.

Officers, soldiers, and servants pillaged the house with odious rivalry, took possession of all the rooms, drove out the owners, and obliged the poor sick woman (by their continual threats and abominable conduct) to get up and try to retire to some other place. She crept into the courtyard, where, with her infant, she was detained in the cold for a long time by the soldiers, who would not allow her to quit the premises. At length, however, my poor wife got into the street, still, however, guarded by soldiers, who would not allow her to go out of their sight, or to speak with any one. She complained to the Intendant of their cruel ways, but instead of procuring her any relief, he aggravated her affliction, ordering the soldiers to keep strict watch over her, never to leave her, and to inform him with what persons she found a refuge, that he might make them pay the penalty."

De Péchels's wife was thus under the necessity of sleeping, with her babe and her children, in the street. After all was quiet, they sought for a door-step, and lay down for the night under the stars. What a commentary was this upon the eulogiums which Bossuet, the Bishop of Meaux, heaped upon the supreme Monarch of France! "Let us expand our hearts," he said, "in praise of the piety of the Great Louis. Let our acclamations ascend to heaven, and let us say to this Constantine, this new Theodosius, what the six hundred and fathers said in the Council of Chalcedon, 'You have strengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; King of Heaven, preserve the King of Earth!'"

At length Madame de Péchels found temporary shelter. Mademoiselle de Delada, a friend of the Intendant, touched by the poor woman's sad condition, implored the magistrate's permission to give her refuge; and being a well-known Roman Catholic, she was at length permitted to take Madame de Péchels and her babe into her house, but on condition that four soldiers should still keep her in view. She remained there for a short time, until she was able to leave her bed, when she was privily removed to a country house belonging to Mademoiselle de Delada, not far from the town of Montauban.

To return to Samuel de Péchels. His house was still overflowing with soldiers. They proceeded to wreck what was left of his household effects, they carried off and sold his papers and his library, which was considerable. Some of the soldiers of Dampier's regiment carried off in a sack a pair of brass chimney dogs, the shovel and tongs, a grate, and some iron spits, the wretched remains of his household furniture. They proceeded to lay waste his farms and carry off his cattle, selling the latter by public auction in the square. They next pulled down his house, and sold the materials. After this, ten soldiers were quartered in a neighbouring tavern, at De Péchels's expense. Not being able to pay the expenses, the Intendant sent some archers to him to say that he would be carried off to prison unless he changed his religion. To that proposal he answered, as before, that "by the help of God he would never make that change, and that he was quite prepared to go to any place to which his merciful Saviour might lead him."

He was accordingly taken into custody, and placed, for a time, in the Royal Château. On the same day, his sister De Darassus was committed to prison. Still holding steadfast by his faith, De Péchels was, after a month's imprisonment at Montauban, removed to the prison of Cahors, where he was put into the lowest dungeon. "By the grace of my Saviour," said he, "I strengthened myself more in my determination to die rather than renounce the truth."

After lying for more than three months in the dampest mould of the lowest dungeon in the prison of Cahors, and being still found immovable in his faith, De Péchels was ordered to be taken to the citadel of Montpellier, to wait there until he could be transported to America. His wife, the Marquise de Sabonnieres, having heard of his condemnation (though he was never tried), determined to see him before he left France for ever. The road from Cahors to Montpellier did not pass through Montauban, but a few miles to the east of it. Having spent the night in prayer to God, that He might endow her with firmness to sustain the trials of a scene, which was as heroic in her as it was touching to those who witnessed it, she went forth in the morning to wait along the roadside for the arrival of the illustrious body of prisoners, who were on their way, some to the galleys, some to banishment, some to imprisonment, and some to death.

At length the glorious band arrived. They were chained two and two together. They were for the most part ladies and gentlemen who had refused to abjure their religion. Among them were M. Desparvès, a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Laitoure, old and blind, led by his wife; M. de la Ressèguerie, of Montauban, and many more. Madame de Péchels implored leave of the guard who conducted the prisoners to have an interview with her husband. It was granted. She had been supplied with the fortitude for which she had so ardently and piously prayed to God during the whole of the past night. It seemed as if some supernatural power had prompted the discourse with her husband, which softened the hearts of those who, up to that time, had appeared inaccessible to the sentiments of humanity. The superintendent allowed the noble couple to pray together; after which they were separated without the least weakness betraying itself on the part of Madame de Péchels, who remained unmoved, whilst all the bystanders were melted into tears. The procession of guards and prisoners then went on their way.

The trials of Madame de Péchels were not yet ended. Though she had parted with her husband, who was now on his way to banishment, she had still her children with her; and, cruellest torture of all! these were now to be torn from her. One evening a devoted friend came to inform her that a body of men were to arrive next morning and take her children, even the baby from her breast, and immure them in a convent. She was also informed that she herself was to be seized and imprisoned.

The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the tender mother. What was she to do? Was she to abjure her religion? She prayed for help from God. Part of the night was thus spent before she could make up her mind to part from her innocent children, about to be forcibly removed from her, and brought up in a religion at variance with her own. In any case, a separation was necessary. Could she not fly, like so many other Protestant women, and live in hopes of better days to come? At length she determined on this course. It was better to fly from France than encounter the horrors of a French prison. Before she parted with her children she embraced them while they slept; she withdrew a few steps to tear herself from them, and again she came back to bid them a last farewell!

At length, urged by the person who was about to give her a refuge in his house, she consented to follow him. The man was a weaver by trade, and all day long he carried on his work in the only room which he possessed. Madame de Péchels passed the day in a recess, concealed by the bed of her entertainers, and in the evening she came out, and the good people supplied her with what was necessary. She passed six months in this retreat, without any one knowing what had become of her. It was thought that she had taken refuge in some foreign country.

Numbers of ladies had already been able to make their escape. The frontier was strictly guarded by troops, police, and armed peasantry. The high roads as well as the byways were patrolled day and night, and all the bridges were strongly guarded. But the fugitives avoided the frequented routes. They travelled at night, and hid themselves during the day. There were Protestant guides who knew every pathway leading out of France, through forests, wastes, or mountain paths, where no patrols were on the watch; and they thus succeeded in leading thousands of refugee Protestants across the frontier. And thus it was that Madame de Péchels was at length enabled, with the help of a guide, to reach Geneva, one of the great refuges of the Huguenots.

On arrival there she felt the loss of her children more than ever. She offered to the guide who had conducted her, all the money that she possessed to bring her one or other of her children. The eldest girl, then nine or ten years old, was communicated with, but having already tasted the pleasure of being her own mistress, she refused the proposal to fly into Switzerland to join her mother. Her son Jacob was next communicated with. He was seven years old. He was greatly moved at the name of his mother, and he earnestly entreated to be taken to where she was. The guide at once proceeded to fulfil his engagement. The boy fled with him from France, passing for his son. The way was long—some five hundred miles. The journey occupied them about three weeks. They rested during the day, and travelled at night. They avoided every danger, and at length the faithful guide was able to place the loving son in the arms of his noble and affectionate mother.

In our next, we shall follow the fortunes of Samuel de Péchels, until his arrival as a refugee in England.





"DORIS BARUGH."

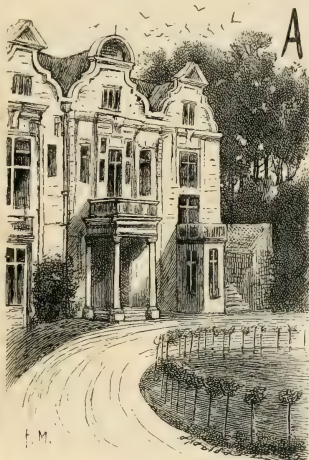
DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK I.—SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.—TWO SCHOOL-GIRLS.



probably dating as far back as the Tudors.

In the large plot of front garden is a group of tall trees round which sweeps a broad gravelled carriage drive, entered through tall iron gates set in the high iron railing which mounted on a low wall screens the house from the road. There is a portico over the central doorway; and above the old-fashioned windows are three quaint gables. The entrance under the portico is closed, but on the left side of the house is a conservatory, and through this you can, if you please, enter Pelican House, cross its slippery marble-floored hall, and find your way out through double glass-doors on the left into a sort of second matted hall and thence to a pleasant lawn surrounded by shrubberies, and shaded on one side by the lofty elms which screen the grounds of Pelican House from those of its neighbour.

If you look round the matted hall a variety of garden bonnets hanging on pegs, a collection of battledores and shuttlecocks, with here and there the hoops and sticks for a game called *La Grâce*, skipping ropes and balls, will have suggested to you that Pelican House is a girls' school, and a few steps out-

A BOUT four miles from London, on the skirts of a large common overgrown with golden gorse, there stood and still stands a large old-fashioned house,

side the glass-door will convince you of this fact, for the bell is ringing, and about a dozen girls of various age and size come rushing out, some by the way you have come, some from other doors, for the house is much larger than it looks from the gates; and in a minute, although almost all have disappeared among the shrubberies, a soft buzz of girls' voices, and occasional notes of merry ringing laughter, reach you as you stand on the range of shallow steps which forms a terrace above the lawn.

The girls divide as they pass out of sight into small groups, and some twos go hand-in-hand or with arms circling each other's waists. The last two are neither the eldest nor the youngest. They are well matched in height and age, very different in face and figure.

The tall slender girl, with erect head and delicately cut regular features, is Doris Barugh; but the ease with which she walks, and a nameless something which has spread over her whole person, show that the two years spent at Pelican House have given her, at least, outward refinement both when in movement and in repose. As the "principal" or schoolmistress, as she was simply called forty years ago, had said to Mr. Burneston, "the girl has so much natural refinement of look and dignity of manner, that there will be little up-hill work in training her."

And as Miss Phillimore's idea of education for her pupils did not go beyond refinement and culture, both of look and manner, with the amount of head knowledge and the accomplishments necessary for "a young lady," Doris was from her point of view a complete success.

Mr. Burneston had said to the schoolmistress that a friend of his wished to place his daughter under her care—a remarkable girl, but one whose education had been neglected. "Outward refinement and polish are what she chiefly wants," he said, getting a little confused under the calm eyes of the observing lady; "she has plenty of self-respect and dignity."

Miss Phillimore had that quickness in perceiving weak points which is so often found in a shallow nature incapable of deeper insight or sympathy, and she at once, woman like, jumped at the result which this charming, pleasant-looking gentleman, was contem-

plating; but she kept her surmise a secret, only, having ascertained the extent of Mr. Burneston's property, and the importance of his position, she resolved to attach the new pupil to herself and to fit her in every way for the future that she divined lay before her. For even cold, world-hardened Miss Phillimore was at once fascinated by the girl's beauty, and the graceful dignity of her manner.

Often to herself the schoolmistress wondered how it was that this farmer's daughter had so rapidly shot out of the sheath of ignorance and broad speech which had at first separated her from her school-fellows, and had now distanced them all in any study to which she chose to apply herself.

"Choose is the word," said Miss Phillimore thoughtfully. "Doris is so conscientiously in earnest in all she does, that I have never yet had to thwart her will. I fancy she could be very stubborn." But the schoolmistress dismissed the half revelation which came to her with these words; and on the old plan of "leave well alone," she was doubtless in the right, having, with all her learning and perfection of outward manner, about as much knowledge of the human heart or of the way to help it in its struggles against self, as a hairdresser has of the inside of the heads that pass under his hands.

"Ah, Doris," she said with a smiling bow as the two girls met her at a turn in one of the shrubberies. "A delightful afternoon, is it not?" and then she included Doris's companion in her very pleasant smile, and passed on towards the house.

"I wonder"—the girl shorter and stouter than Doris looked and breathed fresh country air, she might have just been gathered from a wild rose spray—"I wonder," she hesitated, pushing her hazel-nut-brown hair out of her eyes, "if that smile may be trusted."

Doris lifted her long dark lashes and gave a surprised look at her companion.

"I should not have thought you mistrustful, Miss Masham."

"Why 'Miss Masham?' I told you this morning that if I did not bore you I should like to be your friend. I will call you Doris."

"I will call you what you like," said Doris quickly. "I think your name is Frederica?"

"Yes, is it not horrible? but you must call me Rica. At home the boys call me Freddy, but I don't like it, and my mother always calls me Rica."

"You have a mother, then?"

"Oh yes," sadly, "that is why I work so

hard. I want to be very clever; my mother is so delicate, and if anything happened to my father, I should like to be of use. You see I am so terribly unlike other girls, at least they say so, and I am come here to be got into shape."

Doris smiled, and such a rare sweetness spread over her face that Rica looked up at her lovingly.

"Certainly you are not like other girls," she said, in the soft low voice that had charmed Mr. Burneston. She had lost the dialect, and she said I for Ah now, but she had still the sweetness of northern tone. "But then these two years that I've been here, I've seen so many girls, and I've often wished they were not all so like one another."

"Ah! but," Rica broke in with impulsive abruptness, "are you quite sure they were alike? Don't laugh at me, Doris, but it seems to me that you do not notice much that goes on round you. You often seem to be dreaming; perhaps," she looked admiringly at her lovely friend, "you are thinking out thoughts beyond our comprehension."

Doris blushed so deeply in such confusion that Rica felt puzzled.

"Don't say that to me, please. I can't talk about my own thoughts. I dare say we are none of us quite so good or quite so bad as we seem. But I want to know why you distrust Miss Phillimore?"

"Well, I've only known her a few days, but she never has any phases or moods. It is natural you should like her, she treats you like a queen, but it seems to me that such a perpetually serene smile must be artificial and mechanical. People feel hot and cold, and glad and sorry, and well and ill; and of course all these phases must affect both mind and body; and somehow I don't think Miss Phillimore goes in for religion enough to make her perpetual sweetness the result of saintliness."

"I know nothing about saints," said Doris coldly, "but I fancy they must be dull and uninteresting, even if there are such people."

Rica's large grey eyes had been fixed earnestly on her companion. In an instant they grew dark and liquid as the pupils dilated, and she said with intense feeling, "Hush! Doris dear. Don't say that. My father and mother are both saints, and so was my sister who died."

"Why?"—began Doris, but she stopped. Rica's pink dimpled hands were placed on her eyes to keep in the tears which began to show through them.

They walked on silently. Doris soon for-

got Rica, she went on thinking out a thought that often occupied her—What would life be like when she went to live at home? To-day this thought pressed heavily, and after it came another, how much longer should she stay at school? And then the dread, which week by week grew stronger as she brooded over it, should she be happy when she left Pelican House? Whenever she thought of her parents and her old life, she grew more and more aware of the change in herself. Another thought sometimes intruded, but she did not let herself dwell on it. A feeling that was partly pride, partly a kind of awkward shyness, which linked her to the past she so longed to forget, always made her banish any reveries about Mr. Burneston, and the share he had had in her going to school; but still every now and then, seemingly against her will, she found herself wondering whether she should ever see him again, and whether he would see the change in her; but her face grew crimson at the memory of that first interview, that by degrees she had made herself regard it as a thing of no consequence.

Mr. Burneston had paid several visits to the farm before he could get John Barugh to listen patiently to his plans for Doris. He argued that the girl must be educated somewhere; that there was only an infant school in Burneston; even at Steersley, the nearest town, there was only a third-rate school, where Doris would learn more harm than good, even there she would have to go as a boarder; so that there must be a separation. If Mr. Barugh would tell him how much he would spend on his daughter's schooling, he (the squire) would promise that the sum named should satisfy the schoolmistress he had in view. But at this point John shrugged his broad shoulders and retreated to the mantel-shelf, leaving Mr. Burneston to finish the talk with his wife.

At last, at the end of a month, wearied out by the squire's persistence and his wife's incessant persecution, he conceded that the decision should be left to Doris herself, on condition that he was present when the matter was put before her.

On the evening following this concession her mother called Doris in from the beehives. She spoke very cheerfully.

"Doris, lass, will ye like to go to school again?"

The girl had a sort of quiet mistrust of her mother's wisdom. She looked on to the tall red-bearded father for answer.

John sighed, and a smothered groan sounded as he leant on the mantelshef.

"Neeah, lass, gin thee dee'ant cotton tiv't, thee sall bide at yam. Better be content wi' thy awn fooak than freeat theesel te be made a laady."

"Nay, nay, father, that's not fair." There was a sharp anxiety in Dorothy's thin voice, and as her husband listened to it his head sank as if his last hope was gone. "We was to put it fair before her, an' she was to choose herself."

"What is t' choice?" said Doris firmly. "An' wheea is't can hev owt te do wi' me, beside fayther an' thee?"

John Barugh made a step forward, and then, with a great effort at self-control, he went back to the hearth.

"You tell her if you like," his wife said fretfully. She was trembling with eagerness lest her father's evident unwillingness should check the girl's ambition.

John Barugh shook his head.

"Wheea dee'ant thee tell it out, mother?" said Doris contemptuously.

"I'm sure it's time you was sent to school to learn manners, let alone how to talk. I'm sure I can't teach you, even to speak properly, though it's not for want of trying," said Dorothy. Then, afraid that her husband would tell her story for her, "If you like, Doris, you may go to a good school, such as reel ladies goes to, an' be taught everything heart can wish, an' to talk like 'the quality,' as your father says, an' cost little to him neither."

"Tell t' truth, Dorothy." John Barugh had come forward, and there was a bitterness in his voice that startled the girl. Rarely had her mother's fretful twitting and constant complaints drawn an angry word from the strong patient man, who sixteen years before had married for love, and he had never, before one of his children, rebuked his wife thus sternly. Then turning to Doris, who had become pale with sudden shrinking from this token of deep unspoken strife between her parents, "Ah'll tell t' lass mysel'. Neeah, neeah, Doris lass, ther's tweea sahdes t' ivverything i' life, an' thy moother's telt thee t' bright o' this'n. T' ither's a sad sahde te me, lass. Mebbe Ah'm wrang, an' if ye think Ah's wrang, ye'll be noane feared o' speakin' oop an' tellin' yer fayther, lass."

She looked at him trying to understand.

"Ah can't say while Ah kens nowt, fayther."

It was curious that the girl's accent always broadened in speaking to her father.

"Well," said Mrs. Barugh pettishly, "there's a vast o' words wasted. It's soon said; you'll have to spend yer holidays at school, and never come home till ye've done with the learnin'."

Doris stood with open mouth and staring eyes. It was too much to take in all at once. She had first been dazzled, now she was shocked.

"Nivver coom yam!" She looked longingly at her father, and the pain in her voice soothed the hunger which had been gnawing at his heart.

"Neeah, lass"—and then, with an effort against himself, the supreme martyrdom of which no child could ever comprehend—"bud Ah tellt ye t' leeak a beath sahdes, yan as mitch as t' other. Ther's t' scheal an' t' learnin' ye says noo an' again ye wearies after, an' books, an' music, an' sike; an' ther's stayin' on in t' yam wi' fayther an' moother an' t' poor lad."

"George'd miss me," said Doris simply.

John Barugh turned his back, went again to the mantelshelf, and gulped down a sob there. Then came a silence.

"Fayther"—Doris spoke resolutely—"scheal is a great thing fer a lass. Ah'd liever not say out at yance what Ah chooses."

"Neeah," he sighed; "at's trew an' fair eneeaf; t' mooarnin' 'ell deea te talk ageean, if it's t' be."

But his heart was very heavy; he had clung to the hope that he was as necessary to the girl as she was to him, and her hesitation told him what her decision would be.

And he was right. In less than a month Doris had bade good-bye to her mother and to poor sobbing George, and found herself less sorrowful than she expected when she had parted from her father at the gates of Pelican House. For John Barugh would not risk a farewell before witnesses.

"Neeah, neeah," he said to Dorothy when he got back, "Doris looks a laady; no need for the fine scheal-missus te see as she hev sike a rough chap te her fayther."

At the end of the year, he claimed Mr. Burneston's promise to go up and see Doris; he managed to see her alone and to exchange as few words as possible with any one else. And when he came back he said to Dorothy,—

"Gf me a kiss, lass. Thou was i' t' reeght an' Ah was i' t' wrang. T' lass is as beautiful an' as sweet as any queen; nowt's too gude fer t' like o' Doris. Sheea's i' t' reet place. Sheea war clean thraved away on sike as wersels."

And Mrs. Barugh gave the kiss. She did not hear the sob in her husband's voice; she hungered for a sight of her beautiful child, but her ambition was stronger than her love, and she sat with half-closed eyes and smiling lips, listening to all John had to tell, and weaving the part she meant to play in the brilliant future which lay before Doris.

Only George looked dissatisfied.

"Fayther," he said, after a pause, "is thee quite sear Doris is i' t' reet road?"

Even his mother's doating fondness could not keep her from an angry word.

"George, ye're turning foolish, lad; was ever the like o' such silly stuff as that?"

"Ah me-ans, fayther"—the boy's eyes looked earnestly in John Barugh's face—"it says, 'To do our duty in that state of life to which God hev been pleased to call us.' Now God didn't make Doris a laady."

His father's face clouded; but his mother laid her hand on his lips.

"Ye want yer supper, my poor lad." Then going over to her husband, who was stooping to get a light for his pipe, "Don't heed his sick fancies," she said; "it's best not take notice."

George was silent; but the day after his father's second visit to Pelican House, when he was alone with his father, he asked for writing tools, and with much effort wrote to his sister.

When he had finished he looked at his father. "Seal it oop, fayther, an' send it on to Doris." And then he fell back, white and exhausted with the effort he had made.

It was this letter that had made Doris so very dreamy and abstracted for the last few days.

She was not troubled by George's earnest question. "The poor sick lad," she said to herself, "no wonder he takes fancies as he lies there day after day; but I will write. Nay, nay, it's not a fancy. Any one must be i' t' right who's trying to better herself; Miss Phillimore has said so." Now and then, and especially when she was thinking of home-life, Doris would fall into the old familiar thought, and then check herself proudly for the error.

She glanced at her companion, whose pure, refined enunciation had greatly impressed her, and she felt thankful she had not spoken aloud.

Meantime Rica had recovered her self-possession.

"You have no sisters, either," she said quietly. She was glad that Doris was not

demonstrative, for she shrank from some of her more gushing school-fellows, but still she wished her new friend had kissed her just now, when she must have seen she was very sad.

Doris started. "No. I've only got that poor sick brother I told you about, who is almost always lying on a sofa."

"How dreadful!" and Rica's sympathetic face grew puckered in an instant. "How glad you must be when your holidays come, to go home and amuse him! Are you good at making up stories?"

Doris laughed.

"I never made up a story in my life, unless"—she hesitated—"do you call looking forward and planning what may happen to oneself making up stories?"

Rica looked curiously at her companion.

"What a strange creature you are!" Then, noticing a quick flush on her friend's delicate face, "I beg pardon. Do you mind—did I vex you? I did not mean to; I only thought that you take the same trouble and get less fun."

"I don't understand." There was pain in Doris's voice.

"Why, isn't it more amusing to make stories about people one has never seen, to make new people to think about, than to go on thinking about oneself? Of course you're a different self to me; but I've heard so much about myself in the way of scoldings, and so on, that I believe I'm rather sick of Rica Masham and all that belongs to her."

Doris thought before she answered.

"It may be more amusing to do as you say, but it's not reality, Rica. How old are you?"

"I am fifteen and a half, and you——"

"I am just seventeen; but it seems to me I am ever so much older than you are. I dare say you'll do me good. Some day I'll tell you about myself, and why I am what you call such a strange girl."

"Tell me all this minute: you know all about me, and my father, and my mother, and my four brothers—such jolly boys!—and all I know of you is about poor sick George. When I love people I like to be able to imagine them in their home-life. Perhaps you will let me go and see you some day. I have written to my father already to ask you."

Doris blushed brightly, but this time she was evidently pleased.

"You are very kind indeed; but I stay here in the holidays; I do not even go home. Some day, if we keep friends, you

shall know all about my home and everything, and then perhaps"—she made a great struggle to be frank—"you will not want to come and see me."

"Naughty Doris!"—Rica's arm stole round her neck and drew her down to be kissed. "But, no, I will not go to see *you*; I shall go to your home on purpose to tell stories to that poor darling George."

CHAPTER II.—ROSE.

WHAT is the instinct which tells us that loving thoughts are with us—that loving words are spoken of us, or written to us; nay, which even heralds the approach of some dearly-loved friend, and when the thought of us is deep and more special makes us conscious of soothing and help in a subtle and inexplicable way? This spiritual or electric wave touched George Barugh as Rica's interest in him deepened; and as Doris only spoke of her friend vaguely, George grew up in ignorance of this sweet new sisterly love that had ripened for him; and when the tide of instinctive feeling flowed warmly into his bosom he said to himself,—

"Doris is thinking of me. How dearly Doris loves me!"

At such times the boy's generous heart was full of self-reproach. He knew that he had often chosen Rose Duncombe as a playfellow instead of Doris, and he felt that even when his sister came back it would be hard to give Rose up for Doris.

Rose had spent part of every day with him during the first two years of his illness, and these visits had grown to be a part of his life. At first Mrs. Barugh had tried to keep Rose away, she said that "George must learn to speak properly against Doris came home," but the boy craved after his playfellow, and at last the mother yielded, the doctor having told Mr. Spencer, the vicar, that Rose's visits were as good as change of air and scene to his patient; for the disease which had appeared with such apparent suddenness had been latent in the system, and there was little hope of perfect cure; even if George outgrew it, he could scarcely hope to outgrow the lameness it had produced, for at the end of two years one leg was shorter than the other.

But then came a heavy trial for George. Joseph Sunley was a kindly man, folks said, but he dearly loved his prerogatives. He had been petted by the squires of Burneston for three generations, and it seemed hard to him that new-comers like the Barughs should absorb the attention and interest which he felt were due to him.

Ever since Doris had gone away to school in London—and Joseph always looked sceptical on this point—the squire, during his occasional visits to Burneston, went more often to the Church Farm than anywhere else.

“He’s nae gotten t’ same head-piece as his fayer an’ his grandfayer had, Ah suppose.” Joseph was sitting in his usual place at his cottage door, where he now often found a companion, for the kitchen felt dull without Rose, and Mrs. Duncombe brought her knitting to the door while her grandchild sat with George. She nodded her head, but it was all one to Joseph whether she heard or not; he was far too much accustomed to preaching to need an audience.

“He’ll nae settle at Burneston. He’s here yan day, an’ t’ neeit he’s away te Lunnon, or mebbe Paaris. T’only wise thing ’at he hev done sin he coom back fra travellin’ war puttin’ t’ lahtle lad te skeeal. Skeeal’s t’ making o’ yung ’uns, let ’em be big or lahtle. Ah say, missus”—he leaned forward to shout in the old woman’s ear—“when is ye thinkin’ o’ puttin’ t’ lass te skeeal?”

The old woman’s smooth full face looked troubled, and her large double chin wagged.

“Ah’ve nae thowt o’ sendin’ ’er ageean,” she said querulously; “t’ skeeal-teacher said shea did neeah gude—shea nobbut made t’ ither lasses laff when thea sud be sewin’; an’ Ah war vexed an’ took ’er away. Shea’s fowerteen now—she’s over awd fer t’ skeeal.”

Joseph shook his head.

“Shea mun gan wi’ sum ’un ’at ’ll keep ’er tighter than what ye deea, ye awd feeal, mebbe shea’ll gan te t’ divvil else—shea’s just t’ soart is Rose; shea’s as ahdel as a alligatur.” Then projecting his old dark withered chin, and bringing it into striking contrast with the blond, easy-going face beside him, “Bon it! ye’ mun send t’ lass away fra’ Burneston. Ye can’t larn ’er to wark here; shea’ll spend mair an’ mair o’ ’er time wi’ t’ sick lad. My word, ye hev’n’t seea mitch brass, neeghber, ’at ye can keep Rose loake a leeady.”

Mrs. Duncombe’s chin waggled, and she began to cry.

“Neeah, neeah,” she said piteously; “skeealin’ costs brass, it deeaht save it; an’ wheer’ll be t’ use o’ seea mitch skeeal te t’ lass?”

“Ah knows t’ skeeal fer Rose.” Joseph spoke oracularly. “At Steersley ther’s t’ skeeal wheer sik a lass as Rose ’ll larn te get ’er own livin’ by teeachin’.” They takes ’er and larns ’er, an’ after a bit shea

teeaches t’ lahtle lasses; an’ theer’s nut ower mitch te pay; an’ if sheea stays win ’em t’ three years, they finds ’er t’ pleeace as teeacher, seea noo ye knaws.”

He waited for an answer, but Mrs. Duncombe sat thinking, and her easy face grew stiff in the unusual process. Rose was a trouble, but she was loving, so loving that the grandmother could not summon courage to send her away.

“Neeah, neeah,” she said weakly, in a struggling voice, as if she were trying to get free from a strong grasp, “mebbly she’ll larn mischief at t’ skeeal, an’ she’ll get nae ill fra t’ sick lad.”

Instead of answering, Joseph looked straight before him, and spoke in his loudest, strongest voice.

“Caps me, it diz, wheea God A’mighty made t’ lasses, so ther. Theer’s need fer summat female Ah knaws, bud a few on ’em wad hev done; an’ they needn’t hev had as mitch tongue as t’ lads; an’ Ah aims if ye war to leek fer t’ ye’d find a lass had twice seea many roots tiv ’er tongue as ’at a lad hev. It’s ’at as keeps it waggin’ feeal’s notions.” Then shouting in his companion’s ear, or more truly through the net of her frill-bordered cap,—

“For seear t’ lad’s nae harm in him, bud ’e can’t larn t’ lass te keep ’ersel when ye’re deead an’ gone, an’ ’at’s what a laakely lass like Rose sud larn. Put her te manty makker, or mak her a teeacher if ye pleease, it’s all yan to me,” he said loftily, and went on in his usual voice. “T’ ane puts vanity outside, an’ t’ ither puts it inside t’ ’ead o’ t’ lahtle lasses. Weel, theea’re made fer ’t. Ah tak it follies mun hev owners, an’ mebbly t’ lasses wur made t’ help t’ peacock spread his teal—theea keeps him in mind o’ t’ ov Sunda’s.”

The old woman wiped her eyes, but did not answer. Joseph saw that for the present he must give up the subject, but next day he found a potent ally in Rose herself.

The grandmother had poured out Joseph’s suggestion to Rose with many tears, and, to her surprise, the girl announced her willingness, and indeed her wish, to go to the Steersley school.

“Ah’s tired o’ Burneston,” Rose said; to herself she added, “ther’s nobbut George to speak wiv, an’ he’s dull noo he can’t gan nuttin’ nor nowt; and Ah aims ther’s shops in Steersley, an’ grandmother mun gi’e me new frocks gin Ah gans te boardin’-skeeal.”

So Rose had her way, and went to Steersley

to be educated for a nursery governess. The boarding-school was kept by an ignorant woman, who, having once been housekeeper in a gentleman's family, thought herself qualified to teach; by means of an artificial manner modelled on a good pattern she had managed to get under her care most of the farmer's daughters round Steersley, and a few girls from other districts whom she took at a cheaper rate, and whom, as she asserted in her prospectus, she fitted for teachers. Rose grew prettier and perter every day, but she managed to be a universal favourite, especially among the little ones she was set to teach. Her fellow-teachers were always willing to undertake her duties, and left her plenty of time to practise affectations and follies. Still in her holidays she was as devoted as ever to George, and he saw no change in her, except the improvement in her reading and the pleasure she gave him by singing the pretty songs she learned from her richer school-fellows. She did not learn much besides, except what she considered an improved way of speaking, that is to say, she lost much of the country dialect and quaint expressions, and picked up the vulgarisms of some of her southern school-fellows. George had at first pined after his playfellow, and his mother took him to the sea for a while. The air had a wonderful effect both on mind and body. The boy's eyes, so long obliged to content themselves with the surroundings of his own home, devoured all he saw with delighted intelligence, and when he came back his face was full of life and colour, and he could walk with a stick.

Mr. Burneston gave him books, and, what he wanted most of all, sympathy in his studies, and between these and the delight of Rose's holidays his life passed happily enough. The bond between him and his mother had drawn closer during Rose's absence; and now that the three years were over and the girl was to come home for a few months, Mrs. Barugh felt some pangs of fear lest her place in her son's heart should be taken from her.

He had been very fidgety this afternoon.

"Moother, is thee sear 'at's t' best nose-gay 'at thee can find i' t' garden?" to which the fond mother's answer was to go out and gather a glorious group of autumn leaves, crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and yellow of every shade, from palest gold to tawniest orange. These she placed in a little flower-basket, one of Rose's gifts, beside the nosegay of China asters on George's book-table.

But even this attention did not satisfy him,

though he got up and, limping across to his mother, kissed her and thanked her.

"Flowers and leaves don't suit side by side," he said, "'cept t' leaves is green." Then when he came back to his seat he said, half aloud, as if talking to himself, "It seems ower gude news, don't it, mother, 'at Rose is comin'—we'll see her ivvery day?"

Mrs. Barugh bent over her knitting. She looked far less delicate, and she led a more active life; even the sound of her voice told of better health.

"I don't know about that, lad," she said gravely. "Rose 'ull never be able to stay at home, unless she takes to t' dressmakin', an' there's two or three before her there. I suppose Mrs. Duncombe ain't got enough brass to keep a likely lass such as Rose at home doin' naught. If she meant that, what for did she give her schoolin'?"

"She went to school to get cleverer like our Doris; eh, but, mother, Rose is growin' vaary 'cute—she knows ivverything."

"You must not think of Doris and Rose i' the same breath, lad. Doris is a lady now."

A flush spread over the boy's face.

"Moother, Rose is kind an' lovin', an' I don't know whether 'at's not as gude as being a laady, but d'ye really think 'at Rose 'ell go fra' home?" he looked full of anxiety. "Mr. Burneston helped pay for her schooling. I'll ask him if she mun go away, or if she can get little lasses to learn at home."

Dorothy felt vexed that she had troubled him. George was the centre of her life now, all her thoughts circled round her poor crippled boy.

"I mean nought, lad, but I think a pretty face like Rose's won't bide at home for long. Why she's seventeen an' past. Maybe Nicholas Crewe or Ephraim Wigglesworth 'll be wanting her to wed; they're both marryin' men."

George leaned back in his chair and sighed wearily.

"Ye're tired out, lad." His mother gave him a quick glance full of a new and sudden fear. Though she consulted her wise thoughtful son, and looked up to him on all intellectual subjects, till this moment it had not occurred to her that he was nearly eighteen, and that he might no longer think of Rose only as a playfellow. "Ye've been afoot," she said, with a sudden indignation against his lameness, "on that poor stupid leg of yours since six o'clock, and ye've ate no dinner, an' ye must have yer tea at once—get

on the couch, lad, an' take a wink o' sleep whiles I make the kettle boil."

George obeyed silently, turning his face towards the wall, and Dorothy went on with the tea-making; but presently, as she stooped over the kettle, she thought she heard a groan. She turned round quickly and looked at the couch. George lay quite still,

seemingly sound asleep with his face buried on his pillow.

"Poor lad," said Dorothy, "he's tired himself out—and a good thing it 'ud be for Rose if a steady chap like Nicholas were to ask her. I've a mind t' put it in his head."

She went away to call her husband in to tea. The husband and wife had drawn closer



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together over the sick bed. As her footsteps sounded in the passage George opened his eyes and looked round him with eager burning glances.

"Rose—marry some one else," he said, with passionate scorn, "Rose is mine, sheea shall keep to me. Sheea hev always been mine." And then, as he rose up and limped across the floor, he sighed heavily.

Tea was quickly over, for John Barugh

did not come in, and soon after Dorothy went out with a sort of vague purpose of seeking Nicholas Crewe. "If our lad wants her to stay i' the village, she must stay, but she'd best have a man of her own."

Presently there was the click of the gate, and George's heart beat very fast as he listened; a light tread came on the gravel, and then a bird-like chirping voice said at the open door, "Please may I come in,

Mrs. Barugh?" The wan wearied look left the boy's face, his brown eyes grew dark with happiness.

"Pull t' bobbin, an' t' latch will gan up, Rose Riding Hood. Eh! why can't I run to meet you?" he said, as the door opened before he could reach it.

There stepped down into the room a pretty coquettish looking damsel, who looked quite twenty, though she was really about three years younger. Her complexion was as pink and as white as when we first saw her, but her freckles had disappeared, and her face was more oval than round, her blue eyes and her little turn-up nose were still as saucy as ever.

"Grumbling, George, oh fie for shame, all t' little dogs shall know yer name!" She gave her head a little toss, and untied the strings of a gay bonnet covered with artificial roses. "I thought I taught you to say go instead o' gan," she said pertly.

George was taking her hand, but she drew it back to pull off a glove before she shook hands with him.

"Gloves! eh! Rose lass, you're grown a fine lady, an' no mistake."

"I pay for 'em myself," she spoke sharply, and then she softened into a smile as she seated herself in the chair he had placed for her. "Look here, George," she said, "we put on our best on prize day, an' as I got a prize," she glanced at a book under her arm, "I came away in haste to show it just as I wer i' my Sunday clothes, an' ——"

"Show us the prize," George said eagerly; "is it a gude story?"

Her face clouded as she gave him the book. "Nay, it's dull readin', it's a sermon or something o' t' sort, but t' pictures is pretty, an' t' outside," and she pointed to the gilt lettering and scarlet binding.

Such a glow of pleasure came into his face as he read the title, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Eh, lass, I have wanted this sorely. T' awd yan ther"—he pointed to a dingy-looking bookshelf with some old volumes on it—"hev only two pages at t' beginnin', an' half o' t' middle is torn out, and Mr. Burneston hev oft sed he'd lend it me fra t' Hall, but I suppose he forgot. Oh, Rose, how happy we'll be readin' this!"

He looked at her with glowing eyes, but there was no sympathy in Rose's face, she was gaping unrestrainedly.

"I tell ye what, George, lad," she said hurriedly, "I se a mind t' gie ye t' book. I've got to like another sort o' books this half, an' I'm not sure they'll please you; so ye

shall hev t' Pilgrim to read yourself. Will ye take it as a keepsake?"

The glow faded out of his eyes. "I can't take yer prize, Rose, but ye'll come an' see me as ye used to," he spoke timidly, something, he could not name the feeling, seemed to come between him and Rose.

"Com an see ye! why, George, lad," she said heartily, "what d'ye mean by sayin' that? What sud I do all day if I didn't come t' tease ye a bit? An' ye can walk again now, an' if ye'll like my books, I'll read 'em out t' ye; they's t' sort that don't bear dawdlin' over, they goes along like lightning."

George fixed his eyes on her earnestly. "I doubt they're none so safe as t' gude old sort," he said.

"Nivver trouble about t' books," said Rose, "I want to tell ye about t' prizes. Why Mrs. Trower, t' squire's wife, gies 'em away herself, an' ther wer lots o' quality besides. She's a bonny young lady from Lunnon, she is, an' she said ivver so many pretty things to me."

"What do ye mean by pretty things?"

"Oh, I don't call to mind the words, but they came so pat; an' the things, well, she sed that bright red an' gold was the right sort of bindin' for me. Now t' others was plain bindin's, an' plain lasses got 'em. So of course it wer easy t' see what she meant, an' then I heeard her say my complexion was wonderful. She said, 'I sud like to paint it, Mrs. Jones;' so of course I wer pleased."

"Of course ye wer," she looked so bright and pretty in her animation that George thought no one could praise her too much. "Ye do look bonny; but, Rose lass, ye wadn't like ivvery one te praise ye, wad ye now?" He looked at her earnestly, she seemed puzzled.

"Why not, lad?"

"Ah mean to yer face, ye wadn't like any kind o' lads to praise ye."

Don't say, 'Ah, George, it's I. Why, my gracious! lad, an' why not lads to praise me? What else wer I made fer? That's t' use o' not havin' a real sweetheart, an' that's why I don't mean te take up with one yet awhile;" and she sang in a sweet teasing voice,—

"An' a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
An' what the waur am I?"

There was a silence. George's heart was throbbing so violently that he could not speak.

"Weel, lad," Rose went on in an excited tone, "look at me, 'what the waur am I?' an'

there's plenty o' likely lads in Steersley, I can tell ye, to have fun with."

She waited for his answer.

"Why don't ye answer?" she said pettishly. "Come, lad, ye'se grown sulky while I've been away."

"Not sulky, Rose," he had flushed at her words, now he tried to smile, "I was wonderin' howivver ye could get on wiv yer learning at school if ye war carryin' on wiv t' lads."

"Bless him, what an innocent! why George, lad, yer too good to live; ye forgit playtime an' our walks two an' two along the road, an' t' maid as was allays ready to take our letters an' giv' 'em; but ther was no harm, lad, don't you be feared, I niver cared for ne'er a one of 'em as much as I care for you." She looked at him affectionately, but a faint flush, rather of vexation than of pleasure, rose in the boy's face.

"Mebbe ye'll think Ah'm strict and solemn, lass, but Ah say that makes it worse. Ye may not care, but ye may hev made some poor lad right mad wi' luv for ye; an' such ways is wrong, they makes t' lads speak lightly of ye too. I sud not like te think o' Doris doin' so, Rose, and ye're as good as Doris."

"Doris!" Rose grew very red, and she tossed her head angrily. "My word, Doris an' I is quite different; Doris is a lady, you know," she said with a pert mimicry of Mrs. Barugh's manner that vexed him, it was so like. "I'm only a villagelass. It's all very well, lad, but I should like ye te read how some ladies carries on i' t' books I reads now; my ways is nothing after that, so there. I must go now," she got up gaping. "Grandmother said I wern't to stop. Give my love to yer mother." But she turned round on her way to the door and shook her finger in his face as he followed her, "Don't tell her nought I've told you, mind ye, not one word." She frowned, and then went away laughing and nodding.

George stretched out both legs and sighed as he looked at them: one was at least half an inch shorter than the other.

"Ah mun get well," he said resolutely, "if it's only to save Rose. She'll get a bad name if she goes on i' that way; she'll be just like a plum wi' t' bloom rubbed off. She's sound-hearted, I know, that I'll niver doubt, I cudent; but ther's no puttin' t' bloom on once it's rubbed off. Eh! I must get well."

Again the burning longing filled his eyes. Usually his patience was most remarkable, he had borne severe suffering without a word of

complaint; but the sight of Rose had unhinged him.

"She didn't luv me as Ah luv her," he said bitterly; "how can she luv a cripple?"

CHAPTER III.—A "COO'S" HEART.

FROM Gilbert Raine in the Island of Bornholm, to Philip Burneston, at Burneston Hall:—

"MY DEAR PHILIP,—I am getting on famously, at the same time, the book you sent is full of mistakes—mistakes only to be understood by the hypothesis that the writer never visited the places he describes. The round churches here are wonderfully curious. I send you a detailed account in order.

"But to come back to England, and first to you. A sentence here and there in your letters has struck me curiously, but being very intent on making my observations, I confess I read hastily, and crammed the letters into my pocket to enjoy when I had more leisure. Yesterday while I sat taking my lunch in the middle of a hard morning's work at some stones at G—, I began to wonder how you were occupying yourself, and I took out and read your three last letters over again. You say, 'I think your idea of educating a wife for oneself excellent, so excellent that I believe I shall adopt it,' and in each of the other letters you refer seriously to the same project. Perhaps you are only joking, perhaps too I have been living and working seriously here for so many months that I have got to take everything literally, and you are only trying to see how much you can make me swallow. I will hope so, for you know, Phil, I always speak my mind, whether you like it or not. A fellow like me, without any relations to speak of but yourself, may do very much what he likes; but you are in quite another position, you must not be eccentric, you are a match for any one, that is, if you must marry again, though why a man having achieved the chief end of marriage—an heir to his possessions—and having freed himself from the restraints of such a life, should want to give up his freedom a second time, passes my comprehension. Education is a fine thing, but after all there are habits and ways of life which education does not touch; you may put on as much outside varnish as you like, but it is liable to crack, and then the coarse texture shows through the rent. Good-bye, old fellow; don't be offended, but write again

soon, and send me all the news you can, specially about yourself and Ralph. I suppose I shall find the fellow in tails and stick-ups, no, I forgot Eton practices when I wrote that. I'm glad he loves the old place. Tell him we must have cricket at Burneston when I come home"

It has been said already that Mr. Burneston was as obstinate on certain points as he was yielding on others. If he had wanted any confirmation in his intentions about Doris Barugh, this letter would have given it.

He read it through twice with increasing impatience, and then turning round from the breakfast table, he threw it in the fire.

"I thought Raine was strong-minded, different from other men, in being able to stand to his own opinions, no matter what fire of world's judgment was brought to bear on them. I shall have no tolerance for his eccentricities in future, they are not signs of real originality, merely affectations to save himself the trouble of conforming to rules."

He rose up and left his breakfast unfinished, giving thereby a fruitful topic of wondering comment for the rest of the day to Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrange as to "what could have gone wrang wi' t' maister."

During these five years Mr. Burneston's temper had been far less equable than it had ever been in his life, for although nothing would have made him give up his project, after the first step had been taken, he was a prey to fits of doubt which would not have troubled a stronger and less impulsive nature. He had resolved not to see Doris while she was at school, he wished entirely to blot out the past relations between them, and to meet the girl as an equal and try to win her love. This was the chief source of his disquiet, and it was a puzzle to himself. He was not a romantic man, he had been fascinated by Doris's first appearance, and impressed by the strange fortuitousness of the words he had heard her singing; but he knew that he could have forgotten her, it was the singular appositeness of Raine's idea that had seemed to make a fate for him out of that chance meeting.

"I did not trouble about being married for myself in Louisa's case," he said; "why should it be more difficult to make a young creature like Doris care for me, a girl who has never known society or received any attention or admiration? Yes, that is part of the beauty of this idea, that there will be nothing to unlearn or eradicate, she will be so perfectly guileless and simple."

He went out through the doors leading on to the lawn, and then with his hands clasped behind his back, and his hat pulled over his eyes, he walked beside the river.

The five years were just over, and he was in daily expectation that John Barugh would demand his daughter's return. Mr. Burneston had not committed himself by any direct avowal of his intentions; he had told the farmer and his wife that Doris ought to have a good education. She was not, he said, an ordinary girl, and the ordinary education of a country town was not enough for her, and he had promised to provide handsomely for her if he were allowed to choose a school for her, but on the condition that she was never to be told she owed him anything.

His dread had been that the idea of marriage might suggest itself, and that this would lower the girl's tone of mind, and defeat all his hopes of happiness. He told himself he was not romantic, that he had no idea of inspiring Doris with violent love for him, but he did not want her to marry him for his position only.

"After all," he stopped in his walk and turned to his house again, "it is quite possible I may be disappointed in her, and I certainly shall not marry for the mere sake of taking a wife. I have educated her, and I will settle such a sum on her as will make her independent of her father and mother."

He had determined on one point in this long meditation. Doris should not make her first appearance at Burneston. When she met him again there should be nothing to remind her of the girl swinging on the gate.

He went round the house, and out at the great gates, and then on beside the river till he reached the foot of the village, where another bridge, a rough one of open planks, crossed to the meadows opposite.

Joseph Sunley was leaning against one of the posts at the end of the bridge, with a very weary look on his face, but seeing Mr. Burneston, he started forward.

"Neea, neea, squire; bud if Ah'd aimed ye be coomin' oop this way, mebbe Ah'd hev bided atop, instead o' gien' mysel' t' clim back. My legs is no' that strong 's they wur."

"Good day, Joseph." Joseph had been far too much excited to remember any greeting. Were you coming to see me?"

"Weel, I wur that; an' it's summat pertickler 'at mun be spoke aboot, wivoot loss o' time nowther. T' things gans on an' on, an' gets fra bad te worse, just as a corn grows on t' fut, an' its a' fer want o' settin' streight."

Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

"Well, what is it, Joseph?" he said carelessly.

"Bon it! squire! it's nut like a nail oot o' pleace, or a withered tree 'at sud be uprooted; mebbe in a way, t' is a withered shoot 'at sud be lopped off a healthy body; bud it's a evil 'at sud hev been stopped sooner gin ye'd been at t' Hall, Maister Burneston." He said this reproachfully.

"Well, I'm here now," the squire answered good humouredly; "so let me hear it at once, Joseph."

"T' hearin's nowt—it's t' doin' 'at is wantin', unless ye wants te see divvel wark spread ower t' village like a curse." He shook his head, but the effort at mystery in his face weakened the effect of his words.

"Well, Sunley, I can do nothing until I hear something." And Mr. Burneston looked impatiently towards the village.

"Weel," Joseph sighed, "d' ye mind t' awd uncanny lass Prudence, wi' a crooked e'e an' an' yan shoulder higher 'an t' ither?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her; she's a queer body. What about her—is she dead?"

Joseph shook his head, and then looked at the squire with slight contempt; this expression was, however, transient, and it was soon lost in the sort of officious mystery with which he had at first accosted Mr. Burneston.

"Neea, neea, *sheea's*"—with much emphasis—"not deead, sike as sheea deean't dee." He held up both hands with the palms outward, his face wearing a look of abhorrence, as at some awful spectacle. "It's t' ither way wi' t' witches—they dissen't dee if they 's not called te t' reckonin' fer mischief—it's t' ithers 'at dees."

Mr. Burneston laughed. He had heard that a belief in witchcraft still lingered in the village, but secretly he was shocked to find it upheld by such a person as Joseph Sunley.

"Nonsense, Joseph, that's all very well for old women to believe, but men like you and me know better. Just because this wretched old woman has a bad temper and an ugly face, no one likes her, but this very circumstance ought to make you pity her. A sensible man like you." He said the last words extra loud, and though Joseph still frowned, his lips relaxed at the compliment. He laid his wrinkled hand solemnly on Mr. Burneston's shoulder.

"Yer too gud te see it, sir. Parson oop at t' vicarage"—he jerked his head towards the hill—"Lord luv ye, he ain't a mossel o' sense i' t' matter; an' Ah says t' him, 'Parson, ye knows about ivven an' all as gans on

oop ther, an' mebbe ye knows 'bout t' ither pleace; but deean't gan for t' meddle with these yere earth matters, 'at ye knows nowt about."

Mr. Burneston laughed, but he felt impatient.

"Well, Sunley, I'm going up the village,"—Joseph's lips curled again—"and you can walk with me, and we'll talk this matter over. For what cause do you call poor old Dame Wrigley a witch?"

"Ye says yes goin' thruft t' village; mebbe ye's bund te t' Church Farm? Eh! eh! an' it's Farmer Barugh 'at hev t' best reeght te call Prudence a witch."

It was so absurd to hear of such an idea being entertained by John Barugh, that Mr. Burneston laughed again, even more heartily than before.

"This is too much of a good thing, Sunley. I can't believe a man like Mr. Barugh would listen to such nonsense."

Joseph's face quivered with anger; he stopped short and raised his head stiffly, for in the uphill walk he had bent till his nose nearly touched the hand which grasped his stick.

"John Barugh's nut a feeal, Maister Burneston, an' if he feels hissel' witched he's i' t' reeght te lecak abrood an' seea weeat be 'at hev warked t' mischief. He hev lost twee coos, an' there's a calf a dyin', an' he knows, an' Ah knows, it's t' awd divvelskin's withered 'em fer spite."

Mr. Burneston thought he began to understand; he looked very serious.

"Do you mean to inform against this woman, Prudence Wrigley, as having poisoned Mr. Barugh's cows?"

Joseph laughed scornfully.

"Lord luv ye, ye're nowt wahser ner Parson, squire. T' witch warks wivout puzzom; sheea"—he looked cautiously up and down the hill, and then at the open doors and windows of two cottages perched on the steep green bank above the road—"bide a bit," he said, and walked on beside his companion.

A little higher up the houses stopped, giving place, on the left, to a lofty hedge on the top of the bank, and on the right to a low stone wall shutting in a paddock, in one corner of which stood a huge walnut-tree, its branches shedding gold and green leaves down into the road. In the midst of the grey wall was a large white gate, and Joseph limped quickly up to this and peered round the enclosure, to make sure that no listener was to be seen.

He then came close up to Mr. Burneston.

"If ye'll jist bend ye'r heead doon Ah'll tell ye. Sik as sheea dizzent use puzzom; they's got puzzom i' t' inside on 'em. They gans an' gets a coo's heart—Ah knows Prudence did—an' they sticks it wi' pins, an' they buries it, an' they says a damnable rhyme, an' in three days t' ither coo's deead as mutton; an' when they cuts t' poor beast open its heart's withered leeake a bit o' skin an' full o' small holes. So noo ye kens," he added triumphantly.

Mr. Burneston looked shocked and incredulous. "I tell you what, Joseph," he said earnestly, "you are about the oldest man in the village, and till now I have thought you one of the wisest. I tell you the thing's impossible; even if the poor creature thinks herself a witch, she can do nothing; she is most likely crazy, and you will drive her quite mad if you spread this ridiculous nonsense about the village, and I tell you, as a magistrate, I shall interfere to protect this woman, if I find any one molesting her."

He spoke severely, for Joseph's eyes were gleaming with a decidedly cruel expression.

They had just reached the top of the hill, and Mr. Burneston turned to the farm-yard gate.

The action roused Joseph's jealousy and completely upset his self-control.

"An' Ah says 'tis magistrate's bounden dooty te stop t' witch's mischief, an' nobbut t' draw blood ill do't. Eh, an' if they 'at sud do it weean't do't, then it mun be done best way it can."

But Mr. Burneston paid no heed to this outburst; he pushed open the white gate and went on to the rick-yard, leaving Joseph trembling with passion in the middle of the road.

John Barugh's tall, erect figure and massive red beard made him look like one of his stalwart Danish forefathers, as he stood against the light, contemplating the last of his newly-made ricks with some satisfaction, for there had been an exceptionally good harvest; but this satisfaction was soon over; his thoughts went back to their favourite subject of contemplation—his daughter Doris. He was growing very restless to see her. He had given a sad unwilling consent to the separation; but then it was only to be for three years. At the end of that time Doris had herself asked for two years longer, and her father had not found himself able to refuse consent. "Ah war a feal te let her gan," he said bitterly; "bud yance a feal Ah mun gan on wi' t' folly."

He had never forgiven Mr. Burneston for having as it were cheated his consent out of him, for he knew that if the request had been made to him alone he should have refused it. But Dorothy had been present, and had sided entirely with the squire, and as, except where marriage means complete union, husbands and wives seldom like others equally, John was conscious of a contradictory feeling towards his landlord, whom Dorothy held up as a model of perfection. The sight of Mr. Burneston always recalled to him his own weakness in yielding up his better judgment, and he felt constrained and ill at ease when they met.

He was stiff now in returning the squire's greeting.

"Ah war thinkin' of comin' awa' te speak wi' you, Maister Burneston," he said coldly.

Mr. Burneston smiled.

"I dare say I am come about the same business. At least I fancied you would be going to fetch your daughter home, and I thought it would be better that she should not come back here at first."

The same thought had come to the father, and yet he felt irritated.

"Ah deean't see wheea not," he said, sullenly turning one shoulder awkwardly towards his visitor.

"Now, if Doris is what I hope and expect," said Mr. Burneston to himself, "she will not like this kind of behaviour."

A slight flush rose to his face.

"Well, Mr. Barugh, you must of course do as you please, but I was thinking of Doris. It seems to me in many ways pleasanter that your reunion should not take place in the midst of your neighbours. Mrs. Barugh said last time I was here that George was flagging again, and I thought of taking a cottage near Steersley, where you could be all to yourselves for a time."

John looked taller and prouder than ever.

"Ah'm obleeged, Maister Burneston, an' 'at's what Ah'm nut fond o' bein' te onny man. Gin Ah wants a cottage at Steersley, Ah'll get it mysel' wivout troublin ye, sir. It wur about summatt else 'at Ah wur comin' awa' te t' Hall."

Mr. Burneston had grown fiery red, but he saw that remonstrance would provoke a quarrel.

"Ah wur comin'," said John, squaring his shoulders and stuffing his hands to the bottom of his pockets, "te speak aboot t' uncanny awd lass, Prudence Wrigley."

"Let her be," said Mr. Burneston. "For Heaven's sake don't you join with that

cruel old man opposite against the poor creature."

John gave a derisive smile; he could not control his irritation.

"Sheea's gotten ye too, hev sheea, squire, as weel as Parson? Weel, Satan's a cute chap, seear eneeaf, he knows how to set his limbs te wark; bud mark ye this, gin Ah lose t'other coo—sheea's been sick sin t' mornin'—Ah diz this, Ah taks mah biggest cart-whip an' Ah slashes t' owd divvel's feeace across till t' blood spirts, 'tis t' only cure," he said calmly.

"No, you won't," Burneston said earnestly; "you're too much of a man to strike a woman; now mayn't I come in?" He put his hand on the farmer's arm. "I want to have a talk with George. I envy you that lad, Mr. Barugh. I wish Ralph would take after him."

CHAPTER IV.—COMING HOME.

DORIS, in whom the hopes of both these men were so firmly centred, was looking forward to her new life at home, so near at hand, with keen interest, and at the same time with much shrinking.

It was a definite sign of the change wrought in her by culture, that she now shrank more from daily intercourse with her mother's artificial attempts at gentility, which though really softened since Dorothy had lived George's life instead of her own—still lived in a somewhat exaggerated form in the letters which she sent to her daughter. Doris had no shrinking from her father's roughness. She found full sympathy in his simplicity, and his perfect truth—for she saw that he never hid his opinions even when they clashed decidedly with her own.

"I shall get on with father, but then I always did, and mother is so kind that I must try not to get vexed with her. George is the one who puzzles me, he seems to have grown downright unreasonable. Rica is right when she says an invalid is sure to be full of fancies."

Her face was full of wounded feeling. Next to her father she loved George better than she loved any one, and though Doris was free from petty conceit, still school-life had taught her that she was some one who had a right to expect deference, and affection too, from her companions. Of the last she had had far more offered than she could possibly accept, and her dislike to demonstrative affection had given to her manner a slight haughtiness with most of her companions.

It has been said that the schoolmistress at Pelican House did not trouble herself about the inner life of her pupils, but she

had a rapid perception of outward manner. She saw this haughtiness in Doris, and did not attempt to check it. She foresaw a brilliant future for this beautiful, well-mannered girl, and when she saw Doris walk away from some gushing school-fellow, with her head rather higher than usual, Miss Phillimore smiled and thought, "She is learning to govern others," and probably, to use the language of the outside world, manner is one of the great essentials of a successful ruler.

There was another quality in Doris, to which even Miss Phillimore submitted without being aware that it had a far deeper source of life than could have been supplied to it at Pelican House.

Spite of this occasional haughtiness, at times almost *brusquerie*—spite of the quiet unimpulsive manner which was sometimes called reserve, and sometimes a singular self-control, there was in Doris an irresistible fascination—the more difficult to strive against, because as it was never assumed or visibly put forth, there was nothing tangible to resist. Her smile was delightful, it seemed so heartfelt, and as it spread over her lovely face, irradiating the delicate skin and exquisitely perfect features, no one could stop to realise the strong power of will, that in this charming form drew all hearts to itself, and its own way of seeing things.

She was far more conscious of her sway than strong-willed people often are, but she attributed this chiefly to her surroundings.

"You say I shall be so happy," she said to her friend on the last morning; "in some ways no doubt I shall be, but life will not be so peaceful at home as it is here. You are the only person in this house who ever finds fault with me."

They were to leave Pelican House together, and to say good-bye at the railway station, where their respective fathers would meet them; and now in the hour that must elapse before starting they were together in the schoolroom.

"Doris"—Rica stopped suddenly, and turned round to face her friend—"do you want to stagnate, or to grow into a grand Turk? for you must do one or other, perhaps both, if you're not contradicted. People who are never contradicted are odious. Besides, it is an incomprehensible idea that you, who are always wanting to get cleverer and cleverer, should be content to stand still. Don't disappoint me, Doris, in these last moments; I can't bear it."

Doris laughed, for Rica's vehemence had brought bright colour rushing to her cheeks,

and her eyes had grown dark with excitement. "You torrent," Doris said, "you put me in mind of a volcano. You go about for days dreaming in a kind of black or brown study, and then suddenly you pour out a stream of glowing, burning words that scorches one."

"Well"—Rica looked ashamed of herself—"I really am going to be matter-of-fact for the rest of my days. I mean that—stop, I'm going to give you a bit of my father, I have not wit enough to grow such ideas—well, I mean that life goes on, and we must go on along with it. We may shut our eyes and let ourselves be carried; that is stagnation according to my ideas; if not, we are always learning and being acted upon by what we learn. In all conscience you've done enough with book learning; you've got enough to last you for life if you keep it bright. Well, then, now you've got to learn life from real people; and nothing will teach you that and yourself, too, as contradiction will."

"How do you mean teach me myself? A girl must be stupid who does not understand herself."

"I know, so it seems to me; and when I said so to my father he laughed, and said I wanted a lantern."

"But, Rica,"—the subject of self-knowledge did not interest Doris; she had a great dislike to sermons, and she thought this sounded like a fragment from Mr. Masham's pulpit—"you are unjust, and also not quite true."

"What do you mean?" in a very impetuous voice.

"I mean, that if people don't agree with me I am always content to let them go on in the wrong so long as they leave me in peace; live and let live, is my motto, but you are never happy till you have persuaded people to agree with you."

"You see"—Rica stood thinking—"I'm not proud; and, perhaps, though you are such an angel, you are a trifle proud. Now give me a good kiss, Doris, to wipe out this argument. We can't afford to argue on our last day."

Then, as they stood a moment, with moistened eyes, and circled by each other's arms—

"And you will really give my love to George, and make him fond of me. • My heart is quite ready to take in a fifth brother."

"Thank you," then, with most unusual impulse, for the coming change in her life had shaken Doris out of all restraint, "What a loving heart you have, Rica! I believe you love my father, and mother, and George as

much as I love them myself, and I seem to love your people so little, though you talk of them so much."

"That's because I'm a chatterbox."

They walked up and down silently after this. Doris's thoughts soon left her friend to picture life at home, and its difficulties; while Rica, who in the glamour of her intense friendship could not really see a fault in her companion, was saddened out of any looking forward beyond the coming sharpness of separation.

And meantime, in a pretty cottage covered with scarlet leaves, Mrs. Barugh had been busy for the last fortnight making preparations to receive her daughter. Dorothy had at once seen the wisdom of Mr. Burneston's suggestions, and by means of George's health, always better away from Burneston, she had worried her husband into consent. Probably the victory had been made easy to her by Doris, who, when informed of the idea, wrote at once to say she preferred to return to Steersley instead of to Burneston.

It was late afternoon, and Mrs. Barugh stood looking at the neatly-spread tea-table with a nervous, dissatisfied face.

"I doubt about Doris liking to eat her tea in the room we sits in," she said fretfully, "she'll have been used to a proper drawing-room."

George was sitting at a little side-table reading out of the red and gold book Rose had given him, and which had become his favourite companion. He looked up with a smile on his pale face, for he too was tired. He had been trying to carry out some of his mother's constantly changing ideas of preparation through the morning, without being able to satisfy her over-wrought notions of that which was fit for Doris.

"Mother, ye'll be so weary. Ye'll not be able to look at Doris when she cooms here."

He rose up, and going to her, kissed away the frown that was gathering on her face and put her in an easy chair.

"Coom, mother, ye have to do as Ah tells you now father's away, an' ye mun do as e're bid, ye know."

George had lost much broadness of dialect, but his accent was still broad, and specially to-day, for he felt greatly moved at the near prospect of seeing Doris.

His mother sighed.

"She'll think us far beneath her, poor girl. She'll not care for you, George, if ye speak so broad and common," she sighed. "I wish ye'd speak more like me."

"Nivver fear, mother." His smile brought into his face a strange likeness to Doris, it was so winning. "Ye're a bit upset now, an' so can't see things rightly. She can't help lovin' us, ye know, for we're her own. Nay, nay, mother, if ye'd try and read Rose's book, ye'd see these things clearer; ye'd see it's not worth while to worrit so much about this life after all."

"It's all very well, George." She could not keep the irritable tone out of her voice. "Ye're very good, an' all that, but ye're not real; them things reads well in books, but they don't do for life."

"Now, mother," he patted her shoulders lovingly, "you carry out what t' book says yourself; ye've spent all your time an'

thought on the bed-room an' t' sittin'-room Doris is to hev; but as to t' passage, beyond 'at it's clean an' orderly, ye've took no thowt about it. Now life's our passage, an' t' rooms is t' place we're getting ready for us in heaven. So you see t' book's reet after all."

Dorothy did not answer, and George thought she was pondering his idea; but all at once she started up with a scared look in her eyes.

"They're comin', lad; they're comin'. Don't ye' hear the wheels? An' my cap not changed." She ran away up-stairs, while George felt as suddenly taken by surprise as if he had not been schooling himself for days past for the meeting with Doris.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

I.—THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

ON the 23rd of January last year, about the middle of the southern summer, the *Challenger* slipped quietly between the headlands into the wonderful little land-locked bay which forms the harbour of Port Stanley, the present seat of government of the Falkland Islands. At a first glance these islands are not attractive, and I doubt if they improve greatly on acquaintance. The land is generally low and flat; but it rises here and there into ridges, the highest a little over two thousand feet in height. The low ground is dark in colour, a mixture of brown and dull green; the ridges are pale grey, with lines of outcrop of hard white quartzite, like dilapidated stone walls at different levels along the strips. The vegetation is scanty, and what little there is very ineffective. There is nothing of higher dignity than a herb, the nearest approach to a shrub being a rank form of groundsel (*Senecio candicans*) with large button-like yellow flowers and very white woolly foliage, which runs up along the shore and in sheltered nooks inland to a height of two to three feet; and a pretty *Veronica* (*V. decussata*), which is, however, indigenous on the West Island only, and is introduced in the gardens about Port Stanley. Above Stanley Harbour the land slopes up for a hundred feet or so to a low ridge, beyond which what is called there the "Camp" (*champ*) extends nearly level for many miles with slightly raised stretches of pasture, and wide patches of peat, and dark boggy tarns.

The little town of Stanley is built along the shore, and stretches a little way up the slope. It is built mainly of square, white, grey slated houses, and puts one greatly in mind of one of the newer small towns in the Scottish West Highlands or in the Hebrides; the resemblance is heightened by the smell of peat-smoke, for peat is almost universally burned, as there is no wood, and coal costs £3 a ton.

The Government House is very like a Shetland or Orkney manse; stone-built, slated, and grey, without the least shelter. In the square grass paddock surrounded by a low wall between the house and the shore, a very ornamental flock of upland geese were standing and preening their feathers the first time we called there. This tameness of the sea-birds is still most remarkable in the Falkland Islands, and a strange contrast to their extreme wildness in the Strait of Magellan; there we stalked the kelp-goose (*Chloephaga antarctica*) and the steamer-duck (*Micropterus cinereus*) day after day, with great labour and but little success, finding great difficulty in getting even within long range of them; while in the Falklands the same species were all about, standing on the shore within stone-throw, or diving and fishing quietly within a few yards of the boats. I was told that they are not now nearly so tame, however, as they were some years ago. Almost every evening we met some one coming in to the settlement with a string of upland geese for the pot; and I suppose it is beginning to dawn upon the poor

birds that their new neighbours are not so harmless as they look. Very likely it may take some generations of experience to make them thoroughly wary, and the difference between the birds of the islands and those of the straits may probably be that, while the former have been safe in their primeval solitude up to within a recent period, the latter have been selecting themselves for ages on their capacity for eluding the craft of hungry Patagonians and Fuegians.

The little town is clean and well kept, and even the smallest houses are tidy and have a well-to-do look. Many of the houses belonging to the agents of the Falkland Island Company and to the representatives of several

private firms, have very pretty greenhouses attached to them, the gay groups of fuchsias and pelargoniums, of all the best home varieties, contrasting pleasantly with the desolation outside. The government barrack, occupied by an officer and a company of marines, is rather an imposing structure, with a square tower, in the middle of the town, and there is a neat little Episcopal church.

The Falkland Islands were first seen by Davis in the year 1592, and Sir Richard Hawkins sailed along their north shore in 1594. In 1598 Sebald de Wert, a Dutchman, visited them, and called them the Sebald Islands, a name which they still bear



Port Stanley, Falkland Islands.

on some of the Dutch maps. Captain Strong sailed through between the two principal islands in 1690, and called the passage Falkland Sound. In 1763 the islands were taken possession of by the French, who established a colony at Port Louis; they were, however, expelled by the Spaniards in 1766. In 1761 Commodore Byron took possession on the part of England on the ground of prior discovery, and his doing so was nearly the cause of a war between England and Spain, both countries having armed fleets to contest the barren sovereignty. In 1771, however, Spain yielded the islands to Great Britain by convention. Not having been colonised by us, the Republic of Buenos Ayres claimed the

islands in 1820, and formed a settlement at the old Port Louis, which promised to be fairly successful; but owing to some misunderstanding with the Americans, it was destroyed by the latter in 1831.

After all these vicissitudes the British flag was hoisted at Port Louis in 1833, and since that time the Falklands have been a regular British colony under a governor.

The islands are about a hundred in number, but only two of them are of any size; they lie between the parallels of 51° and $52^{\circ} 45'$ south, and the meridians of $57^{\circ} 20'$, and $61^{\circ} 46'$ west. The climate is very wretched, considering that the latitude corresponds with that of Middlesex; for though the thermometer rarely falls in winter much below

the freezing point, it rarely rises in summer much above 65°, and fog and rain are so constant, and sunshine so scarce, that wheat will not ripen, barley and oats can scarcely be said to do so, and the common English vegetables will not produce seed in the gardens. Still the colony appears to be very healthy, the inhabitants seem to get thoroughly accustomed to their moist chilly surroundings, and the only "pale maidens" to be seen are the drooping delicate flowers of *Sisyrinchium filifolium*, which cover the "camp" round Stanley in early spring, and have earned that pretty sobriquet. Of late years the industry of the Falkland Islands has been developing very rapidly. It has been found that the pasture is even more suitable for sheep than for cattle, and, in 1872, the Falkland Island Company alone had a flock of from forty to fifty thousand of the best English breeds, a number which has since greatly increased; the wool is said to be remarkably fine in quality. In various parts of the islands the cattle, although now nominally belonging to some proprietor or lessee, are nearly wild; and the skill shown by the Buenos Ayrean gauchos in hunting them down, and capturing them with the "bolas" is very remarkable; the Scottish shepherds, many of whom have settled in the islands within the last few years, are, however, rapidly becoming as expert as their less civilised predecessors. A wild dog was common on both islands some years ago, but on this East Island it is now nearly exterminated.

On the day of our arrival Captain Thomson and I paid our respects to the Governor, Colonel D'Arcy, and we found him greatly interested in our arrival, owing to a report which had reached Stanley that some seams of graphite and workable beds of coal had been found at Port Sussex, on the other side of the island. Although from the little I had seen and read of the geology of the islands, and still more from the appearance of the specimens shown me by Colonel D'Arcy, I felt pretty well assured that the quest would be fruitless; to satisfy the governor and the agent of the Falkland Island Company, I asked Mr. Moseley, who was glad of this opportunity of seeing some of the country, to ride across and ascertain the true state of affairs. His observations justified our previous opinion. The whole of the East Island, and probably the greater part of the West Island also, consists of sedimentary rocks of palæozoic age; in the low grounds clay-slates and soft sandstones, and on the ridges hardened sandstones passing into the con-

spicuous white quartzites. The beds of so-called coal were simply very bituminous layers among the clay-slates, sometimes becoming a sort of culm which might possibly answer to mix with coal and burn in a smithy fire like the bituminous slates in the Bala series of Tyrone and Ayrshire, but which could never be worked with advantage. The "graphite" was only the blackest samples of the same material.

Mr. Moseley brought back a fine lot of fossils from the sandstones, the beds and their contents having very much the appearance of the ferruginous sandstones of May Hill or Girvan. The species of *Orthis*, *Atrypa*, and *Spirifer* are different, and as there are no graptolites in the schists, it is probable that the whole series belong to a somewhat later period, possibly the bottom of the Devonians. But if Mr. Moseley did not find coal, he brought home slung at his saddle-bow what was of much greater interest to us, the skull and a great part of the skeleton of a rare little whale belonging to the genus *Xiphius*. The Falkland Islands consist of the older palæozoic rocks, lower Devonian, or upper Silurian, slightly metamorphosed, and a good deal crumpled and distorted. It is entirely contrary to our experience that coal of any value should be found in such beds; galena may occur in the quartzites, but probably in no great quantity, and there is no positive reason why gold may not be found, although the beds have scarcely the character of auriferous quartz.

On our second visit to the town, our eyes were refreshed by the vision of a bishop, and not a bishop blunt of speech and careless of externals, as so hard-working a missionary among the Fuegians and Patagonians might well afford to be, but a bishop gracious in manner and perfect in attire, who would have seemed more in harmony with his surroundings in the atmosphere of Windsor or St. James's. We had great pleasure in the society of Bishop Stirling during our stay at Stanley. Although he takes his title from the Falklands, his diocese is so large—extending round the whole of the southern coasts of South America—that his visits to Stanley are somewhat rare; and we owed the pleasure of making his acquaintance to an accident which had befallen his little missionary schooner, the repair of which he was superintending. He is a most active and zealous pastor, and greatly beloved by his scattered flock. A great part of his time is spent in Fuegia, where he has succeeded in establish-

ing a half-civilised missionary station, and it was most interesting to hear him talk of his strange experiences among perhaps the most primitive race in the world. Walking over the breezy "camp" of the Falklands with Dr. Stirling, one could not help thinking that his great influence in these remote regions might, to some extent, be referred to the almost exaggerated care with which he maintained the culture and refinement of a gentleman, and the dignity of the ecclesiastical office.

Two vegetable productions of the Falklands, the "Balsam-bog" and the "Tussac-grass," have been objects of curiosity and interest ever since the first accounts of the plants reached us. In many places the low ground looks, from a little distance, as if it were thickly scattered over with large grey boulders, hemispherical or oval, three or four feet high, and three or four to six or eight feet across. To heighten the illusion, many of these blocks are covered with lichens, and bunches of grass grow in soil collected in crevices just as they would in little rifts in rocks. These boulder-like masses are single plants of *Bolax glebaria*, an umbellifer which has the strange habit which we had already seen in the *Azorella* of Kerguelen Island, only greatly exaggerated. These lumps of "Balsam-bog" are quite hard and nearly smooth, and only when looked at closely they are seen to be covered with small hexagonal markings, like the calyces on a weathered piece of coral. These are the circlets of leaves and the leaf-buds terminating a multitude of stems, which have gone on growing with extreme slowness and multiplying dichotomously for an unknown length of time—ever since the plant started as a single shoot from a seed. The growth is so slow, and the condensation from constant branching is so great, that the block becomes nearly as hard as the boulder which it so much resembles, and it is difficult to cut a shaving from the surface with a sharp knife. Under the unfrequent conditions of a warm day with the sun shining, a pleasant aromatic odour may be perceived where these plants abound, and a pale yellow gum exudes from the surface which turns brown in drying. The gum is astringent and slightly aromatic, and the shepherds use it dissolved in spirit as a balsam for wounds and sores. The flowers, which are very inconspicuous, are produced at the ends of the branches, and the characteristic cremocarps of the *Umbelliferae* may be seen scattered over the smooth surface of the ball in late summer.

Bolax is uneatable, and can apparently be applied to no particular use, and as it is widely distributed and abundant, it is likely that it will long hold its position as one of the curiosities of the Falklands; such is unfortunately not a reasonable anticipation for that prince of grasses *Dactylis cæspitosa*. The tussac-grass grows in dense tufts from six to ten feet high, the leaves and stems are most excellent fodder, and extremely attractive to cattle, but the lower portion of the stems, and the crowns of the roots have unluckily a sweet nutty flavour which makes them irresistible; and cattle, and pigs, and all creatures, herbivorous and omnivorous, crop the tussacs to the ground when the rain getting into the crowns rots the roots, or if they have the means, tear them out. The work of extermination has proceeded rapidly, and now the tussac-grass is confined to patches in a narrow border round the shore, and to some of the outlying islands. When we were lying off Port Louis at the head of Berkeley Sound, there was a pretty little island thickly covered with a perfectly even crop of tussac-grass about eight feet high, and so dense that it could be mown with a scythe. We sent a boat's crew for a supply for the animals on board, by whom it was highly appreciated.

The peat of the Falkland Islands is very different in character from that of the north of Europe. Cellular plants enter scarcely at all into its composition, and it is formed almost entirely of the roots and matted foliage and stems of *Empetrum rubrum*, a variety of the common crowberry of the Scottish hills with red berries, called by the Falklanders the "Diddle-dee" berry; of *Myrtus nummularia*, a little creeping myrtle which also produces red berries with a pleasant flavour, and leaves which have been used as a substitute for tea; of *Caltha appendiculata*, a dwarf species of the marsh-marigold; and of some sedges and sedge-like plants, such as *Astelia pumila*, *Gaimardia australis*, and *Rostkovia grandiflora*. The roots and stems of these, preserved almost unaltered, may be traced several feet down into the peat, but finally the structure becomes obliterated, and the whole is reduced to an amorphous carbonaceous mass. The general flora of the "camp" is much like that of the low grounds of Fuegia and Patagonia, but one misses the pretty flowering shrubs, especially the *Pernettyas* and the lovely *Philesia buxifolia*. The Smilacæ are, however, still well represented by the delicately perfumed "almond-flower," *Callixene marginata*.

Amid all their general tameness the Falkland Islands boast one natural phenomenon which is certainly very exceptional, and at the same time very effective.

In the East Island most of the valleys are occupied by pale, grey, glistening masses, from a few hundred yards to a mile or two in width, looking at a distance something like glaciers descending apparently from the adjacent ridges, and gradually increasing in volume, fed by tributary streams, until they reach the sea. Examined a little more closely, these we found to be vast accumulations of blocks of quartzite, irregular in form, but having a tendency to a rude diamond-shape, from two to eight or ten or twenty feet long, and perhaps half as much in width, and of a thickness corresponding with that of the quartzite bands in the ridges above. The blocks are angular like the fragments in a breccia, and they rest irregularly one on the other, supported in all positions by the angles and edges of those beneath. They are not weathered to any extent, though the edges and points are in most cases slightly rounded; and the surface, also perceptibly worn but only by the action of the atmosphere, is smooth and polished, and a very thin, extremely hard, white lichen which spreads over nearly the whole of them, gives them the effects of being coated with a thin layer of ice.

Far down below, under the stones, one can hear the stream of water gurgling, which occupies the axis of the valley; and here and there, when a space between the blocks is unusually large and clear, a quivering reflection is sent back from a stray sunbeam.

At the mouth of the valley the section of the "stone river" exposed by the sea, is like that of a stone drain on a huge scale, the stream running in a passage arched over by loose stone blocks, or finding its way through the spaces between them. There is no higher vegetation on the "stone-run;" the surface of every block is slippery and clear, except where, here and there, a little peaty soil has lodged in a cranny, and you may find a few trailing spikes of *Nassauvia serpens*, or the graceful drooping chrysanthemum-like *Chabrea suaveolens*.

These stone rivers are looked upon with great wonder by the temporary population of the Falklands, and they are shown to visitors with many strange speculations as to their mode of formation. Their origin seems, however, to be obvious and simple enough, and on that account their study is all the more instructive, for they form an extreme case of a phenomenon which is of wide oc-

currence, and whose consequences are, I believe, very much underrated.

There can be no doubt that the blocks of quartzite in the valleys are derived from the bands of quartzite in the ridges above, for they correspond with them in every respect; the difficulty is to account for their flowing down the valley, for the slope from the ridge into the valley is often not more than six to eight degrees, and the slope of the valley itself two or three, in either case much too low to cause blocks of that form either to slide or to roll down.

The process appears to be this. The beds of quartzite are of very different hardness; some are soft, passing into a crumbling sandstone; while others are so hard as to yield but little to ordinary weathering. The softer bands are worn away in process of time, and the compact quartzites are left as long projecting ridges along the flanks and crests of the hill-ranges. When the process of disintegration of the softer beds has gone on for some time, the support of the adjacent beds is taken away from the denuded quartzites, and they give way in the direction of the joints, and the fragments fall over upon the gentle slope of the hillside. The vegetation soon covers the fallen fragments, and usually near the sloping outcrop of the hard quartz, a slight inequality only in the surface of the turf indicates that the loose blocks are embedded beneath it. Once embedded in the vegetable soil, a number of causes tend to make the whole soil-cap, heavy blocks included, creep down a slope ever so slight. I will only mention one or two of these. There is constant contraction and expansion of the spongy vegetable mass going on as it is saturated with water or comparatively dry, and while with the expansion the blocks slip infinitesimally down, the subsequent contraction cannot pull them up against their weight; the rain-water trickling down the slope is removing every movable particle from before them; the vegetable matter, on which they are immediately resting, is undergoing a perpetual process of interstitial decay and removal. In this way the blocks are gradually borne down the slope by the soil-cap, and piled in the valley beneath. The only other question is how the soil is afterwards removed and the blocks left bare. This, I have no doubt, is effected by the stream in the valley altering its course from time to time, and washing away the soil from beneath.

This is a process which in some of the great stone-rivers in the Falklands must

have taken an enormous time ; I fear that the extreme glacialists may see in it a danger to the universal application of their beloved theory to all cases of scratching and grooving. I have known too much of the action of ice to have the slightest doubt of its power ; but I say that ice had no hand whatever in the production of these great "moraines" in the Falkland Islands.

On the 1st of February we went round to the head of Berkeley Sound, and saw the old station of St. Louis. We returned to Stanley on the 4th, and on the 6th we bade farewell to the Falkland Islands, which I am sure we shall always remember with pleasure, if not on their own account, on that of the kindness and hospitality which we met with during our stay.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"To reveal His Son in me."—GAL. i. 16.

ST. PAUL tells us that on his way to Damascus he was arrested by a vision and a voice from heaven, which he regarded as a revelation vouchsafed by God for his conversion from a persecutor of the church to a disciple and apostle of Christ. He says nothing here, or elsewhere, to throw any doubt on the reality of that revelation ; but, wonderful as it was, there was something connected with the great change in his character and life more wonderful and important still. Visions might come and might pass away ; voices might speak and then fall silent. Ecstasy and wonder and fear might rule for a time, and yet relax their hold. But, when all that had accompanied the outward miracle was gone, there still remained the essential part of the whole transaction—Christ in him the "hope of glory." He speaks as if that which gave him his new character, and strengthened him to live his new life, was but the unveiling within him of a being that had hitherto been hidden—but the manifestation of a living power that had been there, though dormant. The outward revelation, with its "signs and wonders," only served to awaken the inner life. It was as though a bolt from heaven had flashed down and rent asunder a tower in which a captive lay confined, secluded from the free sunshine and the intercourse of men, and, shattering the walls of his prison, had set him free. The vision, which glared athwart his path, and the voice that resounded in his ear, laid in ruin Paul's former life ; and out of the ruin emerged the new and higher life of Christ in him. He had had no closer relation to Christ than any other Jew. If he knew anything of Him or His doctrine, the knowledge was such as led him to reject His doctrine, and to persecute His church. And yet Christ was revealed in him. All the time of his pharisaism, Christ as the spirit of the true and divine life was

hidden under the visible life which Paul was leading, but, as yet, was unknown, unfelt, inactive. How was this? Nay, how *is* this? For it is renewed in human experience day by day. As Paul stood in no special relation to Christ, what was true as to Christ unrevealed in him, until God's time for the revelation came, is true for all men. Paul could have had no power to preach Christ as he did, and to urge others to believe in Him as he did, if he had not felt that what Christ had been to him He was to all, and that the life which he lived through union with his Lord was a life which was possible to all. How then is this? To understand it we have to consider the whole plan and purpose of our human life. The true exemplar of that life must be, and must have always been, in the divine mind "eternal in the heavens." Before man was ever made, the perfect idea of his being and life must have existed there. When Jesus Christ took on Him the form of man, He was but showing forth, in its realisation, the eternal pattern of perfect manhood—was fulfilling the hitherto unfulfilled plan. Any life which is utterly apart from Christ, in spirit and principle, fails to fulfil that plan. Any life which is unconscious of that divine affinity which is revealed in Christ, is unconscious of the real end of its own existence—of the true dignity to which it might attain. For He is not only the Ideal to be sought after, but He is the inner Power that enables us to reach that which is sought. We "grow up into Him," but only because He is in us. A paradox, but a spiritual reality. We are in Him, because He dwells in us. As the image of their early home, abiding in the hearts of a household, brings them back, perhaps after long separation, to gather under the roof they love, because it is within them—a treasure of their hearts, of which years have failed to rob them ; so this living Christ is at once the strength and inspiration of our inner life, and that divine ideal which beckons us on towards its own perfection. If we understand this,

we begin to see the meaning of St. Paul's words about God's Son being revealed in him. It pleased the Father to reveal the hidden Christ in him—to disclose the restrained ray of that light which was in him, as it is in every man "that cometh into the world"—to let the true idea of his life manifest itself. And it is not in one instance only that the apostle uses language which shows how he clung to the conviction of this indwelling Christ. It is repeatedly on his lips: as, for example, when he boasts, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" and this, not through a strength coming to him from without, but living and moving within; for he says again, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The mystery of God, he declares, is "Christ in you, the hope of glory;" not in every man the reality of glory—for in some He is hidden, and these are they that are lost—but the hope, the possibility, the promise of the glory of the divine life of God perfected in the human nature God has made.

Now, it is on this truth that our life should rest, as on its foundation. What gives our life its real dignity and value, and makes it, weak and brief though it be, so honourable and so precious, is the truth that Christ is in each of us, the hope or the reality of glory—either glorified or crucified afresh. What infinite possibilities does the knowledge of this open up to us; of infinite good or evil; of living union with and likeness to Christ, the perfect man; or of wilful rejection of His spirit, and choice of the devil's likeness, and the devil's service; of ascent to the very heights of holiness, or of lapse into the very depths of Satan! Yet the consciousness of these possibilities should be to us full of strength and encouragement. We sometimes hear great stress laid upon the difficulty, and yet the necessity, of "finding Christ," as the phrase goes. But would it not be a pitiful business for us if we really had to go seeking for Christ, or listening to the voices of those that cry, "Lo, here," or "Lo, there," as though searching for one whom we had lost, or had never known; and as though it were not the case now, as in the days in which "the good Shepherd" trod the earth, that He is seeking us, and trying to draw us to the fold; as though it were not true that, while He, as the good Shepherd, seeks all the wanderers of his flock, He, at the same time, through the mystery of His spiritual union with us, is in us by His Spirit—that Spirit within moving us to hearken to the call from without, and making our spirits, as with a divine instinct, thrill in response to

His? He who apprehends this stands on a firmer rock than he who thinks he may one day find the Christ, for whom he has to go a seeking. He understands that he *is* Christ's, and that he has not to do anything to make Christ his. He understands that he has not through his faith to effect a union with Christ, but that Christ has already united Himself to him, and that it is his part now to see that the union be never broken. He understands all the difference between the system which says to him, "You are fallen, you are accursed, you are lost, unless, through finding Christ, you can escape from the 'wrath to come,'" and that which says, "You are still God's child, and Christ, His Son, has redeemed you. It is your part, as His redeemed, not to sin, but to live His life, for He is in you, except you be reprobate." The one message appeals to fear; the other to faith. The one is full of discouragement; the other of the "good hope that maketh not ashamed."

This, surely, is the highest motive to any one at all capable of spiritual impulse. "You are a child of God. Christ is in you. God's purpose for you is that your life should be the life of His own Son." And this, surely, is the wisest rule, "Quench not the spirit of the divine life that is in you. Yield to its guidance. Work out the high ideal of your life. Let the Christ within you be no longer hidden, but revealed."

SECOND SUNDAY.

'Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.'—
PSALM I. 5.

Where the spirit of Christ is, there, too, must be the manifestation of the life of Christ. The ruling idea of that life was sacrifice. "Christ, our Passover," was "sacrificed for us." His sacrifice, once offered, we, of course, never can repeat. But we can, in the power of the Eternal Spirit by which He offered Himself to God, follow, though afar off, the example which He left us, and make the law of sacrifice the law of our lives. How are we to do this, having fellowship herein with Him, and filling up that which remains of His sufferings? We must not try, as some do, to get rid of the duty of carrying the principle and the practice of sacrifice into all the details of our life, by fixing upon certain occasions and forms of penance and self-discipline, a sedulous attention to which shall exempt us from the daily duty of bearing the cross, and compound for habitual self-indulgence by stated intervals of self-restraint. We must not allow ourselves, misled either by superstition or dogmatism, to think of

sacrifice as if, on the one hand, it were some formal and solemn observance, hedged round with ecclesiastical rites and secluded from our ordinary interests and concerns, or as if, on the other, it were a mystery of the faith into which only those of the deepest experience could enter. With our faith resting on the great sacrifice of Christ, we should look at its bearing on our own lives with the practical desire to understand and apply the sacred law of His life in our own.

And, looking at the matter thus, we shall, I think, see that, while sacrifice implies pain, it must be the pain endured in doing a good work, in reaching a high aim, in warring a noble warfare. The pain of mere self-discipline, salutary though it may prove, is not the pain of sacrifice. We might, perhaps, define it thus: Sacrifice is the pain of witnessing for the right, and of ascending to higher and ever higher good; and it is a pain which has always, as its close, a recompense of joy. The pain of witnessing for the right—directly opposed to the ease of selfishness—the pain endured by all such as have done any good work for the world, and wrought any deliverance in the earth—by the heroes and martyrs who have striven to advance God's kingdom and righteousness—who, wherever they saw a wrong, set themselves to redress it—who, wherever they discovered an injustice, or a falsehood, or a hypocrisy standing in the way of God's truth and law, strove to overthrow it—who were determined to leave their portion of the world better than they found it, to destroy its evil, to foster its good. These are they who have built up the spiritual temple of the Lord on earth—who have freed the slave—who have cleansed the judgment-seat—who have made the tyrant tremble and upheld the cause of the oppressed—who have driven old superstitions and falsehoods from their dens, and let in the blessed light of liberty and truth; and these, too, are they who, even in the obscurest place and humblest circumstances, have been faithful workers of the work God had for them to do, and have done their smallest task "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." Such have known the pain, but also the joy and success, of the life of sacrifice.

This law of life lies at the root of all real happiness and prosperity in the history of the individual, of the family, of the community. Self-seeking and self-indulgence are the principles of decay and ruin in homes and states. Self-sacrifice and self-control are the principles of growth and prosperity. Which of the homes we know are the happiest and most

prosperous—those in which the parents have sacrificed themselves for the children, and the children have learned to reverence their parents and give up their own wills to theirs, in which unselfish authority and unselfish duty have gone hand in hand; or those in which the parents have preferred their own pleasure to their children's good, and the children have never been taught that for them obedience is the rule of life? There is never any possibility of question between the two. And so in more conspicuous, though not more important, instances (for the life of the family is but the nursery of the life of the state). So with great communities. "I desire not this power of king," said the greatest, perhaps, of English kings, Alfred, "but that I may leave behind me a memory in good works." The record of his life is that of one long sacrifice for his people's welfare, and he left behind him a strong and righteous kingdom, with the foundations laid in it of much that is best in England to this day. "The State! That is myself," said another king, whom men also called great, Louis XIV. of France. He ruled his people as though liberty and righteousness were idle tales, and the world, the flesh, and the devil were supreme; and he left to his country moral corruption, political revolution, social "terror," and to the second after him who wore his crown the prison and the scaffold. The law of sacrifice, if broken, avenges itself; if kept, it is full of blessing. Those who shun the pain of witnessing for the right must bear the scourge of successful wrong, which becomes, in the hands of Him who makes the wrath of man to praise Him, the instrument of their correction.

Sacrifice is the pain of ascending to higher, and ever higher, good. This is the meaning of Christ when He said, "If a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit;" and, "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." How? For, "I am the good Shepherd, and the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Only by sacrifice do we rise to higher life.

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected in death."

This is a lesson which, if we do not take it for granted at the first and try to act on it, we can only learn afterwards by the bitter experience of failure and defeat. To take their own ways, to consult their own pleasures, to reject every authority, to turn aside from duty—that is the idea of too many, especially of those with whom life is yet pliable, and

character has not taken its final bent—who have not yet travelled so far upon their way as to have lost all freshness of heart and capacity of generous unselfishness, but to whose conscience and understanding the law of life has not been brought home with the power of conviction—who have not learned to look for the shadow of the cross. The old words about “the strait gate and the narrow way,” and “the wide gate and the broad way” seem to them the hacknied phrases of the tract or sermon, and not the very words of life. Self-restraint and self-mastery—not gained without effort and pain,—the power to stop in any pursuit and say, “No farther; what is right for me ends *here*,”—in this lies the secret of real happiness, of capacity of continued enjoyment and progressive activity—the secret of all healthy advance, morally, intellectually, spiritually. The spoiled child, that is brought up without control, has its character in all its best capacities marred for life. The young man or woman who indulges every whim, who pampers every desire, who allows the tyrannical self its full development, grows, ere middle age, dead to all unselfish feeling—incapable of reverence for what is pure and holy, and wearied of the very things that have ministered most freely to the worldly life. To such as these the unworldly life becomes all but an impossibility—that life of which the love of God is the motive and sacrifice the law, and which is no stranger to the blessed and salutary pain of the cross of Christ.

Nothing is more full of evil omen for the future than to mark among those who are growing up to bear the burden of the coming day, and to mould the character of a new generation, the tone—which is but too common—of independence and self-assertion, of cynical contempt for goodness and disbelief in purity, of dull indifference to high aims and ideals, of weariness and discontent with all that life has to offer—the tone of those on whom the broken law is revenging itself. Never having tried to bear the pain of sacrifice, they begin to groan under the keener pain of self-indulged satiety; never having lifted any of life's honest burdens, they find life itself a burden; never having used their time for God, they feel that it has become useless to themselves.

May He who gave himself a sacrifice for us help us, by His good Spirit, so to have fellowship in His sufferings, and so to share the burden of His cross, that life may bring to us day by day an ever clearer likeness to Himself, an ever happier activity in His service, an ever readier willing-

ness to witness for His truth and right; and thus an ever riper fitness for the time when, having suffered with Him here, we may hope with the good hope that maketh not ashamed to be glorified together with Him in His eternal kingdom.

THIRD SUNDAY.

“Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”—GEN. xviii. 25.

The root of strength and consistency in any life is the belief in law; the belief in a settled order of things, of one system pervading all and ruling by purpose, not by chance. But for this belief, rational life would be impossible. How could we get on, if we did not believe that the sun would rise in the morning and set at night; that fire would burn, and water drown, and cold chill? We never meet any man so ignorant or so foolish as to maintain that this is so by accident and not by law; and that light is luminous, and water fluid, and day and night succeed each other, by hazard. In the material world the reign of law is admitted; but in the higher region of the spiritual world the unity and simplicity of that reign manifesting itself throughout all is not so readily acknowledged. Yet the Power that, we believe, rules by law and order in the visible universe, is not likely to be less careful in the government of the domain which is invisible. And just as, in our outward life, reasonableness, propriety, safety, depend on the conviction that that life and all its conditions are involved in one system, and are ruled according to one plan; so in the inward life we trace the like results to the like belief. The conviction of a divine rule of righteousness, of a supreme control in the hands of one who is certain to do right, and not a jot or tittle of whose eternal law can fail, gives strength and consistency to our moral and spiritual life. And yet this is what we see very often practically denied. How comes it to be so? Partly, no doubt, because we are less ready to come to an exact belief about a spiritual fact, than about a material fact. We believe easily enough that where we sow wheat we shall reap wheat, and where we plant potatoes we shall gather them; but we are by no means equally sure that if we “sow to the flesh” we shall reap “corruption,”—that if we plant in our youth idleness and self-indulgence, we shall gather in our age a harvest of moral weakness and mental vanity. Though the fact is as certain in the one case as in the other, it is not so immediately obvious. So

the realm of spiritual truth is, in too many minds, the realm of vague impressions, of hopes and fears that have no steady basis. Its air is shadowy and dim, full of ghosts, not of realities.

The disbelief of the reign of law in the spiritual world is also, no doubt, partly owing to this, that we had rather not believe it, than take the trouble to place ourselves in accord with the great governing law of righteousness. That law, under all its many manifestations, is ever the same; the expression of a will seeking to direct our life in the way of its own righteousness. It is not the expression of an arbitrary and absolute good pleasure, but of a perfect wisdom, justice, and veracity. But we too often do not like to admit this, because of the strain of duty which we feel the admission would lay on us. If that law be a reality, it will condemn too much of our worldly and easy life. So we prefer to shut our eyes to the law, and to the righteousness of which it is the witness. There are too many, it is to be feared, who, in relation to all their religious interests, in the whole of that wide region of their life which is governed by the laws of God's spiritual kingdom, seem to trust altogether to chance, and to deny the existence of any supreme order. Chance, it has been said, is the god of all such as obey their own devices, instead of a law they believe in. Wherever there is the absolute lack of honest industry, thoughtful calculation, and steady plan in business or work, you find reliance on the doctrine of chances. It is not the man of trusty principles and substantial means, but the shifty adventurer and pirate of the exchange, that is busy with the schemes that offer returns far beyond the average of commonplace trade. The gambler on the turf, who lives in an atmosphere of hazard, and is always on the eve of making his fortune, is not trusting to the results of just outlay or honest toil, but to some happy "hit," some lucky forecast, by which he is to overreach his rivals. And so with many people who are gamblers in spirit, living beyond their means, and making a show they have no title to make; they too are constantly supported by the hope of something "turning up," of some unlooked-for luck befalling them; of chance, in short, somehow making up to them for their want of principle. And thus, likewise, in the spiritual region, we often choose to forget that the rule is not one of chance, but of law, and think that somehow we shall contrive to evade the law. Thus, for example,

you go on repeating your besetting sin, and when conscience stings you for it, you say to yourself you mean to do better—but not just yet. The change will be easier by-and-by. You take your chance of life being prolonged and opportunity being renewed, although you know the eternal law which provides that every repetition of a sin reduces the possibility of amendment, and that whoever abides in sin, knowing it to be sin, becomes its slave. Thus, too, you find people passing by the usual and appointed means of grace by which God works together with them, and strives to nourish their spiritual life, and running after means that are unwonted and exciting, with the idea of finding in these some stronger stimulus which shall, as it were, force on the growth of regeneration, and, through the irregular and extraordinary, effect that they think the regular and the ordinary fail to achieve. So, too, with what is called a "death-bed repentance." This, if it mean anything, must mean a change of spirit, and of character, wrought under the pressure of mortal disease, and just as the world is fading from view and grasp. Is the possibility of this more, at the best, than what you would call a chance? And yet it is the final hope of many a one who will say he is "trusting to the mercy of God in Christ;" as if that mercy were not in harmony with God's righteousness; or as if His mercy could ever make it possible, far less right, for God to save a sinner who will not quit his sin, or to forgive a sinner until he admits he has done wrong, or to accept a person as righteous who is in character unrighteous, or, in fact, to trifle in any way with the eternal laws of truth and justice. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." His law will rule, however much we may wish to gamble with it or ignore it.

This may be thought, by some, to be terrible and stern. It is not really so. Vague religious impressions, sentimental and excitable piety, harsh and unloving beliefs, may rise out of the notion that God does not rule his spiritual kingdom by law; but solid and enduring religious life never can. It can only grow out of the faith of a righteous and unchanging government. And the idea that such a government must limit the exercise of God's mercy, or that His righteousness and His mercy need to be reconciled to each other, as though they were opposed, springs from a partial conception of the divine character. It is not, like man's, made up of a bundle (so to speak) of independent

elements, some of which exceed the others. It is the perfect harmony of perfect parts, where all are equal. His righteousness, therefore, cannot be separated from His mercy, or be regarded as in any wise divergent. God shows mercy whenever His righteous conditions are fulfilled, never otherwise. This should content all who seek to be reconciled to God, on the true ground of being delivered from that which has kept them apart from God. It will not content those who wish to enjoy God's mercy along with their own sin.

And the same conviction, the Judge of all the earth shall do right, as it is the one moral foundation on which a solid and consistent religious life can be built—a life which seeks to work out the plan of a will on which it relies, is also, amidst all the imperfections of our best efforts, the surest ground of hope. In all our failures and shortcomings we remember that we have to do with one whom we can absolutely trust, because we know that He is absolutely righteous. Knowing this, we can receive His disciplines in the consciousness that we need them to wear us from our sin, and to strengthen us through our enduring of them, against weakness and liability to fail. We can wait with patience when He seems to deal with us mysteriously, and to send us trials of which we cannot see the meaning, or forecast the end. We can face all duty bravely, knowing He will send us nothing too heavy for us to bear. We can depend on His doing all justice to our motive, even when our action is defective, and making every allowance for the frailty of the nature which He has Himself given us. In the hour of darkness, as in the heat and burden of the day, there is light and help in the sure faith, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"The house of God, the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."—1 TIM. III. 15.

These words are taken from an epistle to St. Paul's young disciple Timothy, the minister of the church at Ephesus, which was written for his guidance and direction while Paul was away. The apostle wished to teach him how he was to conduct himself in the "house of God," by which he meant apparently the church specially committed to his charge. He uses three terms in defining it—"the house of God," the "church of the Living God," the "pillar and ground of the truth." And each of these has its own significance. The first

is used, most probably, to represent to Timothy, in its most striking aspect, his own particular position in the church; and the second, in close connection with the first, to indicate the indissoluble bond between each portion, and the whole, of the body of Christ. The young and gifted minister of a large and flourishing church, as that of Ephesus was, might feel inclined to be proud of his own place and office, and to regard his own flock as the chosen flock of God, his own words perhaps as the very oracles of God, and his own congregation as standing alone, in itself complete and whole. In such a feeling there was serious danger, against which St. Paul's words were fitted to be a warning. He knew that as soon as any church began to think of itself as the only church, its worship as the only worship, its doctrines as doctrines from which others must not differ, and to be puffed up with the idea of its own importance and success, that church was in an evil case. And therefore, lest the mind of Timothy should be led off into vain delusion (all the more easily, because the seduction would wear the guise of interest in his own work, and joy in the prosperity of Christ's cause in Ephesus), he says, "I counsel you how you are to behave in the house of God, over which you are set; but remember that that house is one with the congregation of God's people everywhere; and that your church at Ephesus is only entitled to the name of house of God at all, inasmuch as it is a part of the church universal—a living member of the one body."

Any particular church, such as Timothy's, is a house of God, but only so, inasmuch as it is a part of the universal temple, which includes all God's people. A church which denies this relation of the part to the whole, which says to its neighbour, "We are the church, but you are not, because you do not repeat our formula, or obey our government, or use our ritual," is false to its relation to the body of Christ. It is not for man to define what is, and what is not, the church. Men know their own divisions; God only knows the width of that unity which encloses all divisions. Men see the altars at which they severally kneel; God alone sees the vastness of the canopy which overarches each and all, and in whose heights the incense rising from them all mingles into one cloud.

Now, St. Paul not only thus teaches that the particular church is but a part of the church universal, but he adds, "This is the church of the Living God." It is the faith of the

church that God lives in it. It is the function of the church to show forth the life of God in the world, to be the congregation of the Living God, the assembly of those in whom He dwells, and who manifest to the world the Divine Presence and life; and who, only in so far as they do this, are to be reckoned as living stones in the eternal temple. We ought to understand that it is not the order of its government, or the accuracy of its creed, that is the right test of a church's character, but the godliness of its life. And we ought to lay to heart that the church at large cannot bear the character of the "congregation of the living God," unless Christ is dwelling in the hearts of the individual members, and moulding their lives into the divine likeness. Whatever be the outward aspect, or constitution, of a church, if the Spirit of Christ in it is "quick and powerful," if the Son of God is "revealed" in its members, it cannot but be filled with a heavenly glory, and be, in the highest sense, the "house of God, and the gate of heaven."

But the apostle says, further, this congregation of the saints is the "pillar and ground of the truth." The meaning is that, as a building is raised on a solid foundation, with stout pillars, or columns, thrust down into the soil, so is the church the firm resting-place of the truth. The church of God, in which He dwells, and whose life is the divine life, has this duty entrusted to it, that it shall uphold the truth. Its members are to receive and to maintain the truth, which God reveals to them. St. Paul does not say, "The church is an infallible oracle; what it teaches must be received; what it declares must stand fast." This would be to make the church greater than the truth; whereas the truth is greater than the church. The temple is greater than the foundation. The foundation is laid for the use of the building, and takes its whole value from the fact of its supporting the building. So the church is but the servant of the truth, and is set for its security and continuance. And taking this statement along with St. Paul's previous words, we read this meaning in it: the congregation of God's faithful people, in whose lives His life is manifested, form the firm and safe foundation on which His truth is built. A body of godly men filled with a divine spirit, and living a high unworldly life, is the securest resting-place for the truth of God. On this strong moral substructure it will stand secure, amid the shiftings of men's opinions, the contests of human

authorities, and the claims of rival doctrines. This teaching is akin to that of the same apostle when he says, elsewhere, that the mystery of the faith must be held "in a pure conscience." The church's maintenance of the truth must be moral, not official. The truth will be safe in its keeping, not in virtue of its ecclesiastical authority, but of its Christian life. And this truth, which it is to keep, is the living truth. A living church is the foundation of it; itself cannot be a dead thing. If Christ's Spirit is living in His church, it must be always taking "of the things of Christ," and showing them to His members, and so fulfilling His own promise that that Spirit should lead them "into all truth." As long as the life of the church is pure and sincere, a growing life and not a dead formality, it would be a contradiction to assert that Christian truth too was not to expand and ripen, to open out in new directions, to shed abroad new lights, to rise in ever grander outlines above the low level of worldly wisdom, and selfish knowledge, and science lending itself mainly to man's conceit of intellect and greed of gain. Where the divine life is kept pure and free, the knowledge of God will grow; and this knowledge is knowledge of Him who is "the Truth," and who has revealed Himself to us through One who said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth: everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Now, if we have apprehended the significance of the three terms employed by St. Paul in speaking of the church, we should learn from it the manner of spirit which should animate the church of God in the mass, and each several church, congregation, and individual, in particular. That spirit ought to be the spirit of Charity (as opposed to that of separation), the spirit which seeks to unite and not to divide, and loves to acknowledge the unity and oneness of the whole church that Christ has redeemed with His most precious blood. It ought to be the spirit of Godliness (as opposed to worldliness), the spirit which recognises God's presence with men, as opposed to that which knows not and loves not God. It ought to be the spirit of Truth (as opposed to the spirit of tradition), the spirit which loves that which its deep instincts tell it is true, and owns the supremacy of this truth, and places all orders, ministries, and functions in the church beneath this, as its servants, and always accords its belief to this because of the inner witness, and not because of any outward

authority. The church which is filled with this good spirit, of charity, of godliness, of truth ; and which acts on the conviction that the whole company of Christ's faithful people is one indivisible body, that holiness of life is the true sign of membership therein, and that it is the office of the church to receive and maintain the truth of God and reverence it as supreme—this church will live. That which is possessed by the opposite spirit, which separates itself from others, and will not unite with any unless on terms of its own ; which makes agreement in a formula, or submission to a government, a closer bond of union, and a matter of more vital concern, than godliness of life ; which sets the authority of the church above that of the truth bearing its own testimony to every man's conscience in the sight of God—that church will die. It may flourish as a secular institution, as a successful corporation, as a busy planter of tabernacles, preacher of

doctrines, observer of rites, but, as a church of the Living God, doing the true work of a church, fostering and showing forth the divine life in the world, bearing about the message of charity and peace and unity among men, and humbly seeking and serving the truth—it will fail. It will not, for it cannot, do this highest work.

We talk of churches being overthrown, when we dread some worldly misfortune or political injury befalling their outward fabric. But no church can ever be overthrown, as a church. The hand of man cannot destroy the house of God. Institutions, or societies, that have borne the name, but not the true character, of churches, may be subverted, and may perish from the way, to leave the ground that they have cumbered clear. The church of God can never fall. And when the world has passed away and the lust thereof, they, too, who are living stones in that eternal Temple shall abide for ever.

R. H. STORY.

DEDICATED TO ALL THE CHURCHES.

(A PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.)

HIGH in mid heaven, motionless and mute,
 Seated in judgment, no white throne or crown,
 Save plaited thorns about Thy brow, O Christ !
 —Man's tribute ever to the sons of God—
 Thy face beneath that crown so wan and sad ;
 No rooted thorns indeed about Thy feet,
 But nestle of child-angels, faces pure,
 Dreamlike, lapped in Thy gracious garment's folds,
 And for Thy throne a bank of dark'ning cloud :
 Far down in twilight shade and gathering gloom
 The labouring earth whirls on, and heeds not Thee.
 Alas ! most patient and most silent Christ,
 That earth which once in three-hours' sadness hung
 Because Thy soul was dark, now heeds not Thee.
 Thy churches, Lord, they name Thee still, but they
 Are dark, with darkness bred of jarring creeds,
 Sect-hatred, envy, empty prejudice,
 Cold sneers, the bigot's curse, the pedant's frown,
 And purblind teachers groping for a light.
 "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come !"
 Was Thine own word. And now the light has gone,
 And love has gone : Thy churches need the light.
 God, Thou art light, and hatest loveless gloom ;
 Christ, Thou art love. "Let there be light !" we cry.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

REMINISCENCES OF A YORKSHIRE NATURALIST.

BY PROFESSOR W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.

PART II.

ON one of our excursions referred to in my last chapter, we had been ranging through a long summer's day in search of plants and insects amongst the lovely woods of Raincliff and the Forge Valley. The fairy-like Orange-tipped butterflies were hovering amongst the flowers of the open glades which here and there studded the woodland slopes. The delicate Azure Blues played around two or three detached holly-trees, the only spots in the district where this little ethereal insect has been met with. Fritillaries dashed past us with vigorous wing, their golden tints contrasting richly with the dark hues of the Peacock butterfly, the summer broods of which were then in their full glory. On our return home, recounting the adventures of the day to a brother entomologist, my father incidentally observed that the woods were alive with Peacocks, and that we could have caught as many of them as we liked. We scarcely noticed the presence of a third man, a rustic acquaintance of the true bucolic type; but in a few days our rustic friend again presented himself and put the earnest inquiry, "John, didn't thou say that Raincliff woods were full of peacocks, and that thou could have caught as many as thou liked?" Wonder at an entomological inquiry from such a quarter soon gave way to peals of laughter, when we found that, having overheard my father's remark, our humble friend had actually been to the woods with a huge sack, hoping to stock his farmyard with peacocks, and had returned crestfallen and disappointed, to inquire why it was that he had failed to do so.

Sometimes, instead of enjoying *our* laugh at the expense of others, *we* were the victims. This was the fate of Mr. Bowerbank and myself on an occasion which the now veteran spongiologist will well remember, should his eye happen to fall upon these lines. In one of the early numbers of our perennial friend *Punch* there is a cartoon of a trespassing sportsman who is just about to leap over a fence, but who pauses on discovering the wrathful farmer crouching in the ditch on the other side, armed with a formidable pitchfork, with which he is prepared to do battle with the intruding stranger. The farmer opens the conflict with the apparently peace-

ful inquiry, "Where may you be going to?" "Back again," responded the checkmated sportsman, who quickly apprehended the situation, "if you are there!"

My old friend, who was my companion on the occasion in question, had never seen the lovely Chickweed Winter-green (*Trientalis Europea*) in bloom; and as this rare plant grew rather luxuriantly beneath some dwarf oaks that nestled under the eastern beard of Seamer Moor, I had conducted him thither, and he was bringing away with him a few blooming plants wherewith to astonish the botanical Browns of the metropolis on his return thither. To have retraced the way by which we had come involved a long and weary circuit; moreover we wanted to visit a locality lower down the hill, where we expected to find one of the pretty pyrolas, as well as a small bog at its foot, where the Bog-pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*) and the pale insect-catching Butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) flourished. Having found these floral beauties, we ventured along the sides of a few cultivated fields, and were about to leap over the last fence which separated us from a road leading through the farm, when we found *Punch's* cartoon anticipated. The tenant of the farm, an angry butcher, lay in the further ditch like an Ant-lion watching for his prey. Armed with his hayfork, he was prepared to make his ditch and bank an embattled outwork. Neither soft words nor hard ones induced him to allow us to pass. Hence, seeing that both law and equity were on the side of our entrenched opponent, we had to reascend the hill and trail our tired limbs across the long stretch of moorland to reach the York road. We subsequently learnt that our opponent had lost no time in invoking the aid of the civil power to punish the trespassers; but the worthy magistrate to whom he applied for summonses against us, knowing something of our pursuits, succeeded in calming down the applicant's perturbed spirit, and induced him to leave us in peace. Amongst our home companions, however, we were long before we ceased to hear of our ignominious retreat from the butcher and his hayfork.

This reference to the subalpine *Trientalis* recalls another curious botanical incident: A little dell in the neighbourhood of Pickering,

called the Hole of Horcum, had long been celebrated as the most southern locality at which a second little Alpine plant, the *Cornus Suecica*, or Dwarf Cornel-tree, flourished. As the true home of this plant is amongst high northern moorlands, its occurrence at so low a level as the Hole of Horcum occupied was long recognised as a remarkable fact. On a fine July morning a small party set off from Scarborough, under my father's leadership, to see the little gem flourishing in its native nook, and were prepared for a very long moorland walk to effect their object. The party beguiled the way by the usual occupation of botanizing and insect-hunting. They had accomplished less than half their journey when, crossing some moors near Hackness, at even a lower level than those of Pickering, my father sprang hastily over a bank in pursuit of an insect, and rushed down the adjoining slope. In doing so his foot slipped, and he rolled head over heels in a bed gay with flowers. Botanists alone can judge of his astonishment when, on looking around to see where he had fallen, he found himself surrounded by the very plant which his party hoped to see at its known habitat, yet many miles distant, but for which, by a fluke, he had thus discovered a new locality.

This circumstance of several alpine plants flourishing at so low a level in the neighbourhood of Scarborough is a very curious fact. We find within the area of a very few miles the *Trientalis Europea*, the *Cornus Suecica*, the *Ophrys cordata*, or Dwarf Twayblade, and within the last few years the family of my old schoolfellow, Robert Turnbull, Esq., of Hackness, have added a fourth to this remarkable list in the *Smilacina bifolia*, which they discovered for the first time in the British islands, in the neighbourhood of Hackness.

Those who are familiar with the various writings which touch upon the subject of botanical distribution will remember the ingenious hypothesis by which the late Professor Edward Forbes explained the presence of identical arctic and alpine plants on the summits of mountains which, like Snowdon, Skiddaw, and Ben-Nevis, are separated widely by lowland straits in which these plants are never found. He believed that, during the glacial age, when the summits of these mountains were merely detached islands in an arctic sea, birds and marine currents combined to carry the seeds of such plants as flourished in the region from island to island, and thus brought about a close correspondence between the vegetation of all the

members of that arctic archipelago. As the land rose from the sea, which it did, the plants thus distributed continued to flourish in their several habitats, because though the general climate of these latitudes was slowly undergoing amelioration, the mountain peaks being raised, by their elevation, into cooler regions of the atmosphere, they continued to be exposed to a temperature not very different from that at which they had been accustomed when growing nearer the sea-level. But the positions in which the alpine plants above mentioned grow in the neighbourhood of Scarborough forbids their doing so being thus accounted for, since, at the time of which I have been speaking, the whole of eastern Yorkshire was unquestionably submerged deep below the glacial sea. The only explanation I can suggest supposes that at a later period, when the sub-alpine mountains of the lake district and of Scotland, had emerged sufficiently high to reveal deep gorges descending their flanks, these gorges were filled with glaciers, large masses of which broke away from time to time, and floated southwards and eastwards, as is well known to have been the case. These floating icebergs were unquestionably the instruments which spread over eastern Yorkshire some of its more superficial drifts and gravels, and which originally belonged to the moraines of the glaciers whence the icebergs were detached. I can only conclude that when the period arrived, at which some of the uplands of eastern Yorkshire rose above the waters, some stray icebergs had become stranded upon these newly-risen lands and conveyed to them, along with this moraine rubbish some of the seeds of the plants in question. How they have survived the increasing warmth of the atmosphere, and the gradual disappearance of all the sub-alpine conditions which usually seem necessary to their healthy life, I am unable to understand, but that they have succeeded in acclimatising themselves is an obvious fact.

In the early days of the Scarborough Philosophical Society we had to strain every nerve to obtain a collection of the birds' native to the district, a task in which we were materially aided by the surrounding landholders. We received special help from the late Sir John Johnstone, the owner of the lovely domain of Hackness, and who was the first president of the society up to the date of his sudden death in the hunting field. He gave us every facility for investigating the local ornithology, both by giving

instructions to his keepers to supply us with every rare bird that they met with, and by allowing us to range with our guns through his woods and preserves, without restriction either of place or season.

One of the circumstances that makes the preservation of game distasteful to the ornithologist is the destruction of the birds of prey to which it leads. The war steadily carried on against these noble creatures, by the double agency of traps and guns, has already made many of them very rare, and threatens some with speedy extinction. At the same time the keepers often made valuable additions to our collections.

On one occasion a Hackness keeper brought us a fine specimen of the Booted Falcon which he had caught in a trap, by which one of its legs had been broken, otherwise the bird was uninjured. Its wings were pinioned behind its back to prevent its escape; but notwithstanding all these hindrances to its freedom, its bright yellow eyes gleamed at us with an air of proud defiance that made every observer regard its capture with some regret. Being the first example of the species taken in the neighbourhood, its arrival attracted many of the members of the institution to the room in which it lay. This apartment was lit by three French windows, glazed with moderately strong glass, affording an outlook upon the valley in which the new Aquarium is now being built. When the last of the visitors took their departure my father and I re-entered the room, and in doing so startled the bird, which suddenly burst its bonds and made a dash at the nearest window, through which it went as easily as an acrobat does through his paper hoops. It fell for a moment on the gravel-walk outside. I need scarcely say that we rushed out with all possible speed, but it was only to see the glorious bird sailing majestically away under the arches of the Cliff bridge. Imagination almost suggested that we heard it send back to us its scream of derision.

As might be expected, some of the papers of the day extracted merry capital out of the event. They described an imaginary gathering of the council of the institution solemnly deliberating upon the most appropriate methods of putting the bird to death. But, according to those journals, whilst the members of the council were so consulting, the bird cast upon them one look of scorn, sprang into the air, and left them to their deliberations!

Probably no portion of our labours were more productive of enjoyment than our ento-

mological excursions, in connection with which each returning season brought its appropriate work. Singularly enough, at the very outset, we met with a most unusual bit of success. Our collection of beetles probably did not contain a hundred species when the early numbers of Curtis's "British Entomology" came into our hands. In one of these numbers we found a figure and description of a British beetle (*Nebria livida*), which was so rare that only two or three specimens of it had hitherto been met with, chiefly on the banks of the Humber. We at once recognised the figure as representing an insect of which our small cabinet contained an unmistakable example, but we could not remember where we had found the specimen. More than two years passed away without our obtaining a clue to the mystery, although our memories were frequently taxed in hope of recalling some circumstances that would afford the needful hint. One fine June evening we were busy at work geologizing on one of our favourite grounds near the south-eastern end of the Scarborough North-bay. At this point a very thin stratum of the richly fossiliferous "Cornbrash" exists high up in the cliffs, and fallen blocks of the rock are easily accessible at the high-water line of the shore. On rolling over one of these blocks I saw rushing from under it a second specimen of the rare insect. The shout of "Nebria" was to my father what "Mark Cock" is to the sportsman. It quickly brought him to my side, and before we left the ground we had secured an ample supply of this fine insect. For many years the North-bay continued to be the only British locality at which it could be obtained. The clue being recovered, we had no difficulty in remembering that this was the identical spot where we had found the original specimen.

Nothing can be more varied than the summer life of the entomologist. One day found us chasing the Emperor moth and its associates over the wide moorlands that stretch between Scarborough and Whitby. On another the chalk and limestone hills that encircle the town supplied us with the lovely little "Blues" that make such dry soils their favourite haunts; our chief disappointment there being that we never found associated with them the delicate "Theclas" that are so abundant further south. The sheltered woodland valleys of Hackness and the Forge tempted us in search of Fritillaries; the rocky heights of the Castle Hill and other similar bluffs overhanging the sea-shore, furnished some of the Hipparchias that are

rarely met with away from the swell of the salt water. Thus each season found its appropriate enjoyments amongst the day-flying Lepidoptera; and none but the angler can appreciate the luxury, after a long July morning had thus been spent, of sitting down on the bank of the trout stream to enjoy our simple meal garnished with cresses drawn from the river bed, and washed down by draughts of its cool waters. No tonics were needed to give an appetite even for dry bread and cheese.

But the insect hunter's labours do not cease with the approach of sunset. Each summer evening found us hunting for the twilight-flying moths, that are rarely seen in midday unless accidentally disturbed from their resting-places. Here again was scope for the most varied labours. Our favourite haunt was a long bank of low willows and poplars, with a small brook running along its foot. Here we were often to be found, even after the twilight had faded away, and when we could only see the objects we were in search of because, as they flew along the tops of the low bushes, their tiny forms were projected upon the lines of bright but fading light which lingered in the far north-west. How often have I wondered, whilst gazing over the tree-tops, how it was that at such hours, and at such hours only, I saw the long straight lines of the Stratus cloud cutting the sky as sharply as do the shadows of one of Paul Sandby's landscapes. Modern entomologists have gained an advantage over their older predecessors, so far as this twilight insect hunting is concerned, in the discovery of the process of "sugaring," *i.e.* of smearing parts of the stems of trees with a thick saccharine solution. The sugar attracts numerous insects, which are easily captured whilst intent upon their evening meal.

But in addition to the capture of the matured insects, the breeding of them from their caterpillar state was an endless source of interest. Spreading a small sheet under the bushes of hazel, oak, thorn, and birch, and beating the overhanging branches sharply with a stout stick, we detached the caterpillars from their resting-places, whence they fell upon the white sheet below. Occasionally some rare moth, recently emerged from its chrysalis state, and as yet unable or unwilling to fly, would make its appearance amongst the fallen larvæ. I don't envy the young naturalist whose heart did not quicken its movements when he thus captured his

first specimen of the peach-blossom moth or of the Green silver-lines. The larvæ thus captured then had to be put into appropriate "cages" made of wood and gauze, and supplied daily with fresh twigs of the trees upon which they severally fed. Then the cages had to be inspected each morning to see what insects had emerged from the tomb-like chrysalides during the night, an expectant process, often followed by its rewards, but now and then disappointments. There is a well-known race of flies, *Ichneumonidæ*, which deposits their eggs under the skins of caterpillars, where they remain in a dormant state until the caterpillar becomes a chrysalis. These eggs then liberate their contained larvæ, which feed upon the soft internal organs of the doomed chrysalis, and themselves finally becoming chrysalides within the shell which they have slowly emptied of its organic tissues. This would occasionally be some rare Sphinx, whose liberation from its temporary tomb was watched for with eager interest. But, when on opening his cage some morning, the expert entomologist found it swarming with a brood of Ichneumons, a moment's glance told him that he need hope and watch no longer, since his pet insect had been eaten up by its carnivorous assailants which had thus risen from its ashes.

About the middle of the third decade of the century, the celebrated "Gristhorpe Plant-beds" were discovered by my father and Mr. Bean conjointly. There was always a little dispute as to the respective shares of these two indefatigable geologists in the above discovery. I believe the real fact to have been that one of them found the thin upper sandstone, and the other the plant-bearing shale immediately beneath the fossiliferous sandstone. Be this as it may, there is no doubt as to the geological value of the subsequent labours of the two observers in this now classic locality. Previous to that discovery little was known of the Flora of the oolitic age beyond what was revealed in some older beds found at Haiburn Wyke, a few miles north of Scarborough, and in a continuation of beds of the same age extending northward along the coast towards Whitby. But the Gristhorpe beds soon revealed a glorious and hitherto unknown flora, they having already supplied nearly seventy species of plants, of which nearly sixty were quite new to science.

OUR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

IT will be my object, in the following pages, to convey to those who are interested in the history of Arctic research, as clear and detailed an idea as my space will admit, of the manner in which the members of the recent expedition, collectively, were employed during their absence of eighteen months from this country. Allusions to the scientific results of the expedition, and to the special work performed by its individual members, will be avoided as much as possible; and I shall confine myself to a narrative of the progress of the ships through the ice to their highest positions, of the arrangements for passing the long and dreary winter, of the sledging operations, and of the return voyage to England. My readers, whose interest in the labours of the expedition may thus, I trust, be excited, will be able to acquire a more thorough and complete knowledge of those labours, and of their results, when the work, by Sir George Nares, now in course of preparation, is before the public.

It was not until after ten years of earnest representation that the late Admiral Sherard Osborn, aided by other influential advocates of a renewal of Arctic exploration, succeeded in inducing our Government to despatch an expedition for the purpose of exploring a portion of the unknown area around the North Pole. Mr. Gladstone's ministry declined to entertain the project, giving as their reason the expense incurred by the Treasury in consequence of the *Challenger* expedition.

But when the present Government came into power, the question was urged upon their notice, and at length received favourable consideration.

Ever since 1865 Admiral Sherard Osborn had, in more than one lucid and exhaustive paper, explained the valuable nature of the results to be attained by Arctic research, and the reasons why, in the first instance, the best route would be that by Smith Sound.

At last, in 1873, he secured unanimity among other English Arctic authorities, in the opinion that the Smith Sound route offered greater advantages than any other. The reports brought home by the members of the United States Expedition, who went out in the *Polaris*, tended to strengthen this view. The reports were to the effect that land was continuous as far north as the

84th parallel of latitude, some even averring that land had been seen, from a high hill, as far as the 85th. Animal life was said to be abundant on the Greenland coast, more especially in the immediate neighbourhood of the winter quarters of their ship; and, lastly, the *Polaris* had succeeded in reaching a very high latitude with comparative ease.

In Arctic exploration, so long as a continuity of land exists, no matter in what direction it trends, a satisfactory measure of success is certain, provided that the ships have reached the utmost limit of previous discovery. This is essential, and it was believed to be more easily attainable by Smith Sound than by any other route. The event proved that the belief was correct.

The two ships, *Alert* and *Discovery*, were commissioned early in 1875, and April and May were busy, not to say harassing, months for all those associated with the expedition. The various incidental duties connected with the preparations for such an enterprise kept them fully occupied. Great care was exercised in the selection of the men. None were appointed until they had undergone a searching medical examination as to their fitness for Arctic service, and several were rejected who had the appearance of being fine and eligible young fellows. Social and moral qualifications were as strictly inquired into as were the physical conditions of the men, and those of a happy and genial disposition were selected in preference to others who appeared morose and taciturn.

"Can you sing a good song," or, "Can you do anything for the amusement of others?" were questions not unfrequently addressed to candidates for Arctic service, by the board of officers appointed to select from the numerous volunteers who presented themselves.

The clothing and provisions supplied to the ships were regulated by the scales on which preceding expeditions had been fitted out.

Through the kindness and generosity of our friends, and of those who more especially interested themselves in Arctic work, we were presented with many useful and valuable gifts; and numerous were the donations that arrived from poor and unknown well-wishers to our undertaking. Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family

testified, in a substantial manner, the deep interest they took in the expedition; nor must the name of her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugenie be omitted from the list of our friends and well-wishers; her kind and thoughtful present, consisting of a fine woollen cap for each individual, contributing materially to our comfort whilst employed in the onerous duties of sledging. Several thousands of visitors came on board before sailing, to the no small hindrance of the work; and many, it is feared, owing to the stringent regulations that it was necessary to issue in order to prepare the vessels by the time appointed, were obliged to return to their homes without being able to say that they had been on board the Polar ships.

At length all preparations were completed, and when the 29th of May, the day originally assigned for the sailing of the expedition, dawned grey and misty, with dashes of rain falling and lying in little pools on our newly-painted deck, we were still in the bustle of the last inspection.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, to the very minute named, the ships cast off from the dockyard jetty; and as they steamed out of Portsmouth harbour, all clouds cleared away and the sun shone brightly—a good omen for the coming voyage.

Thousands congregated along the sea-face extending from the dockyard to Southsea Castle, and on the opposite shore of Gosport, to witness our departure, and cheer after cheer pealed forth from the assembled multitude as we slowly threaded our way amongst the numerous yachts and pleasure-boats that had collected to bid us God-speed. A small thin line of red, scarcely to be distinguished amidst the more sombre hue of the holiday-seekers' dresses, denoted the troops of the garrison drawn up to do honour to their comrades of the sister service, whilst their bands, breaking forth with the soul-stirring strains of "Auld lang-syne," found an echo in the hearts of all connected with the expedition.

It was indeed a proud moment for us as we witnessed this unmistakable demonstration, and felt that we, a small but chosen band, had been selected to carry out a national enterprise of such importance.

If anything was needed to assure us of the popularity of our undertaking, the spectacle that afternoon on Southsea Common was surely a convincing proof.

There was one responsive feeling in the hearts of every member of the expedition—namely, a determination to deserve this con-

fidence, and to achieve, with God's help, such a measure of success as would be satisfactory to the country and creditable to the navy.

Our last view of Portsmouth was across a bright blue sea to a shore thronged with a cheering crowd waving a last farewell; and the last glimpse our friends had of us was across the same blue sparkling sea, the snow-white sails of our ships being lit up by the rays of the setting sun. Our feelings seemed to be reflected in the changes of the weather on that, to us, memorable day. The rain and mist in the morning were suited to the sorrow of parting; while, when the sun burst forth bright and joyous in the afternoon, we all felt assured that the work we had in hand would be achieved, and that the enterprise begun under such bright auspices would end as well and happily.

Our passage across the Atlantic was very rough, and we were enabled to form a most favourable judgment of the sea-going capabilities of our vessels.

As we approached Davis' Straits, speculations were rife as to when and where we should meet our first ice: all on board evinced an anxiety to become acquainted, without delay, with the enemy whose stronghold we were preparing to assault, and from the attack on which we hoped to return victorious.

On the 27th of June, a falling temperature gave us timely warning that we were in the vicinity of icebergs, and as the weather was thick and foggy, extra precautions were adopted in order to guard against collisions with these beautiful, but dangerous, foes. At three P.M. the first ice was sighted; and an hour afterwards we were steaming through loose detached fragments of heavy floe-ice.

For most of us it was the first introduction to that icy world in which we afterwards lived for fifteen months.

Our initiation was, to say the least of it, a rough one, but the novelty of course gave rise to no small amount of interest and excitement.

The officer of the watch, under the impression that a reward of a bottle of champagne would be given to him who should first make the ship touch ice, steered for a heavy piece nearly submerged and succeeded in striking it full and fair, causing the good ship to tremble from stem to stern, and almost making her stop short from the force of the blow.

On the 28th, we sighted the high, bold, and snow-capped hills in the neighbourhood

of Cape Desolation. This land was so named by that sturdy navigator, brave old John Davis, during his third voyage of discovery in the year 1587. In his quaint way he describes "the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all covered with snowe, no viewe of wood, grasse or earth to be seene, and the shore two leagues of into the sea so full of yce as that no shipping cold by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome viewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yce was such as that it bred strange conceits among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation."

Whales, of different kinds, were now frequently observed and gave rise to discussions among us, as to whether the upturned tail or "distant" spout belonged to a *rorqual*, or a *finner*. The final appeal was usually to one of the ice-quarter-masters, who had the reputation of being experienced whale fishers!

Seals were also seen basking lazily and dreamily on the ice, or following for a short distance in the wake of the ship, staring at us with their large round eyes and faces, that bear so strong a resemblance to those of human beings. Birds also hovered around us, many following us for days together, and breaking the solitude with their joyous presence.

On the 4th of July we crossed the Arctic circle, and two days subsequently the expedition was at anchor off the little Danish settlement of God-havn, the most important establishment in the Inspectorate of North Greenland.

Here the ships were completed with provisions, stores and coal, obtained from a third ship sent out from England for this purpose.

The officers were employed in various scientific pursuits, and all enjoyed a scramble over the lofty volcanic cliffs which overlie the gneiss, in this part of the island of Disco.

The difficulty of the ascent of the Lyngen-mark-fjeld, a range of hills about two thousand feet in height, was amply compensated for by the view from its summit. Emerging from the rather dense, though stunted, vegetation at the base of these hills, the way led over almost precipitous basaltic cliffs, until, by dint of hard climbing, the snow-clad summit was reached. The climb was both arduous and perilous, in consequence of the action of the frost on the

rocks composing the cliffs, which, on being touched, often broke away in large masses, rolling with a mass of débris many hundreds of feet to the bottom.

From the top a glorious scene was revealed to us. The Whale-fish Islands, a group in Disco Bay, lay spread out as it were on a map. The main land of Greenland was distinctly brought to our view, whilst immediately at our feet was the little picturesque settlement of God-havn, and the three vessels, resembling miniature toy ships, lying at anchor in the harbour. Hundreds of icebergs dotted the placid sea; and beyond them we could plainly discern the great ice-fiord of Jacobshavn with its gigantic discharging glacier behind, and the mouth of its fiord almost choked with icebergs, children of that same glacier. At brief intervals a noise resembling thunder or distant artillery announced the disruption, or creation, of one of these wonderful islands of ice.

We were not, however, allowed to enjoy this scene in quietness. Our pleasure was marred by the attacks of swarms of mosquitoes. These irritating insects assailed us on first landing, and persecuted us incessantly until we were again afloat.

Having embarked a number of Eskimo dogs, and a couple of natives to act as dog-drivers, hunters, and interpreters, we left Disco on the 15th.

Passing through the Waigat, a strait separating the island of Disco from the mainland of Greenland, we bade farewell to our last connecting link with home, and pursued our solitary course northwards.

Numerous icebergs of many fantastic forms rendered the passage through this strait one of no little difficulty, though they materially added to the beauties of the scene. On one side were the high snow-covered hills of Disco, intersected by deep and narrow ravines, whilst on the opposite side was a bold and lofty coast with precipitous headlands ending in needle-shaped peaks, and separated by glaciers and fiords.

It was usual for us when delayed by fog, or otherwise, to make the ships fast to some protecting iceberg, in order to wait for an opportunity to advance; but our confidence was occasionally misplaced, as the following instance will show. Being unable, on account of thick weather, to make any progress, it was decided to make the ship fast to an adjacent berg until a more favourable opportunity of advancing should occur. Accordingly a boat was despatched, containing

three men with the necessary implements, such as an ice-drill and anchor, for securing the ship. At the first blow of the drill, to our horror, the berg split in two with a loud report, one half, with one of the men on it, toppling completely over, whilst the remaining half was rocked and agitated in a most alarming manner. On this latter piece was another man, who was, immediately after the catastrophe, observed "heels uppermost," having been precipitated head foremost into a rent or small crevasse.

The water alongside was a mass of seething foam and spray; but the boat, however, with the third man escaped. They were all quickly rescued from their perilous positions and brought on board, sustaining no further harm than that inflicted by a cold immersion.

On the 21st of July we were off a remarkable headland named "Sanderson, his hope." It was so called by old John Davis in 1587, after his friend and patron Mr. W. Sanderson, and was the extreme northern point reached by him.

It is a famous place for *looms*, as those white-breasted guillemots are termed, which are considered such rare delicacies on an Arctic table. Of course so good an opportunity of procuring fresh food was not to be disregarded; the ships were stopped, and the boats, crammed with eager sportsmen, despatched for the purpose of shooting for the "pot." Myriads of these birds were congregated on the steep precipitous cliffs, in some places almost overhanging, which rose abruptly to an altitude of from eight hundred to one thousand feet. Owing, however, to the unsteadiness of the boats, caused by the roughness of the sea, our "bag" did not realise our anticipations. Many of the birds that were shot remained on the inaccessible ledges of the rocks, and were, therefore, lost to us, and many fell into the sea beyond, and were no more seen.

The midnight sun was shining brightly during this *battue*, and we returned to the ship, after a couple of hours' sport, the richer by one hundred and seventy birds, each equal in weight to a fair-sized duck.

Upnirvik, the most northern Danish settlement in Greenland of any importance, was left on the following evening.

Avoiding the ordinary passage through Melville Bay, that once dreaded and still dangerous locality, so famous in the annals of whaling disasters, the ships were boldly pushed through what is generally termed the

"middle ice." To our great surprise, and no less gratification, we encountered little or no obstruction. The ice consisted of what is called a "loose pack," through which we experienced little difficulty in making progress.

It is as well here to state, that long ere this, all the necessary precautions for an unsuccessful combat with the ice had been taken.

Provisions and clothes were so arranged along the upper deck that they could easily and readily be thrown out on the ice at a moment's notice. Knapsacks were packed and placed in readiness for any sudden emergency.

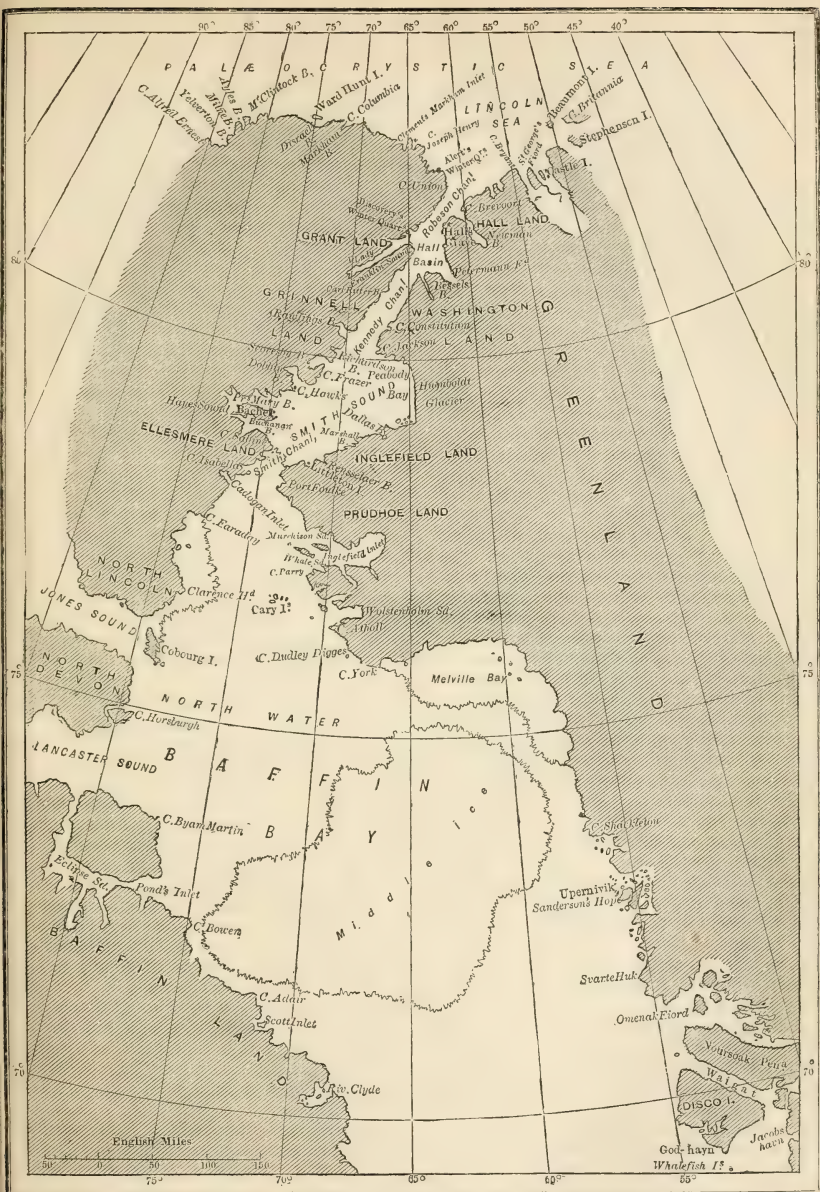
The boats were prepared for immediate service, and all had their allotted stations, so that little or no confusion would ensue if it became necessary to abandon the ships, an event which was by no means improbable.

On the 24th our first and only bear was seen, and great was the excitement it caused. Bears' skins were certainly that day at a premium. All were eager and anxious to become the fortunate possessor of its coat. Master Bruin, however, evinced an equal anxiety to retain it. The engines were immediately stopped, and the boats crowded with volunteer hunters. These, landing on the ice, advanced upon their quarry, while the ship, steaming round to the opposite side of the floe, endeavoured to cut off its retreat. All was ineffectual, and, although many rounds of ammunition were fired away, in the faint hope that a lucky shot might bring him down, Bruin made off and effected his escape.

To this day there are many who seriously believe that he carried away with him the bullets they so lavishly expended. So keen were some in the ardour of the chase, that they rushed on heedless of the rotten and treacherous ice until an immersion in the cold water brought them round to a sense of their danger, and compelled them to seek refuge on board their ship wet, cold, and uncomfortable.

After an unprecedented passage, the "north water" was reached on the 25th. Melville Bay with all its terrors was behind us; a beautifully smooth, unruffled sea, clear of ice, was in front; everything pointed to success, and the hearts of all in the expedition beat high with joy and delight at the prospect of attaining the utmost realisation of their hopes.

Large icebergs were around us in every direction; but what cared we then for icebergs? We had continuous day, the north water had been reached, our way lay north-



THE ARCTIC REGIONS,

wards. On sped the good ships—on past the Crimson Cliffs of Beverley; past Cape Dudley Digges, threading their way through clusters of huge icebergs, within a short distance of the great glacier of Petowik, the span of whose mouth is about seven miles, on to the Cary Islands.

Here we were detained for a few hours landing a large *dépôt* of provisions, sufficient for the subsistence of sixty men for sixty days; and here, also, we landed the last home letters destined to be received by our friends until after our own arrival in England.

Thence, crossing over to the eastward, we steamed along on that beautiful clear day within a short distance of the western shores of Greenland. It was indeed a glorious sight as we passed close to this little-known land opening out to our view. As we proceeded its many and large glaciers glittered white and radiant in the sunshine, growing, as it were, out of the clouds, and rolling down grandly towards the sea, until the opaque mass plunged sullenly and silently into the deep blue water.

Animal life, so far as the feathered tribes were concerned, appeared in abundance. The lively little *rotges* were seen in frequent clusters diving quickly under water as the ship approached. Looms, dovebies, and eider ducks, alarmed at our appearance, rose in long flights and circled around us, uttering discordant cries. The glaucous gull and the pretty kittiwake soared above our heads, and occasionally a graceful ivory gull flapped its way leisurely along, its snowy wings brought prominently forward by a background of clear blue sky. Here and there, on small fragments of floating ice, were seen huge walrus basking in the golden sunshine.

Amid such scenes the two ships wended their way towards the entrance of Smith Sound, all elated with the fair prospect, so full of promise, for the future. Alas! little did we dream of the vagaries of our capricious enemy!

The morning of the 28th saw us anchored in Port Foulke, the harbour in which Dr. Hayes wintered in 1860.

No sooner were the ships secured than they were almost deserted by their officers. Some went for a scramble over the neighbouring glacier, named by Dr. Kane "My brother John's glacier," some went to collect specimens, others to take various scientific observations, and others to hunt and shoot.

Lifeboat Cove, where the remnants of the officers and crew of the *Polaris* spent their second winter, was also visited, and many

relics and traces of the former occupants were met with. No signs of any inhabitants were found, but from unmistakable traces we were led to suppose that, at a very recent period, this place had been visited by the Eskimos. A cairn was erected on the most conspicuous point in Littleton Island, and a few letters for England were deposited there.

Leaving Port Foulke on the following day, we crossed over to the west side and erected a similar cairn on the summit of Cape Isabella, about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Records were left in each of these cairns, detailing the movements and prospects of the expedition, with instructions concerning letters that might be carried thus far by any adventurous and enterprising explorer.

From this date our troubles commenced.

Ice, apparently impenetrable, was seen the next morning stretching across from Cape Sabine to the eastward.

Adhering to the west side of the Sound, and working our way along close to the shore, we took advantage of every opening in the ice, and gradually, but surely, made progress northward. It was however slow, sometimes only a few hundred yards during the day, and occasionally we were detained for several days together. Every movement of the ice was closely watched, the tides and currents were studied, and the influence of the wind on the pack ascertained.

No opportunity was lost, and it was mainly due to unceasing watchfulness that the expedition slowly advanced, inch by inch, until it gained the portals of the unknown region.

These encounters with the ice were not without their danger. On one occasion we narrowly escaped destruction in consequence of being helplessly driven by the ice towards a large grounded berg. To be squeezed between the two would be fatal. Yet we, on board, were powerless to avert the catastrophe. Every precaution to insure the safety of the crew was taken, and we could only look on and silently witness, as we thought, the destroying powers of the Ice King.

Nearer and swiftly were we hurried towards the grim and motionless berg up whose side the floe, as it came into contact with it, was seen to be literally walking and forcing its way, crumbling and falling into shapeless masses at its base.

Escape appeared impossible. It seemed hard at the very commencement of our voyage thus to lose our vessels and with them all hopes of success.

Suddenly the floe swerved slightly, in con-

sequence of one of its extremities impinging on the berg, and sent us clear. We were saved!

Sometimes it was necessary, for the preservation of the ships, to construct a dock in which they could be securely and safely berthed. This is only done when the ice is closing, and ships in danger of being nipped between two floes. Ice-saw crews had previously been organized, and, as it is necessary to expedite the work, the whole of the officers and ships' company were so stationed as to take an active part in the operations. Three persons only are left on board the ship, namely, one officer in charge, the engineer at the engines, and a man at the helm.

The order "all hands cut dock" is followed by a most animated scene. Triangles are quickly erected, saws placed in position, the dock marked out by boarding pikes at the several corners, and every one working as if their lives depended upon their own individual exertions.

Powder is frequently used to blast the entrance, but unless caution is exercised in its use it is very liable to damage the sides of the dock. When the ice is only from four to six feet thick a dock can be constructed in about two hours. It is impossible to use ice-saws against any ice of ten feet thick and upwards.

During the temporary delays in the ice we used to have rare fun.

Foot-balls would be produced, and a game kept up with great spirit, though with an utter disregard of all orthodox rules. Men and officers would alike mingle in the game, every one bent upon the one grand object, namely, that of enjoying themselves. Skating and sliding on the ice were also accomplishments that afforded much pleasure and amusement. Sometimes the dogs would be harnessed; some would-be dog-drivers tearing along round the floe, regardless of weak ice and pools of water, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Of course the dogs were all named, and were, as a rule, great favourites with the men. Their appellations were more characteristic than euphonious. Ginger was so called on account of his colour; Bruin, because he was tail-less; Sore-sides, in consequence of the unfortunate dog having received a rather serious wound in its side, which remained unhealed for a long time; Boss-eye, on account of the obliquity of his vision; Sallie, Topsy, Sly-boots, Jessie, &c., were the names of others. When they first came on board,

they were incessantly squabbling and fighting until one had gained the acknowledged supremacy. The conqueror was, subsequently, always called the "king" dog. It was absurd to witness the complete mastery that his majesty exerted over his canine subjects, and the homage he exacted from them; frequently settling a quarrel between two disputants, and always appropriating to himself the best of good things in the way of food. When on board, the Eskimo dogs lived in the forepart of the ship, and were never allowed to desecrate the quarter deck with their presence; the only English dog on board, Nellie, who lived aft, was excessively jealous of her own portion of the vessel, and would never allow any of them to intrude in her domains, nor would she at any time demean herself by associating with such low company.

When dragging a sledge they are always harnessed in line abreast, never in tandem fashion. The outside dogs, as a rule, get more than their fair share of the whip, with which they are solely guided, and it is amusing to witness the cunning displayed by them in dodging under the lines of the other dogs, emerging somewhere in the middle of the team.

There is something very exhilarating and exciting about dog-sledging, so long as the weather is fine, temperature at, or about, zero, smooth level ice to travel on, and a light sledge to drag. But let all these various conditions be reversed, let the weather be thick and foggy, or a gale of wind with a blinding snow drift, a temperature 50° below zero, rough hummocky ice to travel over, and a heavily-laden sledge, then dog-sledging cannot be regarded as either a comfortable or desirable amusement.

The sensation of dashing along on a light sledge at the rate of ten miles an hour, the fine snow flying into one's face as the dogs tear over it pell mell, or perhaps plunging headlong down the side of a steep ravine, requiring the greatest care to prevent the sledge from toppling over on the top of the dogs, is both novel and delightful. But when obstacles, such as hummocks and deep snow-drifts, have to be encountered, especially with a low temperature, the reverse is the case. Immediately the sledge receives the slightest check from either of these causes, the dogs will instantly stop and lie down in the most provoking manner. Not all the flogging with which they are assailed will compel them to advance, nor will they commence work again until the sledge has

been carried over the difficulties that had retarded its progress. Our dogs were only used for short journeys, and were never employed with any of the long-extended parties.

On the 12th of July we landed another large depôt of provisions, similar to the one established at the Cary Islands, in Dobbin Bay. At the southern termination of this bay is Cape Hawks, a magnificent promontory, which has, with a certain amount of truth, been likened to the Rock of Gibraltar.

It was a beautiful calm night when we rounded it, the water so still and unruffled that it was actually used as an artificial horizon for the purpose of taking an astronomical observation.

The Cape itself, towering over our heads as we steamed past it, being reflected in the clear still water close alongside, whilst deep ravines stretched away, apparently for miles, into the interior. A large glacier at the head of the bay showed out prominently as it glistened in the light of a bright midnight sun, the bay itself being covered with an icy sheet broken only by the presence of a few long low bergs, generated in all probability from the self-same glacier. The few clouds that appeared in the almost cloudless sky presented an iridescence rarely witnessed, showing clearly-defined bright colours extending in a horizontal direction, the reflection from which in the clear smooth water materially enhanced the beauties of the

landscape. Such a scene could not be equalled, even in sunny Italy.

As we proceeded northward the ice appeared to get heavier, and animal life seemed to be getting more scarce. Occasionally the head of an inquisitive seal would be protruded out of a water-hole, but would be immediately withdrawn on being saluted by half-a-dozen bullets from the rifles of our keen and enthusiastic sportsmen, unless it was so unfortunate as to pay the penalty of its life for its curiosity. With these few exceptions, little animal life was seen after passing the 80th parallel.

Although apparently of the same geological formation, there is a vast dissimilarity between the appearance of the land on either side of Smith Sound. That on the east is flat and table-topped, rising to a height of about one thousand feet, separated into hills by broad valleys, whilst the stratification of the cliffs was regular and horizontal. That on the west side was, on the contrary, composed of conical-shaped hills, rising to an altitude of from two to four thousand feet, and intersected by deep ravines, whilst the stratifications were so distorted that the dip varied as much as from 10° to 45°.

Whilst the land on the east side appears to have undergone a regular and steady upheaval, that on the west seems to have been raised suddenly, the deep ravines between the numerous hills resembling the beds of ancient and extinct glaciers.

INDIVISIBLE.

A MOMENT face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes
That trembling glowed through unshed tears,
Born of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell:
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell!

For as two roseate clouds unite
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
These twain had softly merged in one.

They might be severed pole from pole,
Might live through all the years apart;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart?

He craved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced;
Bending to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, nought else. High heart and mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour, and stayed behind!

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
Thus face to face 'twas theirs to stand;
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

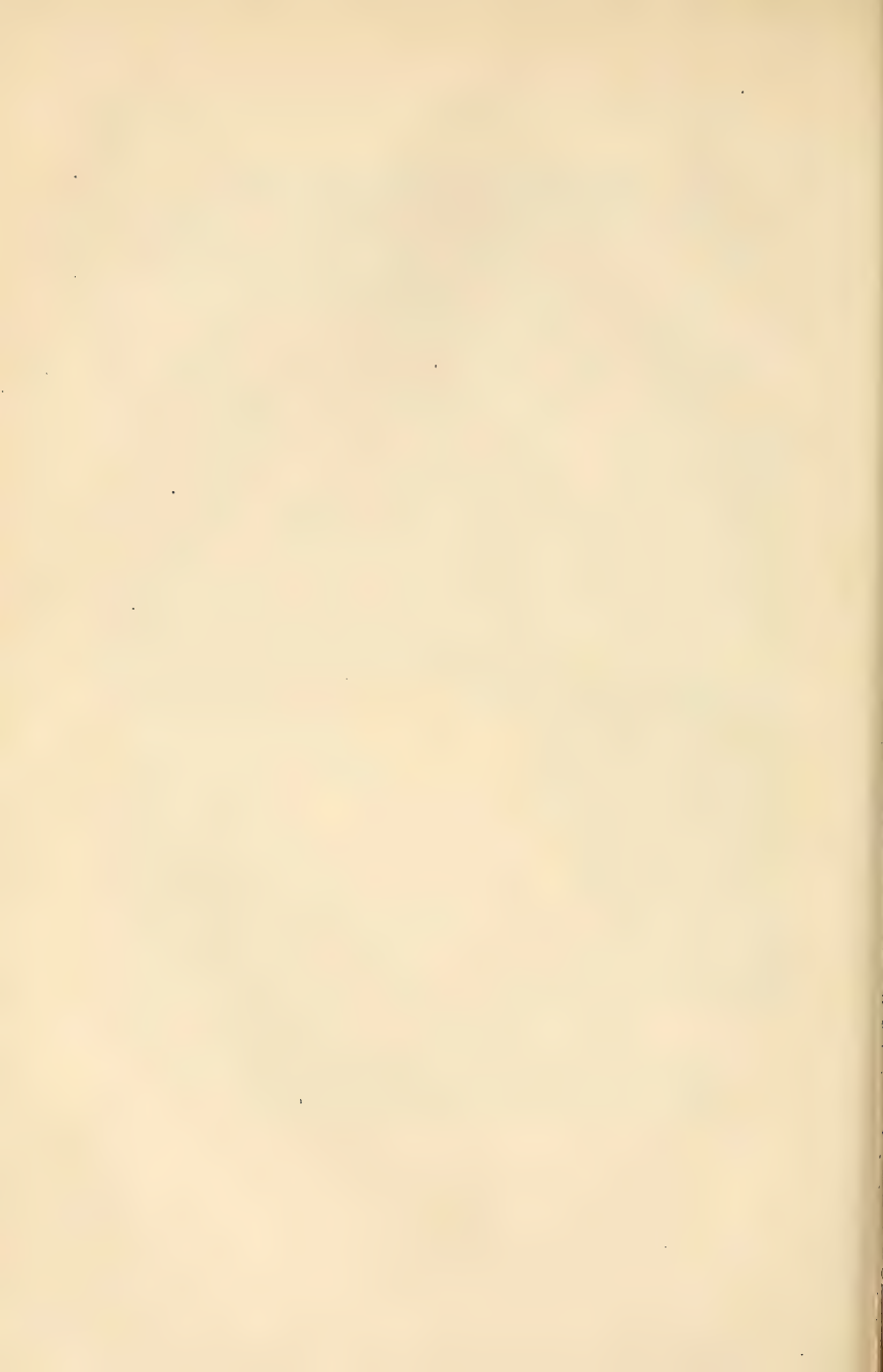
O gift of gifts! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.

JANE C. SIMPSON.



"WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES."

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WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER III.—THE QUESTION OF THE MIT-GIFT.

ABOUT two months after the events described in the last chapter, Malchen and Fritz Schlessen were sitting in the same little harbour, and he was again smoking his pipe and again drinking his coffee. And they were again alone. When these two were seated together in the harbour, at this early period of the season, they were usually left alone, as they were known to be lovers by the guests who would then be assembled at the Peacock. When the summer had grown into autumn, and the strangers from a distance had come, and the place was crowded, then the ordinary coffee-drinkers and smokers would crowd round the harbour regardless of the loves of Analia and Fritz.

The whole family of the Weisses were now at the Peacock, and the two Tendel ladies and three or four others, men with their wives and daughters, from Botzen, Brunecken, and places around at no great distance. It was now the end of June; but it is not till July that the house becomes full, and it is in August that the real crowd is gathered at Frau Frohmann's board. It is then that folk from a distance cannot find beds, and the whole culinary resources of the establishment are put to their greatest stress. It was now Monday, and the lawyer had been making a holiday, having come to the Brunnenthal on the previous Saturday. On the Sunday there had been perhaps a dozen visitors from Innsbruck who had been driven out after early mass for their dinner and Sunday holiday. Everything had been done at the Peacock on the old style. There had been no diminution either in the number or in the excellence of the dishes, nor had there been any increase in the tariff. It had been the first day of the season at which there had been a full table, and the Frau had done her best. Everybody had known that the sojourners in the house were to be entertained at the old rates; but it had been hoped by the lawyer and the priest, and by Malchen,—even by Peter himself,—that a zwansiger would be added to the charge for dinner demanded from the townspeople. But at the last moment word had gone forth that there should be no increase. All the morning the old lady had been very gloomy. She had heard mass in her own

chapel, and had then made herself very busy in the kitchen. She had spoken no word to any one till, at the moment before dinner, she gave her instructions to Malchen, who always made out the bills and saw that the money was duly received. There was to be no increase. Then, when the last pudding had been sent in, she went, according to her custom, to her room and decorated herself in her grand costume. When the guests had left the dining-room and were clustering about in the passages and on the seats in front of the house, waiting for their coffee, she had come forth, very fine, with her grand cap on her head, with her gold and silver ornaments, with her arms bare, and radiant with smiles. She shook Madame Weiss very graciously by the hand and stooped down and kissed the youngest child. To one Fräulein Tendel after another she said a civil word. And when, as it happened, Seppel the carpenter went by, dressed in his Sunday best, with a child in each hand, she stopped him and asked kindly after the baby. She had made up her mind that at any rate for a time she would not submit to the humiliation of acknowledging that she was driven to the necessity of asking increased prices.

That had taken place on the Sunday, and it was on the following day that the two lovers were in the harbour together. Now it must be understood that all the world knew that these lovers were lovers, and that all the world presumed that they were to become husband and wife. There was not and never had been the least secrecy about it. Malchen was four or five and twenty, and he was perhaps thirty. They knew their own minds, and were, neither of them, likely to be persuaded by others either to marry or not to marry. The Frau had given her consent,—not with that ecstasy of joy with which sons-in-law are sometimes welcomed,—but still without reserve. The kaplan had given in his adhesion. The young lawyer was not quite the man he liked,—entertained some of the new ideas about religion, and was given to innovations; but he was respectable and well-to-do. He was a lover against whom he, as a friend of the family, could not lift up his voice. Peter did not like the man, and Peter, in his way, was fond of his sister. But he had not objected. Had he done so, it would not have mattered much. Malchen

was stronger at the Brunnenthal than Peter. Thus it may be said that things generally smiled upon the lovers. But yet no one had ever heard that a day was fixed for their marriage. Madame Weiss had once asked Malchen, and Malchen had told her—not exactly to mind her own business, but that had been very nearly the meaning of what she had said.

There was, indeed, a difficulty; and this was the difficulty. The Frau had assented—in a gradual fashion, rather by not dissenting as the thing had gone on, so that it had come to be understood that the thing was to be. But she had never said a word as to the young lady's fortune—as to that mitgift, which in such a case would certainly be necessary. Such a woman as the Frau, in giving her daughter would surely have to give something with her. But the Frau was a woman who did not like parting with her money;—and was such a woman that even the lawyer did not like asking the question. The fraulein had once inquired, but the mother had merely raised her eyebrows and remained silent. Then the lawyer had told the priest that in the performance of her moral duties the Frau ought to settle something in her own mind. The priest had assented, but had seemed to imply that in the performance of such a duty an old lady ought not to be hurried. A year or two, he seemed to think, would not be too much for consideration. And so the matter stood at the present moment.

Perhaps it is that the Germans are a slow people. It may be that the Tyrolese are especially so. Be that as it may, Herr Schlessen did not seem to be driven into any agony of despair by these delays. He was fondly attached to his Malchen; but as to offering to take her without any mitgift—quite empty-handed, just as she stood—that was out of the question. No young man who had anything, ever among his acquaintances, did that kind of thing. Scales should be somewhat equally balanced. He had a good income, and was entitled to some substantial mitgift. He was quite ready to marry her to-morrow, if only this important question could get itself settled.

Malchen was quite as well aware as was he that her mother should be brought to do her duty in this matter; but perhaps, of the two, she was a little the more impatient. If there should at last be a slip between the cup and the lip, the effect to her would be so much more disastrous than to him. He could very easily get another wife. Young women

were as plenty as blackberries. So the fraulein told herself. But she might find it difficult to suit herself, if at last this affair were to be broken off. She knew herself to be a fair, upstanding, good-looking lass, with personal attractions sufficient to make such a young man as Fritz Schlessen like her society; but she knew also that her good looks, such as they were, would not be improved by weeping. It might be possible that Fritz should change his mind some day, if he were kept waiting till he saw her becoming day by day more commonplace under his eyes. Malchen had good sense enough not to overrate her own charms, and she knew the world well enough to be aware that she would be wise to secure, if possible, a comfortable home while she was at her best. It was not that she suspected Fritz; but she did not think that she would be justified in supposing him to be more angelic than other young men simply because he was her lover. Therefore, Malchen was impatient, and for the last month or two had been making up her mind to be very "round" with her mother on the subject.

At the present moment, however, the lovers, as they were sitting in the arbour, were discussing rather the Frau's affairs in regard to the establishment than their own. Schlessen had, in truth, come to the Brunnenthal on this present occasion to see what would be done, thinking that if the thin edge of the wedge could have been got in,—if those people from the town could have been made to pay an extra zwansiger each for their Sunday dinner,—then, even yet, the old lady might be induced to raise her prices in regard to the autumn and more fashionable visitors. But she had been obstinate, and had gloried in her obstinacy, dressing herself up in her grandest ornaments and smiling her best smiles, as in triumph at her own victory.

"The fact is, you know, it won't do," said the lawyer to his love. "I don't know how I am to say any more, but anybody can see with half an eye that she will simply go on losing money year after year. It is all very fine for the Weisses and Tendels, and very fine for old Trauss,"—old Trauss was a retired linen-draper from Vienna, who lived at Innsbruck, and was accustomed to eat many dinners at the Peacock; a man who could afford to pay a proper price, but who was well pleased to get a good dinner at a cheap rate,—“and very well for old Trauss,” continued the lawyer, becoming more energetic as he went on, “to regale themselves at your mother's expense;—but that's what it comes to. Every-

body knows that everybody has raised the price of everything. Look at the Golden Lion." The Golden Lion was the grand hotel in the town. "Do you think they haven't raised their prices during the last twenty years?"

"Why is it, Fritz?"

"Everything goes up together, of course. If you'll look into old accounts you'll see that three hundred years ago you could buy a sheep at Salzburg for two florins and a half. I saw it somewhere in a book. If a lawyer's clerk then had eighty florins a year he was well off. That would not surprise her. She can understand that there should be an enormous change in three hundred years, but she can't make out why there should be a little change in thirty years."

"But many things have got cheaper, Fritz."

"Living altogether hasn't got cheaper. Look at wages."

"I don't know why we should pay more. Everybody says that bread is lower than it used to be."

"What sort of bread do the people eat now? Look at that man." The man was Seppel, who was dragging a cart which he had just mended out of the shed which was close by,—in which cart was seated his three eldest children, so that he might help their mother as assistant nurse even while he was at his work. "Don't you think he gets more wheaten flour into his house in a week than his grandfather did in a year? His grandfather never saw white bread."

"Why should he have it?"

"Because he likes it, and because he can get it. Do you think he'd have stayed here if his wages had not been raised?"

"I don't think Seppel ever would have moved out of the Brunnenthal, Fritz."

"Then Seppel would have been more stupid than the cow, which knows very well on which side of the field it can find the best grass. Everything gets dearer;—and if one wants to live one has to swim with the stream. You might as well try to fight with bows and arrows, or with the old-fashioned flint rifles, as to live at the same rate as your grandfather." The young lawyer, as he said this, rapped his pipe on the table to knock out the ashes, and threw himself back on his seat with a full conviction that he had spoken words of wisdom.

"What will it all come to, Fritz?" This Malchen asked with real anxiety in her voice. She was not slow to join two things together. It might well be that her mother should be induced by her pride to carry on the business for a while, so as to lose some of her money,

but that she should at least be induced to see the error of her ways before serious damage had been done. Her financial position was too good to be brought to ruin by small losses. But during the period of her discomfiture she certainly would not be got to open her hand in that matter of the mitgift. Malchen's own little affair would never get itself settled till this other question should have arranged itself satisfactorily. There could be no mitgift from a failing business. And if the business were to continue to fail for the next year or two, where would Malchen be then? It was not, therefore, wonderful that she should be in earnest.

"Your mother is a very clever woman," said the lover.

"It seems to me that she is very foolish about this," said Malchen, whose feeling of filial reverence was not at the moment very strong.

"She is a clever woman, and has done uncommonly well in the world. The place is worth double as much as when she married your father. But it is that very success which makes her obstinate. She thinks that she can see her way. She fancies that she can compel people to work for her and deal with her at the old prices. It will take her, perhaps, a couple of years to find out that this is wrong. When she has lost three or four thousand florins she'll come round."

Fritz, as he said this, seemed to be almost contented with this view of the case,—as though it made no difference to him. But with the *fraulein* the matter was so essentially personal that she could not allow it to rest there. She had made up her mind to be round with her mother; but it seemed to her to be necessary, also, that something should be said to her lover. "Won't all that be very bad for you, Fritz?"

"Her business with me will go on just the same."

This was felt to be unkind and very unloverlike. But she could not afford at the present moment to quarrel with him. "I mean about our settling," she said.

"It ought not to make a difference."

"I don't know about *ought*,—but won't it? You don't see her as I do, but, of course, it puts her into a bad temper."

"I suppose she means to give you some fixed sum. I don't doubt but she has it all arranged in her own mind."

"Why doesn't she name it, then?"

"Ah, my dear,—*mein schatz*,—there is nobody who likes too well to part with his money."

"But when is there to be an end of it?"

"You should find that out. You are her child, and she has only two. That she should hang back is a matter of course. When one has the money of his own one can do anything. It is all in her own hand. See what I bear. When I tell her this or that she turns upon me as if I were nobody. Do you think I should suffer it if she were only just a client? You must persuade her, and be gentle with her; but if she would name the sum it would be a comfort, of course."

The fraulein herself did not in the least know what the sum ought to be; but she thought she did know that it was a matter which should be arranged between her lover and her parent. What she would have liked to have told him was this,—that as there were only two children, and as her mother was at any rate an honest woman, he might be sure that a proper dowry would come at last. But she was well aware that he would think that a mitgift should be a mitgift; the bride should come with it in her hand, so that she might be a comfort to her husband's household. Schlessen would not be at all willing to wait patiently for the Frau's death, or even for some final settlement of her affairs when she might make up her mind to leave the Peacock and betake herself to Schwatz. "You would not like to ask her yourself?" she said.

He was silent for a while, and then he answered her by another question. "Are you afraid of her?"

"Not afraid. But she would just tell me I was impertinent. I am not a bit afraid, but it would do no good. It would be so reasonable for you to do it."

"There is just the difference, Malchen. I am afraid of her."

"She could not bite you."

"No;—but she might say something sharp, and then I might answer her sharply; and then there might be a quarrel. If she were to tell me that she did not want to see me any more in the Brunnenthal, where should we be then? Mein schatz, if you will take my advice, you will just say a word yourself, in your softest, sweetest way." Then he got up and made his way across to the stable, where was the horse which was to take him back to Innsbruck. Malchen was not altogether well pleased with her lover, but she perceived that on the present occasion she must, perforce, follow his advice.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FRAU RETURNS TO THE SIMPLICITY OF THE OLD DAYS.

Two or three weeks went by in the Brunnenthal without any special occurrence, and Malchen had not as yet spoken to her mother about her fortune. The Frau had during this time been in more than ordinary good humour with her own household. July had opened with lovely weather, and the house had become full earlier than usual. The Frau liked to have the house full, even though there might be no profit, and therefore she was in a good humour. But she had been exceptionally busy, and was trying experiments in her housekeeping, as to which she was still in hope that they would carry her through all her difficulties. She had been both to Brixen on one side of the mountain and to Innsbruck on the other, and had changed her butcher. Her old friend Hoff, at the latter place, had altogether declined to make any reduction in his prices. Of course they had been raised within the last five or six years. Who did not know that that had been the case with butchers' meat all the world over? As it was, he charged the Frau less than he charged the people at the Golden Lion. So at least he swore; and when she told him that unless an alteration was made she must take her custom elsewhere—he bade her go elsewhere. Therefore she did make a contract with the butcher at Brixen on lower terms, and seemed to think that she had got over her difficulty. But Brixen was further than Innsbruck, and the carriage was more costly. It was whispered also about the house that the meat was not equally good. Nobody, however, had as yet dared to say a word on that subject to the Frau. And she, though in the midst of her new efforts she was good-humoured herself,—as is the case with many people while they have faith in the efforts they are making,—had become the cause of much unhappiness among others. Butter, eggs, poultry, honey, fruit, and vegetables, she was in the habit of buying from her neighbours, and had been so excellent a customer that she was as good as a market to the valley in general. There had usually been some haggling; but that, I think, by such vendors is considered a necessary and almost an agreeable part of the operation. The produce had been bought and sold, and the Frau had, upon the whole, been regarded as a kind of providence to the Brunnenthal. But now there were sad tales told at many a cottage and small farm-stead around. The Frau had declared that she would give no

more than three zwansigers a pair for chickens, and had insisted on having both butter and eggs at a lower price than she had paid last year. And she had succeeded, after infinite clamours. She had been their one market, their providence, and they had no other immediate customers to whom to betake themselves. The eggs and the butter, the raspberries and the currants, must be sold. She had been imperious and had succeeded, for a while. But there were deep murmurs, and already a feeling was growing up in favour of Innsbruck and a market cart. It was very dreadful. How were they to pay their taxes, how were they to pay anything, if they were to be cramped and curtailed in this way? One poor woman had already walked to Innsbruck with three dozen eggs and had got nearly twice the money which the Frau had offered. The labour of the walk had been very hard upon her, and the economy of the proceeding generally may have been doubtful; but it had been proved that the thing could be done.

Early in July there had come a letter, addressed to Peter, from an English gentleman who, with his wife and daughter, had been at the Brunnenthal on the preceding year. Mr. Cartwright had now written to say, that the same party would be glad to come again early in August, and had asked what were the present prices. Now the very question seemed to imply a conviction on the gentleman's mind that the prices would be raised. Even Peter, when he took the letter to his mother, thought that this would be a good opportunity for taking a step in advance. These were English people, and entitled to no loving forbearance. The Cartwrights need know nothing as to the demands made on the Weisses and Tendels. Peter, who had always been on his mother's side, Peter who hated changes, even he suggested that he might write back word that seven zwansigers and a half was now the tariff. "Don't you know I have settled all that?" said the old woman, turning upon him fiercely. Then he wrote to Mr. Cartwright to say that the charge would be six zwansigers a day, as heretofore. It was certainly a throwing away of money. Mr. Cartwright was a Briton, and would, therefore, almost have preferred to pay another zwansiger or two. So at least Peter thought. And he, even an Englishman, with his wife and daughter, was to be taken in and entertained at a loss! At a loss!—unless, indeed, the Frau could be successful in her new mode of keeping her house. Father Conolin in these days

kept away. The complaints made by the neighbours around reached his ears,—very sad complaints,—and he hardly knew how to speak of them to the Frau. It was becoming very serious with him. He had counselled her against any rise in her own prices, but had certainly not intended that she should make others lower. That had not been his plan; and now he did not know what advice to give.

But the Frau, resolute in her attempt, and proud of her success as far as it had gone, constantly adducing the conduct of those two rival butchers as evidence of her own wisdom, kept her ground like a Trojan. All the old courses were served, and the puddings and the fruit were at first as copious as ever. If the meat was inferior in quality,—and it could not be so without her knowledge, for she had not reigned so long in the kitchen of the Peacock without having become a judge in such matters,—she was willing to pass the fault over for a time. She tried to think that there was not much difference. She almost tried to believe that second-rate meat would do as well as first-rate. There should at least be no lack of anything in the cookery. And so she toiled and struggled, and was hopeful that she might have her own way and prove to all her advisers that she knew how to manage the house better than any of them.

There was great apparent good humour. Though she had frowned upon Peter when he had shown a disposition to spoil those Egyptians the Cartwrights, she had only done so in defence of her own resolute purpose, and soon returned to her kind looks. She was, too, very civil to Malchen, omitting for the time her usual girds and jeers as to her daughter's taste for French finery and general rejection of Tyrolese customs. And she said nothing of the prolonged absence of her two counsellors, the priest and the lawyer. A great struggle was going on within her own bosom, as to which she in these days said not a word to anybody. One counsellor had told her to raise her prices; another had advised her to lessen the luxuries supplied. As both the one proposition and the other had gone against her spirit, she had looked about her to find some third way out of her embarrassments. She had found it, and the way was one which recommended itself to her own sense of abstract justice. The old prices should prevail in the valley everywhere. She would extort nothing from Mr. Cartwright, but then neither should her neighbours extort anything from her. Seppel's

wife was ill, and she had told him that in consequence of that misfortune the increased wages should be continued for three months, but that after that she must return to the old rate. In the softness of her heart she would have preferred to say six months, but that in doing so she would have seemed to herself to have departed from the necessary rigour of her new doctrine. But when Seppel stood before her, scratching his head, a picture of wretchedness and doubt, she was not comfortable in her mind. Seppel had a dim idea of his own rights, and did not like to be told that his extra zwansigers came to him from the Frau's charity. To go away from the Brunnenthal at the end of the summer, to go away at all, would be terrible to him; but to work for less than fair wages, would that not be more terrible? Of all which the Frau, as she looked at him, understood much.

And she understood much also of the discontent and almost despair which were filling the minds of the poor women all around her. All those poor women were dear to her. It was in her nature to love those around her, and especially those who were dependent on her. She knew the story of every household,—what children each mother had reared and what she had lost, when each had been brought to affliction by a husband's illness or a son's misconduct. She had never been deaf to their troubles; and though she might have been heard in violent discussion, now with one and now with another, as to the selling value of this or that article, she had always been held by them to be a just woman and a constant friend. Now they were up in arms against her, to the extreme grief of her heart.

Nevertheless it was necessary that she should support herself by an outward appearance of tranquillity, so that the world around her might know that she was not troubled by doubts as to her own conduct. She had heard somewhere that no return can be made from evil to good courses without temporary disruptions, and that all lovers of justice are subject to unreasonable odium. Things had gone astray because there had been unintentional lapses from justice. She herself had been the delinquent when she had allowed herself to be talked into higher payments than those which had been common in the valley in her young days. She had not understood, when she made these lapses gradually, how fatal would be their result. Now she understood, and was determined to plant her foot

firmly down on the old figures. All this evil had come from a departure from the old ways. There must be sorrow and trouble, and perhaps some ill blood, in this return. That going back to simplicity is always so difficult! But it should be done. So she smiled, and refused to give more than three zwansigers a pair for her chickens.

One old woman came to her with the express purpose of arguing it all out. Suse Krapp was the wife of an old woodman who lived high up above the Peacock, among the pines, in a spot which could only be reached by a long and very steep ascent, and who, being old, and having a daughter and grand-daughters whom she could send down with her eggs and wild fruit, did not very often make her appearance in the valley. But she had known the Frau well for many years, having been one of those to welcome her when she had arrived there as a bride, and had always been treated with exceptional courtesy. Suse Krapp was a woman who had brought up a large family, and had known troubles; but she had always been able to speak her own mind; and when she arrived at the house, empty-handed, with nothing to sell, declaring at once her purpose of remonstrating with the Frau, the Frau regarded her as a delegate from the commercial females of the valley generally; and she took the coming in good part, asking Suse into her own inner room.

After sundry inquiries on each side, respecting the children and the guests, and the state of things in the world at large, the real question was asked: "Ah, meine liebe Frau Frohmann,"—my very dear Mrs. Frohmann, as one might say here,—*"why are you dealing with us all in the Brunnenthal after this hard fashion?"*

"What do you call a hard fashion, Suse?"

"Only giving half price for everything that you buy. Why should anything be cheaper this year than it was last? Ah, alas! does not everybody know that everything is dearer?"

"Why should anything be dearer, Suse? The people who come here are not charged more than they were twenty years ago."

"Who can tell? How can an old woman say? It is all very bad. The world, I suppose, is getting worse. But it is so. Look at the taxes."

The taxes, whether imperial or municipal, was a matter on which the Frau did not want to speak. She felt that they were altogether beyond her reach. No doubt there had been a very great increase in such demands

during her time, and it was an increase against which nobody could make any stand at all. But, if that was all, there had been a rise in prices quite sufficient to answer that. She was willing to pay three zwansigers a pair for chickens, and yet she could remember when they were to be bought for a zwansiger each.

"Yes, taxes," she said; "they are an evil which we must all endure. It is no good grumbling at them. But we have had the roads made for us."

This was an unfortunate admission, for it immediately gave Suse Krapp an easy way to her great argument. "Roads, yes! and they are all saying that they must make use of them to send the things into market. Josephine Bull took her eggs into the city and got two kreutzers a-piece for them.

The Frau had already heard of that journey, and had also heard that poor Josephine Bull had been very much fatigued by her labours. It had afflicted her much, both that the poor woman should have been driven to such a task, and that such an innovation should have been attempted. She had never loved Innsbruck dearly, and now she was beginning to hate the place. "What good did she get by that, Suse? None, I fear. She had better have given her eggs away in the valley."

"But they will have a cart."

"Do you think a cart won't cost money? There must be somebody to drive the cart, I suppose." On this point the Frau spoke feelingly, as she was beginning to appreciate the inconvenience of sending twice a week all the way to Brixen for her meat. There was a diligence, but though the horses were kept in her own stables, she had not as yet been able to come to terms with the proprietor.

"There is all that to think of, certainly," said Suse. "But— Wouldn't you come back, meine liebe Frau, to the prices you were paying last year? Do you not know that they would sooner sell to you than to any other human being in all the world?—and they must live by their little earnings."

But the Frau could not be persuaded. Indeed had she allowed herself to be per-

suaded, all her purpose would have been brought to an end. Of course there must be trouble, and her refusal of such a prayer as this was a part of her trouble. She sent for a glass of kirsch-wasser to mitigate the rigour of her denial, and as Suse drank the cordial she endeavoured to explain her system. There could be no happiness, no real prosperity in the valley, till they had returned to their old ways. "It makes me unhappy," said the Frau, shaking her head, "when I see the girls making for themselves long petticoats." Suse quite agreed with the Frau as to the long petticoats; but, as she went, she declared that the butter and eggs must be taken into Innsbruck, and another allusion to the cart was the last word upon her tongue.

It was on the evening of that same day that Malchen, unaware that her mother's feelings had just then been peculiarly stirred up by an appeal from the women of the valley, came at last to the determination of asking that something might be settled as to the mitgift. "Mother," she said, "Fritz Schlessen thinks that something should be arranged."

"Arranged?—as how?"

"I suppose he wants—to be married."

"If he don't, I suppose somebody else does," said the mother smiling.

"Well, mother of course it is not pleasant to be as we are now. You must feel that yourself. Fritz is a good young man, and there is nothing about him that I have a right to complain of. But of course, like all the rest of 'em, he expects some money when he takes a wife. Couldn't you tell him what you mean to give?"

"Not at present, Malchen."

"And why not now? It has been going on two years."

"Nina Cobard at Schwatz was ten years before her people would let it come off. Just at present I am trying a great experiment, and I can say nothing about money till the season is over." With this answer Malchen was obliged to be content, and was not slow in perceiving that it almost contained a promise that the affairs should be settled when the season was over.



THE DEATH CHANT OF REGNAR LOD-BROK.

[Regnar Lodbrok is to this day the favourite hero of Scandinavia. At Upsala, the ancient capital of Sweden, he is claimed as *their* hero king, but it is supposed by others that he was a Danish monarch. He flourished in the eighth century, and as a Viking rendered himself the terror of the nations of the northern coasts of Europe. At length, during one of his raids on the kingdom of Northumbria, he was overcome and taken prisoner by King Ella, who cast him into a pit full of vipers, on his way towards which the pagan warrior sang his death-song, still preserved. It is of extraordinary poetical vigour, celebrating in lofty triumph his past exploits and victories, especially the slaying, in early youth, of an enormous serpent or dragon which had laid the country of Gothland waste. Each strophe of this poem *ends*, I was about to write, with the words I have adopted as the *refrain* of mine, but I am reminded by Mr. W. B. Scott "that the line, 'We hewed with our swords,' or 'With our hangars hewed we,' in the original, 'Hingum viot med hiorve,' begins each separate stanza," and seems, I may add, like a cymbal clash, followed by a pause, awful in its expected reiteration, to lead in a strain of exultation yet more fierce than that which has gone before it.]

"Awake, O Sword! against thy fellows."—BOOK OF THE PROPHET ZECARIAH.

"In the eye of the sun, in the face of day."—MOTTO OF THE ANCIENT WELSH BARDS.

IN their covets the brood of false Loki, abhorred,
Have stirred! the wolf Feuris hath shaken his
cord!

With Medgard the snake, from the desolate fen
Pale Hela * comes, hated of gods and of men;
With fang ready flashing ere yet we are ware,
Comes forth the old dragon, all mailed, from his lair.
His captains are chosen, his legions are ten;
They throng the waste moorlands, they steal down
the glen.

Wake, sons of the mighty! Wake, Arm of the Lord!
Divide them! deride them!

WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD.

Down the Nile the dark slaver steals, early and late.
What beareth she? careth she? be it a freight
Of anguish and infamy: reckoned by weight
Is its worth in the slave mart. "Come, prize me a
man;

And be he a Christian"† (the wording so ran)
"The better for him and for thee." Lo! a soul
Flung in with the muscles and sinews—the whole
Whu bids for the highest? Up! Arm of the Lord,
And smite the foul traders! Yea, once and again,
The spoilers of nations, the stealers of men,
Their chain they have strengthened, have lengthened
their cord.

Break, break! overtake them!

WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

For the souls of the needy the crafty ‡ have set
The snare and the pitfall, the springe and the net;

For the poor of the land they have poisoned the bowl
To madden the senses, to murder the soul.
There is death in the cup. O ye simple, beware!
The draught they have doubled, have trebled the
snare.

Like the witch o'er her caldron they mutter a spell
That genders to bondage, that bindeth to hell.
Wake, Wisdom! Wake, Mercy! O come with thy line,
O come with thy plummet, thou Justice Divine,
And sound their dark secret, and scatter abroad
The webs they have woven!

WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

From the land comes a groaning! It is not the sound
Of the voice of our brother that speaks from the
ground;

'Tis the cry of dumb anguish, the yell and the shriek;
'Tis the pitiful whine of the trustful and weak.
The victims are captured, the shambles are set,
But these are not butchers their weapons that whet:
They bring not death's mercy that sharpen the knife
To track in the living the secret of life.

O come not my soul in their secret; nor thou,
Mine honour, be joined to their merciless vow!
Wake, soul of my country! Wake, Feeling! wake,
Thought!

And scatter their counsels and bring them to naught.
Up! at them and smite them, O Arm of the Lord!
Divide, disunite them, that come with the cord,
The nail, and the pincer.

WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

DORA GREENWELL.

* Hela, the Goddess of Death.

† An allusion to Mr. Whittier's remarkable and well-known poem, "A Christian Going, Gone!" which was called forth by seeing in times now happily historical a negro advertised for sale, in which his being "an excellent Christian" was mentioned as a desirable "point" adding to the slave's value.

‡ Referring to the infamous modes of adulteration, well

known and surely attested, of the beer and other fermented liquids sold to the poor in the country districts of England. "He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages, privily in lurking dens doth he ravish the innocent; his eyes are set against the poor." "He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor." He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net."—PSALMS.





Alone in the Wilderness.

A DOG AND HIS DOINGS.

PART II.

A YEAR and a half had passed away.

The reality of the wilderness had become a dream. Idealized by distance and separation—the camp, the lonely meadow, the dim pine woods, the snow-capped mountains, the

mighty hush of nature as the great solitude sank at sunset into the sleep of night—all had come back to me in a thousand scenes of memory; and in the midst of the rush and roar of a great city, I had seen, as though in

another world, the long vista of unnumbered meadows lying at the gateway of the sunset ; I had heard the voice of lonely lakes and pines that whispered into the ear of night the ceaseless melody of unmade music.

I would go back to it again. Why not? Is there anything on earth better than this wilderness? Is there ought in this short life of ours with less of that pleasure which is sure to turn to pain? with less of those things which are sweet while we toil towards them, and bitter when they lie behind us on the road of life? The gold of this wilderness is nature's own ; ring it, change it, spend it, hoard it, there lies not in its millions or in its fractions one atom of alloy. There is no mountain too lofty to find a frame in the mind's eye of the wanderer ; there is no flower too lowly to fill with its fragrance the winter garden of his memory.

I got back to the old scenes again. It was the early autumn ; the oak woods along the Red River shores were beginning to yellow under the breath of the north wind ; the mosquitoes were all gone ; the wild ducks were settling on the prairie pools and the reedy "sloughs" of half-dried water-courses ; the grouse were beginning to "pack ;" the warm balmy days were followed by fresh cold nights ; and the prairies, basking in the mellow sunshine of September, stretched in unbroken line from the oak woods of the river, to the distant verge of the western horizon.

About a hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Garry there stood, on the Red River bank, a small Hudson Bay post in the territory of Dakota. The wave of immigration had in my absence flowed fast over this fertile valley of the Red River, and the huts and shanties of settlers were now dotted along the trail that led north towards British territory ; the great hungry tide from overcharged Europe was, in fact, eating deeper into the lone land, and month by month the wilderness was losing ground before its sharp and restless surge. But the wilderness had sent its best and truest representative to meet and greet me on the very shore of its lost dominion.

As I drove to the door of the Hudson Bay post, accompanied by a friend who had brought two large Scotch deer-hounds from England, a huge bushy-tailed dog came charging full tilt upon the new-comers. He was followed by three other animals with tails upraised in various forms of fight ; the charge was sharp and decisive, the dog of Scotland was ignominiously overthrown, and as he lay extended upon his back I beheld, standing over him with legs firmly planted on all sides of the

prostrate foe, and tail shaking unutterable defiance, almost at the back of his own head, the burly form of the unconquered Cerf Volant.

It was a strange coincidence. On the day of my departure, I had left him travelling north into distant regions ; on the day of my return I found him at the extreme southern limit of Hudson's Bay possession. But changes had come upon the rest of the train. Tigre and Muskeymote had gone to the land where all dogs go. Cariboo yet remained, and two other dogs, Spanker and Pony, had taken their places in the vacant traces of my old train ; nor was Cariboo long to remain ; when the time arrived for my departure towards northern regions, he too had hauled himself out of life, and Cerf Volant alone remained to link the journey which I was now beginning with the past scenes of former travel.

As I have said on another occasion in these pages, the story of this second journey has, like that of its predecessors, been already told ; it will suffice now to broadly enumerate the distances traversed and the work done by this dog, ere, passing once again from the wilderness, I introduce my old friend to the waters of the Pacific, and to the scenes and customs of a new civilization.

I was now entering the wilderness with no very fixed purpose ; beyond the north and west of my previous wandering there lay a vast region ; it was my intention to hold steadily to the north-west, and come out—chance would only determine where. The autumn was yet long enough to carry me across the region of prairie to the southern limit of the sub-arctic forest : within that forest the horse could not penetrate ; it is the land of the snow-shoe and dog-sled in winter, of the canoe in summer. I reckoned upon the winter snow to carry me nearly to the Pacific ; if not, the canoe against the current must do the rest.

Perhaps as to this plan the reader may ask two questions : Why, in going towards the Pacific Ocean, should the current be against you? And why did you select the rigorous winter season for crossing these northern latitudes?

To answer one question is partly to answer both. The great river systems of the north have their sources at the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains, not in that range, but in the Coast or Cascade range, which follows the general line of the Pacific shore. Their various tributary streams unite their waters into two main channels, which pierce

the Rocky Mountains in two great passes, and flow out into the Silurian plain lying east of the range, to finally join the Mackenzie River, flowing into the Arctic Ocean.

In winter these rivers form vast frozen high-ways, along which dogs and men can travel with rapidity; and in summer, the rushing currents, swollen by the melting snows of three mountain ranges, limit the canoe rate of travel to slow and tedious toil. But in addition to this, there is another reason why winter affords, so far as rapid travel is concerned, the easiest time for piercing these northern solitudes. In summer it is not possible to travel through the forest; innumerable swamps, unbridged rivers, quantities of fallen timber, lakes without number, are everywhere to be found, and the longest detour by water is generally more expeditious than the shortest line by land; but in the winter the snow has covered the tangled wreck of *brulé* and fallen forest, the frost has bound fast as iron the widest swamp or muskeg, and river, lake, and rapid lie hushed under many feet of solid ice. True, the cold is then intense, but cold had been tried before, dog travel was a certainty, and to cross in winter the vast region of this northern forest had in it the charm that ever attends the attainment of perfect freedom to wander where you will.

And now for the means of crossing it—the Husky dog, *Cerf Volant*, who, all this time, has been menacing the prostrate form of his Scotch antagonist with an animosity worthy of several condensed generations of Lords Warden of the English marches. The removal of this bushy-tailed Hotspur from the fallen Douglas was accomplished, however, without difficulty, and it is pleasing to record that, so far as welcome by tail, salutation by bark, and general recognition by ear, eye, and paw were concerned, his demeanour towards me left nothing to be desired. As, eighteen months earlier, I had left Cumberland on the Saskatchewan with this dog and his followers, so now again I quitted the post of Frog Point, on the Red River, once more his owner. Two other dogs also accompanied me, Pony, a dog much given to dodges and perverseness, and Spanker, a Husky of hauling powers but peevish proclivities, the memory of whose tail, removed in early youth, seemed still to rankle in the recesses of his mind.

It is needless now to dwell on the time that followed. How, for six hundred miles, the dogs ran light across the prairies to my hut at the forks of the Saskatchewan; how, when the winter deepened, the time for their

toil came, and the daily work of preparation for piercing the northern forest went on; then the long journey began. For sixty-four days, through wood and waste, along endless stretches of frozen river, over the ice of unknown lakes, the untiring dog held his way. The deep Green Lake, the icy *Lac Isle à la Crosse*, the long ridge of Methy, the valley of the Clearwater, the great Lake Athabasca, the steep shores that overlook the winding channels of the Peace River, saw, one by one, the bushy tail and downbent head of the dauntless hauler; and, night after night, the camp fires along this stretch of fifteen hundred miles shed their light upon the Untiring, and beheld him as faithful and as jolly as when we had quitted my log-hut at the Forks of the Saskatchewan. So long-continued had been his toil, and so bravely had he borne his part by frozen flood and over icy field, that I had long since conferred upon him the *sobriquet* of “the Untiring.” I had also cut his original name into the shorter one of *Cerf Vola*—a change which, whatever may have been its origin, seemed mightily to please the principal party concerned in it, and to afford him so much satisfaction that its reiteration in camp or during off-work moments generally caused him to indulge in a series of jocular howls, accompanied by boisterous flounderings in the snow, most comical to look at. I have reason to believe that the jocularity of this noise arose from a method which I had adopted of impressing the new name more vividly upon his memory by presenting him, at the moment of its utterance, with a portion of white fish or of pemmican. The intimate connection existing between the stomach and the brain is a well-known physical fact; but the advantages arising from utilising that connection as a means of imparting instruction to the youthful mind has not, so far as I am aware, been yet adopted in the educational system of the country. But to proceed.

This laughing howl, if I might so call it, had about it an expression of face irresistibly ridiculous. When a dog cries with pain, he does so with both sides of his mouth; but when he laughs, it is only one side that he calls into play. This peculiar expression of one-sided mirth was indulged in by *Cerf Vola* on all occasions when he considered that he had claims upon society, which society, in the shape of my little party, was slow to recognise. When the day's march was at an end, should any delay occur in removing him from harness, his laugh was instantly heard

from the traces of his train, and if his white fish had been smaller than usual, or there existed an acute craving for a moose bone, or stray scrap of pemmican, or any of those unused odds and ends which the great dog world instinctively recognises as its perquisite, then the Untiring was wont to curl his upper lip into a smile, and to pour forth a whimper of universal satisfaction with everybody in general.

Sixty-three days passed away. I stood some fifteen hundred miles from the starting point at the Forks of the Saskatchewan; prairie, forest, lake, muskeg, and river reach had drifted away into the sleep of the wilderness. It was midnight over the deep-sunk channel of the Upper Peace River; there was no need of moon or star to show the river track, for its white frozen channel lay broadly marked between the dark overhanging banks, now nearly clear of snow. I was alone with one Indian; during the last ten days we had travelled only at night, the surface of the ice was then only firm enough to bear the weight of dogs and men. But the snow surface, although hard at night, was frozen, by the action of the cold upon the thaw of the previous day, into honeycombed projections which hurt the feet of the dogs and of their drivers as they toiled along over it. We had stopped our march for the midnight halt and cup of tea; the dogs lay crouched within their traces, in that happy power of forgetfulness which, whatever may be their trouble, enables them to sink at any moment into the oblivion of sleep and rest.

"How far now, Kalder?" I asked.

"Not far. Five hours more."

Fifteen miles out of fifteen hundred should seem a short distance, and yet it did not to me that night. I was tired, heart and soul, of snow-shoe.

"Let us go on, it will be the sooner over."

Rousing up the sleeping dogs, we went on for the last time. They were loth to quit their snow beds. What knew they that the end of the long journey was so nigh? In that at least we had the advantage. The Untiring, still leading, ran very lame. He was booted on both fore feet; but even boots could not save him from the sharp glass-like ice.

A misty dawn broke over the scene; great ridges bare of snow loomed up around us; the rushing of many rills from the shores, and the noise of the river beneath could be heard at intervals; the surface snow and ice grew soft and slushy, and at every step we sank through the yielding footing.

Poor old dog! thin, worn, and lame;

his woolly hair no longer able to hide the sharp angles of shoulder and hip bones; with neck frayed by constant friction of collar and moose-skin traces; with tail no longer curled over back, but hanging in a kind of sad slant behind him; nevertheless, gamely tugging at trace and collar—thus he drew nigh his last halt.

It was the 8th of April; behind us lay that great plain of northern North America which stretches from the Bay of Hudson to the Rocky Mountains; in front rose a range of snow-clad hills; we had reached the western bounds of the great plain, and at the little fort of St. John's dogs and men might lie down to rest.

We did lie down to rest for some days; but Cerf Vola got up much sooner than his master; in fact, when three days had passed, he was so fit for further exploration, that he insisted upon setting out on his own account for an additional fifty miles on the river during the middle of the fourth night after our arrival. Of this, however, more anon.

It must suffice now to know that for ten or twelve days I lived the life of the northern fur-fort wrote notes of travel, read a stray Californian paper (it was eight months old), watched the dogs, looked at the river, noted the daily advance of spring on willow thicket and birchen copse, and at night heard the fireside story of chase, love, war, or adventure in the great northern land.

What if here I tell a story of these northern wilds, one told to me on a dark night of drift and storm at the pine fire of a Hudson's Bay log-house?

THE DOG-DRIVER'S STORY.

A region of intense desolation is the northern coast of North America. The night of the Arctic winter lies heavily upon it, crushing out all sense or sound of life for long months together.

Berg, floe, and pack upon the sea, join frozen hands with a dreary waste of drifted snow upon the land, and low-lying cape and ice-piled shore, lie in a chaos of desolation, where nought marks the hidden line between earth and water, save when some ice-crustured rock or tempest-beat boulder lifts its head above the lonely waste.

Summer comes to this dreary region, but only as a fleeting visitor. By midsummer the snow has vanished from the shore; the ice has loosened in the rivers, long channels of blue open sea lie between the vast fields and floes of ice. On the undulating surface of the ground mosses and short grass appear; but

the iron grasp of the winter is never wholly loosed from the land, and even in the long day of July, which knows no sunset, scarcely a foot beneath the surface the earth remains bound in an eternity of frost. Yet this short fleeting summer brings to this northern land a host of strange visitors. From the far distant pine forests of the Great Slave Lake, from the nearer, but still remote woods of dwarf firs and spectral junipers which fringe the shores of the Great Bear Lake, and from the yet farther off region where the crystal Athabasca lies amid its Laurentian wilds, there come great herds of reindeer trooping thither on their summer quest. Here along the northern sea, in this short summer which is one long day, the great herds bring forth their young. Here, too, birds in endless numbers come to nest and to increase; the wild swan, the wavy, the goose, the great crane, meet in a common feeling of peace and security, and, safe at last from the universal enemy, man, make their nests along the margins of low-set pools and peaty swamps, filling the long silent air with voice and life and motion.

But this season is a fleeting one. Ere September has reached its close wild storms of snow and sleet sweep the Arctic twilight; the waves freeze as they lave the wintry shore, the grass rustles dry and dead, the reindeer vanish from the scene, and in many a long waving V-shaped line, the wild birds sail southward from a silent shore.

The only portion of this immense shore line which can be known to man, is that which lies near the mouth of the River Mackenzie. To the east and to the west of this river there stretches away a line of coast which has once or twice been looked upon by human eyes only to relapse again into endless loneliness. Franklin, Back, Richardson, Simpson, and Rae have seen those endless capes and low-sunk shores flit by them as the little boats which carried their fortunes glided, for the first and last time, along these lonely shores. These men, it is true, one by one at different times linked together the separate pieces of shore until at length from east to west, from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait, a single shore line was given to North America; but with that knowledge the work ended. The explorers went and came, all save one hapless lot, and the curtain which their courage and labour had for a moment raised sank again for ever over the north coast line of North America.

There is but one highway, if it may be so called, by which this remote and most desolate region can be reached from the

outside world: that highway is the Mackenzie River, the largest save one, the vastest in volume save none, in the continent of North America.

But that highway to the north coast is itself remote and distant; its farthest feeders, though they lie fully two thousand five hundred miles far in the interior continent, are difficult of access; to reach them requires long and arduous labour, and even at their sources the traveller stands in a wilderness so remote, that a thousand miles of savagery lies between him and the first echo of civilisation.

Down the great stream of the Mackenzie the desolation deepens on the land; the shores become more destitute of human and animal life; the scenery expands into a vaster and a loftier loneliness; between huge silent shores a majestic volume of water rolls steadily into the north, no boat upon its bosom, no stir of life upon its banks, save when, at long, long intervals, the birch canoe of some wandering Indian glides under the shadow of the forest shores; or the solitary boat bound for the fur-fort on the lake breasts up the lonely stream. And this is only in summer. In winter, deep beneath high-piled ice and crusted snow lies the mighty river, its shores wrapped in drift; its leagues of forest standing dim and motionless, their tapering tops cutting jagged cones against the early twilight; no sound across its broad bosom save the owl hoot, or the crack and rent of ice; no vestige of man upon the snow; no shadow of bird in the low-set sunshine of the mid-winter mid-day.

Yet the great river is not altogether devoid of human existence. Man has sought even this friendless region in pursuit of trade; behind these river shores stretch hundreds of leagues of muskeg, forest, waste, lake, and wilderness, where the sable, the otter, and the fox roam through the long winter. Here and there, at scarce intervals, by shore of lake or bank of river, stand grouped together a few wigwags of Indian hunters, and, far down the great river, in the last thousand miles of its course, two solitary groups of wooden houses, the forts of the Fur Company, give shelter to some half a dozen men, the sole white denizens of this mighty waste.

Twenty years from this present time, in the most remote post of this northern land, an old man lay sick unto death. He was the *bourgeois*, or master of the place, a Scotchman from the Isles. He had lived

his life in the north, and had played his part in the toil and travel of the wilderness, and had faced the drift of Arctic storm, and the gloom of the northern winter for full thirty years. Death's stoutest captains, Cold and Hunger, had often waged war against him, and put him to sore strait in far-away scenes of winter forest and ice-piled lake and pathless solitude; but now Death himself had come and laid his iron grasp upon him, even in his own comfortable log-fort, against the fireside of which cold was powerless, and into whose provision-store hunger could not enter.

The time was the long winter; the birds had sailed south from the Arctic shore; the ice had bridged further across the wide river; the earth had wrapped itself in a deeper cloak of snow; the drift of storm blew daily fiercer across the long reach of pine-bordered stream; the wail of swaying pines smote the ear in more monotonous cadence; darkness was on the outside world of wilderness—Death stood in the inner circle of the fur-fort.

It was a night of wild drift and storm. The wind seemed to knock loudly for admission at every doorway and window-frame of the log-huts, and the wide hearths, blazing with pine-logs, sent back a defiant roar at the storm without, and burned fiercer as each gust shook the framework houses and died away in the moaning depths of the vast outside forest. Seated around these blazing fires, the little garrison of the fort spent that November night in long discussion; for Ba'tiste, the French half-breed, and Paradis, the old Canadian postmaster, and Samuel Henderson, the Swampy Indian of questionable civilisation, had many things to say and much platitude to utter, ere, in the language of the Law Courts, Death had passed his final sentence on their old master.

Paradis in particular seemed imbued with the necessities of the occasion; he talked and smoked incessantly; he gave utterance to many profound sentiments, all more or less tending to prove that death was an event which must come sooner or later in the life of every man, whether he was engaged in the fur trade or in other pursuits; but at the same time, it was to be gathered from the general drift of the old postmaster's harangue, that he considered death had, with a wise discrimination, selected the circle of his friends for earlier visitation, and had left him, Paradis, for a remote and by no means certain future. Ba'tiste sat a ready listener

to his superior's logic, and the Swampy smoked with such placid persistency that it was evident he regarded the occasion as one not to be lost sight of for the display of his ruling passion, tobacco, in the supreme moment of his master's life.

While thus these three men passed the long night in platitudes and pipe-filling, the scene in the sick man's room had developed into its final phase. As the night wore towards the dawn he had called to his bedside his clerk, a young Scotchman from the Lewis, a distant kinsman of his own, and had put this question to him: "Do you know the graveyard on the island at Fort Simpson?" "Yes; I know it well," answered the clerk. "Give me your word," went on the sick man, "that you'll take my body to that graveyard and lay it by the side of the boy I buried there twenty years ago."

"It's many a long day's journey from here," answered the clerk, "and the road is a rough one over the ice in the early winter."

"Yes, it is," replied the old fur-hunter; "but you are my own kith and kin, boy, and you'll do it for a dying man? Promise me you'll do it, and I'll die happy." The clerk gave the promise asked for, and the sick man's fingers closed on his hands as he did so. It was nearing the daylight hour; the storm had sunk into the strange hush of dawn; over the tree-tops to the east the blue cold light of winter was faintly spreading into a broader band of light. The old hunter's eyes had been closed for some minutes, suddenly he opened them widely; the glimmer of the daylight through the small window-panes struck upon his fading sight. "Daylight!" he said in a kind of hoarse whisper. "Daylight already! Get the snow-shoes ready, boy." "Ready for what?" asked the clerk, stooping down to catch the dying words.

"Ready for the road—for me. See, it's daylight, boy, and the road is long; it's time to start." He said no more, and ere the sun had touched the pine-tops to the east, the old fur-hunter had put out upon that dim sea whose waves for ever sob against the shores of the Unknown Land.

The promise was to be kept. Ere mid-day had come the little fort was busy making preparations for the long funeral of its dead master. Dogs, harness, and snow-shoes were looked to and got ready, the dead body, wrapped in canvas, was placed upon a narrow sled, another sled was filled with blankets, provisions, and other requisites for a three

weeks' journey. Eight dogs were selected for the work, and by evening all was ready for the long lonely tramp.

And in truth it would be difficult to imagine a more desolate undertaking than the one which now lay before the young Scotch clerk and his French-Canadian companion; for six hundred miles there lay this lonely, silent, frozen river, along reach after reach the solemn-standing pines bordered the high o'erhanging banks; so stark and stiff and devoid of life was the great solitude around that it might well have seemed to these two voyageurs as though they were to be travellers through a world as dead as the lifeless clay they carried with them.

It is needless now to dwell upon the days and nights that followed their departure from the fort. At times there came wild storms, before whose breath the dry snow flew in blinding tempests; at times the sun shone brightly upon the dazzling surface of river and shore and snow-laden pine-tree, and at night there came the weird lights of the north to spread the vast vault above with myriad shafts of many-coloured light, and to fill the silent waste of earth and heaven with the mute music of these wondrous streamers.

Wonderful are these winter nights in the north, when the glory of the aurora is abroad in the heavens, filling from horizon to zenith the dark dome of night; for it seems as though stars and sky sent down a dew of rainbow radiance to touch the lofty shores and solemn standing pines, and to cast upon the silent reaches of frozen river and the dim waste of ice-piled lake that weird light whose essence still lies hid from science in the unreachd caverns of the north.

It was the seventh evening of the journey. The lonely funeral had completed at sunset about a third of its long distance. The camping hour found it, as usual, near the base of the high overhanging shore of the Mackenzie River; by means of landslips or summer water channels seeking the main river, this high bank was generally easy of ascent when the camping hour came, and as dogs going to camp will haul with ease over hills and through thickets, which would appear utterly impracticable to them at other moments, there had been no great difficulty on the previous nights in reaching this upper level for purposes of shelter, fuel, and camp-making.

On the evening we speak of, however, the bank hung steeply over the river, and when the moment came for giving the dogs the well-known word for camping, all their most

frantic efforts were useless to drag to the summit the heavy sled which carried the dead body of the fur-hunter. The Frenchman's sled bearing provisions, now lightened in weight by the consumption of eight dogs and two men for so many days, ran without any difficulty to the top of the steep ascent; but voice and whip, and push of pole from behind, and freely-lavished imprecation upon, or adjuration to, each particular dog, failed altogether to carry the other sled even half-way to the summit.

Meanwhile, precious moments of daylight were ebbing fast; camp-making in the dark on such a night as this would be a long and difficult toil. What was to be done? Better take the dogs from their traces, and leave the sled upon the ice of the river until the daylight would again cause the march to be resumed. This course was resolved upon. What evil could befall the dead? In the vast solitude that lay around, in the merciless rigour of the cold towards living man, lay the safety of the dead one; so the dogs were unloosed from their burden, and leaving the sled and its load upon the river, the men and dogs climbed the steep bank and disappeared into the forest.

It was a night of extreme cold, and the shelter of the snow-laden pines was grateful; for other shelter there was none. The winter camps in the north know neither hut nor tent; the fire in the open forest; the blanket laid upon the chopped pine brush bed, are all the voyageur requires for his nightly camp. The snow may fall; the tempest shake the lofty pines; or, from a still grey sky the cold may come with its intensest rigour, until the trees snap like pistol shots, and the smoke clings to the ground, unable to ascend into a colder atmosphere; but all the same the ground gives a bed, the sky a roof, to the traveller in the north.

The upper bank of the river was level, but the rage of many a tempest had laid low the outer trees, and the men had to penetrate some distance before the forest became open enough to allow of a good camp being made. Then the old routine went on; the snow was cleared from the ground with the snow-shoes, used like shovels; dry trees were felled for fuel, a fire lighted, shavings were cut from a dry branch to quicker kindle the larger wood; the provision sled was emptied of its load of blankets, kettles, and food; and the harness arranged for use in the dim light of the morning.

All these preparations for the camp took some time to complete, and darkness had

fallen on the forest ere the work of tree cutting had been finished.

The Canadian's strong strokes were still sounding through the silent waste. The Scotch clerk had filled the copper kettle with snow, and was in the act of placing it upon the rising fire—all at once he stopped, laid his kettle upon the ground, and rose to his feet in the attitude of a man who hears some unexpected voice suddenly call to him.

"Gaudet," he said to his companion, "did you speak?"

The Canadian was only a few paces distant. "I said nothing," he answered. "What did you hear?"

But ere the other could reply, there passed through the forest, as distinctly as human voice could utter the sound, the single word *Marche!*—a word often used in the daily toil of dog driving, but uttered now in a tone of deep suppressed suffering, filled with a kind of helpless agony, and yet terribly familiar in accent and in meaning, though altogether inconsistent with the time, the place, and the solitude.

"There are Indians on the river," said the Canadian, hastily; "they are forcing their dogs up the bank to our camp."

The other man did not answer; for a thought had possession of his brain that paralyzed the power of speech, and froze back into his heart the very current of his life; the voice that uttered the well-known word was no strange one to him, it was the voice of his old master, of the man whose dead body he was bearing to the grave.

Ere the Canadian could again speak, there came, a third time repeated, the slowly uttered word; and again, it seemed like the wail of some lost creature sinking 'neath a nocturnal sea, and vainly struggling to free itself from some overpowering fate. The Canadian moved quickly towards his companion, the fire, as he entered the circle of light, showing the terror that had suddenly come to him; he too had caught the accent, and recognised in the sound the voice of the dead fur-hunter. Nor were the men the only evidences of the reality of this spoken sound; the dogs had half risen from their lairs in the snow, and with ears erect, and heads pointed to the river, they seemed to look for the approach of some one from the outside solitude.

Thus, in the full light of the fire, now rapidly illumining the dusky twilight of the snow and of the forest, the two travellers stood in the attitude of men who, face to face with the evidence of their senses, feel the creepings of that indefinable fear which lies in the faintest breathing of that vast shadowy world beyond the narrow circle of our little lives.

But whatever be the enemy, or whatever be the fear that oppresses the mind of man, it is easier to go and meet it than to stand still; instinctively, the two men moved towards the river, through the tangled wreck of fallen forest, passing the bordering outwork of overthrown pines. They gained the edge of the high bank, and looked out over the great river. Vague and vast it lay beneath them; the shades of night had closed over it, but the white light of the snow still showed the broad expanse, and revealed in dim outline the hummocks and ice-hills of the central channel. But the men had little thought of ice or snow or river channel—with anxious eyes they peered into the dusky light, and tried to scan the sled that held the dead.

Below, on the ice, just as it had been left, it lay dark against the white ground of the snow, and close beside it crouched a black form that seemed to move at times around the sled. In the intense silence of the solitude a low noise could be distinctly heard—it was the noise of the gnawing of teeth, a crunching sound.

The two men on the upper bank were no novices in the sights or sounds of the wilderness. Indistinct as was the light, faint as was the sound, they recognised at once the presence of a large wolverine, whose saw-like teeth were busily engaged in cutting the lines that bound to its narrow bier the dead body of their old master.

Startled by the voices on the shore, the wolverine vanished in a long slouching gallop into the ice of the central river. So far the page was easy to read; but the weird word that had called them to the bank in time to save from the ravages of this wild animal the dead body which the dying fur-hunter had so earnestly prayed might rest beside his son? There was no sound in the life of the wilderness, no sight in all the wide range of forest, lake, or river, to cast light or clue upon its strange significance.



ST. DOMINIC AND HIS AGE.

IN order to understand the character and the work of St. Dominic, it is necessary to bring before us some picture of his time, and of the forces then at work in the world and the Church. He stands before us a great and impressive, but somewhat dim figure, only intelligible in view of the background against which he is reflected, and the influences, political, ecclesiastical, and social, amidst which he moved, and which he sought to control. He closes, moreover, one great age and opens another. He was thirty years old when the twelfth century, so rife in great men and new movements of thought, passed into the thirteenth, destined to see the Christian revival, and the wonderful practical results associated with his name, and that of St. Francis. Both of these men, like all great men, were the direct product of their age, and found their mission in its urgent spiritual necessities. They can hardly be conceived at an earlier or later era.

What, then, was the European world busy about in the end of the twelfth century? What was the Church then thinking and doing? What were the chief influences amidst which St. Dominic found his calling, and began his impassioned career as a missionary preacher and founder of a new order of spiritual enterprise in the western Church?

At the time the saint was born, the Empire was in the hands of the greatest of the Hohenstaufen princes, who had descended from their original home in the Suabian Highlands to govern Central Europe. Frederick Barbarossa has been characterized as a prince "of intrepid valour, consummate prudence, unmeasured ambition. He showed the ferocity of a barbarian, somewhat tempered with a high chivalrous gallantry, and a strength of character which subjugated alike the great temporal and ecclesiastical princes of Germany."* Of the constitutional rights of the Emperor and his inherited powers, Frederick cherished the highest notions. He believed himself no less than the Pope, the viceregent of God. The cause of the Empire was to him the cause of God. On the other hand, the Papacy was at this time weakened by schism, as it had been in an earlier part of the century. On the death of Hadrian IV., the close of whose life had been a perpetual struggle with Frederick, the larger Italian

section of the cardinals had elected Alexander III. as Pope; but others, instigated by the Emperor, had chosen an Anti-Pope, Victor IV. In short, the famous struggle of Guelph and Ghibelline,* of Pope and Emperor, was in full force, if not yet at its height. The Emperor continued to maintain a series of anti-popes till 1176, but finally acquiesced in the rule of Alexander III. After a long struggle with the Church, Barbarossa perished in its service, being drowned during the third Crusade in a small river of Asia Minor, (1189), while his vast host, dispersed and miserably reduced, reached Antioch.

This was the same crusade in which our own Richard the Lion-hearted and Philip Augustus, the voluptuous and splendour-loving King of France, was engaged. Begun, like the two former crusades, in an impulse of irresistible enthusiasm, its termination was even more disastrous than that of the second, the miserable collapse of which had clouded the closing years of St. Bernard (1150-3). The jealousies of the French and English monarchs contributed to its failure. The great Emperor never returned. Richard's short career of glory ended in his long imprisonment in Austria. Philip suffered least in person, but left behind him an infamous name as "an accomplished traitor."†

As we pass onwards to the close of the century the empire is found in the hands of Henry, the son of Barbarossa, who with something of his father's strength outvied his tyranny and cruelty. With a succession of comparatively feeble popes opposed to him, he carried his conquering arms throughout the whole of Italy, consummating his conquests in Sicily especially by the most atrocious deeds. "Archbishops, bishops, counts, and nobles were apprehended, condemned, executed or mutilated, with every variety of torture. Some were hanged, some buried alive, some burned; blinding and castration were the mildest punishments."‡ The German name and Ghibelline cause

* The terms Guelph and Ghibelline, or Guibeline, originated in a struggle betwixt two German houses, the house of Saxony and the house of Hohenstaufen, for the Empire; Wolf or Wolf being the name of the former family, and Weiblenen a patrimonial town of the latter family in Wurtemberg. In course of time the name of Guelphs was given to all disaffected to the Empire, and naturally came to distinguish the Italian or Papal party. Later, in the time of Dante, the names came to designate the popular (Guelphs) and the aristocratic parties in Italy itself, although in point of fact the Ghibelline was sometimes the liberal, the Guelph the tyrannical party.

† Milman's "Hist. of Latin Christianity," vol. iii. 545.

‡ lb. 551.

* Milman's "Hist. of Latin Christianity," vol. iii. 411.

were covered by him with execration, and it seemed as if the strength of the Papacy and of the Italian republics, with which at this time it was identified, was permanently broken. The realm of the Hohenstaufens extended from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. The Papacy, weakened and narrowed on every side,—holding communications with Christendom only by the permission of the German,—looked as if it might have to surrender all its haughty pretensions, and submit to a long and weary oppression. Henry was not yet thirty years of age, and he had reached a greater height of power than was ever attained by his father, Barbarossa. He proposed to make the empire hereditary in his family. He treated the communications of Pope Celestine with disdain. All seemed to bend before him. But, in the midst of all his strength and cruelty, he was seized with fever, having drunk incautiously of cold water after being heated in hunting, and expired in the arms of his Queen, Constance, whose gentleness is spoken of in contrast to the brutality of her husband. This took place in September, 1199, when his son was not two years of age. Pope Celestine III. followed him after three months to the grave; and the space was cleared, at the opening of a new century, for a very different spectacle than what might have been anticipated.

To the head of the Church was now raised the most powerful mind probably in Christendom. Innocent III. was distinguished alike by his high Christian character, and his lofty and various accomplishments. He was an Italian noble of the family of Conti, illustrious both by name and descent, yet standing aloof from the bitter feuds in which so many of the Italian families were involved. He was unanimously chosen to his high office. No disputes and no irregularities attended his election. Only thirty-seven years of age, and only in deacon's orders, he had to accumulate the grades of priest and bishop in order to become Pope. It was no wonder that he seemed to shrink from such an elevation, and yet the latent spirit of the man, hardly revealed in its fulness to himself, broke out in his inauguration sermon, when he spoke of the vicergerent of Christ, and successor of Peter, as less than God, yet more than man.

On the other hand the schism which had lately divided the spiritual power now distracted the empire. There were two rival Emperors in the field. Philip, the brother of Henry the late Emperor, and Otho, the son

of Henry the Lion, an irreconcilable enemy of the House of Suabia. Civil war raged throughout the empire for ten years, a war not of decisive battles, but of marauding desolation, havoc, and plunder—prelate against prelate, prince against prince; lawlessness everywhere prevailed, traffic was interrupted, and crime rampant, 'nothing was spared and nothing saved, in church or cloister.' Amidst the disorders of the empire the authority of the Papacy strengthened itself, although even the interposition of Innocent failed to settle the imperial conflict, which was only brought to an end by the sword of the assassin. Philip fell a victim to private vengeance in the end of the year 1207.

Such is a very bare sketch of the political background on which our figure stands—the Empire and the Pope in constant and varying struggle. These are the larger outlines of the picture. It requires us to look at the Church more particularly before we can fill in its details.

The Church of the twelfth century, powerful in outward seeming, with its hierarchy of prince-bishops and abbots and clergy, with its immense possessions and wide-spreading power, was yet suffering deeply from internal weakness. The very magnitude of its external growth constituted a source of danger. With the increase of the pomp and luxury of the clergy their moral influence decreased. The prince-bishop and the lordly abbot were powerful social elements; but they were neither intellectual nor spiritual lights. The clergy generally were sunk in ignorance—unable to preach to the people—barely able to repeat intelligently the Latin service which was universal, while the Latin tongue itself was being everywhere superseded by the growth of native dialects. Preaching had fallen into disuse. It was in theory the special privilege of the bishops, and the bishops were few who, amidst their secular, judicial, or warlike duties, had either the gift or the inclination to instruct the people. The lower priesthood, though chosen from the people, were not of them. If celibate, then celibacy cut them off from family intercourse. If married, as many still were, they were supposed to be violating the laws of the Church, and their ministrations suffered in consequence, and were rejected by the more austere. The monasteries which in their earlier vitality had been of such essential service in the propagation of the Faith, had yielded, like every other phase of ecclesiastical life, to the prevalent encroachments of wealth and luxury.

One has only to read the sermons and letters of St. Bernard in the previous generation (d. 1152) to see to what extent monastic corruption had gone, and how little the ideal of Christian simplicity and devotion was preserved in the cloisters. He and others did what they could to revive this ideal. He planted new Cistercian convents on a rigorous model. He preached alike to Pope and monk of the duties of austerity. He proclaimed the gospel of high thinking and hard living. But neither his example, his reproaches, nor his warnings had much effect. The very monastery which he had planted in his own Cîteaux soon lost its pristine rigour, and became, like Clugny before it, a seat of self-indulgent ease and comparative luxury. The monks at the best were more intent upon their own spiritual perfection than on missionary labour and zeal for the good of the Church. They fled from the evils around them rather than faced them, and so these evils grew and multiplied to an alarming extent.

Great, therefore, as the Church seemed in the beginning of the thirteenth century, in its attitude towards the secular power, in the conduct of successive crusades, and the establishment of a Christian kingdom in Jerusalem, even in the temporary overthrow of Eastern Christianity, and the occupancy of the Eastern Imperial throne—a feature of the third crusade (1202-9); great in its teachers—men, like William of Champeaux, William of St. Thierry, and Bernard himself; yet it was lacking in spiritual strength to grapple with an age of violent excitement. While there were powerful minds that sought no higher glory than to work for it, there were minds hardly less powerful that sought their chief delight in lines of daring and innovating thought. There was a growing spirit of irreverence and insubordination both in the intellectual and in the social world. The famous Abelard represents one of the most prominent of those disturbing forces. Few names stand surrounded by a greater halo of interest. Yet it is certainly nothing great or noble in Abelard's own character which has given such an undying charm to his name. He is but a poor figure in himself were it not for the reflected sweetness and passion that fall upon him from the self-sacrificing woman who loved him so devotedly, his mistress, wife, and correspondent—the inimitable Heloise. There are few pictures more attractive than the tenderness, the intellectual elevation, and the heroism of this woman. And, whatever may have been his faults, the man who could

elicit such devotion must have had commanding qualities. Restless, and speculative,—audacious, rather than earnest or really thoughtful, he was a typical power in his time. He expressed the unquietness of contemporary thought and the intellectual commotion prevailing far and wide. His popularity as a teacher puts this beyond doubt. It is said that not merely all Paris and the adjacent districts thronged to his school, but that there was no country so remote, no road so difficult, but that his pupils defied the toils and perils of the way. From all the provinces of France (Anjou, Poitou, Gascony, Normandy), from Spain, Flanders, Germany, Suabia, and England, notwithstanding the terrors of the sea, students of all ranks and classes crowded to hear him. Even Rome, the teacher of the world, sent her sons to listen to his prelections.* All this betokens a widely diffused restlessness of thought and thirst after knowledge, which the ordinary teaching and ministrations of the Church were unable to satisfy. The speculations of Abelard were not likely to strengthen the Faith in the face of such a movement. Whatever be the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of his special opinions, his spirit was neither devout nor Catholic, and the intellectual excitement which sought his presence must have returned to pervade Christendom more widely and restlessly than before.

But there were more alarming symptoms than this new spirit of speculative inquiry. Practical insubordination and spiritual anarchy showed themselves rampant in certain quarters of the Church. The hierarchy, engrossed in its own ambitions, had shamefully neglected the people. The people repaid the neglect by satirical gibes and songs at the cost of the clergy, and especially by choosing religious teachers for themselves. The satirical spirit vied with the amatory strain of the troubadour, not merely in the smiling plains and cities of Languedoc, but in England and elsewhere. The vices of the clergy, the venality of Rome, the pride and luxury of the bishops, became objects of popular attack. It was ominous that the first outburst of vernacular poetry in the Provençal dialects should have fastened so prominently upon the corruptions of the Church, and found in the exposure of these corruptions one of its chief sources of inspiration. But it was still more ominous that multitudes, it is said even the population of whole districts, had entirely forsaken the churches. Teachers of various sorts had arisen

* Milman, iv. 362.

in the course of the twelfth century, who, greatly as they differed from one another, were united in a common hatred of the ordinary clergy. Milman, whose picture of this period is upon the whole, with many faults of style, the most living and intelligent with which we are acquainted, has divided these teachers into three classes.

(1.) The simple anti-sacerdotalists, who rejected the authority of the clergy and the rites of the Church, but did not depart, or only in a slight degree departed, from the dominant creed, heretics in manners and in forms of worship rather than in articles of belief. These teachers arose in different parts of the Church without concert or organization, but under the influence of the same growing dissatisfaction. Among the most conspicuous of them was Peter de Brueys, whose followers continued to be known as Petrobrussians. Peter preached for above twenty years in the south of France, inveighing chiefly against the worship of the cross, transubstantiation, and the real presence, infant baptism, prayers, alms, and oblations for the dead. To these heresies he is said to have added what in more recent times has become a note of orthodoxy rather than of heterodoxy, an aversion to the chanting of the Psalms and church music. At length he expiated his heresy in the flames in Languedoc. Henry the Deacon was a pupil and fellow-apostle of Peter, gifted with a marvellous power of eloquence, which took the hearts of men and women by storm. The rapid changes in his countenance is likened to a stormy sea, while his deep tones sounded to the appalled clergy of Le Mans like the roar of a legion of devils. He was a zealous advocate of marriage, and under the influence of his preaching young and old rushed into matrimony. Women stripped themselves of their costly robes, and threw their bright tresses into the fire at the hearing of his terrible denunciations. The seductions of his eloquence were so overwhelming, that cardinals and bishops, pope and monks, were dumbfounded by its effects. They knew not what to do but to make a call upon the great preacher, whose fame was in all the churches, St. Bernard. Bernard obeyed the call and was temporarily successful, but gives a most melancholy description of the state of Languedoc as the scene of such heretical doctrines:—"Churches without people, the people without priests, priests without respect, Christians without Christ, holy places denied to be holy, the sacraments no longer sacred, and holy days without their solemnities."*

* Ib. iv. 178.

(2.) The second class of these teachers is, by name at least, better known to us—the Waldenses, under whom Milman is disposed, after much deliberation, to rank the Poor Men of Lyons, and whom together he styles the Biblical anti-sacerdotalists. Much has been written about the Waldenses from a popular point of view, and there has been not a little controversy as to their origin and their character. The truth seems to be that there had lingered from an earlier time in the Alpine valleys the tradition of a simple faith which knew nothing of later hierarchical corruptions—a faith of which Claudius of Turin, who violently opposed image-worship in the ninth century, may be considered a representative; and that this primitive evangelical tendency received a special impulse in the twelfth century from the labours of Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, who, being suddenly converted to a religious life, devoted himself and his means to the propagation of the gospel. He sent forth missionaries for this purpose into the neighbouring country and villages. They called themselves the "Humbled," others called them the "Poor Men of Lyons." Some of them travelled as far as Rome, and were received at the Lateran Council by Alexander III. The Pope approved of their poverty, but reproved their attempt to preach. As yet, however, they were not looked upon as heretics; there is no mention of them in the list of heretics condemned by this council. Persisting in their right to preach, however, they were first interdicted by the Archbishop of Lyons, and then condemned as heretical disturbers of the Church at the Council of Verona, 1184. From this time violent hostility grew up betwixt them and the Church. They declared against the whole priestly system, rejecting all the sacraments except Baptism and the Eucharist, the special efficacy of a priestly administration of the rites of the Church—maintaining that even women might officiate—and rejecting all prayers for the dead, purgatory, &c.* They are acknowledged to have been blameless of life. They were, in short, mediæval evangelicals, who possessed the sacred Scriptures, or the Gospels at least, in their own tongue, and preached in this tongue to the people. This was enough of itself in the twelfth century to rouse the anger and persecution of the hierarchy.

(3.) But there were other heretics still, of a more flagrant character, and more deserving the denunciation of the Church. Strangely

* Milman, iv. 134.

enough, there was at this time a renewed outbreak of the old Manichean spirit, which had so largely invaded Christendom in the fourth and fifth centuries, with which Augustine struggled, and to which he temporarily succumbed. Nothing, as Milman says, "is more curious in Christian history than the vitality of the Manichean opinions. That wild half-poetic, half-rationalistic theory of Christianity, with its mythic machinery and stern asceticism (like all asceticism, liable to break forth into intolerable licence), which might seem congenial only to the Oriental mind, and, if it had not expired, might be supposed to linger only beyond the limits of Christendom in the East, appears almost suddenly in the twelfth century in living, almost irresistible, power; first in its intermediate settlement in Bulgaria and on the borders of the Greek Empire, then in Italy, in France, in Germany, in the remoter west at the foot of the Pyrenees." The outbreak of Manicheism in the South of France is supposed to have been due, as implied in this quotation, not to any lingering traces of the older system, which had spread into the west and survived as smouldering embers ready to be rekindled by a fresh touch, but to a direct invasion from the East, where the system had taken a new and powerful start towards the end of the seventh century. This new form of the dualistic spirit attached itself, not to Manes, whom it disclaimed, but to the name of the great apostle of the Gentiles; and it is possible to imagine how the strongly contrasted principles of sin and grace, which play such a prominent part in the writings of the apostle, may have been confused by ignorant minds with impersonations of the powers of good and evil. In any case the new sect was called by the name of Paulicians, and professed, like the Marcionites before them, a special veneration for the writings and character of St. Paul. They became the object of fierce persecution by successive Byzantine emperors, and under the force of this persecution, and along the roads opened up by the crusaders, and the advance of commerce, which followed the crusaders, they penetrated in the twelfth century into the heart of Europe. This is the view of their progress taken by Gibbon, who, in his fifty-fourth chapter, has sketched them with his usual vigour, breadth, and rapidity of narrative. "Under the Byzantine standard," he says, "the Paulicians were often transported to the Greek provinces of Italy and Sicily. They conversed freely with strangers and natives, and their opinions were silently propagated in Rome, Milan, and the

kingdoms beyond the Alps. It was soon discovered that many thousand Catholics of every rank, and of either sex, had embraced the Manichean heresy, and the flames which consumed twelve canons of Orleans was the first act and signal of persecution. . . . It was in the country of the Albigeois, in the southern provinces of France, that the Paulicians were most deeply implanted, and the same vicissitudes of martyrdom and revenge as had been displayed in the East were repeated in the thirteenth century on the banks of the Rhone."*

We cannot further enlarge our general picture. But so much was absolutely necessary to enable us to understand St. Dominic and his work. It is only when we set him in such a scene of hierarchical splendour, on the one hand, morally ineffective on account of its very splendour, and again in such a scene of decaying faith in the Church and advancing heresy, that the *motif* of the new leader, destined once more to raise the banner of the Church on high and carry it triumphant over encroaching difficulties, becomes apparent. The surroundings of our Saint, moreover, are more interesting than the man himself, who, as we have said, is rather a shadowy and uncertain figure amidst the legendary and artificial glories which have gathered round his name.

Dominic was a Spaniard—a Castilian—and was born of noble parents, in a village of Old Castile, in the year 1170.† His family name was Guzman, an illustrious name connected with many of the most honourable families in Castile. Of his father and mother little is said; but his birth, as might be expected, was heralded by prophetic signs. His mother dreamed that she gave birth to a boy with a torch in his mouth which set the world on fire. Every narrative of his life relates this incident. At his baptism a new sign was given. A starry radiance encircled the baptismal font. His votaries delighted to trace a similar radiance in his countenance, which drew all hearts to him. His childhood gave evidence of his future devotion and self-denial. He used to creep from his bed and prostrate himself on the hard boards. At seven years of age he quitted the paternal

* "Decline and Fall," vii. 58.

† The original authorities for the life of St. Dominic are various, some of them extending to within twelve years of his death, 1233, or the year of the translation of his relics. They are to be found in the Bollandists (or the "Acta Sanctorum" which Bollandus and his coadjutors began in the seventeenth century). It is unnecessary to say that none of them are critical, but all more or less of a legendary nature. There is a modern life by Lacordaire, 1860, the well-known modern Dominican; there is no special English life, so far as I know, except that in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," vol. viii.

home for his uncle's house, who was a Churchman, and gave him his first lessons in divine things. At fifteen he went to the University of Palencia, afterwards transferred to Salamanca, where it attained its reputation as the most famous university in Spain. He devoted himself to letters and philosophy, but above all to theology, opening his mind, according to one of his early biographers, to the true knowledge, and his ears to the doctors of the Holy Scriptures. Two stories are told of him at this time, showing the intensity of his character: he sold his clothes to feed the poor in a time of famine, and to a woman who complained that her brother had been made a slave by the Moors, he offered himself to be given in exchange. He grew up faithful and devoted in all things; but for about ten years, during all of which time he seems to have been at the university, nothing is heard of him. In 1195, when he was twenty-five years old, he emerges somewhat from his obscurity, as one of the canons of Osma, to which a new and reforming bishop had been appointed. Here he distinguished himself as before by his austerities; but still, for nine years further, he remained comparatively unknown. He had begun his career as a preacher, but without attracting any special notice. At length, in 1203, when he was in his thirty-fourth year, his opportunity came. The Bishop of Osma was delegated to negotiate the marriage of Alfonso VIII. of Castile with a Danish princess, and for this purpose he made a journey to Denmark, taking with him Dominic as his companion. As soon as they crossed the Pyrenees they found themselves in a land of heresy, with the churches deserted and the clergy contemned. Dominic evidently received a very strong and painful impression of this state of things, and from the first, probably, contemplated the thought of devoting himself to the cause of the Church in the salvation of the heretics. For it is said that, finding the host with whom he lodged at Toulouse to be a heretic, he had converted him before the morning—but by what process is not explained.

The mission to Denmark was successful; but the death of the princess unexpectedly frustrated the intended union. In the circumstances Dominic and his bishop repaired to Rome, to look upon the venerated memorials of their faith, and to seek an interview with the great occupant of the papal throne, Innocent III. Such was the missionary zeal of the bishop, that he proposed to resign his episcopal office, and to devote the

rest of his life to the dissemination of the gospel amongst a savage tribe on the borders of Hungary. Innocent refused his assent to this ardent proposal, and ordained the bishop to return to his diocese. The two pilgrims recrossed the Alps in the spring of 1205, with the intention of returning to Spain immediately. They tarried, however, on their way at some of the more celebrated monasteries of the time, and especially at Cîteaux, where the shadow of St. Bernard's sanctity still lingered. It is confessed that there was no longer the same consuming love of poverty and self-sacrifice as in the days of the founder; but there was still enough of both to fascinate the bishop and his friend—the former particularly, who is said to have taken the vows of the order, and expressed his delight in doing so. After this they descended the Rhone to the neighbourhood of Montpellier. Here they met the old spectacle of abounding heresy, which had shocked them on their first journey; but they also met the legates of the Pope, who had received a commission for the repression of heresy. These legates were the abbot of Cîteaux and Peter of Castlenau, whose subsequent murder has an unhappy celebrity in connection with the origin of the Albigensian war. They had been engaged for a year in their work, but with no success, and were returning disheartened. The land seemed to them given over to an evil spirit. Count Raymond, its sovereign, secretly encouraged the heretics, the bishops refused their aid, and, notwithstanding their inquisitorial powers (for the germ of the terrible Inquisition lay in this first papal delegation to Languedoc), they had made no progress. The very name of the clergy, they reported, had passed into a proverb of contempt; instead of the old words of shame, "I had rather my son were a Jew," the Provençals said, "I had rather he were a priest."

Dominic listened with heated heart to the story of the legates, and on their asking counsel, exclaimed, "How can you expect success with all this secular pomp?" (The legates had travelled through the land with a splendid retinue, as seemed becoming to their position.) "These men," he added, "cannot be touched by words without corresponding deeds. It is by the false pretence of poverty that the heretics seduce simple souls. You must throw aside your sumptuous robes and richly-caparisoned palfreys, and go forth as the disciples of old, barefoot, without purse or scrip, to proclaim the truth." And from that day Dominic took up his mission of mendi-

cant preacher. His friend, Bishop Azevedo, entered with enthusiasm into the same mission, but after a short period returned to Osma and died. Even the legates were shamed for a time to follow in the wake of the enthusiastic Spaniard; but their enthusiasm did not last long. Dominic was left alone in his zealous and self-denying labours.

There was much that was commendable in these early labours. He not only preached and powerfully denounced the errors of the heretics, but he invited them to conferences, and reasoned at length with them. This is compared by his eulogistic biographer* to St. Paul's conferences with the Jews and St. Augustine's expostulations with the Donatists and Manicheans. It is difficult to estimate what truth there may be in such a comparison; but apparently St. Dominic, in the commencement of his career, was content to appeal to moral means and the force of his own arguments and eloquence. He had, indeed, according to all his biographers, another means of persuasion when the heretics remained obdurate under all his reasoning; but it cannot be said that there was anything unfair even in this weapon of persuasion. On one occasion, when the arbiters who were appointed at the conference to decide betwixt him and his opponents could not come to a decision on which side the best of the argument lay, it occurred to some one present to settle the controversy by throwing the documents containing the arguments on both sides into the fire. The one which remained unconsumed was sure to contain the true doctrine. The thing was done, and immediately the heretical document was consumed, and that of the saint was not only uninjured, but leapt out of the fire.

The splendour of miracle everywhere surrounds our saint. The difficulty of the mediæval mind was, not to believe in miracle, but to hold any clear idea of the natural apart from the supernatural. We smile as we read the ridiculous incidents attributed to him, in which black cats disappearing up bell ropes, and a lady's nose marvellously detached and again attached by his prayers, play a conspicuous part. It was a stubborn generation, we may say with Milman, which, besides preaching and arguments, needed such miracles, and the sword of Simon de Montfort to boot, before it could be cured of its heresies. But the absurd side of supernaturalism has not so long or so entirely disappeared amongst ourselves, as to

make such stories unintelligible. Even John Wesley did not hesitate to hold it for a miracle if the rain stopped so as to enable him to set out on an intended journey, or if a hailstorm overtook a town which had remained refractory under his preaching. And it may be questioned if the modern phenomena of so-called "spiritualism" do not outrival the most absurd stories of mediæval credulity. While we smile at this aspect of our saint's life, therefore, we must not allow it to detract from his true power and greatness.

Dominic was now to test his power in a more definite manner. He appears to have laboured as a preacher for two years with varying and uncertain success. He had, indeed, laid the foundation, or made a beginning, of his order, by the institution of a female convent. He had observed that the heretics were especially successful with the gay ladies of Languedoc, who listened to them with eager minds; and accordingly, in the close of 1206, he opened at Prouille, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a place of education and refuge for girls, where they might be kept in the true faith. Some time afterwards, the first brotherhood of the order of Preachers was established, only sixteen in number, but destined speedily to grow into an army of missionaries. These peaceful labours of the saint, however, were all cast into the shade by the horrors of the Albigensian war, associated with his name. The special occasion of this war was the murder of the Papal legate in the beginning of 1208; but the passions had been long preparing which rendered it a necessity. It is beyond our power to give even a slight sketch of this atrocious crusade against the civil and religious liberties of the inhabitants of Languedoc, or of the leaders on the one side or the other, the pleasant, vacillating, and humiliated Raymond, and the intrepid, violent, and bloodthirsty Montfort. As in all such cases, it is difficult to penetrate to the real character of the chief actors, and to learn how far religious passion or enthusiasm mingled with the lowest motives of human ambition. Of the horrible cruelties of De Montfort there seems to be no question. Men, women, and children were massacred without remorse. "Four hundred," it is said, "were burned in one great pile, which made a wonderful blaze, and caused universal rejoicing in the camp." When the bishops failed in converting the captive heretics, they burned them.

The question that concerns us is, What was St. Dominic doing all this time? Did he share in the atrocities of the war? or did he

* Lacordaire.

mourn the interruption of his peaceful labours of conversion, and preach moderation to the conquerors as well as penitence to the heretic? There is really no clear evidence on the subject. All that is known is, that he remained throughout the friend of De Montfort, and obeyed his call to bless the marriage of his sons and the baptism of his daughter. There may have been some necessity for this compliance, but the conclusion seems justified, upon the whole, that while the saint kept aloof from any active participation in the scenes of bloodshed, he yet acknowledged the work of the Lord in the destruction of the heretics. Many saints of far more recent times have not been more merciful or more enlightened than St. Dominic in this respect. Again, it may be asked, Did he not at least take an active part in the tribunals which condemned the heretics, those tribunals out of which the dreaded Inquisition grew? It is a common idea that the Inquisition owes to him its origin. This honour (!) has even been claimed for him by some of his ardent Catholic admirers. "What glory, splendour, and dignity belong to the Order of Preachers," says one; "for the Holy Inquisition owes its origin to St. Dominic!" It is difficult, or rather impossible, to answer such questions, for the simple reason that the stories regarding them, like so much else in his life, belong to legend and not to history. The veil of imaginative tradition which rests upon his career, and especially upon this part of it, cannot be lifted. The best thing, perhaps, to be said in his favour, is, that he seems to have been anxious, when he saw all the horror and hopelessness of the war, to withdraw from the country, and that he finally did withdraw from it in 1217, after the death of De Montfort. There is little gentleness, indeed, in his parting address at Rouille, and the spirit of vengeance rather than of peace seems to breathe in it. "For many years I have spoken to you with tenderness, with prayers and tears, but, according to the proverb of my country, where the benediction has no effect the rod may have much. Behold, now we rouse up against you princes and prelates, nations and kingdoms, and many shall perish by the sword." This seems but a poor gospel to a people already decimated by the fierce armies of the Church, and the preacher of it can hardly be claimed as an apostle of peace. Full of enthusiasm, of eloquence, of that dogmatic zeal which is sometimes a consuming fire with great but narrow natures,

above all, full of that genius of combination, and power of inspiring devotion in his followers, which must, more or less, distinguish all leaders, his is hardly a Christ-like nature, like that which we shall be able to contemplate in St. Francis.

When Dominic retired from Languedoc he went to Rome, and there spent the remainder of his life in the organization of his order. It did not receive the formal sanction of the Pope till 1216, and probably Dominic saw from this time forward that Rome was a more likely place to carry out his great plans than Languedoc. His eloquence moved pilgrims from all quarters, who enrolled themselves under his banner, and carried his zeal for propagating the faith to distant lands. In the year 1220 he saw himself the master-general of an order which had extended into Spain, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and England. Monasteries rose everywhere, which no longer enclosed brethren within their walls, devoted to the perfection of their own spiritual life, but which sent forth thousands of missionary preachers to defend the Church and confound the heretic. It was a great conception to meet the exigencies of the time by the very provision which it needed. The Church was panting for the lack of preachers. They sprang up in every direction. Nor is it their number only, as Milman says, "which grew with such wonderful fertility. They are not content with the popular mind. They invade the high places of human intellect, and by-and-by they are disputing the teaching in the universities of Italy and Germany, in Cologne, Rome, and Oxford. Before long they are to claim two of the greatest luminaries of the prevalent philosophy, Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas."

When Dominic at length rested from his labours, in August, 1221, he may have seen in hope something of the glories which awaited his order. Whatever obscurity may hang over his personal character, and even if it do not, so far as we clearly see it, excite our affection, we can hardly deny it our admiration. It is intensely ecclesiastical. We can barely read the traces of ordinary human feeling beneath the stiffened outline of the priest, the dogmatist, the master-general. But amongst ecclesiastics, pure and simple, there have been few greater than Dominic. He is complete in his own line of greatness, a true pillar of that Church which canonised him.

JOHN TULLOCH.

OUR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

PART II.

ON the 25th of August our consort was securely placed in snug and comfortable winter quarters on the northern side of Lady Franklin Sound, the *Alert* proceeding on her solitary journey northwards.

On the 29th the 82nd parallel of latitude was crossed; but here the ice assumed a totally different character, being infinitely more ponderous and heavy than anything we had hitherto experienced. The thickness of

the floes was estimated at from eighty to a hundred feet.

To contend with this massive ice required the greatest judgment and care. On one occasion the ship was completely beset in it, and placed in a very critical position, but fortunately escaped with no greater injury than a damaged rudder. Little respect is shown to the unfortunate ship that is exposed to the fatal embrace of what has been



In the Magnetic Observatory.

aptly designated by our old Arctic navigators "ye unmercifull yce."

The region of icebergs had been passed, and in their place were substituted large masses of ice, from twenty to fifty feet high, fragments of the floes by which we were surrounded, that had been broken off by collisions with each other or by coming into contact with the land. These large pieces received from us the name of "floebergs," the term being intended to convey the idea

of a mass of ice more bulky than an ordinary hummock, and formed in a different way.

On the 1st of September, a strong southwest gale having cleared a narrow passage for us along the coast, we had the extreme gratification of displaying the British colours in a higher latitude than had ever yet been reached by ship. All were desirous of participating in this act. Never was an ensign hoisted by such a number of eager and willing hands. Every one was jovous and

elated when all assembled round the ward room table at noon to drink success to their flag in a glass of Madeira, issued by their generous wine caterer, to celebrate the event. But Arctic navigation is of too uncertain a nature to allow any one to indulge in bright hopes for the future for any long period. One short hour after our ensign had fluttered out so gaily before the breeze, we were stopped by a barrier of ice of great thickness, through which there was no prospect of penetrating. We were therefore reluctantly compelled to secure the ship inside some grounded floebergs that promised to afford protection from the irresistible onslaughts of the polar pack.

We were within one hundred yards of a low undulating coast, trending to the north-west, and completely covered with snow. In this exposed, and apparently unsafe, position we were doomed to spend the succeeding eleven months. It was not, however, without some difficulty and danger that the ship was permanently secured.

On the following day a violent squall struck us, the line parted, and the vessel was blown out from the harbour of refuge. Shortly afterwards the wind shifted suddenly. We were then in imminent danger. The pack was fast driving towards us; to be caught between it and the floebergs would be certain destruction; to escape to the southward was quite out of the question, and to steam into the pack would be fatal. Our only hope of safety was to avail ourselves again of the protection of our friendly floebergs. By dint of hard work we succeeded in hauling the ship into security, and not a moment too soon. We had scarcely got inside before the whole body of the pack came against the bergs, scrunching and squeezing in a most unpleasant manner, and serving to illustrate the dreadful fate that awaited us, had we not been fortunate enough to escape from its insatiable clutches.

Providence had already guarded and favoured us, almost beyond our most sanguine expectations, and it was with a deep feeling of relief and thankfulness that we received the official announcement that this position had been decided upon for our winter quarters. By the third week in September the ship was completely frozen in; and here we remained until released the following summer.

It must not be supposed, because further progress in the ship had become an impossibility, that our labours were in any way lessened; on the contrary, our real work was

about to commence; a work in which we were all about to take part in a greater or less degree, and a work the accomplishment of which had been our sole engrossing thought since leaving England. Exploration having ceased with the ship, further discovery, we knew, depended entirely upon the individual exertions and endurance of those who were to be engaged in the work of sledging, and therefore the responsibility connected with its success was, more or less, felt and shared by each officer and man in the expedition.

The land in the vicinity of our winter quarters was naturally a subject of special interest to us. Speculations were rife regarding its extent and formation. The possibility of obtaining game of any description, was a matter of much importance to us who were doomed to pass so many months in these icy solitudes. Alas! any hopes which we had cherished in this respect were soon found to be fallacious. The land for the succeeding eight months proved to be as devoid of life as its appearance was desolate and sterile. It had already assumed its wintry garb; everything was white, solemn, and motionless around us; no voice of bird or beast was heard to disturb the silence that reigned supreme. All was as still and silent as the tomb—a silence that, until then, had never been broken by the presence of man. Without a harbour, or projecting headland of any description, to protect her from the ice, the ship lay, apparently, in a vast frozen ocean, having the land on one side, and bounded on the others by the chaotic and illimitable polar pack. So formidable and compact was this icy barrier, that it effectually defied the puny efforts of man to penetrate its solidity, saying, as it were, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and, indeed, we had just cause to be thankful to Him who had hitherto watched over and preserved us through many dangers, and who had allowed us to penetrate into this remote and unknown part of our globe. Although up to this period we had experienced no great cold, the falling of the temperature and the formation of young ice alongside the ship were decided indications that the navigable season had expired. So rapidly did the ice make, that, on the day following the one on which the ship had been secured behind her protecting floebergs, we were actually able to walk on shore. Preparations were immediately made for as extensive an exploration of the land to the northward as the duration of light would admit. Preliminary sledging parties were despatched to survey the sur-

rounding country, and, if possible, to discover a more suitable and better protected position for the ship to pass her winter in than the one she then occupied. In this we were unsuccessful. True, a few harbours and land-locked bays were discovered to the north-west, but they were quite unapproachable for a ship, in consequence of their waters being, apparently, permanently frozen. The land was found to be composed of low undulating hills along the sea-coast, intersected by deep and narrow ravines extending far into the interior, where they were lost amongst the high conical-shaped hills of from one to two thousand feet in height that form the chief feature of the Arctic scenery in these high latitudes. To the eastward, on the opposite side of the channel, could be seen the distant land of Greenland. The position of the northern extremes of land on either side of the channel was, for a time, a matter of some uncertainty, and it was really doubtful which was situated in the highest latitude. They appeared equidistant from the pole; and it was not until after the return of the exploring parties that this important question was definitely set at rest.

From the moment it was decided that we could make no farther progress the winter appeared to advance with rapid strides, eager to seize us in its icy grasp, and the ship, in unison with her surroundings, assumed a wintry aspect. From the accumulation of frost time the spars and rigging seemed more than double their ordinary thickness, making our good ship present much the same appearance as those miniature vessels so frequently seen on the top of "twelfth-akes."

On the 11th of September a party of three officers and eighteen men was dispatched for the purpose of advancing a couple of boats to the northward; these it was thought might prove useful during the future sledging operations of the expedition. They returned in four days, having successfully accomplished their mission. On their return journey they encountered a furious gale of wind, which broke up the ice along the coast-line, and compelled them to drag their sledges over the land. During a short halt that was made for lunch under the lee of a high hummock they narrowly escaped destruction. Without their observing it, the ice commenced breaking up, and it was only by strenuous exertions that they succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, whence they observed the ice on which they had recently been encamped drifting out in small fragments to seaward. One of the

party, failing from sheer exhaustion, had to be placed on a sledge and carried. This seriously added to their difficulties; and it was with no slight feeling of relief that the wearied sledgers arrived alongside their ship after an arduous march of eighteen hours in the face of a hurricane. The severity of this march entailed much suffering on the men, untrained as they were; some few of whom were placed, on their return, under the doctor's care.

Meanwhile those remaining on board, but few in number, spent an anxious and trying time. The young ice by which the ship had been surrounded had completely broken up and disappeared, and had it not been for the protecting grounded floebergs, small mercy would have been shown to the good ship *Alert* at the hands of "y^e thick-ribb'd ice." Small fragments of the pack, large enough however, to be unpleasant and disagreeable neighbours, would occasionally get through the hummocks and drift about in our immediate vicinity. These it was our object to secure as speedily as possible, otherwise their continued movement would break up the young ice, or prevent it from forming. The ominous grinding noise of the pack, as it swayed to and fro in the channel, and the terrible war that appeared to be raging between the floes as they came into furious contact with each other, pulverising their sides or rending huge fragments from their edges, was a sound and sight that struck us with wonder and awe. The grandeur and solemnity of the scene gave rise to thoughts of our own weakness and insignificance amidst these wonders of the far north.

By the 25th of September the ice had again formed around the vessel, and was of sufficient thickness to bear heavy weights. On that day a strong party, consisting of three officers with twenty-one men and three sledges, left the ship, provisioned for an absence of twenty days. Their orders were to advance as far to the northward, along the land, as possible, and at their extreme position to establish a large dépôt of provisions in readiness for the use of the main exploring parties that would be despatched in that direction during the ensuing spring. A preliminary party, consisting of an officer with three men and a couple of dog-sledges, had been despatched a few days previously.

Perhaps there are many of my readers who, like the majority of my friends, imagine that the work of sledging in the Arctic

Regions entails little or no physical labour or hardship—that, in fact, we take our seats on the sledges, and, comfortably wrapped up in furs and shawls, are dragged along at a rapid pace by dogs or reindeer;—that when we halt we build up a large fire, and having some deer, salmon, or other products of the chase, proceed to cook and discuss a sumptuous meal, retiring to sleep, when this is concluded, in a nice warm snow-house or wooden hut. This would no doubt be very delightful, but unfortunately it is the very reverse of sledge life on the shore of the Polar Ocean. There climatic hardships of a very severe nature have to be endured; no change or variety of any description can be made in the fare, and only a certain allowance can be allotted to each individual.

When that is consumed, hunger must be borne with patience until the time has arrived for the next meal. A light tent is all the covering to shelter the traveller from the furious onslaughts of a biting wind, accompanied always by a blinding snowdrift, so searching as to find its way, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, into the tent, whilst the hard-frozen sea is all the couch that the wearied sledger has, on which to rest his aching and frost-bitten limbs. Fire there is none. Even if the material for making one was available, under such circumstances as I have related it would be an impossibility. It could not be lighted in the tent, and outside would be quite out of the question. I cannot do better than quote the words of Sir George Nares, who, in addressing his men before leaving England, and speaking of his own experience of sledge life, said, "that if they could imagine the hardest work they had ever performed in their lives, intensified to the utmost degree, it would only be as child's play in comparison with the work they would be called upon to perform whilst sledging."

These prophetic words were soon and fully realised, and often were they recalled and commented on by those who were employed in the autumn, during their initiation into the mysteries of Arctic sledge work. It is not my intention now to describe the actual routine of sledge life, reserving such a description for a future number; but it may be as well to relate a few of the most prominent features, more especially connected with the autumn work.

Our predecessors have alluded to it as the very acme of discomfort. In corroboration of this statement there was, amongst us, no

dissentient voice. In the first place, the decreasing light, caused by the gradual lessening of the sun's altitude, was decidedly objectionable. Before the return of the explorers, the sun had illumined for the last time the summits of the snow-covered hills in the neighbourhood of the *Alert's* winter quarters, and had sunk slowly and majestically beneath the southern horizon, bequeathing to us only for a short time a few bright rays until the long polar night enveloped us in its sombre mantle, and left us in gloom and obscurity for many months. A few hours of twilight, therefore, only remained during which the travellers were able to perform any work.

In the second place, they were liable to frequent immersions, due to the weak and rotten state of the ice; their foot gear, in consequence, was in a constant state of saturation, and they were therefore more liable to frost-bites. Some of these cases were so severe that no less than half the party were, on their return to the ship, placed on the sick list, three of whom suffered amputation. And lastly, this continual breaking through the ice of both men and sledge, combined with the heavy and incessant fall of snow, rendered the task of walking and dragging a sledge extremely laborious.

The excessive depth and soft nature of the snow seriously impeded their advance, and they were frequently compelled to halt the sledges while they were engaged with their shovels in clearing a road. The results of this autumn campaign were completely successful. A large dépôt of provisions was established some forty miles to the northward of the ship; practical experience had been gained which we hoped would bear good fruit in the coming year; and we had succeeded in reaching and passing the highest latitude attained by that distinguished Arctic navigator, Sir Edward Parry, forty-eight years before, during his memorable journey towards the North Pole.

By the 15th of October all the sledge travellers had returned to their ship, and the necessary preparations were made for passing the winter. Warm garments were issued, consisting principally of a complete seal-skin suit, including cap, carpet boots having cork soles an inch thick, and warm woollen guernseys. Let it not be supposed that our seal-skins were the same as those soft fur jackets so much in vogue with the fair ones at home. Ours were obtained from the ordinary Greenland seal, whose skins are covered with coarse

bristly hairs. They were nevertheless quite as warm.

The ship was "housed in" by a complete set of awnings made of tilt cloth, and so fitted with curtains that they could easily and readily be opened for purposes of ventilation. The upper deck was covered with snow to about a foot in depth, whilst an embankment of the same substance enclosed the ship on the outside. All skylights and hatchways not in use were snowed up, two only of the latter being kept for the means of egress and ingress, and these so constructed with double porches and snow walls as to exclude as much as possible the cold outer air. Stoves, our only means of heating the ship, were placed in assigned positions, and stringent regulations were issued regarding the economical consumption of fuel and to guard against all accidents from fire. The question of ventilation between decks was carefully considered, together with all those various indispensable matters connected with the interior fittings of a ship to provide against the rigours of an Arctic winter. Provisions in large quantities were landed, in case any unforeseen event should, during the winter, destroy our ship, and so at one fell swoop deprive us both of home and supplies. Out of the casks and cases so landed a spacious house was constructed, capable, if necessary, of affording a moderate amount of accommodation to the entire party. This house was used as a receptacle for sails, rope, sledge gear, and all articles that could not be stowed under hatches on board.

Snow-houses were erected on shore for the several magnetic instruments, and these latter were securely fixed by being firmly frozen on snow pedestals. The whole establishment, which was called Kew, was most complete, and reflected great credit upon its architect. It consisted of three houses, connected by sub-glacial passages, one being no less than one hundred and twenty feet in length. A wooden observatory brought from England for the purpose was also set up for the Transit instrument. This went by the name of Greenwich. A snow-house was built for the reception of our powder, which was called Woolwich, whilst other snow-houses, in which were placed salt beef and other provisions, went by the name of Deptford. Several more edifices were constructed for various purposes. Altogether the neighbourhood of our winter quarters had the appearance of a young settlement rapidly springing into maturity, rendering what would otherwise have been a barren and desolate scene one of cheerful life.

The sun took its final departure on the 11th of October. From this date darkness gradually settled upon the little band of exiles, reaching its greatest intensity on the 21st of December. For a fortnight on each side of that date the difference between noon and midnight was almost imperceptible. Occasionally at mid-day a faint luminous band might be observed along the southern horizon, but this was all the indication of the difference between day and night.

During the lunations of the moon, we sometimes enjoyed bright clear days, which were not inappropriately called "moony" ones,—

*"Kissing in clouded majesty, at length
The moon unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."*

These bright star and moon light days were periods gladly welcomed, contrasting so forcibly as they did with the darkness that generally prevailed. Advantage used to be taken of these comparatively bright days, as affording greater facilities for scientific observations, in which the officers were unceasingly engaged in their respective departments.

These included those in astronomy, magnetism, meteorology, spectrum analysis, electricity, observations for the detection of the polarisation of light, chlorine and specific gravity estimations, and others. The pursuit of these investigations was at times matter of great difficulty and extreme personal discomfort. It is no easy matter, with a temperature from forty to sixty degrees below zero, to handle delicate instruments, the manipulation of which, even in a warm climate, requires the utmost care and caution. The breath freezing on the arcs and verniers of the instruments as they were used added seriously to the difficulties; whilst the unequal contraction of metals rendered some totally useless during intensely cold weather.

Paraselenæ, or mock moons, and auroræ were of frequent occurrence, but none of the latter sufficiently bright to call for special attention. These phenomena were always carefully examined, and the results recorded. As a rule, the auroræ consisted of faint coruscations darting across the heavens through our zenith, sometimes in the form of an irregular arch terminating on the horizon, and generally accompanied by various small luminous patches.

By the first week in November we had regularly settled down to a steady winter

routine. In order to give useful occupation to the men during the long evenings, a school was instituted, and classes formed under the direct superintendence of the officers, at which nearly the whole ship's company attended. Reading, writing, arithmetic, navigation, and history were the principal subjects in which the pupils were instructed.

Never was seen such an orderly and well-conducted school, and it was a pleasure to the masters to devote their time to classes that evinced such an earnest desire of acquiring knowledge and gaining instruction as those on board the *Alert*. Here might be seen a staid old seaman, whose great brawny hand appeared more fitted to wield the marline-spike than the pen, vainly endeavouring, with his head close to the table and his tongue protruding, to add two and two together.

As a contrast to this, at the opposite table might be seen a smart young sailor who had distanced all his competitors in arithmetic, asking abstruse questions in mensuration that were sufficient even to make his tutor feel uncomfortable. After the schools were dismissed, the men enjoyed an uninterrupted evening to themselves. The smokers betook themselves to a place between decks specially appointed for that purpose. The studious ones devoted themselves to books, whilst others, and they were many, occupied the interval before going to bed in writing their journals.

Games of various descriptions, such as chess, bagatelle, draughts, cribbage, &c., were provided for our amusement. Even gambling came into vogue, the stakes being enormous, as much as one lucifer match (a very precious article) per game! One man was so rash as to wager a candle upon the result of a game, but this was a stake of such magnitude that no one was sporting enough to accept it. Thursday evenings were always devoted to dramatic entertainments, magic lantern exhibitions, instructive lectures, or music, both vocal and instrumental. These entertainments were kept up with the same spirit, and without a break, during the whole winter. They were usually called our "Thursday Pops," and afforded much pleasure and amusement.

Birthday amongst the officers were invariably celebrated by the best dinner that our caterers could provide, accompanied, as a great indulgence, by a glass of port wine. The following is a specimen of a bill of fare on one of these occasions:—



MENU.

POTAGES.

Mullagatawny.

POISSONS.

Pégouse à la Couverture de laine.*

ENTRÉES.

Petits pâtés d'Homard à la Chasse.†

Rognons à la pa n rôti.

RELEVÉS.

Mouton rôti à l'Anglais—Tongues on gimbals.

ENTREMETS.

Pouding aux raisins.

Blanc-manger à la Hummock.

Petits pâés d'Hahis à la place d'Eccleston.

DESSERT.

Poudin glacé à la Hyperbor. an.

Figues. Noce.

Gâteau à l'Irlandais.

Café et Liqueur à la Jesson.

November 11th, 1875.

Sometimes, as the following effusion, detailing our cheer on Christmas Day, will show, we indulged in composition of a higher and more classic order:—

H.M.S. "ALERT."

À la Julienne soup is the *potage* we favour,

And soles fried *au naturel* serve us for fish;

We have cutlets and green peas of elegant flavour—

Beef garnished with mushroom—a true English dish.

Then a mountain of beef from our cold Greenland valleys,

Overshadowing proudly boiled mutton hard by,

Till our appetite waning, just playfully dallies

With a small slice of ham—then gives in with a sigh.

For lo! a real British plum-pudding doth greet us,

And a crest of bright holly adorns its bold brow;

While the choicest mince pies are yet waiting to meet us:

Alas! are we equal to meeting them now?

* Blanket wrappers were articles of wearing apparel.

† Hunt was the name of the ward-room cook.

So we drink to our Queen, and we drink to the maiden,
The wife, or the mother, that holds us most dear;
And may we and our consort sail home richly laden
With the spoils of success, ere December next year.

The composition of these *menus* was always a subject of anxious care and forethought on the part of those entrusted with this important duty, and long and earnest was the consultation and many the references to the French dictionary before they were submitted to the printer's hands, for printed they invariably were. In fact, the chief use of our printing-press, and the most important occupation of the "printing establishment," was the production of these "bills of fare" and the programmes for the "Thursday Pops." The latter were announced to the general Arctic public by the following notice, which was widely circulated:—

"On Thursday, the 11th of November, 1875, will commence a weekly series of Popular Entertainments, that will consist of lectures, reading, recitations, and music, both vocal and instrumental, &c. No trouble or expense has been spared in obtaining the services of a great number of the most talented men of the day. The entertainment will be given in the airy and commodious hall situated in Funnel Row.

No Encores.

God save the Queen.

Doors open at 7.30. Sledges may be ordered at 9 o'clock."

Except on the evenings exclusively devoted to the legitimate drama, the entertainments were always preceded by a lecture from one of the officers; astronomy, light, geology, meteorology, or some other interesting and instructive subject, adapted to the knowledge and intelligence of the audience, would be selected. These were eagerly listened to, and afforded as much pleasure as the readings and songs that followed. Among the many gifts showered upon us by kind and generous friends at home was an excellent piano, and, as good fortune would have it, among our officers was a very talented musician, to whose good nature and willing efforts much of the success of these evenings was due. These entertainments were always held below on a spacious part of the deck generally allotted to the smokers. We did not, in consequence, suffer from the cold in the same manner as our consort, her want of space necessitating the construction of an *ice* theatre on the floe. In this it was difficult to raise the temperature above the zero point. Their ladies were, therefore, unable to indulge in low dresses, and a close observer might have detected under-clothing composed of seal-skins beneath their otherwise gorgeous dresses of silk and muslin.

The costumes were, of course, a subject of great discussion and deep interest. The making up of dresses, and the manufacture of wigs from musk-ox skins and oakum, employed minds and fingers that until then had been strangers to such occupations. Many were the needles broken, and many were the fingers pricked, before our ideal costumes were realised. Eider-down quilts were converted into the robes of a lovely Oriental princess; old uniform coats were beautified with spangles and tinsel, and appeared as the fashionable habiliments of a dandy of the seventeenth century; whilst a wicked magician of the Hebrew persuasion appeared in a coat of unmistakable clerical cut. Officers and men equally devoted themselves to the amusement of their shipmates, and if their histrionic abilities were not of the highest order, the zeal and energy of the actors fully compensated for the deficiency. We enjoyed a rare freedom from all newspaper reporters and harsh uncompromising critics. All that visited the Royal Arctic Theatre came with a desire and firm resolve to please or be pleased. Acting upon this resolution, our entertainments were bound to be successful. Occasionally we were agreeably startled by the announcement of an entire change of programme, such as a visit from "the only and veritable Wizard of the North," who condescended to honour the *Alert* with his presence "for one night only," on his way to "his hyperborean domicile;" or a notice to the effect that "the original and only true Pale-o-Christy Minstrels," a "troupe that never sings in London," the members of which rejoiced in the names of Sheepskin, Breaddust, Pendulum, Bones, Beeswax, Pemicanface, and Screamer, would delight the Arctic world by one of their celebrated and inimitable representations.

Although the mention of these amusements may be considered light and frivolous for men engaged in such a serious undertaking as that upon which we were embarked, still they all tended to one point, namely, the successful issue of the enterprise. It was all important during the long dreary winter through which the men had to pass that their mental, as well as their physical energies, should be kept continually employed. It was necessary to banish despondency, and to prevent any undue brooding over their lonely situation.

The encouragement of these entertainments added largely to the general well-being and satisfactory sanitary condition of

the expedition during the long night of nearly one hundred and fifty days.

So rapidly did the time pass that Christmas stole upon us almost unawares, and we were half surprised when a strong odour of cooking good things that pervaded the whole ship warned us that preparations for its celebration were actually in hand. It was a day looked forward to by all, not only in the light of a festival, but because it was regarded as the turning-point of the winter ;

every day would bring us nearer to the sun, whose bright face we all so ardently wished to welcome once more. Moreover, Christmas Day, to a community situated as we were, "away from the busy haunts of men," is always regarded as an epoch, a day looked forward to, and, when passed, a day from which many events are dated. The men had for the two previous days been engaged in making the necessary preparations for passing that day as happily and as socially



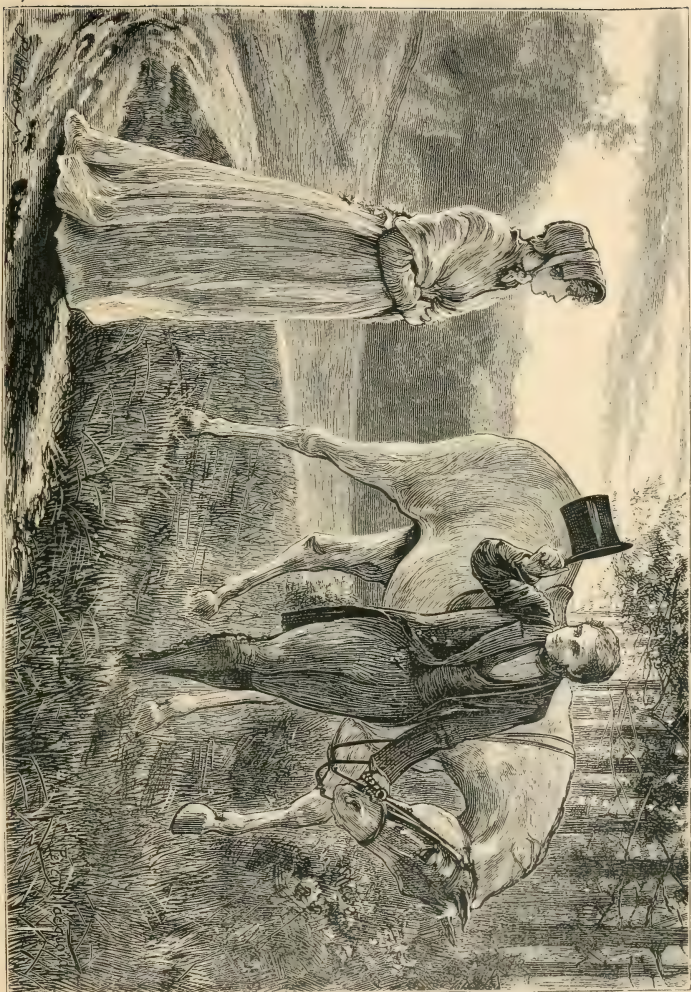
The Royal Arctic Theatre.

as if they were in a more genial climate. The lower deck was beautifully and tastefully decorated with tinsel-paper, artificial flowers, and flags, and the mess tables were literally groaning under the weight of good cheer that adorned each one. Musk-ox beef and good English mutton were issued, and these dishes, supplemented as they were by real home-made plum-pudding and mince-pies, gave the tables a cheerful and comfortable appearance ; whilst the radiant healthy-look-

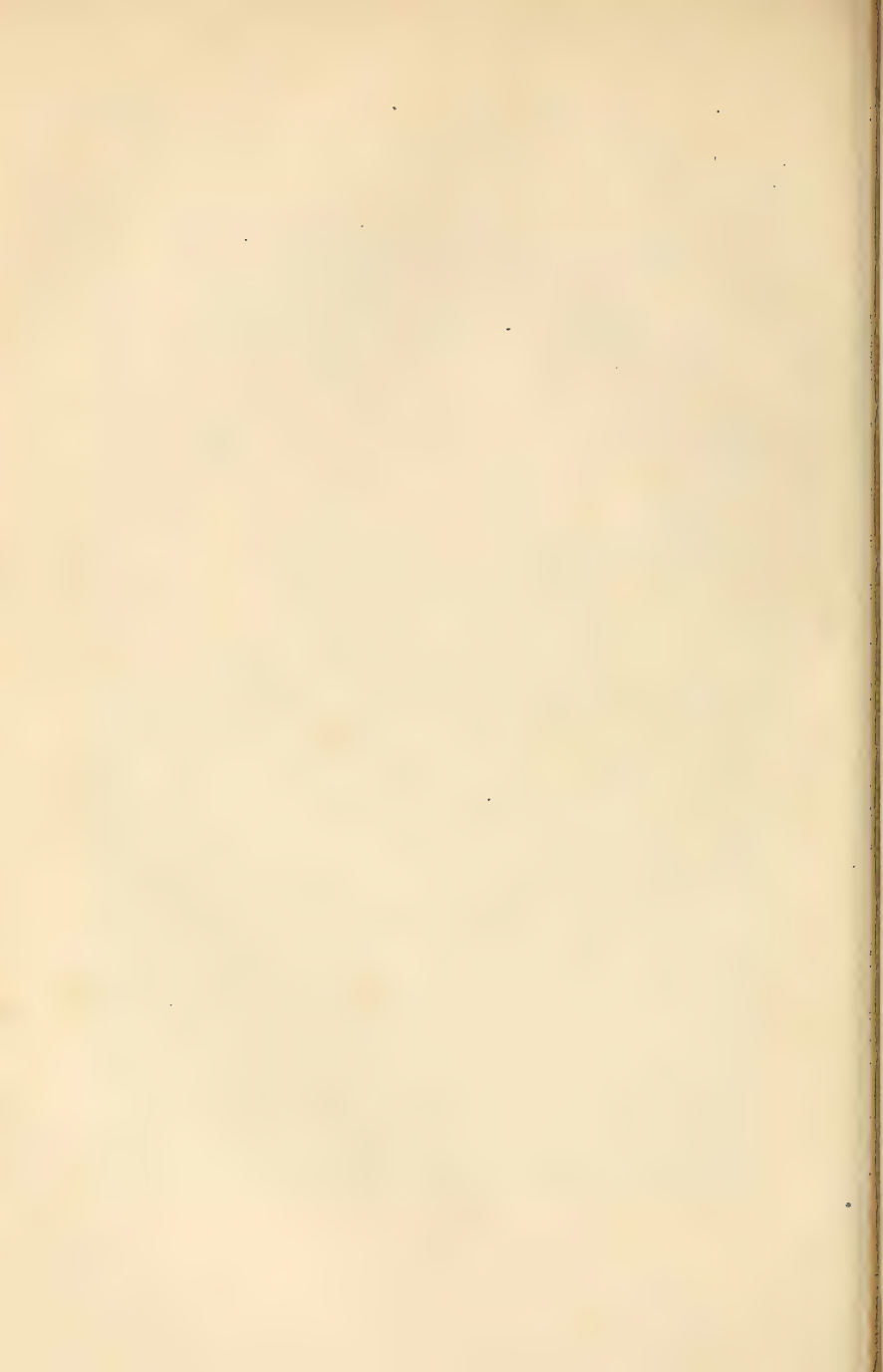
ing faces that so cordially and heartily greeted us with the compliments of the season left little to be desired. In no region of the world could this Christmas Day have been spent with more mirth and more genuine fellowship than it was by the little band of explorers, so far removed from all home-ties and associations, who were celebrating that day, so dear to all, in a latitude further north than man, to our knowledge, had ever before penetrated.

(To be continued.)





"DORIS BARUGH."



DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER V.—SYMPATHIES.



HOW small—
how
very
small it
all is!
and
how my
mother
stoops!"

Doris looked round the small square room with its low ceiling, cheap white curtains, and commonplace furnishings, almost before she looked at its occupants.

Her mother and George had received her at the door, and she had returned their hearty kisses warmly; and now came that lull which with English people is apt to succeed any unusual outburst of affection, as if we want to give emotion time to subside into an equable flow of feeling. The silence was broken by the father, usually the least talkative member of the Barugh family. He had stood gazing at Doris; now he said suddenly,—

"Wheea, George, lad, thee's as glum as a dearnail. Ain't thee fain te see Doris?"

"Aye, fayther," he smiled, and limped nearer the chair where his sister sat, looking at her with loving admiration.

Doris did not want to speak. She would have liked to sit quietly taking in all these new impressions, but her own sense of good-breeding and this appeal roused her. At present she felt too much a stranger for affection.

"How you have grown, George!" She looked up at the tall, slender lad; he was paler even than usual; his brown eyes were full of feeling as he smiled in his sister's lovely face.

All the repulsion he had fancied, all the

coldness he had feared his manner would betray, had melted in the genuine delight of her presence. He had imagined he should see an artificial, stiff, grandly-dressed young lady, and here instead was a lovely, simple girl smiling at him as if she were quite at her ease.

"D'y'e find him altered, my dear?" Mrs. Barugh spoke to her daughter with great respect, pulling nervously at her cap-strings; though she had paid for the clothes Doris wore, Miss Phillimore had chosen them, and the make of the girl's gown, the set of her shawl, and the style of her simple straw bonnet impressed Dorothy's mind at once. "John's right; she's like a born lady," she said to herself.

Doris looked earnestly at George's brown eyes still bent on her face.

"Yes, he is altered," she said gravely; "he looks so much older,"—then turning to her mother—"and you are altered too, mother," she said, with her sweet rare smile, "but you look younger than I could have expected."

The tinge of colour that rose in Dorothy's cheeks made the likeness between herself and her daughter very perceptible.

"That's just what Mr. Burneston remarked yesterday," she said in a fluttered voice; "he said—"

"Bother Maister Burneston," said John good-humoredly. "We'll hev t' rest o' 'tecal presently—t' lass 'll need t' gan oop-steers an' fettle hersel'."

Doris sat down in a chair near her bedroom window. She saw how small everything was, and that the ceiling was very low, but she never glanced at the little details about the room, at which Mrs. Barugh and George had worked so hard.

"How different things are from what one expects!" she said. "I thought mother would vex me, and that father and I should get on well; and now it's father's way of speaking that vexes me, and this little ugly house. I feel as if I must stifle in such small, poky rooms. Mother looks nice if she wouldn't stoop, and George looks like a gentleman—somehow I feel timid with George. But it's too soon to judge fairly of anything, and it *is* nice to be like Rica, and have people of one's own to love one."

Doris's notions of the outside world were somewhat vague. Twice a year there were parties at Pelican House, and in these she had danced with, and had been spoken to, by "grown-up" gentlemen and ladies, for every one was attracted by Miss Phillimore's "lovely pupil," who never seemed the worse for the notice she excited. Then at church she saw many people, and in the long summer holidays Miss Phillimore had taken her sometimes to Cromer, sometimes to Broadstairs, and Doris had found friends everywhere. She never sought them. Her proud northern nature shrank from any deception, and she felt that with strangers she was a deception, and that if they could see her in her home-surroundings, with her mother in place of Miss Phillimore, these refined acquaintances would not care about her.

There was no outspoken confidence between Doris and her schoolmistress about her home or her parents. Miss Phillimore had asked no questions and made no comments—even on John Barugh's broad accent—for she saw him once or twice; and so the girl's natural reserve had deepened and strengthened. Till Rica Masham came to school, Doris had not opened her heart to any one—even to Rica she merely said her father was a Yorkshire farmer. She had tried to forget her surmise that Mr. Burneston had been the means of sending her to so good a school. The feeling of obligation was galling to Doris, but it came back now; and she wondered how her father could ever have brought himself to submit to it.

"Well, perhaps it is a way landlords have." She roused herself to take off her bonnet and smooth her hair—for she now wore it smoothly brushed behind the little ears that blushed like a delicate sea-shell—it would not lie flat, there was a lovely ripple on the silken masses, especially over the creamy temples, where a blue vein showed through the tender skin. "George said, when he wrote about Rose, that Mr. Burneston was going to pay half her schooling; but Rose and I are different." Then, after a pause, "Perhaps father's richer than I thought, and took nothing but advice from Mr. Burneston."

Doris came into the room below, and the sight of the tea-table gave her a fresh shock—she had forgotten the old home customs—it was piled with cakes of all kinds, besides cold ham and fowls, and a huge pie. She looked at the plateful her father carved for her, and pushed it gently away.

"I can't eat half this, father; indeed I can't," she said.

"Nivver fash theesel', my lass," John said. He was so happy that he was almost frolicsome this evening. "Eat it or lay't back, it's all yan, bless thee; thee's safe to be reeght."

George said little; he was studying Doris, and wondering whether she would like Rose. He always felt better in health away from Burneston, but it had been a sacrifice to give up Rose's visits, though lately she had been visiting some of her schoolfellows, and he had seen little of her.

John Barugh noticed the lad's silence and the wistful looks he cast at Doris; and, though he grudged to lose a moment of his darling, he understood George's feelings.

"Dorothy," he said when the meal was over, and the smart little maid had cleared the table, "coom awa. Ah'se summatt fer thee." Then in the kitchen he added, "T' lad's fleyed. He weean't speak te Doris while ther's nobbut him an' her aleean. Coom, mah lass, Ah'se brought ye a fairin' frae Lunnon."

It was true; false shame, or perhaps strength of feeling, had kept George dumb. As soon as his father and mother had departed his shyness fled. He limped across the room and took a chair beside his sister.

"I'm afraid"—he spoke much less broadly now; his intercourse with Mr. Burneston and with Rose had rubbed away some of his accent, while his reading had changed the old idioms of his forefathers into a nearer approach to standard English—"I'm afraid," he repeated, "that at first ye'll find us rough an' unlike what ye've been used to."

"Yes, it's very different." Then, with an effort, "But then you are my own people, and it is so lonely to live among strangers."

George raised his eyebrows, and his young face looked almost stern.

"Then why did ye stay on so much longer than was thought of?"

"Ah, that was different. I had got used to the loneliness, and I felt that if I came away at the time that had been fixed, I should be only half taught; my learning and music would have been of no use; I should most likely have given them up."

"You would nivver give up readin'."

"Oh no; every one must read, but reading is not all. I suppose any one can read, whether educated or not," she said loftily.

George felt humbled, and the old distance seemed to rise between him and Doris. He had grown to consider reading a high acquirement, because it was the only means of culture that came within his reach; and

besides this, his reading had taught him the meaning of some of his own feelings. In these years of separation from Doris he had often blamed himself for their disputes, or rather silent estrangements, for they both felt too deeply to get their grievances readily into words. Now this pitiless speech, which he exonerated Doris from meaning unkindly, carried him back to childish days, and revealed the root of the want of sympathy between them.

"No, it's not all,"—he made an effort to smile—"but it is a good deal to a chap that has to keep quiet most of his time, Doris."

"Yes; I was not thinking of you when I spoke," said Doris simply.

She had had no intention to wound; she was so accustomed to look at everything from her own point of view that it could not occur to her to study the feelings of others; and this manifest ignorance restored George's balance.

"School don't teach everything, I see," he thought, looking admiringly at his beautiful sister, "or may be my notion of a lady ain't t' right 'un; an' yet there's Mr. Burneston, he quite sorts wiv all I fancy; he's good an' gentle an' 'refined,' as mother calls it; he's proper an' kind too, but he nivver speaks a word 'at 'll mak' a lad feel sore when he's out at door; instid mah heart seems to gan after him."

"D'ye mind t' squire, lass?" he said presently.

Doris had gone up to a little bookshelf, and was reading the names on the backs of George's favourites. She did not turn her head; she felt her cheeks had grown red at the words.

"Yes, of course I do; he used often to come to the farm, you know; he's not altered much, I expect." And as she spoke, really and vividly came into her mind that meeting at the gate, and the foolish rhyme which during her school life, and the complete severance from home scenes, had grown vague, and when recalled had made her wonder why it had so greatly troubled her. Now she seemed to see the golden-starred meadow, and the white parsonage-house nestling down below it, and she said over to herself the words,—

"May it so happen, and may it so fall,
I may be lady of Burneston Hall."

George laughed loudly, and Doris started and cried out. The reality of it all seemed to scorch her, and she turned round suddenly so as to break away from the vision which had effaced present surroundings.

"Eh, lass, did I fley ye?" He got up, and, limping towards her, laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Why, I'se sorry, Doris, ye looks real skeered; sit ye down, lass, on t' squab. I laffed t' see ye potterin' at t' old books. D'ye know aught o' this 'n?" And he pulled Rose's well-read gift from under the squab-cushion and gave it to his sister.

"*'Pilgrim's Progress.'*" Doris turned over a few pages, and then gaped a little. "I've heard of it, but I don't think I ought to read it, George. Miss Phillimore told us never to read '*Don Quixote*,' or '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' or '*Vicar of Wakefield*.' She said they were common books, quite unsuited to girls."

George's lips curled. "Well, so is Shakespeare an' t' Bible, an' yet they're not common. If ye choose t' read the '*Pilgrim*,' I'll mark ye what t' read; an' ye'll hev a real loss wivout, Doris. It's as full o' wisdom as a pudden is of plums. May be it wad help ye; it hev me, oft an' again."

"Help me!" Her delicate eyebrows curved in wonder, but she was not ruffled by her brother's bluntness. "I fancy one must always get help from superiors, and John Bunyan was an ignorant man."

There was a silence.

"This isn't the old piano." Doris went up to a small pianoforte at the end of the room and opened it; then her eyes glistened. "Oh how very kind of father! Has he really bought this for me?"

She touched a few notes carelessly, and a bright flush stole into the boy's pale face. He limped up to her, put his arm round her neck, and kissed her.

"Sing me a song, honey," he said tenderly; "ye could sing like a lark when ye were a little lass."

CHAPTER VI.—DORIS'S WALK.

THE beauty of the dales round Steersley, and the picturesque little town itself delighted Doris; in the fresh glow of reunion and the novelty of all around, she lost the stiffness which the first strangeness had created.

"Thee's ma ain lass, after all, 'at Ah thouwt Ah'd nivver see again," said John Barugh on the third morning after her arrival. "Ah war reet afeared o' thee, lass, at first, thee war as set-oop as a duchess."

Doris looked at him gravely.

"Only shy, father, I think; you see you were all used to one another, and I was the only stranger."

"Weel, weel," he patted her soft hair with his broad red hand, "'t war t' sangs, lass, t' sangs hev put new life into me an' George."

And it seemed as if the magic power of her music had melted reserve and distance between the brother and sister. Doris did not yet know how to talk to George so as to win his confidence, but she had found out how to please him and her parents too, and the three sat entranced while she sang song after song, or played little snatches of Mozart or Beethoven.

Her chief longing in these first days was to get out of doors, and her father had gone with her in her walks. George tired so soon, and Mrs. Barugh never walked farther than to church and back: spite of the tiny house and the clever little maid, the notable Dorothy always had something to do indoors.

John Barugh had walked out twice with Doris, swelling with pride as he crossed the square market-place with its old pump in the midst, and saw the landlord of the Black Eagle come to his door, which faced the said market-place, to look after the fair creature walking beside her father; but on the fourth day John departed for Burneston without trusting himself to any leave-taking.

"Tak tent o' mah lass," he said to Dorothy, "'an' see sheea deecant want nowt, but, mind ye, mah lass, no visitors." He said this stubbornly, and got into his dog-cart and went back to his farm.

Mrs. Barugh had gone down to the gate with her husband, and now, instead of going back into the little sitting-room, where Doris and George were reading, she turned into the room they dined in, on the other side of the passage.

"My word, one would think Doris was more John's nor mine, he seems to set more store by her than by any one else." She went up to the small gaudily-framed looking-glass and settled her cap. "I suppose it's natural; she calls to his mind, poor fellow, what I was twenty years ago." She gave another look in the glass, and a little sigh escaped her. "Ah dear! I little thought then to take up with a man that couldn't speak English. Perhaps Doris 'll improve him—though somehow I don't think she'll bide long with us."

Mrs. Barugh went off into a reverie on the subject nearest her heart,—a subject so sternly forbidden by her husband on the occasions when she had ventured to hint at it, that Dorothy had grown to consider it almost criminal, and seldom now spoke of

Mr. Burneston lest she should say more than she intended.

"It's all a pack o' nonsense o' John," she said at last, pinching and pulling her large worked muslin collar to make it sit more like those worn by Doris. "Such a face and such a figure as she's got would ha' made her look like a lady anyway, and now she can play and sing and talk as she do—I ask where's the hindrance? John's a good husband, but he's a fool in some ways, he's clivver too, an' he ought to know where a woman's wit comes in useful; ah, if he'd just let me manage, I'd soon see the squire courtin' our lass."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, she hated to be forbidden anything, but to be forbidden to ask Mr. Burneston to come to the cottage was insupportable.

"Mother, I want father." Mrs. Barugh started. There was Doris standing in the doorway. "I'm going to walk alongside the river we crossed yesterday, there's beautiful country down in the valley. Where is father, perhaps he'll like a walk?"

"Why, child, how you scared me! Your father's gone back to Burneston, he's wanted there. Why, my dear, he's taken a longer holiday than he's took for many a year, all along of you."

"It was very kind of him," she said, and she went up-stairs.

She had grown used to her father's broad speech, and his great kindness had touched her deeply, but there was a certain sense of freedom in his absence. The tiny house oppressed her, and so did her mother's quiet common-place talk. George was interesting, but he gave her much food for reflection, and the complete change in her life had caused, after the first excitement awakened by it, a powerful reaction and a longing for space in which to dream as she had dreamed till Rica came to Pelican House.

There was this distinction between Doris's craving for solitude and that of a more imaginative dreamer, out of whose reveries creations are evolved—she only wanted to digest and consider this new life. It seemed to her that she was a woman now, and she must plan her future, as when at school she had planned her return home and its consequences. This was over, and home was on the whole more satisfactory than she had expected, her mother was so much quieter, and George was so superior to her remembrance of him; but yet it seemed to her that all was not over. Some day they would have to go back to Burneston, and what would life be like then?

Must she always be content to live alone at home? for she could not associate with the village people. As she looked forward to this part of her future, she saw that there lay the sting of the difference between herself and her family. Her mother and George spoke with delight of Mr. Burneston's visits, and she could not endure the prospect of seeing him. Doubtless there would be a charm in listening to his refined talk, and in the sympathy she would find in him; but it would be too galling to be visited as an inferior, and how else could Mr. Burneston regard her? She turned gladly from this thought to the picture she was occupied in painting of her own future usefulness. She meant to seek out poor ignorant girls and teach them to refine themselves, to make them give up the taste for smart cheap finery which she remarked in Steersley, and imitate her own simple ways; also she would teach them to think less of lovers; it was so very absurd that a man almost a stranger should claim all the thoughts of a woman, and make her forgetful and careless even of her parents. This last idea had been created by George, who argued that the first duty of a woman was to become devoted to one man.

Many of these thoughts haunted Doris as she tied her bonnet strings and came slowly down-stairs.

"Doris, love,"—her mother came out into the passage and spoke timidly; she was not nearly so much at her ease with her beautiful child as clumsy simple old John was,—"it's best not to go far off, unless the father's with ye, my dear. This isn't Burneston, where all the folks know ye; we're strangers here."

"Mother," the girl held her head very proudly, "what's the use of trying to be different to what I am? If there's no one to walk with, I must walk alone. I suppose other farmers' daughters have to do it. I shall be ill if you coop me up in-doors. You would be far better yourself if you got more air and exercise, and so would George." Then seeing the look of timid dismay on her mother's pale face, she added gently, "Will you come a little way with me now?"

Poor Dorothy was so touched and flattered by this request, that, almost involuntarily, she kissed her daughter.

"I'd like it of all things, my dear, and maybe another day I'll manage it; but George's heart is set on apple-pie to-day, and as to trusting Harriet to make it alone, I'd liefer go without,—t' would be leather or chips, and maybe burned as well. You needn't look so troubled, Doris. Indeed

my dear, I don't do kitchen work, your father couldn't abide it, let alone that I was never brought up to anything dirty; but standing over pie-crust is a thing not even a lady need look down on, so I tell you." Her cheeks flushed as she ended.

Doris smiled and went down to the gate. "Good-bye mother," she nodded, and it seemed to her that in that little outburst her mother had been more real, more like the fretful woman she remembered, than she had seen her since her own return home.

"There is really nothing to be ashamed of in my present life except that I am idle," the girl thought. She tried to be dispassionate, and to look at the whole matter as if she herself were detached from it. "I don't think I'm ashamed of any of them; if I had not been to school I shouldn't have known any difference I suppose. Then, if I hadn't been I should have lost, oh, how much! Why, I had no more perception of things than a dog or a cat has! I enjoyed nothing but puddings and new frocks. At school I was always looking forward. Well, then, there must be a want of some kind in life, so perhaps in time I may feel satisfied."

There was a stern contraction in the delicate eyebrows, a firm compression in the exquisitely curved lips, which told that the prospect of her future life gave Doris deeper anxiety than she would acknowledge. But her mind was too strong to indulge in repining, and she looked round to enjoy the exquisite country she delighted in.

Behind the two old-fashioned inns, with their quaint signs, the square-towered church stood at the corner of three roads; on the right was the high road on which she had walked with her father; the path which ran up past the church followed the course of the little beck for some way, and then divided, and broadened on the left into another high road, which went northward, leading on the right through a gate into pleasant-looking meadows.

Doris stopped a red-headed boy at the gate, and made out from him as well as she could her way to Steersdale; she had heard of it in her yesterday's walk, and had resolved to see it without delay. A fresh breeze blew her hair into her eyes as she climbed up the steep meadow which rose in a long green hill on the right. She paused for breath, before her was the wood the boy had spoken of, rising from a stretch of intervening waste grown over with brown gorse and dark orange brake and long red bramble arms. The wood was bordered by oak-trees which,

though set some way apart, stretched their branches till one met the other. Doris soon crossed the waste, and when she reached the shade of the oak-trees she looked back across the broad stretch of waste.

The tower and roof of the church, with its belt of poplar trees, gave some token of a village, but the houses lay hidden in the valley from which she had climbed, and only betrayed their whereabouts by wreaths of blue smoke, which blew this way and that as the breeze reached them. In the background lines of pine-trees stretched east and west, and above the dark trees rose the top of the hill, on the right glowing with golden corn, and on the left purple with a stretch of heathy moorland; far as her eyes could reach, rose interminable trees, veils of grey mist showing here and there where the dales came between the wooded hills. These soft mists varied in hue according to distance, and at times seemed to melt into the sky-line. Doris sighed with the fulness of peace such a scene brings, and then as her eyes fell on the foreground on each side of the waste—a foreground of emerald-green meadows, and fat yellowing turnip-fields—she turned and resumed her journey.

Her road lay through the wood, and this was suffused with green light, for the trees within it were planted closely, and the thin branches intermingled overhead; but soon the light grew whiter, and she found a small gate leading into the high road. Crossing this, she passed through another gate into a lane with grassed banks and hedges gay with honeysuckle. Except these flowers, which made the air sweet around her, and the clumsy buzz of a humble-bee blundering in and out of the heavy-laden blossoms, there was no sign of life near; there might have been cows in the fields on either hand, but the hedges were too thick to see through. The perfect solitude was delightful to Doris; she wanted to think about George, especially about his manner on the previous evening.

Her mother had spoken of Rose Duncombe, and Doris had answered coldly. She had never liked Rose, and one of the resolutions she had made at Pelican House was, that she would not associate with this girl. As she answered her mother she looked at George, and his expression of sudden anger puzzled her.

She walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, striving to puzzle out the meaning of the vexation in her brother's face, but after her usual fashion, simply from her own point of view. All at once a bright flush

flew over her cheeks, her eyes grew brilliant with indignation, and she gave a little stamp as she walked.

"It shan't be. It can't be. If George were to marry a girl like that, I could have nothing to do with him. She's not good enough for him—she can't be. Oh, it can't be! He only cares for her for old acquaintance' sake."

A stile which she had been told to cross stopped her, and she looked round to be sure that her landmarks were correct. Yes, there in front was a meadow rising into a green hill, and at the top, on the left, she saw smoke curling upwards from the farmhouse, which she knew must be lying under the shoulder of the hill; but her way lay slightly to the right, over the hill-top. Here were black-faced sheep nibbling busily, and every moment a faint tinkle came from a bell among them. A girl in a lilac frock and a sun-bonnet of the same colour was coming slowly down the hill path, leading by the hand a tiny copy of herself; the tiny child lagged behind at the end of its sister's long thin arm.

"Nance," the little voice said fretfully, "Ah'se sare weary." Then as her sister went on with her head bent, taking no heed of her, the child spoke angrily, "Thee taks nae gaun o' what Ah says, Nance."

"Hod thee gab," said Nance, sententiously, and she went on silently as before.

Doris looked after the children, and an expression of uneasiness crossed her face.

"I was like that girl once," she said, "exactly like her. I never had charge of George, but I remember how I used to vex him by my silent dreamy ways; but when we played or talked we used to quarrel; surely silence was better than quarrelling, and it is almost the same now. George is good, very good, much better than I shall ever be or should care to be, but he and I cannot see things with the same eyes." She paused for awhile, but the thought kept its place. "Well, Rica and I seldom agreed, but we never quarrelled; but then Rica can argue so well about things. She has seen and heard so much more than George has, she can give new light on subjects. Rica is so bright and original, and then she never broods over things, one knows exactly what she means. I did not know how much I cared for Rica till I came home."

She sighed deeply. At Pelican House she had felt herself Rica's equal, in some ways her superior; but now she asked which was real, her present estimate of her own posi-

tion, or the Doris she had seemed to be at Pelican House; the well-dressed, looked-up-to young lady, whose notice was sought by all her schoolfellows.

"I cannot ask Rica to come and see me," she said mournfully. "She is poor, poorer than we are, no doubt, and poverty seemed to be inferiority at Pelican House; but I am sure that every one who belongs to her is as refined as she is; there is no falseness about her anywhere."

Even if Rica would excuse and tolerate the roughness of her people, Doris felt that there was an insuperable obstacle to the happiness of their meeting at the farm. Sooner or later Mr. Burneston would visit them, and there would always be the chance of his meeting Rica, and Doris felt bitterly that Rica, with her home-made merino gown and her untidy careless ways, would be Mr. Burneston's equal, while she, so much better dressed, in what Miss Phillimore herself had called "such much better style" would have to behave to him as to a superior.

"Clergymen are the equals of every one," said Doris, "and these Mashams are refined people besides."

She left off thinking, and looked, with a longing for escape from these worries, at the peaceful English landscape, and at a long stretch of moorland bounded by the Hambleton Hills. In front of her lay another wood, enclosed, and entered by a large white gate, and as this slammed behind her Doris wished she could shut out her worries with it. This solitude, for which she had longed, had brought torment instead of soothing to her.

It was a very different wood to the oak copse. Tall ash and beech trees sent out such massive roots across the track that she had to walk heedfully. A rushing sound close by told her she had at last reached the river, and now the path which had been winding in and out among the trees turned abruptly and began to descend, and Doris saw through the tree trunks on her right that she was near the edge of the bank overhanging the stream; the sound told her how very high she was above it, but the path in front descended more and more rapidly, and she felt she should soon see the water that rushed along with so hoarse a voice below. She was too dispirited, or she might easily have broken a way through the brushwood and clinging brambles to the edge of the ravine, but instead she went on pensively planning her future, under the new light that had come on it.

Should she give up Rica and all her up-

ward clings, and try to content herself with her parents and George, and the neighbours? "I cannot, I cannot!" she said. "Why should I fling away all that I have gained so hardly? Books may keep up my learning, but they won't keep up my manners or my speaking; and I can't give up Rica; I never knew what she was to me before."

She might leave home and be a governess. More than one of Miss Phillimore's pupils had been educated with this intention. Why, even Rica herself contemplated taking such a position should need require her to do so. Doris sighed.

This was not the future she had planned, the future in which she was to influence and help others unaided. Well, could she not as a governess influence and help the childish minds confided to her?

"I would not mind taking care of orphans" (the exquisitely set head was proudly erect) "if I could be entire mistress; but I could not live in another person's house and adopt the ideas I found there,—no, that is not the life I have planned."

There was another future—Doris flushed angrily when the thought came; it was perhaps because this other future, viz., marriage, had a way of subtly connecting itself with Mr. Burneston, that the girl shrank with such dislike from the prospect of seeing him.

"Any way but that." She turned her head as if to shake off the idea, but to-day it clung like a burr; generally she found it easy to dismiss. For refuge she went back to the maxims of Miss Phillimore. Doris set far more store by the schoolmistress's scraps of worldly wisdom than her warm-hearted friend did.

"Rica used to laugh at Miss Phillimore; she thought her shallow and a prig, but I learned things from her that I find useful every day, little things that I never knew till she taught me. Yes, mother perhaps meant the same thing in what she used to say about getting married before I ever went to school, only"—her lip curled—"poor mother said girls shouldn't think about 'sweethearts'; and she was right, though she ought not to have talked so at my age. Miss Phillimore said more than once there was nothing so common and underbred as for a girl to think about getting a husband, or to think about love nonsense of any sort. Well, of course," she smiled, "it is absurd; no one could think of falling in love with a middle-aged man like Mr. Burneston; but I will not think about him at all."

To shake off this unwelcome puzzle she began to run down the steep path, smooth

now, for the very tall trees had stopped on the brow above, and she ran on violently till she stopped herself in a green meadow into which the wood suddenly opened.

A bright tinge of colour glowed on the girl's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening as she looked round for the river. The light had begun to fade down in this valley, and the evening looked later than it really was. Yes, there lay the river, dwindled to a tiny brook now and screened behind a hedge that ran along the opposite side of the narrow strip of meadow. A gap in this hedge showed a plank laid over the stream, and across this Doris found herself in the dale she had so longed to reach.

The stream went winding on along between green banks, gravel-edged, for the heat had shrunk the water; down below large stones showed green and brown through it with here and there grey projecting masses against which the stream struggled hoarsely. Ash-trees rose from the hedge beside it, a hedge backed by the ever-rising hill she had just descended, and now as she went on the sun began to set behind the wood, and the breeze rippling the water made thereon grey patches which contrasted with the reflection from the glowing sky overhead; the grassy dale broadened as she advanced, and a steeply rising wooded bank on the left made the place a charming green valley which seemed to have no end, and through which the broadening stream might so far as eye could reach "flow on for ever."

The trees looked dark and massive now, and as the sun sank and the light faded, the grass toned down from the bright emerald of its mid-day hue; it was wonderfully smooth, like a huge soft carpet, through which the river went on babbling, sometimes by a sudden curve making its way almost to the middle of the dale, and then again retreating to its ordinary channel on the right. It had so shrunk in some places, though the tops of the banks were a good distance apart, that the water ran along below like a silver thread. Doris grew tired of following its meanderings, and at last, when it curved and re-curved like an S in the middle of the dale, she scrambled a little way down the bank, and drawing her skirt closely round her jumped four times in succession across the brook. The last jump was a wide one, and her bonnet fell off as she reached the farther side. She laughed as she replaced it; the exercise had brought back her serenity.

"What would they say at Pelican House?" she thought, but her eyes and cheeks glowed,

and the breeze sent her hair straggling over her forehead. It had just occurred to Doris that she was taking a very long walk, and that her mother might grow anxious. She looked on to the end of the dale. Framed by the trees, which closed all distant view, was a man on horseback. He was not coming towards her; he seemed to be waiting for some one. "He is too far off to have seen me jump," Doris thought, "but it was foolish of me to behave so like a child;" and again a bright flush rose in her face.

CHAPTER VII.—A MEETING IN THE DALE.

MRS. BARUGH lingered at her gate, looking after Doris, perfectly unconscious of all that was happening down street, as she would have called it; for the High Street, after leaving the market-place, sloped downwards, and passing the cottage, which stood sideways from it, descended somewhat rapidly to the river, out of which came the little beck which flowed through the town. Up street there was coming at a quick pace, which did not seem to suit with his worn face and bent figure, a clergyman. He was scarcely an old man, and yet he was past middle age; he had a thin, red face, which had no pretension to beauty, and his hair was very grey, but there was a look of much sweetness in his faded blue eyes, of refinement in his timid mouth. As he drew near the gate Mrs. Barugh's quick ears heard footsteps, and turning round she faced the clergyman. He raised his hat, and she curtseyed, but she made no effort to open the gate.

The clergyman's face flushed, and his lips quivered nervously.

"I—I came to call on your son, madam, and have a chat with him, if you will permit," he said, in so deferential a tone that Dorothy curtseyed again, and a pretty little tinge of colour made her look almost young. "I noticed on Sunday that he is rather lame, and I hear he is fond of reading. I shall be very glad to offer him the use of my small store of books."

"You're very good, sir, I'm sure."

Dorothy forgot all about her gentility in the outburst of her touched feelings. "Will you walk in, sir, if you please? George 'll be right pleased to see ye. Tho' I'm his mother, and have perhaps no right to praise him, yet, sir, there's few lads like him."

The clergyman stopped and looked earnestly at her.

"I am sure of it," he said, "he has goodness in his face;" then with a little nervous

twitch of his mouth, "I had forgotten—I must introduce myself as the rector of Steersley; my name is Hawnby."

Again Dorothy curtseyed, and then she opened the door and announced the rector to George.

The boy's eyes brightened with pleasure as the clergyman shook hands with him and renewed his offer of books.

"It's the greatest kindness you can do him, sir," said Mrs. Barugh, and then she hurried out of the room to fetch the ginger wine and seed-cake, which, in her opinion,

were the necessary accompaniments of a visit, whether it was paid at eleven o'clock in the morning or at four in the afternoon.

George looked at Mr. Hawnby's sweet gentle face, and a thrill, the electric consciousness of a long-wanted sympathy, made the boy's heart beat quickly.

"It's great kindness, sir," he said shyly, "but not the greatest. I think coming to see a poor crippled lad's wonderful kind, an' I don't know what to say for 't."

A clatter outside made him look out of window.



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"It's t' squire," he said.

The rector left his chair and went to the window; a strange gentleman on horseback was an event in Steersley.

Mr. Burneston at the gate was looking for some one to hold his horse.

"Mebbe you'll excuse me, sir," said George, and he limped out of the room in search of his mother. "Mother," he called out, "here's Mr. Burneston."

Mrs. Barugh nearly let fall the tray she had just arranged to bring into the sitting-room. She forgot the rector in her surprise.

"Lor! what will John say?" and then came this consoling reflection. John had said she was not to invite Mr. Burneston to call; he had not said she might not see him if he came. Oh what a misfortune that Doris was out! She straightened her cap and hurried to the gate.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Barugh?" The squire spoke so frankly and cheerfully, that Dorothy felt she could not deny him anything, let John say what he would. "So you have your daughter back again; is she at home?"

"No, she's not, Mr. Burneston, and I'm rare and vexed; she's gone out for a walk."

"She'll not be long, I suppose," he said carelessly. "I have some business in Steersley, and I'll come back again in ten minutes or so."

Mrs. Barugh had been thinking while he spoke, and she answered eagerly,—

"Doris hasn't been gone above a quarter of an hour, Mr. Burneston; she was going to find out Steersdale; she's a famous walker is our Doris."

"Steersdale! why it's ever so far: you shouldn't let her go so far by herself," he said, pettishly. "I'm afraid I can't wait; good day," and raising his hat he rode off.

He was very angry. He had met John Barugh the day before he started for London to fetch Doris, and ever since his craving to see her had gone on increasing at a rate which showed him how strong a hold she had got on his imagination.

"Nothing but idle curiosity," he said to himself; but the curiosity would not be quieted, and this morning he had ridden over to Steersley to satisfy himself by the sight of Doris.

On his way he had tried to prepare himself for disappointment. Miss Phillimore had written him a letter full of praise of her "elegant pupil," as she styled Doris; but she had laid so much stress on the girl's "acquirements, which would do credit to any one," that Mr. Burneston feared he should find her spoiled.

"That schoolmistress has overdone it. If there's anything I hate, it's a clever woman," he said. "Half the charm of a girl lies in her little ignorances, and in the way she has of looking up to a man for information. I sent Doris to school to get polished, not to be turned into a blue-stocking. Learning takes all charm from a woman. I believe, after all, I had better have seen her now and then."

But as he reached the cottage his eagerness to see the girl had returned, and he could not restrain his anger when he learned her absence.

"What a fool that woman is! Fancy a girl like Doris wandering alone in such a place as Steersdale!"

He only knew the way thither by the high road, which crossed a bridge over the river, and ended the dale, and he rode off at once in that direction. He had no fear about recognising Doris.

"If Miss Phillimore is to be trusted, whatever else she is, Doris is a lady," he said

to himself, as he left the high road and entered the dale.

The river was broader here, but still it was evidently much narrower than usual. Gradually the ground rose on each side; on the right the lofty bank was clothed with trees fenced off from the dale by a low grey wooden paling, while beside the river on his left, as Mr. Burneston advanced up the green valley, was a hedge, behind which sloping meadows climbed to the top of a hill, on which a fence of dried furze and twigs stood out in strong relief against the pale green sky.

All at once there came into the picture this vision of a girl springing from bank to bank. He was too far off to see her face, but the grace and freedom of her movements impressed him at once, and he reined up his horse till she had jumped over the last bend of the brook. Then, as her bonnet fell off, something in the slight erect figure, in the queenly poise of the head, set Mr. Burneston's heart beating quickly, and without pausing an instant, he galloped forward, and sprang to the ground to greet Doris with all the impetuous eagerness of a boy.

"How do you do, Miss Barugh? I must introduce myself, if you have forgotten me. I called on your mother this afternoon, and she told me where you had gone."

All this time Doris had stood blushing, partly from vexation at her own heedlessness, and now under the squire's admiring gaze. But she made a great effort at composure, and probably her anger at having appeared childish helped her more than she knew.

"I have not forgotten you," she smiled and raised her eyes to his face; "you are Mr. Burneston."

He thought he had never heard words more sweetly spoken, and for the moment he forgot that he had resolved to consider Doris in a calm, dispassionate manner; he forgot everything but the delight of gazing at her exquisite face, and he turned to walk beside her, leading his horse along the dale.

"You have a good memory," he said; then feeling that he must have those eyes once more raised to his own, "Do you find your brother much altered?" he said earnestly.

The long lashes lifted again, and the wonderful blue-grey eyes fixed on his, the pupils dilated with sudden emotion, so that the eyes looked very dark.

"Yes, I find George quite altered, more altered than—than anybody;" then more timidly, as her eyes drooped again, "It was easy to recognise you—you have not changed at all, I think."

He laughed. "Well, I suppose I may consider that satisfactory; you have changed in many ways in these five years."

The bright colour flew over her face.

"Yes, I hope so," and there was a stiffness of tone which took him back to the child Doris. They walked on a little while in silence, and then the girl said,—

"Is your son quite well?" As she spoke a flash of angry feeling passed out of her face, and was seen by his ever-watchful eyes. It startled him. Why should she be angry when he spoke of Ralph? She had scarcely seen him, she could not dislike him, and the squire's thoughts went on to a possible future. The solution of her frown was simply self-centred; Doris could hardly keep from calling him "sir" when she spoke, and her anger against herself was vehement.

"Yes, Ralph is quite well, thank you; he is still at Eton, but he will be home at Christmas—at least I am not sure." Mr. Burneston spoke dreamily; it had just occurred to him that Ralph might as well spend Christmas with his aunt and cousins in Scotland. "It is rather dull for him, poor fellow, at Burneston all alone; though he and your brother saw a good deal of one another last holidays."

"I should think he finds George too quiet," said Doris. She spoke easily, seemingly without interest, but also without shyness.

"Well, but"—even as he spoke, it seemed strange to the squire, he almost smiled to find himself treating Doris as an equal, and eager that she should think well of him—"do you think that people should be alike to suit one another? Your brother's silence is just the thing to suit a lively fellow like Ralph, and then your brother is more indulgent than quiet fellows often are, and my boy is a young scapegrace."

"What a pity!" she said simply.

Mr. Burneston felt jarred and yet fascinated. He did not care to hear Ralph blamed, and yet he admired the freshness of nature which could make Doris independent of the fear of giving offence. He walked on in silence.

Doris was glad of the silence; notwithstanding her calm manner, she was inwardly flurried. She had been taken so completely by surprise that she had been obliged to answer hurriedly, and her thoughts never moved very rapidly. She wished Mr. Burneston would leave her, and then she should regain composure. She felt in a nervous and most unusual state under his eyes. "I like to hear him talk," she said, "I always did; but he used to make me feel shy, and it is the same thing now, and it is hateful to feel shy at nineteen."

"Have you been here before?" he said abruptly.

"No. I wish I had come sooner; the country is charming. I should like to stay here for hours."

He looked grave.

"It is too far for your brother, is it? I suppose he is glad to have you as a companion in his walks, when you do not go so far."

"Yes, but he is so lame, he can only go as far as the old castle, or maybe the terrace in the park."

"And you care for longer walks? Well, then, do you know I think Mr. Barugh or your mother should come with you? This is a lonely place without a companion—too lonely, I think, for a young girl to walk in."

Doris looked quickly at her companion, and her spirit rose against what seemed to her quite unjust interference.

"Father is gone back to the farm, and mother does not like walking," she said stiffly, "and I have always gone where I like in the country."

Mr. Burneston laughed, and Doris felt completely at fault. She had been so accustomed to rule those around her by a quiet stiffness, or rather coldness, of speech and manner—not natural to her, but used knowingly as a means of government—that this want of heed, or rather submission, surprised her.

She felt a sudden interest in Mr. Burneston; he reminded her of Rica. She had not thought he could do anything so un-matter-of-fact as to laugh at any one openly; but she was not courageous enough to ask him why he laughed.

"I must talk to Mrs. Barugh about it," he said; then, feeling that he was not sure of the mother's authority after such a long separation, "I think you had better not come here again alone," he said; "next time your father comes over he will bring you here, no doubt, if you wish."

Doris had recovered herself. She felt so entirely free of Mr. Burneston's authority, that his assumption of this fatherly part amused her.

"I don't think father minds my going so far alone," she smiled. "I loitered to-day, looking about me, or I might have been home now." Then feeling a sudden resolve to take her own position with Mr. Burneston, "You see," she said, blushing at the words, "I am only a farmer's daughter, and girls like me must go about alone, or they must stay at home."

He felt as if some one had struck him a

sudden blow, and he answered impetuously,—

"You make a great mistake. If your father had wished you to adopt the ways and habits of—of an ordinary farmer's daughter, he would not have sent you to Pelican House : that has changed everything. Tell me honestly, Miss Barugh"—his colour rose, and his eyes grew very earnest—"what you wish—to return to the companions you had before you went to school, or to associate with educated people?"

"I had no companions before, except Rose Duncombe."

She spoke proudly. It was insupportable to walk beside this man and submit to be questioned and advised on her secret trouble, hitherto unshared with any one. She looked very angry, her cheeks burning with mortification and resentment.

"Ah, no," he smiled, "I forgot you were new-comers; but I am sure Rose Duncombe will not suit you now, and yet you must have friends. Will you let me consider myself one of your friends?" he said gently. "Will you let me advise you?"

"Thank you—you are very kind." She was in such a tumult of feeling that she answered mechanically.

"It is something gained that she did not refuse," he said to himself. "She looks like a tempest. What could make her so angry? With all her simplicity, she is very difficult to get on with. However, shyness alters people, and she is shy with me, of course."

They walked on again in silence to the end of the dale by which Mr. Burneston had entered it. As they reached the high road he stopped.

"I will say good-bye here. I am not going back through Steersley. Then we are to be friends?" he smiled so genially as he held her hand, that Doris smiled back again with a radiance that glowed in the squire's mental vision all the way back to Burneston, even after he had reached the old manor house beside the river.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE ALERT.

IT is a truth which every one may not have realized, although of course, as Truth lives at the bottom of a well, only those whose faith is earnest enough can ever brave the risk of seeing her face to face; but thousands who just peep over the well's edge think they have gone to the bottom, from the persuasion they hold that a glimpse is as good as a full view.

The special view of truth I am now mean-

ing is, that time has not the same apparent duration to all of us, though it acts on all. Days which in crowded cities and among busy workers will seem to fly as they pass, and yet to fly carrying with them work achieved or preconceived purposes accomplished—indeed fulfilled progress of all kinds, empty of nothing but of that wonderful old-world charm of leisure which, like the lichen on ancient stone-work, gives to country life its special idyllic beauty—such days, sweeping by with seeming swiftness, carrying with them rest and health, and so much of life's best energies, how full they seem now they are gone! how long we are in reviewing them! And yet, in the sweet peace of country existence, free from the manifold interruptions of town life, when day after day only the actual routine of life has to be lived, when there is full time for the minutest duty, and abundant leisure for recreation besides, how slowly such days go by, with a delicious long-drawn-out sweetness that seems a foretaste of heaven! How short they are as we look back, because seemingly we have done nothing in them! We cannot see, without a much closer, more earnest investigation, all they have done for us. Link by link, hour by hour, habits have been forming, affections have been developing into love, dislikes have been strengthening into hatreds, and all has gone on secretly and strongly, because uninterruptedly. There have been few external distractions to weaken or stunt the growth of a passion or a purpose.

So days had gone on to weeks, and Mr. Burneston found that his visits to the Steersley cottage had become a necessity of his existence. He did not think or argue how these visits were to end, but he knew secretly that if he were to follow the bent of his inclination he should ride over to Steersley every day. He had surprised himself by the freedom with which he had first spoken to Doris, and he thought he had been premature. When he saw her again she was far more distant.

Ostensibly his visits were paid to George, but Doris was always present; and poor Mrs. Barugh found herself so left out of the lively conversations that the squire kept up with the young people, that after a time she usually took her work into the other room. Dorothy began to find life dull at Steersley. She had few of her wonted occupations, and she wanted John to tease and scold. There was fresh sickness among the cows at the farm, and he only came over

for Sunday, and then he was a visitor, and had to be made much of. It was tantalizing to live so shut up alone. George was always with Doris, and the talk of these two did not amuse Dorothy. Steersley was different to Burneston. There were neighbours here whose acquaintance she would have been proud to make, but the squire's visits held these neighbours aloof.

One day she hinted to Mr. Burneston that Mrs. Selby, the wife of the Steersley attorney, and Mrs. Cotswold, the wife of Lord Moor-side's agent, were pleasant people, and well inclined to be sociable.

"Please don't make any new acquaintances without consulting me, Mrs. Barugh," he said hastily, "I shall be jealous if you do. I shall think my friendship is not enough for you; and you really know nothing about these people; they may be mere gossips."

His word was law to Dorothy. She smiled and bridled in a glow of satisfaction, but in her heart she felt isolated, or, as she said, "moped." Her longing for gentility had been gratified by the squire's notice, but she knew that this very notice had alienated the people of Burneston from her; they were jealous of the favouritism shown to strangers. Poor Dorothy! her "society" was something like the guinea given by Mrs. Primrose to her daughters; and although she had suggested Mrs. Selby and Mrs. Cotswold to the squire, she felt that she should be quite content with Mrs. Gilling at the Black Eagle, or Mrs. Byland, the wife of the carpenter of Steersley, just to be able to open her mouth on what was happening.

Mrs. Byland lived just opposite; and when Dorothy retired from the trio in the drawing-room, as she persisted in calling it, she spent much of her time at the window, looking for a glimpse of her neighbour over the way.

It was delightful to have an elegant-looking lady-like daughter who could sing and play and talk as Doris did, but the luxury was robbed of half its importance when it had to be kept solely for home use, and when there was no one to talk it over with.

To-day, while she watched, she became so much absorbed by this thought, and by her own speculations as to the result of the squire's visits, that she did not hear the street door open and shut. She only roused herself to see Mr. Burneston wave his hand as he rode away, and George standing at the gate looking after him.

"My mercy! to think of my so behaving to a visitor, and such a visitor, of all people!

Whatever would John say? It 'ud give him a fine peg over me—that it would. I wish that cow 'd just live or die outright, so as I could get a word with John. There's no speakin' to George; he turns up his eyes an' calls me worldly, before he knows what I rightly mean. And, after all, men's wits is not of much account, unless it's all plain sailin'. It's been one o' the mischiefs o' my life, that I've seldom met with a 'cute woman I could talk over things safely with; though I'm not sure of that; sharp women is apt to be like razors—sharper than safe. Why, what on earth! Oh! my mercy! Yes; it's her, and no mistake."

Mrs. Barugh's delicate mouth opens to its widest, and her faded eyes have brightened, and are staring, as if they mean to spring from their sockets, over the way, to follow the spare active woman who is entering Mrs. Byland's house. If Doris had not been in the next room, Mrs. Barugh must have called out to George, and have asked for his sympathy in her curiosity; but she was not at her ease before Doris. The girl's quiet simplicity seemed to be always rebuking her mother's strain after "genteel ways," and Dorothy had the constant fear that her child thought her vulgar.

"It was Faith Emmett; I'd swear to her; there's not such another looking woman in these parts. What can she want prowling here, I'd like to know? I wouldn't have Doris know for anything. Sly old toad!"

Mrs. Barugh altered her position, and placed herself behind the white lace curtain, so that she could see without being seen. Her quick wits at once jumped to the right explanation of the housekeeper's presence at Steersley. "She's come to spy after her master; she wants to see where the squire goes, and she'll make some mischief, as sure as a gun," said the anxious mother. "Well, perhaps, after all, it's a mercy that I didn't get neighbourly with Mrs. Byland, for—" Dorothy smoothed out the faded lilac gauze cap-strings which hung on each side of her delicate face (in those days, though only old ladies tied their cap-strings under the chin, cap-strings were a necessary part of the head-gear)—"I should have told her everything—just filled her mouth ready for this old spy. I believe John's right; he's always kept me from makin' friends, because he says I tell too much to every one. Well, Mrs. Byland can only tell what she's seen; but she's a rare Paul Pry, always watching at the window, just like a woman without children; they're a rare lazy lot."

She longed intensely to be in the opposite house listening to the talk between Mrs. Byland and her visitor, and yet she felt helpless; she could do nothing. Mrs. Emmett had a right to visit any friend she might have in Steersley, so Dorothy stood watching and fuming behind her muslin screen, with two fingers pressed against her quivering lips.

On the previous day Faith Emmett's nerves had received a severe shock. Ten years ago her cousin Hezekiah Byland, having grown tired of waiting for his elderly cousin, had married a handsome, dark-eyed, York girl, though he had been engaged to Faith for eight years; but as she was much older than he was, and had moreover often refused to leave the hall to become his wife, her fellow-servants held Byland acquitted, and told Faith she ought to let bygones be bygones, and make friends with the young wife.

Faith bore the desertion silently, and as long as her cousin lived in York it was easier to bear it; but when, previous to settling in Steersley, he wrote asking leave to present his Peggy to his much-loved and respected cousin, the smouldering fire blazed up in Faith Emmett's soul.

"The coward!" she said; "the mean lad, to suppose I waste a thought on him or his!"

But this was only an outburst. Faith summoned her dignity, and wrote a courteous invitation to the recreant Hezekiah; and then, dressed in an old velvet gown given by her mistress, she awaited her visitors.

The grandeur of everything and the stately courtesy of Mrs. Emmett's manners, the way in which she seemed to be a part of the old house itself, her sway over the household, and her lofty patronage, quite overpowered Peggy. She blushed and giggled, answered in the wrong place, and finally threw her glass of port wine over Benjamin Hazelgrave's best trousers, which he put on to do honour to the housekeeper's guests.

Hezekiah Byland had never seen his wife behave so awkwardly, and, being proud and slow-witted, he was vexed, and told her to "mind herself," at which the luckless Peggy being overwrought and frightened, burst into tears, which under the cold, surprised glances of Faith, and her lofty pity, ended in hysterics and a sudden leave-taking.

"A gude riddance, too," Mr. Hazelgrave had said. "Yer cousin sud hev stuck to his fust Missus Emmett. This missus he's gotten is nobbut a haveril."

Since this visit Faith had heard nothing of her cousin, but this morning had come a letter from Peggy.

It began by an affectionate invitation to Steersley, and an assurance of cousinly regard. Peggy said that her dear cousin, Mrs. Emmett, had been brought to her remembrance by the sight of Squire Burneston, who was now a constant visitor at Steersley, courting a bonny young lass from London.

The Burneston people had heard from Joseph Sunley, who managed to know everything that happened to his neighbours, that John Barugh had committed the extravagance of sending Doris to a London boarding-school, and that to save expense—this was Joseph's version—Doris was not to come home for holidays. "Penny wahse an' pund feelish," Joseph said, and went on to argue, that the lass would have been better and happier had she been sent to school with Rose Duncombe.

Faith Emmett had taken little heed of this gossip till one day the sexton said in her hearing that the squire made fools of the Barughs by the notice he bestowed on them. The housekeeper despised Dorothy, who had always scrupulously avoided her, and her contempt deepened when she learned her master's favouritism.

The sudden departure of the Barughs had made, of course, food for fresh gossip, but Faith did not trouble about this, except to rejoice at their absence.

Peggy's letter struck her to the heart; for a moment she was capable of murdering the "bonny young lass" who had dared to attract the squire, and then she laughed at herself.

"'Tis a trick o' Peggy to fright me, bud I'se not sik a feel as she thinks. I'se bund t' Steersley the day, an' I'll see wiv me e'en what she me-ans."

She had not heard of Doris's return. Even if she had heard of it, so wild an idea as the truth would not have presented itself; but she went into the village and asked Ephraim Crewe to drive her over next day to Steersley.

Peggy Byland had expected this result. For some time past, she had been burning to show the arrangements of her smart house to some of her husband's people, by whom she considered herself snubbed. She had lost her shyness, and had gained much in self-importance, since she had lived in Steersley, where her handsome face and showy dress attracted far more notice than they had done at York, where she had lived in an out-of-the-way corner, "quite wasted," as she said. Therefore when she wrote to her husband's cousin, the wish to tease her was mingled with the hope of provoking her to visit Steersley.

When the knock came at the door Peggy was sitting in her smart parlour in her best black silk gown and the gold chain she had made Hezekiah buy for her, so that she might look, as she said, like a lady.

The maid showed in the visitor, and then Peggy rose, her great black eyes sparkling under their thick straight brows, and her colour brighter than ever, as she went forward with outstretched hands to greet Mrs. Emmett.

"Now this is real kind on ye, Ah's zeeer is it. Ah hopes ye'se not tired by coomin' oot so far fra home, Missus Emmett?"

But even while she tried to speak as boisterously as possible to show her perfect independence, Peggy's heart sank under the cold scrutinising glances of Faith's yellow eyes—glances all the more stabbing from the covert way in which they shot from under their long dark lashes.

Faith took the chair set for her with cold self-possession. She did not even ask for Hezekiah; she was resolved that Mrs. Byland should understand that her visit was due only to the importance which she, the house-keeper of Burneston, attached to reports affecting the credit of the Hall.

"What did ye me-an by sending sikan a feel's tale to me, Peggy Byland?" she said sternly; "writing a post letter, an' mebbe it hev been opened? I'se sham'd on ye."

Peggy's carmine cheeks grew purple.

"Don't ye mak no mistakes, Missus Emmett; there's mair mistakes than haystaks i' t' warld. Ah spose t' squire, as ye calls him, has a right to please hissel, and t' lass has a bonny face o' her ain. Ah believe she's leeakin' out in t' windy noo."

Peggy rose, rustling her skirts, and pointed out the cottage.

"Div ye me-an t' say"—Faith's face had grown rigid—"at Maister Burneston visits at sik a poor owlsh place as yon? Mebbe he's gude to 'em—he's rare an' gude, is t' squire. Ye sud mind yer tongue when ye speak agin t' quality, Peggy. Coortin', ye said! coortin', in sik a place as yon! T' ways o' t' quality ain't t' same as fooaks like yersen."

Peggy tossed her head. Faith's provocation had given her the courage she wanted. As she said to her husband afterwards, "Ah wur fair raageous. Ah wern't to be sed by any awd lass."

"Weel, mebbe he kens 'em; but they'se not poor. An' when Ah sent t' letter Ah didn't spose ye kenned 'em; but Hezekiah said t' mornin' they'se Burneston fooak, an' t' name's Barugh."

She kept her eyes on the window, in the hope that Doris and her brother would come out, as they often did, for a walk. She did not see the change in her visitor's face. Faith turned suddenly pale, her yellow eyes dilated till she looked like a cat ready to spring; but even then she was watchful over her words. The strange part of this woman was, that her outbursts were deliberate, and calculated to produce a certain effect, while her real impulses were as strongly controlled as they were violent.

"They'se not awd Burneston folk," she said coolly; "new-comers—t' farmer, an' t' missus, an' a lame lad?"

She gave a quick, interrogative look at Peggy, who nodded, and then spoke eagerly,—

"Eh, there's more nor t' fayther, an' t' muther, an' t' lad. They come first, an' mebbe two weeks after comes a lass, an' Ah sposes she's their lass by the ways on 'em; but she's a lady for a' that."

The withering rage and scorn that possessed Faith are indescribable. She looked at tall, broad-chested Peggy, and felt that she could shake her into fits; but she still kept a seeming calm. Peggy was looking curiously at her. Faith forced herself to smile.

"Mebbe it's Doris, the lass fra scheel—an' ye ca's her a lady! Fahne feathers maks fahne bods, Peggy. She's nobbut a farmer's lass." She gave a scornful glance at Mrs. Byland's gold chain. "Nae doubt it's t' Lunnon gown; but Doris's nooan a lady, Peggy. They 'at's allays wi' t' quality kens t' differ, where sikan as yersen wadna finnd 't." She ended so loftily that Mrs. Byland's courage forsook her.

"Weel"—she spoke doubtfully—"Ah can't say but yes reeght; but Mr. Burneston hev come tweece tahms sin' Sunday, an' we'se at Friday noo."

Faith grew paler, but her face remained still. "How's yer man, Peggy?" she said. "I can't bide wiv ye longer; ye mun just say to Hezekiah I'd bizness in Steersley an' I gied ye a visit."

She refused hospitable Peggy's offers of a meal, and even cake and wine had no power to stay her; she departed professedly to transact her business in Steersley, really to seek Ephraim Crewe and his cart at a farm about half a mile out of the little town.

She did not try to verify Peggy's story; she felt it was true. There had always been something in Mr. Burneston which had eluded her vigilance, and now she felt sure he was disgracing himself. The removal of the Barughs, the long absence of Doris, all sorts

of tokens and foreshadowings, dimly seen before, came upon her with sudden vividness. Did Mr. Burneston mean to marry this girl, and set her up over the heads of her betters? She felt dizzy as the thought came.

"Gin he'd meant waur he'd not ha' waited while she coomed fra Lunnon," and she trembled with suppressed fury.

But as she sat silently beside Ephraim Crewe, Faith forced her anger into the background, and set herself to see what could be done. Master Ralph had a will of his own, if he could be brought to sustain it; and he was as proud as need be; if he knew the truth, he would not tolerate Doris Barugh in his mother's place.

"There's his cousin," she said doubtfully; but she had not much faith in Gilbert Raine's conventional notions. Mr. Burneston had no other near relative, and Faith knew little about his friends, except the hunting and shooting companions, who came once a year to the old Hall.

No, she must trust to Ralph, and she resolved to write to him; she knew he would not betray her. She should simply tell the boy there was a report that the squire was going to marry a young girl, the daughter of one of his own tenants, and that it might be too late to stop the marriage if he waited to interfere till the Christmas holidays.

VALLEY STREAMS.

WALKING through the verdant plain,
Sweet is Nature's placid smile,—

In the quiet country lane,
Sitting on a rustic stile,
Musing on delightful themes,
Listening to the valley streams.

Softly flowing through the mead,
Rippling evermore in tune,
Where the lowing oxen feed
In rich pastures, flower-bestrewn;
Beautiful as summer dreams
Glide along the valley streams.

Pensive Beauty's still retreat;
Meditation's home is here,
Where the rural graces meet,
Ever lovely, ever fair;
Kindling brightness always seems
Growing by the valley streams.

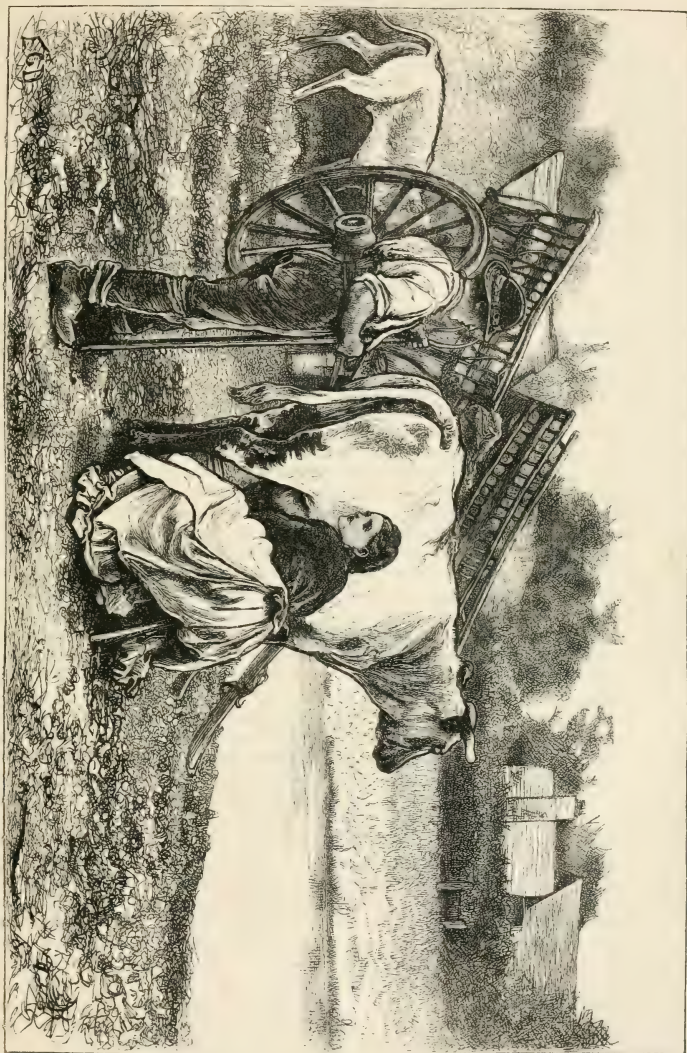
Fragrant breezes scent the air,
All delicious, through the vale,
Woodland songsters blithe and fair
With their wild Hosannahs hail
Summer's affluence—summer's beams
Flashing o'er the valley streams.

Bees are humming in the flowers,
Yonder willows kiss the brooks;
Birds in concert fill the bowers,
Eddies curving round the nooks;
New delights, the poet deems,
Have their birth in valley streams.

Oft in ecstasy I come
To renew the rapturous joy,
Here, entranced in thought, to roam,
Here inhale without alloy
Happiness which springs and teems
By the silvery valley streams.

G.





"VALLEY STREAMS."

REMINISCENCES OF A YORKSHIRE NATURALIST.

BY PROFESSOR W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.

PART III.

TO me the discovery of the "Grithorpe Plant-beds" was the beginning of a new life. The publication of "The Fossil Flora of Great Britain" had recently been commenced by Professor Lindley and William Hutton of Newcastle, who applied to me, through the late John Dunn, Esq., the original secretary of the Scarborough Society, to furnish them with drawings of the new Grithorpe plants for publication in their work. I at once decided to do so, and Table 83 of the *Fossil Flora* represents my first attempt to employ my pencil for the purpose of publication, as well as being the first of a very long series of contributions to the science of Palæontological botany.

The Grithorpe excursions were amongst the most agreeable which we were wont to make; the spot is not too far from Scarborough for a pleasant walk, and yet the peculiar condition of the plant-bearing beds made the hunt for their hidden treasures laborious enough to make us enjoy the rest of home when our toils were over. Then the hunt involved all the excitements of gambling without any of its drawbacks. The deposit was only laid bare for a very few hours, when the tide was at its ebb, hence we had to work quickly, since the flowing water soon returned and covered the spot. The thin blue shale in which the finest specimens were found were covered over with a rather thick bed of hard sandstone, and our first operations involved the use of pickaxes and wedges wherewith one or two square yards of this sandstone was dislodged. The subjacent shale was then raised in blocks as large as we could detach from their bed. And now came the exciting moment. We had no clue to the places in which the best plants might exist; we could only split the shale open with large knives and hammers, and trust to fortune for fixing the knife in the right place. In our earlier explorations, the bed was so rich that absolute blanks were rare, and now and then the prizes were glorious ones. On one occasion our tools struck against a hard, flattened nodule of ironstone of the dimensions of a dinner-plate. We had occasionally met with small nodules of this kind, and often found them to contain good fossils, but specimens of this magnitude were extremely rare; hence hopes

were at once raised as to what the nodule might contain. One of our party handled hammer and chisel to split it in the right direction; the rest of us stood around, silently watching for the result with the intensest interest. The two halves fell asunder, revealing a rare fern-frond of the richest beauty. The precipices of Red-cliff instantly echoed back such ringing cheers as have rarely, if ever, resounded through the quiet bay. Table 106, of the "*Fossil Flora*" represents a portion of the magnificent specimen.

At times we encountered odd incidents. During the early years of this century, probably few parts of the British coast were the scenes of more resolute smuggling adventures than the lovely bays of Yorkshire. Many things combined to produce this result. The broken outlines of the coast favoured the landing of the goods, and there were innumerable spots in the wild cliffs where hollows and piles of fallen rocks, hidden by overhanging ferns, afforded excellent places in which to store the smuggled articles until they could be conveyed further inland by confederates on shore. These latter were, at the time I am speaking of, numerous enough. Many of the small farmers whose farms lay conveniently near to the shore shared in the risks and profits of these illegal ventures. The high protective duties then in operation made the profits sufficiently great to admit of the capture of something like every third cargo by the officers of the Preventive Service, and yet allow the operations of the confederates to be carried on with advantage.

But a change suddenly came over the scene. There resided in a small cottage on the northern outskirts of the little village of Burniston, near Scarborough, a man named William Mead. He had long been a sharer in these smuggling adventures, but at length, for some reason or other, he turned "king's evidence," and, denouncing many of his old confederates, brought them into serious trouble. Irritated by this, many of the neighbouring farmers, returning at night from the Thursday's weekly market at Scarborough, used to gather under his cottage windows and sing ironical songs to his disadvantage, until one night he flung open his

casement in a savage fury, and fired upon the assembled group. Unfortunately the ball struck a farmer named Law, who soon died of his wound. This combination of painful events scotched the snake, but did not kill it,—a fact of which from time to time we obtained abundant evidence.

On one occasion we were on our way to the Gristhorpe plant-bed, and as we were scrambling over the rocks at the end of Cayton Bay, we discovered hidden amongst them a number of small bales of tobacco, packed up in water-tight wrappings. Curiosity naturally impelled us to handle some of these, when one of our party, looking up, saw the white boat of the Preventive Service coming round the headland. Fearful lest we should be deemed associates of the smugglers, we speedily dropped the packages and moved away. We learnt afterwards that some information had been given to the Customs officers, who were coming in the boat which we saw to capture the contraband spoil.

On another occasion we had been working amongst the magnificent Ammonites which in those days we could always obtain on the shore beneath the high Gristhorpe cliffs, south of where the plant-bed crops out. These Ammonites, which are of large size, occur imbedded in enormous nodules of hard limestone, which fall from the softer sandy beds of the Coralline oolite of the overhanging cliff. On returning from one of these Ammonite hunts, we noticed a small hollow in the cliff, not large enough to be designated a cave, but which was large enough to contain numerous bales of tobacco and kegs of spirits. We had scarcely reached the place, when a sharp whistle told us that our movements were being watched by two men on the cliff above us, and on afterwards passing near them we found them to be farmers with whom we had a slight acquaintance. We afterwards heard that they had succeeded in removing all their stores without discovery, save two or three casks of gin, which they had hid in a potato-field, and which had been discovered and appropriated by some one else.

Occasionally our excursions brought us into positions of a more anxious kind, such as being embayed by the tide whilst intently occupied with our work, and compelled to rest for hours upon some narrow ledge until the ebbing water liberated us from our temporary imprisonment. In one instance affairs threatened to assume a tragic aspect. My father and two friends had been to Bur-

lington Bay in a boat belonging to Tom Clayburn, of Scarborough. Clayburn was one of the ablest boatmen and bravest spirits that ever handled an oar or eased off a sheet, and the records of the Royal Humane Society will preserve his name in remembrance as one of the foremost of the class of men whom it delights to honour.

When much wind blows from the north-east, heavy breakers roll in upon the northern side of Flamborough Head, whilst the rocky nature of the coast makes it a most dangerous one to approach at such times, except at the little creek known as the North Landing-place. On the occasion referred to, the wind was blowing from the unpleasant quarter. The party were returning to Scarborough, but when abreast of the well-known "Caves," and about a mile from the shore, my father called Clayburn's attention to a gunshot which seemed to come from the foot of the cliff. If so, some life was in unquestionable peril, since the tide was rising, and for any one to be near the Caves at that time meant certain death. A second shot determined the party to stand towards the spot whence it came, and they soon discovered some persons at the mouth of one of the Caves. To leave them there was out of the question; yet to attempt to rescue them was a most dangerous experiment. Still it must be attempted. Surveying the ground, Clayburn saw that he might back the boat in upon the top of a wave until it reached a rock standing in the sea in advance of the cliff; but to stay there even for a moment was impossible. To return seaward upon the backwater of the wave which took the boat in was indispensable, or her bottom must inevitably have been knocked in by the huge stones that were left half-dry by the retiring water, and which would have brought certain death to all on board. Meanwhile one of the heavy boats of the Preventive Service came up. Though she was wholly unfit for a close encounter with the dangers of the rocks, Clayburn instructed her occupants to lay-to as close in-shore as was safe, so that in case of accident to his own boat they might be of some service in saving life. Clayburn, after instructing my father and his companions to lie down in the boat, took the oars into his powerful hands and backed in-shore. As he approached the projecting rock, one of the imprisoned men, following a retreating wave, also succeeded in reaching the rock, and, springing into the boat as it backed in, was the next instant carried safely out to sea.

A second man was saved by the same manœuvre, and the third attempt aimed at rescuing a very young boy. The party had been shooting sea-fowl, several of which the lad had in his hand. In vain Clayburn called upon him to throw away his birds; the lad clung pluckily to them, and was taken safely off, birds included. There now only remained one man, who was much older than the rest of the party. Clayburn again backed in, and the man left the mouth of the cave to reach the rock, but, alarmed at the sight of the huge wave which was bringing the boat to his rescue, he stopped half way, clinging madly to the precipitous chalk cliff, whilst the wave dashed in upon him with terrific force. Never doubting that the poor fellow must be washed out to sea, Clayburn hastily transferred the oars to his subordinate, and sprang to the gunwale, ready to plunge amongst the scathing breakers and rescue the poor fellow as he floated past; but to their surprise, they saw that the wave had left him still clinging to the cliff. A second experiment was rather more successful. The boat backed in as before, and the old man reached the rock; but when the craft did the same, the poor fellow was too paralyzed by fear to take the necessary leap. There was no time for ceremony. The younger sailor, then in the stern of the boat, clutched the tail of the man's coat as the back-water, aided by the vigorous strokes of Clayburn, carried them all seaward, the man being dragged through the surf with every chance of safety, provided his coat and its tails held together, which they fortunately did. The sequel is encouraging to those who take trouble to serve others. The boatmen went considerably out of their course to land the rescued men in Filey Bay, at the spot nearest to their homes, where the sailors made a charge of half-a-crown per head for the trouble they had taken, but which the fellows declined to pay!

From time to time events of a different kind, and productive of healthier results, stirred up our quiet circles. Though we saw but little of the leading scientific men of the day, through constant reference to their writings their names were familiar to us as household words. It has been said that heroes, to be appreciated, should be heard of, not seen. This was emphatically fulfilled in the relations of the magnates of the scientific world to the dwellers in our little nook. We were inclined to regard the Bucklands and the Cuviers much as the schoolboy does

the heroes of the Augustan age; not as men of like passions with ourselves.

One morning in 1834, our little circle was thrown into a flutter of excitement by the news that Professors Buckland and Agassiz had visited Scarborough, and were then on their way to the museum, where some of the more scientific townsmen soon assembled, partly to bid them welcome, and partly to see men of such world-wide fame as our visitors were. Earnest, enthusiastic, a lion himself, Buckland was ever on the lookout for lions, especially for such as could be made to roar at the meetings of the British Association; it was impossible to spend an hour in his bright, genial presence, without becoming infected with his scientific enthusiasm. Agassiz was at that time Professor of Natural History at Neufchatel in Switzerland, where marine objects were not easily got; hence he was watchful to pick up any such as came in his way. Some fishermen had that morning caught a huge Porpoise in their nets, which they were exhibiting to sightseers at a penny per head. Agassiz soon negotiated the purchase of the creature. Though he had but that day which he could devote to the town, he resolved to secure the skeleton of the Porpoise for the Neufchatel Museum, and though midnight saw him and myself still clearing the creature's flesh off its bones by the feeble light of a tallow candle, we succeeded in our task. The half-cleaned skeleton was packed in dry sawdust and shipped off to Switzerland, where it doubtless still graces the Neufchatel Museum.

Agassiz was much excited by finding in the Scarborough Museum some fine fossil fishes, from the Lias rocks of Whitby, and which were new to him. Then engaged upon the publication of his great work, "The Poissons Fossiles," such novelties naturally interested him, and his earnestness was too intense to prevent such interest from manifesting itself in the usual French style. I was much struck during this visit, both with Agassiz' quick recognition of the characteristic points of a new specimen, and with the retentiveness of the memory which enabled him at once to compare it with what he had seen elsewhere. It is true that this was a dangerous power, one which often led him to hasty and erroneous conclusions, which a less summary method of investigation would have enabled him to escape; but without his fortunate possession of it he could not have accomplished the great work upon which he was engaged.

The specimens which he required to study were scattered throughout the museums of Europe. To bring them into one spot for the purpose of comparison was impossible; but the possession of the faculties referred to made flying visits to these museums an effective substitute for more leisurely study.

That Agassiz accomplished what he did before he left Europe for America, appears all the more marvellous, since his income at that time was so small that it would have been rejected with scorn by most of the clerks in a Manchester warehouse. But Agassiz was not made of the same material as ordinary men, and though his visit to Scarborough was so brief, he left amongst us

a renewed spirit of enthusiasm for our work which did not soon die away. The story of the Porpoise was not lost upon us.

But this scientific gossip must be brought to a close. I have sketched hastily some of the influences which tended to create a band of scientific men, and which made Scarborough for half a century a somewhat notable centre of scientific activity. What its local advantages will produce in the future must depend upon its rising generation. Of the pursuits in which we were engaged I may say, as Sir Henry Wotton did of angling, "that they were a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."

WALKS IN LONDON.

NO. III.—THE INNS OF COURT.

JUST within Temple Bar we may turn aside into the repose of the first of the four Inns of Court (Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn), which Ben Jonson calls "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom." Here, beside the bustle of Fleet Street, yet utterly removed from it, are the groups of ancient buildings described by Spenser:—

"—those bricky towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Temple knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

The earliest residence of the Knights Templars was in Holborn, but they removed thither in 1184. After their suppression in 1313 Edward I. gave the property to Aymer de Valence. At his death it passed into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but was leased to the Inns of Court, so called because their inhabitants, who were students of the law, belonged to "the King's Court." It is interesting to notice how many of the peculiar terms used by the Templars seem to have descended with the place to their legal successors. Thus the serjeants-at-law represent the *fratres servientes*—"freres serjens" of the Templars; and the title of Knight reappears in the Judges of Common Pleas. The waiters were, and are still, called paniers, from the *panarii*, bread-bearers, of the Templars; and the scullions are still called wash-pots. The register of the Temple is full of such entries as "On March 28th died William Brown, wash-pot of the Temple."

Before the Temple was leased by the law-

yers, the laws were taught in hostels—*hospitia curia*, of which there were a great number in the metropolis, especially in the neighbourhood of Holborn, but afterwards the Inns of Court and Chancery increased in prosperity till they formed what Stow describes as "a whole university of students, practisers or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance."

The prosperity of the lawyers, however, was not without its reverses, and such was their unpopularity at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion, that they were chosen as his first victims. Thus, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* (Pt. II. Act iv. sc. 2), Dick, the Butcher of Ashford, is introduced as saying, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers;" to which Cade replies, "Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?" And in scene 7 Cade says, "Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!"

In the end, Jack Cade really did the lawyers no harm, but their houses were pulled down in the invasion of Wat Tyler, and their books burnt in Fleet Street. Nevertheless the inns of the Temple continued to increase in importance till the reign of Mary I., when the young lawyers had become such notorious fops that it was actually necessary to pass an Act of Parliament to restrain them. Hence-

forth they were not to wear beards of more than three weeks growth upon pain of a fine of forty shillings; and they must restrain their passion for Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only Knights and Benchers might luxuriate in doublets or hose of bright colours, except scarlet or crimson; and they were forbidden to wear velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt-cuffs, or feathers and ribbons in their caps.

The Temple was not finally conferred upon the lawyers till the time of James I., who declared in one of his speeches in the Star Chamber, that "there were only three classes of people who had any right to settle in London—the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court." The division into two Halls dates from the time of Henry VI., when the number of students who frequented the Temple first made it necessary, and the two Halls have ever since maintained a distinct individuality. Though their gateways rise almost side by side on the right of Fleet Street, and their courts and passages join, the utmost distinction exists in the minds of the inmates.

A dull red-brick *Gate-way*, by Wren (1684), forms the entrance to *Middle Temple Lane*. The site was formerly occupied by a gate decorated with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, which was erected by Sir Amias Paulet while he was the cardinal's prisoner in the other Temple Gate-house, in the hope of appeasing his displeasure.

The second *Gate-house* belonging to the *Inner Temple* is still a curious old building adorned with the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales. It bears an inscription declaring it to have been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, but it was really built in the time of James I., when it was the office for the Duchy of Cornwall. Afterwards it became "Nando's," a coffee-house, where the foundation of Lord Thurlow's fortunes was laid. Some lawyers overheard him here arguing cleverly about some famous cause, and the next day he received his first important brief. The sides of this gate are adorned with the arms of the Inner Temple, as that of the Middle Temple is with the lamb bearing the banner of Innocence and the red cross, which was the original badge of the Templars. Here the shields bear a horse, now representing Pegasus, with the motto, "*Volat ad astra virtus*," but when this emblem was originally chosen it was a horse with two men upon it, the two men on one horse being intended to

indicate the poverty of the Templars. The men gradually became worn from the shield, and when it was restored they were mistaken for wings; hence the winged horse. A wit once wrote here:—

"As by the Templars' hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Oh! happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

But very soon another inscription appeared from another witty hand:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
The clients—not themselves.

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you:
But have a care—for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thought of 'no delay'
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you."

It was at No. 1 on the right of the *Inner Temple Lane* (now rebuilt as Johnson's Buildings) that Dr. Johnson lived from 1760 to 1765. Boswell describes his visit to him there. "His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment he began to talk."

By Inner Temple Lane we reach the only existing relic of the residence of the Knights Templars in these courts, their magnificent *Temple Church*, which fortunately just escaped the Great Fire in which most of the Inner Temple perished. The church was restored in 1839—42 at an expense of £70,000, but it has been ill-done, and with great disregard of the historic memorials it contained.

It is entered by a grand Norman arch under the western porch, which will remind those who have travelled in France of the glorious door of Loches. This opens upon the Round Church of 1185 (fifty-eight feet in diameter), built in recollection of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the only four remaining round churches in England; the others being at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex.

Hence, between graceful groups of Purbeck marble columns, we look into the later church of 1240; these two churches, built only at a distance of fifty-five years from each other, forming one of the most interesting examples we possess of the transition from Norman to Early English architecture. The Round Church is surrounded by an arcade of narrow Early English arches, separated by a series of heads, which are chiefly restorations. On the pavement lie two groups of restored effigies of "associates" of the Temple (not Knights Templars), carved in freestone, being probably the "eight images of armed knights" mentioned by Stow in 1598. They cannot be identified with any certainty, but are supposed to be—

Right.

1. William Marshall the younger, husband of Eleanor, sister of King Richard I. and John, sheathing his sword.

2. His father, the Protector Pembroke, Earl Marshall, 1119, his sword piercing an animal. It is this William Marshall who, a man of unsullied life, is introduced by Shakespeare as interceding for Prince Arthur.

3. Unknown.

4. Gilbert Marshall, another son of Pembroke, drawing the sword which he never was able to bear to the Crusades, having been killed by a runaway horse at a tournament in 1241, when he was going to start. His wife was Princess Margaret of Scotland. This was the last of the great family of the Marshalls, whose extinction was at that time believed to be due to a curse of the Abbot of Fernes, whom the Protector had robbed of his lands. Matthew Paris narrates how the abbot "came with great awe," and standing here by the Earl's tomb, promised him absolution if the lands were restored. But the dead gave no sign, so the curse fell.

Left.

1. The first Earl of Essex.

2. Geoffry de Magnaville, who fought against Stephen and died excommunicated, and whose body was soldered up in lead and hung by the Templars on a tree in their orchard, till he obtained absolution.

3. Unknown.

4. Unknown.

Against the wall, behind the Marshalls, is the effigy of Robert, Lord de Ros. He was not a Templar, for he wears flowing hair, which is forbidden by the rites of the Order; but he was one of the great Magna Charta barons, and married the daughter of a king

of Scotland. On the opposite side is a Purbeck marble sarcophagus, said to be that of Queen Eleanor, mother of Richard I. and John. She was the only woman buried in the Temple. Henry II. left five hundred marks by his will for his burial in the Temple Church, but was buried at Fontevault, where Eleanor is also represented by an effigy.

In olden times the Round Church was the place where the lawyers of the Temple used to meet their clients. We are reminded of this by Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*, and by Butler in *Hudibras*.

A staircase in the wall leads to the triforium of the Round Church, which is now filled with the tombs, foolishly removed from the chancel beneath. Worthy of especial notice is the coloured kneeling effigy of Martin, Recorder of London, and Reader of the Middle Temple, 1615. Near this is the effigy—also coloured and under a canopy—of Edmund Plowden, the famous jurist, of whom Lord Ellenborough said that "better authority could not be cited;" and referring to whom Fuller quaintly remarks, "How excellent a medley is made, when honesty and ability meet in a man of his profession!" There is also a monument to James Howell, (1594—1666), whose entertaining letters, chiefly written from the Fleet, give many curious particulars relating to the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Opening upon the stairs leading to the triforium is a penitential cell (four feet six inches by two feet six inches) with slits towards the church, through which the prisoner, unable to lie down, could still hear mass. Here the unhappy Walter de Bachelar, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was starved to death for disobedience to the Master of the Temple; and hence probably it was, that, with the severe discipline of the Templars, other culprits were dragged forth naked every Monday to be flogged publicly by the priest before the high altar.

The Church (eighty-two feet long, fifty-eight wide, thirty-seven high), begun in 1185 and finished in 1240, is one of our most beautiful existing specimens of Early English Pointed architecture. In the ornaments of the ceiling the banner of the Templars is frequently repeated—black and white, "because," says Fawcett, "the Templars showed themselves wholly white and fair towards the Christians, but black and terrible to them that were miscreants." The letters "Beauseant" are for "Beauseant," their war-cry.

In a dark hole to the left of the altar is the white marble monument of John Selden,

1654, called by Milton "the chief of learned men reputed in this land." The endless stream of volumes which he poured forth were filled with research and discrimination. Of these, his work "On the Law of Nature and of Nations" is described by Hallam as amongst the greatest achievements in erudition that any English writer has performed, but he is perhaps best known by his "Table Talk," of which Coleridge says, "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." His funeral sermon was preached here by Archbishop Usher, to whom he had said upon his death-bed, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, but I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity.'"

On the right of the choir, near a handsome marble piscina, is the effigy of a bishop, usually shown as that of Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, by whom the Church was consecrated, but he left England in a fury, after Henry II. refused to perform his vow of joining the Crusades in person, to atone for the murder of Becket. The figure more probably represents Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, 1255. In the vestry are monuments to Lords Eldon and Stowell, and that of Lord Thurlow (1806) by Rossi.

The organ, by Father Smydt or Smith, is famous from the long competition it underwent with one by Harris. Both were temporarily erected in the church. Blow and Purcell were employed to perform on that of Smith; Battista Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, on that of Harris. Immense audiences came to listen, but though the contest lasted a year, they could arrive at no decision. Finally, it was left to Judge Jeffreys, who was a great musician, and who chose that of Smith.

By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church to the *Master's House*, is the simple monument of Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 9, 1774. It is only inscribed, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

The preacher at the Temple is called "the

Master," though he has no authority whatever, and can do nothing without permission from the Benchers. The "learned and judicious" Hooker held the mastership and began to write his "Ecclesiastical Polity" here. "It was a place," says Walton, "which he rather accepted than desired," and whence he wrote to Archbishop Whitgift, "I am weary of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. . . . I shall never be able to finish what I have begun unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy." Hooker's chair and table remain in the Master's House, which was built for William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of the Temple. His successor was Dr. Thomas Sherlock, who held the mastership with the successive bishops of Bangor, Salisbury, and St. Paul's. His residence here in 1748, when the sees of Canterbury and London became vacant at the same time, occasioned the epigram,—

"At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'
'Which way!' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him; "

and he was made Bishop of London.

In the registers of the Temple, kept in the Master's House, perhaps the most interesting of many remarkable records is that which attests the marriage—the surreptitious marriage—of Margaret Blagg, with Mr. Sidney Godolphin—being the lady whose lovely and lovable life was portrayed by Evelyn and published by Wilberforce. The entry is not entered on the regular page, but pinned in afterwards, apparently when the event was made public, the lady having been previously provided with her "marriage lines."

The labyrinthine courts of the Temple are all replete with quaint associations. The Inner Temple is the least so. Most of it was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, which even "licked the windows" of the Temple Church, and what remained perished in the fire of January, 1678, when the Thames and the pumps were frozen so hard that no water could be obtained, and all the barrels of ale in the Temple cellars were used to feed the fire-engines. The hall was burnt, and the *Inner Temple Hall* is now a poor building of James I.'s time. *Hare Court* is so called from Nicholas Hare (1557), Master of the Rolls in the time of Mary I. *Crown Office Row* was the birthplace of Charles Lamb,

who afterwards lived in 4, Inner Temple Lane, whence he wrote, "The rooms are delicious, and Hare's Court trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." It was in *King's Bench Walk* that William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, had chambers (No. 5), and here that he was visited as client by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who came late in the evening, and was disgusted at finding him gone out to a supper party. "I could not tell who she was," said the servant, reporting her visit, "for she would not tell me her name, but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality."

In *Tanfield Court*, on this side of the Temple, old Mrs. Duncomb and her two servants were murdered in 1732 by Sarah

Malcolm, who having, after her execution, been buried against all rules in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, was dug up again, and is now exhibited as a skeleton at the Botanic Garden at Cambridge. She was extremely handsome, and, two days before her execution, she dressed up in scarlet and sate to Hogarth for her portrait. Immediately above Tanfield Court, adjoining what is now the Master's Garden, stood the old refectory of the knights, only pulled down within the last few years.

Though there is no practical division between the Inner and Middle Temple, the division is a great one in the minds of its inhabitants, and huge are the jealousies which reign in these courts. As an instance of them, it may be mentioned that when the wife of one of the Masters, whose residence



Fountain Court, Temple.

is in the Inner Temple, wished to have her writing paper stamped with the picturesque device of the Inner Temple—the flying horse, a Bencher of the Middle Temple having heard of it, came seriously to remonstrate that unless she wished to offend a large proportion of her neighbours, she must not have the horse without adopting the fat lamb of the Middle Temple also; and the porter of the Middle Temple being lately asked, on account of his strength, to carry an invalid Bencher into church, said he was very sorry, but it would be highly unbecoming in a porter of the Middle to carry a Bencher of the Inner Temple!

Turning to the Middle Temple, it will be interesting to remember that Chaucer was one of its students in the reign of Edward III.,

and, while here, gave a sound thrashing to a Franciscan friar who insulted him in Fleet Street. On the first floor of No. 2, *Brick Court*, lived the learned Blackstone, and here in his "Farewell to the Muse," after bidding a fond adieu to the woods and streams of his youth, he wrote,—

"Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thrans of life,
The visage wan, the purblin d sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—
For thee, fair Justice! welcome all!"

Here the great lawyer was soon immersed in writing the fourth volume of his famous Commentaries; but in his calculation of the trials of legal life, there was one which he had not foreseen. Oliver Goldsmith had taken

the rooms above him, and sorely was he disturbed by the roaring comic songs in which the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was wont to indulge, and by the frantic games of blind-man's-buff which preceded his supper-parties, and the dancing which followed them. Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, coming in suddenly, found the poet engaged in furiously kicking round the room a parcel containing a masquerade dress which he had ordered and had no money to pay for; and here, on April 9, 1774, poor Goldsmith died, from taking too many James's powders, when he had been forbidden to do so by his doctor—died, dreadfully in debt, though attended to the grave by numbers of the poor in the neighbourhood, to whom he had never failed in kindness and charity—"mourners without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of the great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."

The pleasantest part of the Middle Temple

is the *Fountain Court*, with its little fountain, low enough now, but which, Sir Christopher Hatton says, sprang "to a vast and almost incredible altitude" in his time. It is commemorated in a poem of L. E. L. (Miss Landon), beginning—

"The fountain's sweet singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind—
Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them they cast
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of fountains or ocean's deep call;
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

Charles Dickens has left a pretty description of Ruth Pinch going to meet her lover in this court—"coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing;" and how, when John Westlock came at last—"merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

By ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY.

(JOHN iv. 41, 42.)

DURING the short visit of Jesus to Sychar many Samaritans accepted Him as the promised Messiah, and believed on Him. They confessed their faith in Him in these few words: "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." This is a very brief and simple account of their faith. But with all its brevity and simplicity this faith involves a great deal. It connects the past with the present, and the present with the future. Historically it is of great compass. But there are two points in it which may be specially noticed: (1.) The confession is very broad, and (2.) the confession is deep as well as broad.

(1.) The confession has great breadth. The Saviour of the world. It is not like the creed of Samaritan or Jew. Jew and Samaritan in that day were equally narrow in their religion; neither the one nor the other could comprehend a religion which rose above their mutual differences, and comprehended their differences. The universality of God's interest in mankind was not a doctrine to the liking of the one or the other; and the hardest task of the Apostle Paul with his countrymen,

long after this confession was uttered by these Samaritans, was to gain his countrymen to the belief that Christ was the Saviour of other nations as well as of the Jews. This doctrine, which in our own day is so common, was, in that day, little thought of; it was not new, but it was as startling as if it had been new, and there is nothing more remarkable in the rapid growth of the religious convictions of these Samaritans than the breadth and comprehensiveness of their faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

(2.) There is *depth* also in the confession, as well as breadth: the Saviour of the world. This is what the world needs. There is a great difference between knowing what people wish and what they need. The true statesman considers what his country requires, and he sets himself to secure it; the shallow statesman cares only to know what the people desire, and he seeks to gratify them. A knowledge of what the people wish needs no grasp of thought, no high-minded principle, nothing more than a keen worldly scent and a study of men's words and acts; but to gather from a knowledge of the world what is really required to place the world on a better basis, and to raise mankind to a higher condition, and to keep this before one's eyes

amid the bustle and struggle of the passing hour, this is an advance of wisdom not always met with. When one looks at life around him he is disposed to measure the value of its claims by what is material; national wealth, discovery, invention, the conquest of nature, the progress of art, strike the eye and ear, and one falls into the notion that the fruits of commerce and science are the chief wants of life; and one sometimes wonders whether those quiet thoughts which spring up within, about spirit and spiritual life, are as real and substantial as those which appeal to the senses and the intellect, or whether they are to be dismissed as the dreams of the soul, and somewhat out of place in the highways of human labour. But, on the other hand, when one considers that, after all, the main hindrances to human progress are moral and spiritual, and lie within the sphere of faith, temper, character, sentiment, charity, one feels that the world can no more exist without a higher life than it can exist without husbandry and civilisation. What the world needs most is a Saviour, who can heal its divisions and its deep-seated troubles, who can detect its weaknesses and remedy them, who can bind together what is loose and disjointed. What the world needs most is One who can save it from its own worst errors and defects, and can bring it into spiritual harmony with the divine will and plan of God. There is depth, then, as well as breadth, in this confession, "This is the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

There were two ways in which this truth had been apprehended.

1. By testimony and outward evidence.
2. By internal experience.

1. Many believed because of the saying of the woman, "He told me all things that ever I did." They had been convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus by something outside of themselves, which they could not explain or understand. They heard of what Christ had said, how He had the gift of insight into the human life and action of a stranger. He had left on the woman's heart the impression that He could read the secret thoughts and the past history of a human being to whom He was unknown. And this evidence of His supernatural knowledge and power had its effect on her, and on all who believed her statement. They could not come to any other conclusion than that He had a higher place than ordinary men, and they readily and at once accepted the fact that He was the Messiah who was to come.

2. "Many more," however, had proofs

of a very different kind, proofs which did not rest on the miraculous or supernatural. They believed because they had listened to His teaching. That teaching touched their hearts, they felt that it was divine. It came to them as a living message from heaven; it set them free from doubts, and ignorance, and fears; it satisfied their hunger for the truth; it met the cravings of their own hearts; it revealed to them, not what they had done and where they had been, and how they stood towards others around them, but what they were and how they stood towards themselves and towards God. These two classes have always existed. There are persons who are most deeply affected by the external evidences of religion, for whom signs and wonders suffice. And there are others to whom miracles are not helps, but hindrances to their faith. They feel as if the Christian faith would be more welcome if Scripture contained nothing more than sacred lessons and holy teaching; and there are many more who begin with the outward and proceed to the inward. They begin by believing on Christ on grounds which have little or nothing to do with the state of their own minds, and they advance to a faith which depends mainly, if not altogether, on the adaptation of the truth to their own minds and hearts. In the present day this aspect of our religion is much more strongly enforced than it used to be. This evidence, as some one has said, may not be the best to give, but it is the best to have. When the Bible finds a response in the conscience; when the life and words of Christ compel our assent to their power and truth, a far higher tone of spiritual character has been reached than when miracle and prophecy have produced a sense of wonder and awe. When Christianity shapes the purpose of the human life, and when the great truths of the Bible gain their hold upon the reason and the conscience, constraining the belief that religion is in harmony with man's highest nature and with his deepest wants, then is a man safe from questions and anxieties touching the outward history and criticism of Scripture. If we have only the testimony of others we shall be tossed about by every wind of doctrine, but if we advance from a state of pupillage to the higher state of personal conviction, knowing that Christ has spoken the truth in what He has revealed of God, we can afford to hear of criticism and investigation into the record. Come what may, we have got from it something real, and are assured that it has within it an element which is indestructible.

SECOND SUNDAY.

"He went into the temple and began to cast out them that sold therein and them that bought."—LUKE xix. 45.

The system which Christ put an end to had grown up very naturally. Jerusalem was the only place where the paschal lamb could be killed and eaten, and where any sacrifices could be offered in religious worship. It was for the convenience of worshippers who flocked to Jerusalem at the great festivals to find on the spot all they required for their religious service. Buyer and seller would find it mutually advantageous to transact the necessary business as near as possible to the temple where the worshippers from all parts of the land assembled, until finally they encroached on the sacred enclosure. The practice must have jarred on the minds of all devout men, and must have offended those who desired to see the service of God observed with reverence. And this act of authority on the part of Christ, whether performed at the commencement of His ministry or its close, or at both, must have commended itself to the religious sympathies of all who cared to see the temple of God honoured.

It might be in some cases useful to speak of the regard which is to be paid to sacred places, and it might be desirable to show how respect for buildings set apart for religious use is a natural outcome of reverence of spirit, and by no means necessarily a superstition; but I pass from this to speak of one or two circumstances in our modern church life in which Christ's act in the temple may be instructive.

1. Regarding the church as an institution with its possessions, its laws, its outward services, we have the great truth pressed on our attention that the spiritual character of the church is everything. When the church puts anything else first she loses her claim upon the world, and forfeits her claim to be a witness for God in the earth.

In these days, when so much time and thought are given to the outward framework of forms and usages, this truth is apt to be overlooked. The minds of clergy and laity are occupied with organizations, statistics, details of duty, all necessary in their place, but all subordinate to something better; and there is no class of men more in danger of losing the true meaning of religion than those who are employed in its service. If it was a temptation for priest and Levite to overlook the deeper meaning of the sacrifice in the ordinary preparations for the altar,

quite as much does this temptation lie in the way of those who take charge of the affairs of the Christian church. There is need of machinery and need of method, but the machinery and its working are sometimes put in the place of the great spiritual service they are meant to aid; and no man more requires to be on his guard against an unspiritual life than the man who is perpetually employed in spiritual offices, the experience of every one being that he is prone to forget his high spiritual functions in the bustle and care which attend them.

2. Another very obvious application of this act of our Lord touches the internal condition of the church. From the time of the Reformation this cleansing of the temple courts has frequently been taken as expressive of the purification of the Christian church in the great religious movement of the sixteenth century. The comparison is in some respects justified. At that period the zeal of the reformers, though not always under restraint, swept away many ceremonies and superstitions both in worship and doctrine which had been thrust into prominent place in the church. These ceremonies and superstitions had become a hindrance to spiritual worship, and had interfered with the growth of what was spiritual and true; and the temple courts were cleared of them. But probably in no age or church is God's temple without the need of a visit from the great Purifier. In our own time we see how much was required in former periods to be removed in order to preserve in its purity the church of God. And quite as probably those who come after us may see wherein we have been laying more upon the conscience of the church than was necessary. Many things have doubtless been carried into the temple which are not only non-essential to the spiritual well-being of the church, but hurtful to it. Thousands of human beings have lived under the bondage of precept, and rite, and doctrine, which the Lord of the conscience never imposed. Men's minds have been troubled, and are troubled still, with things which ought not to give trouble. Abuses are removed from generation to generation, and under colour of perfecting the government and arrangement of churches new burdens are carried into the house of God. Hearts are made sad whom God hath not made sad; doctrines and commandments of men have been forced on the human conscience, traditions have been turned into religious laws, practices which had been adopted for convenience have in course of

time been invested with a sacredness which it was profanity to touch; and so it has happened that men have found it hard to discern between what was human and what was divine, what was helpful to the welfare of the spirit and what belonged only to the outside of religious ceremonial.

It is not easy to read our Lord's life and teaching except in the light of history; but it is well also to go back to His day, to begin with His divine life and words, and to read history in the light of what He was and what He said. Following such a course, the church will by slow degrees, if not rapidly, purge out all things which come between the spiritual worshipper and the truth.

3. Looking at the distinctive teaching of this act of Christ, as setting before us the spiritual character of the church, we may see in it a confirmation of the fact that special times and places are needed for the cultivation of the spiritual. The difference between the sacred and the secular is in our time very apt to be overlooked. It is true that the line between them has often been drawn too sharply; it is also true that religion and common life have been separated when they ought to be joined. But in the present day the general current of religious opinion and teaching runs in the other direction, as if the whole truth were stated when it was declared that the most earthly and common labour might be made truly religious. Agreeing with all that can be said on that matter, it is well to keep in mind the great truth that the spiritual has a sphere of its own, which must always be kept distinct, and full in view. There is a life within the life, a shrine within the temple, a spirit within the body of religious work and duty; and whilst all places may be made holy, all times sacred, all tasks religious, there are times and tasks in which the spirit of man needs to come in contact with the spiritual and the eternal.

If a man never sees child, or brother, or friend except in a crowd, the affection and confidence which belong to the relationship will be wanting in depth. If a man can never speak to the nearest friend except when he is overheard, if he cannot whisper into the ear anything which is not shouted from the house-top, his sympathies will be shallow. The bonds which unite a man to his friend must be strengthened by quiet fellowship, or they will cease to be strong. The spirit of a man craves to be shut in from the mass of strange faces in order that it may be free to utter all its thoughts; every man must go out of our presence when we

make ourselves known to our brethren. And as it is with us in our human fellowship, so must it be in our divine fellowship. There must be the hour of calm unwitnessed communion with God, in order that the inner life may be sustained and that the vigour of faith may be kept fresh. The object of religion is to diffuse the spirit of religion over the whole life, just as the object of the heart is to diffuse the blood over the body; but whilst there must be blood in every vein, it must have a great centre of action from which it is circulated, and to which it must return. There must be a stream of spiritual life everywhere, to the minutest detail of our common every-day course, but there is needed a great central heart of life from which the channels are filled. There must be religion everywhere, but the soul needs a fountain-head from which to draw it. It is true that all knowledge should be religious, and all labour, all times, all places ought to be religious too; but though everything ought to savour of religion, there must be the salt to savour it. Every library needs its Bible, every week its Sunday, every land its church, every day of toil its moments of seclusion and spiritual thought.

THIRD SUNDAY.

(LUKE XV. 1-10.)

In the explanation which Christ gives to the Pharisees of His conduct there is brought out the great purpose of His public life and the motive by which He was guided. This explanation is given in the form of parables, the drift of which was very plain and intelligible. Christ has given offence to those classes who had the reputation of being religious, and He endeavours to remove the offence. The kindly spirit in which He removes it, shows that He considers these classes to have had some ground for murmuring from their own point of view. They thought they had good reason to complain that one professing to be a teacher from God should be found in such society as gathered about Him, and Christ in these simple parables makes them feel that they had been overlooking some great facts, facts which justified Him in all that He had done.

In these two parables He turns attention to a point which, the moment we take our stand at it, opens up to us the whole meaning of His life. The place which Christ occupied was one of sympathy with God. And it is this sympathy with God which finds a deep and natural expression in the story

which tells us of a shepherd who lost and found his sheep, and of a woman who lost and found a piece of silver. The parables turn upon the state of mind in which the shepherd was and the woman whose piece of money was lost. And whenever the Pharisees and scribes can take that in, and one would say they cannot help taking it in, they will rejoice with the shepherd and they will rejoice with the woman, and, what is more, they will now understand what Christ is doing when He goes amongst the poorest and the worst. He is in search of something which is lost: He is in sympathy with God, who wills not that any should be lost.

We can easily understand the loss of a piece of money or the loss of the shepherd when one of his flock strayed, but what do we mean by the loss of a human being, who is alive and with whom we can speak, and who is as much a member of society as ourselves? In the teaching of Jesus Christ we learn that a terrible expression which we sometimes read in religious books is one of present meaning; when we read the words "a lost spirit," or "a lost soul," we try to shake away the thought, as one which belongs to a style of religion not so much in favour as it was once, and our ideas are carried away beyond all that human eye can see into an invisible world. But Christ in effect retains this language, and He tells us that there are men and women all around us who are in the worst sense of the word lost.

A man's soul or spirit is the man himself. It is his whole nature, his affections, his capacities, his will. A man is lost when he loses goodness, purity, truth. A man is lost when he ceases to be what God meant him to be. A man's affections are lost, not when they cease to exist, but when they rest on what is gross and unholy. A man's will is lost when all power of self-restraint is gone, when he is at the mercy of every gust of temptation. And a man's character is lost when he gives himself up to self-indulgence, to passion, to sin of any sort; and what is the man's character, the man's will, the man's affections, but the man himself? That is his true self—his soul, his spirit, his life; and when that is lost, all is lost.

Christ saw this loss, and it grieved Him to the heart to see it, and He set Himself to recover it and to restore it. That was His task, and the task was entered on in a spirit of sympathy with God, to whom every soul was precious and to whom every soul belonged. To God every soul is precious, and to God every soul belongs. These are the two

points in which Christ's sympathy with His Father comes out. (1) The preciousness of human life, of human beings, is one of the most Christ-like elements of human faith and character. To Christ, human life, human welfare, human goodness, were precious. The simile of a lost sheep, a lost piece of money, a lost son, helps us to understand the fact that all Christ's deep interest in the worst of men was connected with His sense of the preciousness of even those lost ones; this accounted for His being found in their society. He was looking for them, searching for them, loth to miss them, anxious to restore them; and if the Pharisees can understand the shepherd's grief and the woman's grief for their losses, and can account for their anxiety, the going into the wilderness and the eager search, so they may now understand the object Christ has in seeking the society in which He is.

Christ is in sympathy with His Father in holding human life, human beings, human souls, precious. He is also in sympathy with God (2) in looking on all human beings as belonging to God. God claims all. And when any life is lost, when any soul is lost, when any human being is lost, it is He who has lost it. And when any life is restored, any soul recovered from evil, any human being brought back, the gain is His. It is His treasury that is filled, His kingdom enriched, His family made more complete, His heart that is made glad. It is this relationship which stands out through the parables in this passage. The sheep was the property of the shepherd, the piece of money belonged to the woman, the prodigal son was the son of the man who missed him most; and so sinners, men and women of the least hopeful character, are claimed by God, and their recovery and return are in accordance with the mind and will of God; and Christ enters into God's mind; Christ looks at mankind with God's eye and with God's heart; and having this mind and heart, He is able to explain to scribe and Pharisee that their murmurings proceed from a misconception of His purpose in life.

The spirit of Christ's life characterizes all who do most good in the world. In many you find a sense of the value of human life, in many the faith of God's relationship to men, and these two things are sometimes separate, sometimes combined; strongest when, as in Christ, they are found together: for then it is that most good is sought and accomplished.

At the root of all efforts to remedy human

misery, to alleviate disease, to save the life of the sailor and the miner, and at the root of all inventions to avert danger and prolong life, is the deep divine sense of the preciousness of human beings.

This Christ-like spirit is also the moving force in all attempts to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the lost, to shelter the outcast, to purify society — it is a deep sense of the value of the life of man, his highest, his best life. This spirit imparts vigour to man and woman in the hospital, the asylum, the school, the church, and in the homes of the weak and the suffering. And sometimes when we murmur and complain that able men are letting life go past and are spending their days in obscurity, the cause is, that a deep sense of the value of the lives they see and the human spirits which they dwell among has seized them, and their anxiety is to recover what is lost, and their reward to save it.

And the other motive power is no less strong, for without a deep faith in the close relationship of human beings to God, and without a sympathy with God in all work, especially work that lies among human beings, little good will be done. The true secret of doing sound and lasting good amongst men and children is to carry within the spirit of tenderness and sympathy. No man can do much good who despises those whom he instructs and aids, and looks on them as beings with whom he has no human or spiritual tie. The good that is done in word and act is more than undone in the tone of word and act.

Wealth is only half discovered, and good gifts, whether by deed or word, only half used, until the hand is stretched out in sympathy, the lesson given in a spirit of kindness, and the sermon preached with a sense of the reverence due to those who are precious in God's estimation and who belong to Him.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

(LUKE V. 29—32.)

Some people are very much offended by the close connection of common joys with spiritual and religious events. "Keep religion by itself," they say, "and let it be unmixed with any associations which may in the least tend to degrade it; and if you take pleasure, let it be wholly separated from religious occasions;" and much is to be said on behalf of this sentiment when the pleasure is wrong, and when the religious event or occasion is abused or lowered by any leaven of folly.

But the conduct of Jesus Christ is a perpetual witness to the fact that the most holy

and momentous occurrence in our religious history may be associated with social enjoyment. The feast to which Christ was invited, and which He attended, was a feast which was given in connection with the choice and appointment of an apostle. It was an occasion of formal leave-taking between that apostle and his old associates and friends, who were asked to come to Levi's house to meet that Divine Teacher, at whose call Levi had surrendered everything to follow Jesus.

Levi celebrates his entrance upon his new vocation as a disciple of Christ by a feast to which he invited his former companions. It was a very mixed company. Jesus was one of the guests; and "there was a great company of publicans and others" who sat down with Him and His disciples; and the event is deserving of our attention, inasmuch as it brings before us Christ in an aspect of His character which is often overlooked. And the event itself is a testimony to His power as a Saviour and a teacher amid the festivities of social life, and away from the formal attitude of a public and sacred witness for God.

We often picture to ourselves Jesus Christ as evermore engaged in matters which had reference to a future world, and shut out from our view His real life, as His contemporaries saw it in private, as well as in public.

Now the life which He led was in many respects like their own. He wrought with His hands, He attended the synagogues, He went to their feasts, He was present at their marriages, and there were many who were unable to see in Him any difference from ordinary men. His life was in many ways the life led by thousands around Him; it was subject to the common rules and customs of the day: and indeed there were some who could see in it nothing more than a proof that Jesus enjoyed these occasions of social feasting as much as any, and even more than most, calling Him a gluttonous man, and a wine drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners.

This aspect of Christ's character is necessary to complete our estimate of Him. We have looked to Christ so much as the Christ who has gone away from the world, that the simple Gospel history of Christ in the world has been passed over by us, and we have almost felt that we were doing something wrong when we ascribed to Jesus Christ words and acts such as ordinary men would say and do.

Yet here is the history to speak for itself.

Here is the record of one who was made in all respects like His brethren, and who, if He had been seen in our streets and in our homes, might have been found living as we live, entering the dwellings of neighbours, with or without ceremony, as occasion called for it, speaking kindly to the old, the weak, the downcast, going into a corner to converse with one who was retiring in modesty or felt himself shunned, taking the children in His arms, and being at home in the houses of rich and poor, Pharisee and publican, at the rich feast or the scant meal, and shedding around Him a fragrance of good feeling, and a genial warmth and light. And withal, here is the record of One who, in all these simple and kindly courtesies, never forgot that it was the deepest cravings and wants in human nature which He had come to satisfy, and that His great mission was to bring men to God. This is ever before Him. And this purpose He never loses sight of. It explains all He did; it accounts for His being where He was found, in the temple, in the synagogue, with the woman at the well, amongst the crowds of men on the road to the holy festivals, or in the houses of Zacchæus and Simon, at the marriage in Cana, or by the bier of the dead at Nain.

This narrative, however, is in one respect distinctive, and it brings Christ before us carrying out His great errand as the Son of God and as the Saviour of the lost, not as a dying sufferer, or as a speaker of parables and discourses, or as a dispenser of life and forgiveness to the penitent by open words; but in another form, not obtrusive, but not the less real than when He cried, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Notice, then, the special form which this call to repentance takes at Levi's table. We read nothing of Christ's teaching on this occasion at all. No record is given of what He said, or in what way He introduced the invitation to repentance during the feast, or whether He introduced it formally and in set words at all. We might infer, indeed, from what we know of the character of Jesus Christ, that He would, in that company of publicans, embrace the opportunity of speaking about His own work as a teacher, and of His mission as a Saviour of men, but the inference might be unwarranted. And we cannot judge of the conduct of Jesus Christ in a case where nothing is told us; for Christ's method of teaching is not to be decided on by our notions of what is probable or not probable. It seems on the whole best to accept the narrative as it is given, rather than to thrust

into it a meaning of our own. So, without knowing what Jesus said at that time, or whether He said anything about repentance, or about Himself or His divine mission, I think we may gather from His reply to the murmurs against Him, apart from all words and all set teaching on the doctrine and duty of repentance, that His very presence and fellowship were a source of healthfulness of spirit. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick." Christ's presence was health to them: Christ's presence and fellowship was in itself a call to repentance.

It is not by words and arguments alone that men are attracted and affected. There is a force in a genuine nature which of itself exercises an influence over others. Every day there are evil passions restrained and foolish words suppressed out of respect to the character of good men who are within hearing; sin feels itself rebuked by the company of a man whose life is honourable and pure. Just to see how a good man acts when he is not addressing you, or giving you advice, is in itself a lesson which goes to the heart. Indeed most people are repelled rather than arrested by direct formal teaching, and appeals to them in a mixed company; but they cannot be blind to true piety, or deaf to good counsel when it comes to them in the shape of unconscious and unpretending goodness of life; and most people are impressed more deeply by the character of the person who wishes to do good than by anything He says to them. And so it might happen, so, for aught we know, it did happen, that the presence of Jesus Christ and His pure character were of themselves a call to repentance, the only call to repentance which was at that time given.

It is comparatively easy and common to preach repentance, and to ply men with expostulations on the error of their ways; but how much higher the power to pierce the conscience of a covetous or intemperate man by the invisible arrow of personal character and worth! It is easy to gain the assent of crowds to the arguments which are used against a wicked life; but how noble and divine a thing is it to strike the heart of one man or many by the silent rebuke of a spotless mind! This is true preaching, and true power: it is the power before which sin bows and under which repentance is produced. And Christ proves Himself a Saviour by His own presence, and also by the silent testimony of those who breathe His spirit and live His life.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE
FOWLS OF THE AIR.

BY H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

II.—MAURITIUS AND RODRIGUEZ.

OF all the Mascarene group, Mauritius, to which we pass naturally from Réunion, claims the first place in importance, historically, commercially, and politically. Historically it has always attracted more attention, and has had more writers to tell its story; commercially and politically it owes its importance to its harbour, the only secure haven in the whole of these islands; and hence its population of three hundred and fifty thousand and its very considerable export trade. To the naturalist it is best known as the whilom home of the dodo (*Didus ineptus*), the one familiarly depicted in the quaint narratives of the old Dutch voyagers. Not that we have any reason to believe that Mauritius was richer in its bird fauna than were its neighbours; but these have unhappily shared the fate of the heroes who fought before Agamemnon, and had no Homer to immortalise them.

Geologically Mauritius is similar in character to Réunion, being wholly of volcanic origin, with no trace of sedimentary rocks, but without any active volcanoes; the craters, of which there are several, some rising to the height of three thousand feet, having evidently been quiescent for ages. Unlike Réunion, Mauritius has no great central desert region, such as that which surrounds the volcano of Piton; and, on the other hand, it is girt with a broad belt of coral, which in many places affords a substratum for the deposit of sand and vegetable matter, forming low-lying plains and marshes, and aiding in the formation of the harbours. The area, even to the centre of the island, is fertile, owing to the decomposition of the volcanic rocks. More than sixty little rivers plough through the rocky soil, and by their volume of fresh water have cut passages through the encircling fringe of coral, thus rendering the harbours accessible, from the fact that any considerable admixture of fresh water gradually destroys the coral zoophyte. Excepting that the volcanic fires have been so long quiescent, there is nothing in the natural features of Mauritius to lead us to assign to it a greater geological antiquity than the neighbouring islands. All seem to have been raised by the subterranean forces under the same conditions and at the same epoch.

XVIII—15

The Portuguese appear to have been the first human visitants of this island, which Mascaregnas, who probably was the discoverer somewhere about A.D. 1510, landing at what is now Port Louis, named Cerne. But inquisitive and unobservant of nature, the adventurers have left us no details of its state or of its products when discovered, nor do they appear to have penetrated to the other side. As it lay far to the south-east of the usual course of the Portuguese traders to India, we trace no allusion or further mention of it until A.D. 1598, when a Dutch voyager, Van Neck, found it uninhabited, and took possession of it, changing its name from Cerne to Mauritius, after Prince Maurice of Holland. The Dutch found it, indeed, a virgin isle, teeming with every sort of natural riches. Birds of many kinds, huge turtle, and abundance of fish, tempted them to make a settlement. Van Neck, in a grotesque and amusing plate, sets forth how they found animal and vegetable life in the richest profusion. Some of the party are represented as drawing fish in a net, capturing large ones with hooks, and harpooning others. Huge frugivorous bats are hanging from the boughs of fruit-trees; parrots and pigeons are perching in the branches, the former with large crests; frigate-birds are flying overhead; great turtles are crawling along the shore, the clumsy dodo waddling behind them; while in the foreground, in front of their shanty, their minister, Philip Delphois, is seated, preaching or expounding, as was his wont twice a day, to a seated and attentive congregation. Nor is this picture of the exuberance of nature at the first advent of man to be rejected as overdrawn. The quaint and simple details of the journal attest its truth.

Of the dodo a somewhat full description is given. It is represented as being of the size of a swan, with a round neck and crisp feathers, and three or four black plumes instead of wings, with no fear of man, so that it allowed any one to take it. But the Dutchmen failed in their cookery, and found them so tough that they named them "the nauseous bird." However, the sailors indemnified themselves by the fish and the pigeons, and pronounced the supplies of this island unrivalled by any other place in their

whole voyage. It is probable that this expedition brought a live dodo, the first seen in Europe, to Holland, for Clusius, in his "Exotica," in 1605, gives a description of the dodo, which he states he derived from Van Neck, much more accurate than the one just quoted from the sailor's journal. He tells us the bill was thick and long, yellowish next the head, with a black pointer. The lower mandible had also a bluish spot between the yellow and the black portions; the bird was covered with short and thin feathers, the legs clothed to the knee with black feathers, and the hinder part of the bird fat and fleshy. This looks far more like a record from the living bird, than from the accounts of a sailor, who had already given the former vague description.

At any rate Van Neck did nothing directly to exterminate these lords of the island. No more did the next visitors, the fleets of Dutch ships in 1601 and 1602, the latter of whom merely mention the dodo among a variety of other game found here. Soon, however, the destruction began. In 1602 Willem van West-Zanen sailed from Batavia with five richly-laden ships under Admiral Schuurmans, and stayed some time in Mauritius. Strickland, in his exhaustive work on "The Dodo and its Kindred," thus translates from the Low Dutch a part of Willem's journal:—

"The birds, of which the island is full, are of all kinds—doves, parrots, Indian crows, sparrows, hawks, thrushes, owls, swallows, and many small birds; white and black herons, geese, ducks, dodos, tortoises, sea-cows. The sailors were out every day to hunt for birds and other game, such as they could find on the land. No quadrupeds occur there except cats, though our countrymen have now introduced goats and swine. The herons were less tame than the other birds, and were difficult to procure, owing to their flying among the thick branches of the trees. They also caught birds which some name *dod-aarsen*, others *dronten*. When Jacob van Neck was here, these birds were called *wallich-vogels*, because even a long boiling would scarcely make them tender, but they remained tough and hard, except the breast and belly, which were very good, and also because from the abundance of turtle-doves which the men procured they became disgusted with the dodos. They have great heads with hoods thereon; they are without wings or tail, and have only little winglets on their sides, and four or five feathers behind, more elevated than the rest. They have beaks and feet, and commonly in the stomach a stone the size of a fist. . . . The dodos with their round sterns, for they were well fattened, were also obliged to turn tail; everything that could move was in a bustle; the fish, which had lived in peace for many a year, were pursued into the deepest water pools. . . . On July 25th Willem and his sailors brought some dodos, which were very fat; the whole crew made an ample meal of three or four of them, and a portion remained over. . . . They sent on board smoked fish, salted dodos, and other game. They were busy for some

days bringing provisions to the ship. On the 4th of August Willem's men brought fifty large birds on board the *Bruyn-Vis*; among them were twenty-four or twenty-five dodos, so large and heavy that they could not eat any two of them for dinner, and all that remained over was salted. . . . Another day Hogeveen set out from the tent with four seamen, provided with sticks, nets, muskets, and other necessities for hunting. They climbed up mountain and hill, roamed through forest and valley, and during the three days that they were out they caught another half hundred of birds, including a matter of twenty dodos, all which they brought on board and salted." (Strickland, pp. 14, 15.)

It is plain that such battues by the Dutchmen would very soon make an end of the helpless dodos. Limited as is the extent of the island, we have pretty good evidence that to one side of it alone were the dodos confined. They never attempted to drag their cumbersome forms up the mountain sides, or to cross to the other side of the island, which, as we shall presently see, provided by its marshy flats a congenial home for other since exterminated bird-giants. Not the least interesting fact connected with the history of many of the strange and peculiar birds of these islands is the apparent limitation of each, or of many of them, to only a small area of the little islet which formed their world.

Still the poor helpless giant lingered on for a time, aptly named by his destroyers "dodaers," the Low Dutch for "lubber," though Sir T. Herbert somewhat pedantically changed it to dodo, in order to derive it from the Portuguese *doudo*, i.e. "foolish." Perhaps the sailors' report of the culinary qualities of the dodo was not sufficiently attractive to intending emigrants, for years passed by, and no settlement was made. But the fate of the dodars was sealed. In 1607 Van der Hagins' two ships remained some weeks, and feasted on dodars, turtles, pigeons, grey parrots (all of them long since lost, leaving not a name behind), and not satisfied with them fresh, salted dodarsen in plenty for their voyage. At length the dodars, driven to desperation, began to try force, though they could not acquire wings; for in 1611 Verhuffen, while telling of the numbers his sailors daily killed for food, complains that if the men were not careful, the dodars inflicted some wounds on them with their beaks. Alas, it was only the revenge of despair!

When Sir T. Herbert visited Mauritius in 1627, he found it still uninhabited by man. The quaintness of his account of the dodo must be my apology for reproducing it. "First

here, and here only and in Dygarroys, is generated the dodo, which for shape and rareness may antagonize the phoenix of Arabia. Her body is round and fat: few weigh lesse than fifty pound; are reputed of more for wonder than food; greasie stomachs may seeke after them, but to the delicate they are offensive and of no nourishment.

"Her visage darts forth melancholie, as sensible of nature's injurie in framing so great a body to be guided with complementall wings so small and impotent that they serve onlie to prove her bird.

"The halfe of her head is naked, seeming covered with a fine vaile; her bill is crooked downwards; in the midst is the thrill, from which part to the end 'tis of a light greene mixt with a pale yellow tincture; her eyes are small and like to diamonds, rounde and rowling; her clothing downy feathers; her traine three small plumes, short and disproportionable, her legs suting to her body, her pounces sharpe, her appetite strong and greedy; stones and iron are digested, which description will better be received in her representation." (1st edit. p. 211.)

In 1638, Cauche, a French voyager, mentions and describes the bird. But in 1644 the Dutch colonised the island, and the struggle for existence must have been very short. Flightless, slow of foot, useful for food, at least for "the greasie stomachs" of the pioneers of civilisation, the dodarsen would soon be exterminated by the reckless greed of the new-comers. Dogs, cats, and swine, those inevitable associates of the colonist, would find the young and the eggs even of the tough-fleshed bird dainty morsels; and in fact, after the dodars had been forgotten, it was complained that in Mauritius "there are hogs of the China kind. These beasts do a great deal of damage to the inhabitants, by devouring all the young animals they can catch." If this were the fate of the cherished poultry of the farmyard, alas for the poor dodling!

The latest historic record of the dodo, brought to light by Mr. Strickland, is contained in a MS. in the British Museum, entitled "A coppey of Mr. Benj. Harry's Journall, when he was cheif mate of the shippe *Berkley Castle*, Captain William Talbot then commander, on a voyage to the coste and bay, 1679, which voyage they wintered at the *Maurrissches*." They left Deptford November 19th, 1679, and on their return voyage, unable to weather the Cape of Good Hope, they determined to make for the "Marushes," where they landed July 11th, 1681. Harry

in his journal proceeds: "Now having a little respitt, I will make a little description of the island, first of its productts, then of its parts; first of winged and feathered fowle the less passant are dodos, whose flesh is very hard, a small sort of gees reasonably good, teele, curlewes, pasca flamingoes, turtle-doves, large batts, many small birds which are good." He then complains of the Dutch, who charged them *1d.* per pound for goates and for deer, as large as any in the world. He recounts the vegetables cultivated, including "patatoes," "puplemuses," "pumkines," "tobacco, that hellish weed," and many others.

With the sailor's journal the history of the dodo ends. In the subsequent ten years its destruction must have been complete, for the careful observer Leguat, who resided here for several months in 1693, never once mentions it, though he gives a full and detailed description of other birds now extinct, and enters at great length on the natural history of the island.

Happily we are not dependent upon their meagre notices alone, for no less than five different pictures of the dodo exist, all evidently taken from the life, and exhibiting considerable variety in the coloration of the individual bird. The best known of them are the painting in the British Museum, Savery's picture at the Hague, and another by his nephew in the Ashmolean at Oxford.

Several living specimens, besides the one already referred to, must have reached Europe. One was shipped to England to Sir Edward Altham, of Marke Hall, Essex, by his nephew from Mauritius in 1628 (P.Z.S., 1874, p. 447). One at least was exhibited in London. Sir Hamon Lestrange mentions that in 1638 he went to see one shown in London, and describes it. This may have been the specimen, which eighteen years later finds a place in the "collection of rarities preserved at South Lambeth" by Tradescant, 1656. "Dodar from the island Mauritius. It is not able to flie, being so big." Tradescant's museum, the earliest in Great Britain, passed afterwards to Oxford, forming the nucleus of the Ashmolean, and there for nearly another century stood the last specimen of the dodo in the world. This, however, was not the first in the university, for before A.D. 1634 Mr. Gosling had presented one, of which, alas, we have no trace, to the anatomy school.

It is to be feared that Sir T. Ashmole, in bequeathing his treasures to the uncontrolled guardianship of the vice-chancellor and

proctors, exhibited an almost dodine simplicity. In 1755, on the 8th of January, those dignitaries, with the other trustees, paid their annual visit to the museum. It is to be hoped their morals were better, but their crass ignorance seems to have been worthy of the fellows of Balliol and Trinity of the preceding generation, whom Dean Prideaux has, Pepys-like, exposed to us obfuscating themselves with beer in the alehouse opposite Balliol. It was an unlucky day—the dodo's Ides of March. The dignitaries gazed at the uncouth bird, they thought it ugly, time had not improved its graces. Damp, dirt, and decay were doing their work, and it was condemned to be removed. As Sir C. Lyell observes, "Some have complained that inscriptions on tombstones contain no general information except that individuals were born and died—accidents which happen alike to all men. But the death of a *species* is so remarkable an event in natural history that it deserves commemoration; and it is with no small interest that we learn from the archives of the University of Oxford the exact day and year when the remains of the last specimen of the dodo, which had been permitted to rot in the Ashmolean Museum, were cast away. The relics, we are told, were 'a museo subducta, annuentibus vice-cancellario, aliisque curatoribus die Jan. 8^{vo}. 1755.'" Years afterwards, the head and one foot, which had happily escaped the flames, were found among some rubbish in a closet, and these, together with a foot in the British Museum, a skull at Copenhagen, and a portion of one at Prague, were the only known relics of the dodo.

To the joy of all naturalists, Mr. George Clark, of Mauritius, just ten years ago, be thought him of searching a shallow marshy pond near the old Dutch settlement, for bones of extinct birds. He was richly rewarded by a harvest of dodos' bones in vast numbers, and his "find" has enriched many a cabinet. The visitors to the British Museum may now see, in front of its portrait, an almost perfect articulated skeleton of the dodo, obtained through Mr. Clark's researches. By its aid a tyro in comparative anatomy may perceive that the dodo was but a gigantic ground pigeon.

Now this helpless flightless pigeon could never have continued to exist, under any conceivable conditions, in the presence of man, unless artificially preserved. Its presence, therefore, is a clear proof that the island had at no period of its existence had human inhabitants; and its singular form,

however produced, is a proof of the immense antiquity of the island which maintained it. We will not discuss here the Darwinian theory, or whether the dodo were descended from a bird type which had never yet attained the dignity of wings, or from a series of progenitors that had gradually discontinued the growth of wings, having no occasion or opportunity for their exercise—in fact, being better without them, as Mr. Wollaston has so admirably shown in the case of the beetles of the Madeiras. All we are concerned with is the evident fact that the dodo was fitted for his place where he was, and for no other, that he must have been a very ancient inhabitant, and was completely organized for his habitat. Mr. Strickland has aptly contrasted the wingless dodo with the toothless whale and the eyeless proteus—the one being a permanent suckling, with teeth that never penetrate the gums; the other a permanent tadpole, retaining its gills through life, and its eyes only subcutaneous specks; while the dodo was a *permanent nestling*, clothed with down instead of feathers, and wings and tail rudimentary and useless for flight.

Further removed than even the dodo from ordinary bird type was another giant form, known by its French describers as "*le géant*," apparently a colossal development of the water-hen, six feet high, very stork-like in its proportions, snow-white in plumage, excepting only the under-wing, which was pink, and the long legs and beak being, as generally in this genus, red. Leguat gives us in his work a rather rude sketch of "the giant," and his description is full and detailed; and though not a bone or a trace of it has yet been found, we cannot doubt the veracity of one whose accuracy has been tested in many instances, and proved most exact. Yet a water-hen rivalling an ostrich in stature, with a body no bigger than a swan, walking over the reeds and swamps as though on stilts, and its great foot with a circumference twice that of its body, is certainly without a peer left in the world. It is the one of the Mascarene birds of which we cannot produce a single relic, yet it occurred in Rodriguez, and also seems to have a representative in Bourbon. Unlike the dodo, it had considerable powers of flight, but was so slow to rise that Leguat tells us it was often caught by dogs in the marshes before it could lift itself from the ground. Probably its flight, from its length of legs and neck, and its shortness of wing, would be laboured and difficult; but it was

a stationary bird, and there was no occasion for it to undertake voyages. There is no reason to suppose that its food and mode of propagation differed from that of other water-hens. Why, however, was this water-hen so gigantic? Why was this gigantic creature fixed on only a portion of one of the smallest spots on our globe—a place where were neither great rivers nor wide morasses? Why should it be in colour entirely white, and differ in that respect from all other species of the family, except one (now also extinct), and that the denizen of two little islets in the Pacific?

To this latter question, Mr. A. R. Wallace, in his admirable address to Section D of the British Association at Glasgow, has supplied a very ingenious answer. He observes that white land animals are very rare, and that white varieties die out, owing probably to the fact that a black pigment is necessary for the perfection of the senses. Those wild ani-

mals which, like the Chillingham cattle, are white, have black nostrils and black tips to their ears, thus providing against the defect. But in islands like Mauritius there were no natural enemies against which to guard, and therefore no disadvantage in the comparative imperfection of the senses; and it is certainly a fact that white species are for the most part only insular.

But how is it that this giant water-hen was observed only by Leguat? It would seem that the voyagers never penetrated very far beyond the stony region near the port, wholly unsuited for any aquatic bird, while Leguat passed through the wildernesses on the other side of the island, full of rivers and marshes, unknown to the sailors and to the residents in the fort, but which were soon depopulated by the scattered hunters who had established themselves in the interior and maintained themselves by the chase.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

THE pathos that surrounds incompleted lives has been recognised from of old. "Whom the Gods love die young," said the old Pagans. "It is better to depart and to be with Christ," the early Christians responded. And the idea has its roots in the deepest sentiments of human nature. In spite of curiosity for details, its permanent satisfaction lies in possibilities; it can rest only with the eye on the wide and dim horizons, opening up as in vistas of morning. The "might-have-been" is the magical talisman to move us,—the ideal that lay yet unrealised and struggled for. As in a work of art that which charms the longest is the combination of real types and real traits with the suggestion of new and undefined relations which can only unfold themselves in the rise and unison of mixed emotions; so in biography the most persistent element is that which is suggested, but never told. Hence we can understand the hold which such memoirs as that of Kirke White, or of the "Earnest Student"—John Mackintosh,—have taken both of young and old. The imagination completes its own picture; it finds the point of unity, the more readily that in these cases the tender Christian resignation ministers such completeness as the story of external work or outward success, however well told, scarcely could. That the

"Life of a Scottish Probationer," recently published by Mr. Macle hose, suggests such thoughts as these, signifies at once that it tells no ordinary story and reveals no ordinary character. It is true that we have little that is striking outwardly; it is rather the quiet record of "a beautiful soul," pure and elevated, but with no coldness or asceticism; of a nature full of good sense, sociality, and humour, but with rare refinement and power of thought; sitting loose to the ambitions that usually dominate youthful impulse; finding rest and reward in the joy of its own thoughts; and showing forth in varied aspects the Christian character in the most attractive manner. A slight glance at the main outlines will, we think, justify this.

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, on the banks of the Teviot, where his father was a shepherd. The home, though lowly, was pervaded by Christian influence; the parents being more intelligent than most of their class, even in Scotland. They were members of the Relief Church, and the father walked eight miles every Sunday to Jedburgh, "finding these intervening miles no obstacle to continued adherence to the Church of his fathers,"—clearly a reflective, independent-minded man. Doubtless not a little in the son is due to close companionship with his father in the years of

early childhood. "When only four years old, he used to accompany his father on his rounds among the hills. If the way proved too long for the little feet, his father would leave him by the side of some whin-bush with strict charge not to stir from it till he returned to fetch him. There he would sit for hours, hearing

'The hum of bees in heather bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells.'"

He was thus early tutored to love of nature and solitude; and clearly he was even then quietly observant and discriminating. In 1849, when he was about eleven years of age, his father removed to a small farm in the parish of Ancrum; and the boy was sent to school at Ancrum village. He delighted in the beautiful scenery as he trudged along; and in after days he set some reminiscences of it into song. His love of reading here developed itself. He made acquaintance with what in after years he called the "literature of levity," and came near to being enthralled by it. Sir Walter Scott was very potent. On his way to bed one night after a late sederunt, he chanced to tread on some lucifer matches, which exploded under his feet. The house was awakened by the cry, "Oh, mother, mother! there's fire flying from my heels!" To which the anxious mother replied, "Oh, laddie, laddie! if ye dinna stop reading Walter Scott, he'll turn your heid." History too, was soon found to be full of attractions, and McCrie and Redhead were devoured. The Rev. Dr. Nicol, their minister, had discovered the remarkable aptitudes of the boy, and recommended that he should be sent to a superior school at Jedburgh. Though it involved a walk of ten miles a day Tom was delighted, and soon took a high place. "As he sauntered along the varied road with his satchel on his back and his Homer in his hand, he kept his eyes and ears open to the sights and sounds of nature. . . . He had already learned the Border ballads by heart. He knew, not the words only, but the music, and would hum as he walked along the weird lines that chord so well with the sighing of the wind and the rippling of the streams." He was enraptured with Virgil and deep in mathematics and philosophy, and he had already learned that there are thoughts and feelings that demand a higher expression than prose can afford.

In 1855 he entered the University of Edinburgh as a student of arts. Very attractive is the picture of the simple life day by day, with the relief of the well-filled box

which, at intervals, arrived from his home, to which he never ceased to look back with fondest affection. He was soon recognised as a promising student; but he had already been laid hold of by too great a variety of interests to shine in class-lists. The chief distinction he gained was a prize for poetry from Professor Aytoun. But it says much, both for his popularity and his modesty, that his fellow-students were so convinced of the merits of the poem that they sent it, unknown to him, to Mr. Thackeray, who inserted it in one of the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* with a fine illustration. "Davidson," we are told, "took this success very quietly. He shrank from any reference made to it by comparative strangers; but in his correspondence with intimate friends he acknowledges how deeply he was gratified." As for his friends, it can easily be conceived how proud they were to have their good opinion of the poem endorsed by so distinguished a judge.

In August, 1859, he became student of theology, entering the Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. His theological curriculum was broken up by intervals of teaching, and for a period he was at Forres. Writing to a fellow student he says:—

"You know nothing about the vexation of communicating the mysteries of number to an epitome who stares you in the face with large eyes, and expresses his conviction—in spite of common sense and what he deems a much more important thing, the multiplication table—that 3 times 3 are 10, and 5 times 5 are 19. You know nothing, Javius,* of the internal commotion one feels when his zeal in the communication of knowledge is suddenly checked by some wretched essence of staring stupidity, who looks him in the face and gravely tells him that f-o-x spells cat! There is no room for imagination in teaching. I can assure you, Javius, you must never speak of an abstract idea, or a notion, or an opinion, or a conception—far less of objective and subjective. You must only speak of things that are as material and plain and palpable as the proverbial pike-staff, or (rather) the penitential strap. You must never speak of the winds that blow through the realms of history; you must only speak of the straws and feathers that show which way the winds are driving; never of the troubled sea of human life collectively, but only of the waifs and wrecks and the broken staves that lie strewn along its shores. Now all this is vexatious and teasing and cramping enough. A teacher is always in prison, his nature is in chains, and the business of his life is to be a hopeless unstriving captive. He must always live for a pattern or an example,—and you know what sort of living must be."

The humorous touch half conceals a real experience. He did not feel himself in his

* This was a designation the result of membership in a brotherly society, in which he himself figured as "Flame"—designations that often gave a point to humorous turns.

place as a teacher; but he did his duties faithfully and well. He found friends, and made his banishment to Forbes profitable. He got literary society, even there. "Last night I met Mr. Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*, a famous *littérateur*, whom we heard deliver a fine lecture the same evening. Unfortunately I was seized with one of my fits of abstraction, and unable to rouse myself. I sat dreaming of youth and of the days of other years, and scarcely spoke a word the whole evening."

He is consulted by his fellow-students on difficulties in theology, and can show himself a sage adviser, grave and earnest, with an eye to finding a broader human meaning under the old forms, without doing despite to the forms themselves. He preaches before the Presbytery in Forbes, and gets "no end of praise from the priests, with the exception of one, who thought there was rather a *lack of catechism* (the phrase is mine, but that's the gist of his exceptions). What 'think you of Flame's discourse being lauded for its "originality" (by the carper too), for its sententiousness, for being sparkling and yet profound?' I have had thoughts of writing a commentary on the four Gospels ever since!" Poetry can go hand in hand with theology in his case. On his return home he indites a poem "On the Hills," in which we have this fine stanza:—

"O western wind! so soft and low,
Long lingering by furze and fern,
Rise! from thy wing the languor throw,
And by the marge of mountain tarn,
By rushy brook and lonely cairn,
Thy thousand bugles take, and blow
A wilder music up the fells!
Thy whispered spells—
About my heart I feel them twined,
And all the landscape far around;
'Neath their still strength lies thrall'd and bound;
The sluggard clouds, the loitering streams,
And all the hills, are dreaming dreams,
And I too dream with them, O western wind!"

In due course he became what is called a "probationer," that is, a preacher in orders, somewhat correspondent to those of a deacon in the Church of England. The probationer "supplies" for absent ministers, or uses his influence to obtain a hearing for himself in churches that are vacant. We learn from this volume, that in the United Presbyterian Church a rather more exact and equitable method is practised than in the sister churches. A committee make up a list of all the congregations needing "supply," and allocate to each student an equal share in it. This system, though it may not in all cases work with absolute satisfaction to the hearers, has the advantage of giving the probationers a slight knowledge of the world in

their movements from place to place, before they settle down in a charge. Under this "list" Thomas Davidson obtained, we should think, a fair share of the travelling. At all events, he had a chance of getting glimpses of the best parts of the three kingdoms. We find him in Stornoway, where he observes and seizes the characteristic points both of Celts and Norsemen; at Dublin and Cullybackey, where he shows that he can respond to Irish wit and fun; at Lanark and Aldershot, at Berwick and Falkirk; at Aberdeen and Keith at Glasgow and other places in the west of Scotland. Everywhere he finds friends and profits by new experiences. His notes and letters show a richly humorous, tolerant, observant nature, ready to make allowances, and to meet new men on a frank and manly footing.

"I preached yesterday [at Walker] in the forenoon and in the evening. They have a bad habit of keeping the Sabbath-school bairns altogether in a body in the middle of the chapel in the forenoon—a habit which, I think, is not to edification by any means. A good deal of fun goes on among the little people, and, as a check upon their procedure, a grave and reverend senior, grey-haired but sharp as a needle, sits as sentinel over them, and with one eye and ear directed to myself and the other to the youngsters, had altogether a busy time of it. He came in and smoked a pipe with me in the evening, and I was amazed to see that, after all, the good old gentleman does not squint either."

But the richest field of observation and humour he was thrown into was undoubtedly the remote Cullybackey, which, however, he found a rather pleasant little place, "with plenty of roads and walks about it, some of them going through woods and avenues, some of them merely through long tracts of fields with lots of houses—all farmhouses, for everybody is a farmer here, and little wee farmies that just keep the family jogging and eating, and not what might be called downright scarecrows. On Sundays they look very respectable, saving their hats. Ireland is a great field for the study of the human hat." His sketch of Larry McKie, fiddler and farmer, shows that he could paint as well as observe.

"Larry is not good at a slow tune, or *chune*, as he calls it, but he comes out strong in 'jigs, strathspeys, and reels,' and he whacked off 'Tullochgorum,' 'Killiecrankie,' and the 'Braes o' Tullymet and Mar,' not to mention 'Garryowen,' and the 'Pradhestan Bhoys,' and 'St. Patrick's Day,' and 'Boyne Water,' with inconceivable *vim* and vigour. Altogether I liked Larry very much indeed; and Larry took so kindly to me that he begged me to settle down here, and he would himself take a *sail* in the church! I thanked him heartily, and assured him that I didn't think I would exactly suit the place. Larry then assured me, in turn, that it wasn't just

such an 'obscure pleece as most people took it to be; for shure,' he added, 'ye musn't have heard the song about it that I sung meeself twelve times over the night before I left Geelong, and not a sowl there but was waipin' like a Donegal summer, though their bairds were as long as the Apostle Aaron's.' I desired him to sing it, which he did with great pathos, and a very nice little song it is, and Larry is going to write down for me both the words and the music."

He has firm ideas on church building and church decoration, and the question of due economy and means in the matter. Writing from West Kilbride, he says:—

"The time is past for open-air preaching. How I would have rejoiced to have looked and listened at Stichel Brae, and my heart does warm to the dear old square tea-caddy churches that our good forefathers delighted to build: they seem to say to me, 'We were built by strong-minded men, who dared to think;' but nowadays I must confess to be somewhat of King David's faction. I would not like to dwell, and I do not like to see other people dwell, in 'ceiled houses,' while the tabernacle is beneath curtains, *i.e.* I do not like to see well-to-do people content with a shabby church. I should be willing for the ark of God to have a double ceiling, if it tended to higher decoration, and if it were practicable and of any use. Hymn-making and church-building are very much the same, you see. I would have for God's service the very highest thoughts that the mind of man can conceive, and the very finest wall that the hand of man can execute—but for this last *no debt*. I loath and abhor debt; but debt on a Church!—bah! there is something wrong with the Church's Christianity when it cannot balance its ledger with the world."

Davidson's preaching career closed in 1866, when he returned to his father's house at Jedburgh, in the hope that a few months' rest would restore him. Instead, he grew weaker and weaker; but it is noticeable that the weaker he grew in body his brain became more active, his humour burst out the more, and bubbled over. As long as he could heread, he wrote, indited long and pleasant letters to his friends—discussing literature, theology, and all manner of subjects—Boston, of the "Fourfold State," coming in for some quaint criticisms. Now and then he relieves his other studies by penning a stanza—song or sonnet—certainly of no mean quality as we have them here. He was fond of children, and exulted in his troop of nephews and nieces:—

"I am well informed in babyology. I have such a following of nephews and nieces, I believe I must be at least a thirty-fold uncle; think of that! To be uncle to three must be as responsible a predicament as being father to one; think, therefore, of my having responsibility on my back equal to that of a family of ten!"

The idea of death became so familiar to him that he could lighten the weary hours by

penning odd fantasies, humorously setting forth his own relations to it; yet over all these exercises there is diffused a spirit of reverent hopefulness. A very remarkable poem on a Premature Report—to wit, that he had died—ends thus:—

"Let heaven hang for canopy
Over earth, my dear abode;
For I praise the Living God,
Who all joy doth send,
I too, living, stand
In your living midst to-day,
O teeming blooms and songs of May!"

Even when he was able to do no more than creep round the garden from seat to seat which his nephew had put up, so that he might almost any hour be able "to sit in the sun's eye," he carried his pen or pencil with him and wrote loving, brotherly letters, making pathetic fun out of his own difficulties and those of his mother—his companion invalid—in the process.

"I don't know whether you would laugh or cry to see our going out and our coming in. I think perhaps you would do both at once. We sally forth in the forenoon when the sun has well asserted its power, each with a stick (the sticks are of hazel), and hirlpe along to bench the first. We sit there a good while (indeed, my mother has never gone any further yet). By-and-by I start on another stage of my constitutional, and, achieving with a *pech* [groan] the next mercurial bench, I cast myself down there for a few minutes, and so throughout the series, until I reach the well where stands the last of them, and whence I start again and *da capo* the process until I come up to my mother's station, where we remain until it is almost time for dinner."

His generosity and self-denial, his determination to give enjoyment and to obtrude none of his own sufferings, are seen in every page of the book; no less than his keen affections, his deep religious feelings, and his quiet hopefulness of spirit, which lay close to his quaint humour. And these are most noticeable during the last three years, when he was day by day consciously moving towards the grave.

He died on the 29th of April, 1870. We can believe his biographer when he says that, like John Macleod Campbell, "he spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was, like his life, an 'amen' to God's will." His college companions have raised a memorial to him in Oxnam churchyard; but his elevated thought, his rich humanity, his humour, and his pathos, as preserved in this volume, should raise for him a memorial in the hearts of many who may never look on that other one.

H. A. PAGE.





"WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES."

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WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER V.—A ZWANSIGER IS A ZWANSIGER.

IN the beginning of August, the Weisses and the Tendels and Herr Trauss had all left the Brunnenthal, and our friend Frau Frohmann was left with a housefull of guests, who were less intimately known to her, but who not the less demanded and received all her care. But, as those departed whom she had taught herself to regard as neighbours and who were therefore entitled to something warmer and more generous than mere tavern hospitality, she began to feel the hardness of her case in having to provide so sumptuously for all these strangers at a loss. There was a party of Americans in the house who had absolutely made no inquiry whatsoever as to prices till they had shown themselves at her door. Peter had been very urgent with her to mulct the Americans, who were likely, he thought, to despise the house merely because it was cheap. But she would not give way. If the American gentleman should find out the fact and turn upon her, and ask her why he was charged more than others, how would she be able to answer him? She had never yet been so placed as not to be able to answer any complaints, boldly and even indignantly. It was hard upon her; but if the prices were to be raised to any, they must be raised to all.

The whole valley now was in a hubbub. In the matter of butter there had been so great a commotion that the Frau had absolutely gone back to the making of her own, a system which had been abandoned at the Peacock a few years since, with the express object of befriending the neighbours. There had been a dairy with all its appurtenances; but it had come to pass that the women around had got cows, and that the Frau had found that without damage to herself she could buy their supplies. And in this way her own dairy had gone out of use. She had kept her cows, because there had grown into use a great drinking of milk at the Peacock, and as the establishment had gradually increased, the demand for cream, custards, and such luxuries had of course increased also. Now, when, remembering this, she conceived that she had a peculiar right to receive submission as to the price of butter, and yet found more strong rebellion here than on any other point, she at once took the bull by the horns, and threw not only her ener-

gies, but herself bodily into the dairy. It was repaired and whitewashed, and scoured, and supplied with all necessary furniture in so marvellously short a time, that the owners of cows around could hardly believe their ears and their eyes. Of course there was a spending of money, but there had never been any slackness as to capital at the Peacock when good results might be expected from its expenditure. So the dairy was set a going.

But there was annoyance, even shame, and to the old woman's feeling almost disgrace, arising from this. As you cannot eat your cake and have it, so neither can you make your butter and have your cream. The supply of new milk to the milk-drinkers was at first curtailed, and then altogether stopped. The guests were not entitled to the luxury by any contract, and were simply told that as the butter was now made at home, the milk was wanted for that purpose. And then there certainly was a deterioration in the puddings. There had hitherto been a rich plenty which was now wanting. No one complained; but the Frau herself felt the falling off. The puddings now were such as might be seen at other places,—at the Golden Lion for instance. Hitherto her puddings had been unrivalled in the Tyrol.

Then there had suddenly appeared a huckster, a pedlar, an itinerant dealer in the valley who absolutely went round to the old women's houses and bought the butter at the prices which she had refused to give. And this was a man who had been in her own employment, had been brought to the valley by herself, and had once driven her own horses! And it was reported to her that this man was simply an agent for a certain tradesman in Innsbruck. There was an ingratitude in all this which nearly broke her heart. It seemed to her that those to whom in their difficulties she had been most kind were now turning upon her in her difficulty; and she thought that there was no longer left among the people any faith, any feeling of decent economy, any principle. Disregarding right or wrong, they would all go where they could get half a zwansiger more! They knew what it was she was attempting to do; for had she not explained it all to Suse Krapp? And yet they turned against her.

The poor Frau knew nothing of that great

principle of selling in the dearest market, however much the other lesson as to buying in the cheapest had been brought home to her. When a fixed price had become fixed, that, she thought, should not be altered. She was demanding no more than she had been used to demand, though to do so would have been so easy. But her neighbours, those to whom she had even been most friendly, refused to assist her in her efforts to re-establish the old and salutary simplicity. Of course when the butter was taken into Innsbruck, the chickens and the eggs went with the butter. When she learned how all this was she sent for Suse Krapp, and Suse Krapp again came down to her.

"They mean then to quarrel with me utterly?" said the Frau with her sternest frown.

"Meine liebe Frau Frohmann!" said the old woman, embracing the arm of her ancient friend.

"But they do mean it?"

"What can we do, poor wretches? We must live."

"You lived well enough before," said the Frau, raising her fist in the unpremeditated eloquence of her indignation. "Will it be better for you now to deal with strangers who will rob you at every turn? Will Karl Muntz, the blackguard that he is, advance money to any of you at your need? Well; let it be so. I too can deal with strangers. But when once I have made arrangements in the town, I will not come back to the people of the valley. If we are to be severed, we will be severed. It goes sadly against the grain with me, as I have a heart in my bosom."

"You have, you have, my dearest Frau Frohmann."

"As for the cranberries, we can do without them." Now it had been the case that Suse Krapp with her grandchildren had supplied the Peacock with wild fruits in plentiful abundance, which wild fruit, stewed as the Frau knew how to stew them, had been in great request among the guests at the Brunnenthal. Great bowls of cranberries and bilberries had always at this period of the year turned the Frau's modest supper into luxurious banquets. But there must be an end to that now; not in any way because the price paid for the fruit was grudging, but because the quarrel, if quarrel there must be, should be internecine at all points. She had loved them all; but, if they turned against her, not the less because of her love would she punish them. Poor old

Suse wiped her eyes and took her departure without any kirschwasser on this occasion.

It all went on from bad to worse. Seppel the carpenter gave her notice that he would leave her service at the end of August. "Why at the end of August?" she asked, remembering that she had promised to give him the higher rate of wages up to a later date than that. Then Seppel explained, that as he must do something for himself,—that is, find another place,—the sooner he did that the better. Now Seppel the carpenter was brother to that Anton who had most wickedly undertaken the huckstering business, on the part of Karl Muntz the dealer in Innsbruck, and it turned out that Seppel was to join him. There was an ingratitude in this which almost drove the old woman frantic. If any one in the valley was more bound to her by kindly ties than another, it was Seppel, with his wife and six children. Wages! There had been no question of wages when Babette, Seppel's wife, had been ill; and Babette had always been ill. And when he had chopped his own foot with his own axe, and had gone into the hospital for six weeks, they had wanted nothing! That he should leave her for a matter of six zwansigers a month, and not only leave her, but become her active enemy, was dreadful to her. Nor was her anger at all modified when he explained it all to her. As a man, and as a carpenter who was bound to keep up his own respect among carpenters, he could not allow himself to work for less than the ordinary wages. The Frau had been very kind to him, and he and his wife and children were all grateful. But she would not therefore wish him,—this was his argument,—she would not on that account require him to work for less than his due. Seppel put his hand on his heart, and declared that his honour was concerned. As for his brother's cart and his huckstery trade and Karl Muntz, he was simply lending a hand to that till he could get a settled place as carpenter. He was doing the Frau no harm. If he did not look after the cart, somebody else would. He was very submissive and most anxious to avert her anger; but yet would not admit that he was doing wrong. But she towered in her wrath, and would listen to no reason. It was to her all wrong. It was innovation, a spirit of change coming from the source of all evil, bringing with it unkindness, absence of charity, ingratitude! It was flat mutiny, and rebellion against their betters. For some

weeks it seemed to the Frau that all the world was going to pieces.

Her position was the more painful because at the time she was without counsellors. The kaplan came indeed as usual, and was as attentive and flattering to her as of yore ; but he said nothing to her about her own affairs unless he was asked ; and she did not ask him, knowing, that he would not give her palatable counsel. The kaplan himself was not well versed in political economy or questions of money generally ; but he had a vague idea that the price of a chicken ought to be higher now than it was thirty years ago. Then why not also the price of living to the guests at the Peacock ? On that matter he argued with himself that the higher prices for the chickens had prevailed for some time, and that it was at any rate impossible to go back. And perhaps the lawyer had been right in recommending the Frau to rush at once to seven zwansigers and a half. His mind was vacillating and his ideas misty ; but he did agree with Suse Krapp when she declared that the poor people must live. He could not, therefore, do the Frau any good by his advice.

As for Schlessen, he had not been at the Brunnenthal for a month, and had told Malchen in Innsbruck that unless he were specially wanted he would not go to the Peacock until something had been settled as to the mitgift. "Of course she is going to lose a lot of money," said Schlessen. "Anybody can see that with half an eye. Everybody in the town is talking about it. But when I tell her so, she is only angry with me."

Malchen of course could give no advice. Every step which her mother took seemed to her to be unwise. Of course the old women would do the best they could with their eggs. The idea that any one out of gratitude should sell cheaper to a friend than to an enemy was to her monstrous. But when she found that her mother was determined to swim against the stream, to wound herself by kicking against the pricks, to set at defiance all the common laws of trade, and that in this way money was to be lost, just at that very epoch of her own life in which it was so necessary that money should be forthcoming for her own advantage,—then she became moody, unhappy, and silent. What a pity it was that all this power should be vested in her mother's hands !

As for Peter, he had been altogether converted. When he found that a cart had to be sent twice a week to Brixen, and that the very poultry which had been carried from

the valley to the town had to be brought back from the town to the valley, then his spirit of conservatism deserted him. He went so far as to advise his mother to give way. "I don't see that you do any good by ruining yourself," he said.

But she turned at him very fiercely. "I suppose I may do what I like with my own ?" she replied.

Yes ; she could do what she liked with her own. But now it was declared by all those around her, by her neighbours in the valley, and by those in Innsbruck who knew anything about her, that it was a sad thing and a bad thing that an old woman should be left with the power of ruining all those who belonged to her, and that there should be none to restrain her ! And yet for the last twenty-five years previous to this it had been the general opinion in these parts that nobody had ever managed such a house as well as the Frau Frohmann. As for being ruined,—Schlessen, who was really acquainted with her affairs, knew better than that. She might lose a large sum of money, but there was no fear of ruin. Schlessen was inclined to think that all this trouble would end in the Frau retiring to Schwatz, and that the settlement of the mitgift might thus be accelerated. Perhaps he and the Frau herself were the only two persons who really knew how well she had thriven. He was not afraid, and, being naturally patient, was quite willing to let things take their course.

The worst of it to the Frau herself was that she knew so well what people were saying of her. She had enjoyed for many years all that delight which comes from success and domination. It had not been merely, nor even chiefly, the feeling that money was being made. It is not that which mainly produces the comfortable condition of mind which attends success. It is the sense of respect which it engenders. The Frau had held her head high, and felt herself inferior to none, because she had enjoyed to the full this conviction. Things had gone pleasantly with her. Nothing is so enfeebling as failure ; but she, hitherto, had never failed. Now a new sensation had fallen upon her, by which at certain periods she was almost prostrated. The woman was so brave that at her worst moments she would betake herself to solitude, and shed her tears where no one could see her. Then she would come out and so carry herself that none should guess how she suffered. To no ears did she utter a word of complaint, unless her indignation to Seppel, to Suse, and the others might be called com-

plaining. She asked for no sympathy. Even to the kaplan she was silent, feeling that the kaplan, too, was against her. It was natural that he should take part with the poor. She was now, for the first time in her life, driven, alas, to feel that the poor were against her.

The house was still full, but there had of late been a great falling off in the mid-day visitors. It had, indeed, almost come to pass that that custom had died away. She told herself, with bitter regret, that this was the natural consequence of her deteriorated dinners. The Brixen meat was not good. Sometimes she was absolutely without poultry. And in those matters of puddings, cream, and custards we know what a falling off there had been. I doubt, however, whether her old friends had been stopped by that cause. It may have been so with Herr Trauss, who in going to the Brunnenthal, or elsewhere, cared for little else but what he might get to eat and drink. But with most of those concerned the feeling had been that things were generally going wrong in the valley, and that in existing circumstances the Peacock could not be pleasant. She at any rate felt herself to be deserted, and this feeling greatly aggravated her trouble.

"You are having beautiful weather," Mr. Cartwright said to her one day when, in her full costume, she came out among the coffee-drinkers in the front of the house. Mr. Cartwright spoke German, and was on friendly terms with the old lady. She was perhaps a little in awe of him as being a rich man, an Englishman, and one with a white beard and a general deportment of dignity.

"The weather is well enough, sir," she said.

"I never saw the place all round look more lovely. I was up at Sustermann's saw-mills this morning, and I and my daughter agreed that it is the most lovely spot we know."

"The saw-mill is a pretty spot, sir, no doubt."

"It seems to me that the house becomes fuller and fuller every year, Frau Frohmann."

"The house is full enough, sir; perhaps too full." Then she hesitated, as though she would say something further. But the words were wanting to her in which to explain her difficulties with sufficient clearness for the foreigner, and she retreated, therefore, back into her own domains. He, of course, had heard something of the Frau's troubles, and had been willing enough to say a word to her about things in general if the occasion arose. But he had felt that the subject must be introduced by herself. She was too great

a potentate to have advice thrust upon her uninvited.

A few days after this she asked Malchen whether Schlessen was ever coming out to the Brunne-thal again. This was almost tantamount to an order for his presence. "He will come directly, mother, if you want to see him," said Malchen. The Frau would do no more than grunt in answer to this. It was too much to expect that she should say positively that he must come. But Malchen understood her, and sent the necessary word into Innsbruck.

On the following day Schlessen was at the Peacock, and took a walk up to the waterfall with Malchen before he saw the Frau. "She won't ruin herself," said Fritz. "It would take a great deal to ruin her. What she is losing in the house she is making up in the forests and in the land."

"Then it won't matter if it does go on like this?"

"It does matter, because it makes her so fierce and unhappy, and because the more she is knocked about the more obstinate she will get. She has only to say the word, and all would be right to-morrow."

"What word?" asked Malchen.

"Just to acknowledge that everything has got to be twenty-five per cent. dearer than it was twenty-five years ago."

"But she does not like paying more, Fritz. That's just the thing."

"What does it matter what she pays?"

"I should think it mattered a great deal."

"Not in the least. What does matter is, whether she makes a profit out of the money she spends. Florins and zwansigers are but names. What you can manage to eat, and drink, and wear, and what sort of a house you can live in, and whether you can get other people to do for you what you don't like to do yourself,—that is what you have got to look after."

"But, Fritz;—money is money."

"Just so; but it is no more than money."

If she could find out suddenly that what she has been thinking was a zwansiger was in truth only half a zwansiger, then she would not mind paying two where she has hitherto paid one, and would charge two where she now charges one,—as a matter of course. That's about the truth."

"But a zwansiger is a zwansiger."

"No;—not in her sense. A zwansiger now is not much more than half what it used to be. If the change had come all at once she could have understood it better."

"But why is it changed?"

Here Schlessen scratched his head. He was not quite sure that he knew, and felt himself unable to explain clearly what he himself only conjectured dimly. "At any rate it is so. That's what she has got to be made to understand, or else she must give it up and go and live quietly in private. It'll come to that, that she won't have a servant about the place if she goes on like this. Her own grandfather and grandmother were very good sort of people, but it is useless to try and live like them. You might just as well go back further, and give up knives and forks and cups and saucers."

Such was the wisdom of Herr Schlessen; and when he had spoken it he was ready to go back from the waterfall, near which they were seated, to the house. But Malchen thought that there was another subject as to which he ought to have something to say to her. "It is all very bad for us;—isn't it, Fritz?"

"It will come right in time, my darling."

"Your darling! I don't think you care for me a bit." As she spoke she moved herself a little further away from him. "If you did, you would not take it all so easily."

"What can I do, Malchen?" She did not quite know what he could do, but she was sure that when her lover, after a month's absence, got an opportunity of sitting with her by a waterfall, he should not confine his conversation to a discussion on the value of zwansigers.

"You never seem to think about anything except money now."

"That is very unfair, Malchen. It was you asked me, and so I endeavoured to explain it."

"If you have said all that you've got to say, I suppose we may go back again."

"Of course, Malchen, I wish she'd settle what she means to do about you. We have been engaged long enough."

"Perhaps you'd like to break it off."

"You never knew me break off anything yet." That was true. She did know him to be a man of a constant, if not of an enthusiastic temperament. And now, as he helped her up from off the rock, and contrived to snatch a kiss in the process, she was restored to her good humour.

"What's the good of that?" she said, thumping him, but not with much violence. "I did speak to mother a little while ago, and asked her what she meant to do."

"Was she angry?"

"No;—not angry; but she said that everything must remain as it is till after the season.

Oh, Fritz! I hope it won't go on for another winter. I suppose she has got the money?"

"Oh, yes; she has got it; but, as I've told you before, people who have got money do not like to part with it." Then they returned to the house; and Malchen, thinking of it all, felt reassured as to her lover's constancy, but was more than ever certain that, though it might be for five years, he would never marry her till the mitgift had been arranged.

Shortly afterwards he was summoned into the Frau's private room, and there had an interview with her alone. But it was very short; and, as he afterwards explained to Malchen, she gave him no opportunity of proffering any advice. She had asked him nothing about prices, and had made no allusion whatever to her troubles with her neighbours. She said not a word about the butcher, either at Innsbruck or at Brixen, although they were both at this moment very much on her mind. Nor did she tell him anything of the wickedness of Anton, nor of the ingratitude of Seppel. She had simply wanted so many hundred florins,—for a purpose, as she said,—and had asked him how she might get them with the least inconvenience. Hitherto the money coming in, which had always gone into her own hands, had sufficed for her expenditure, unless when some new building was required. But now a considerable sum was necessary. She simply communicated her desire, and said nothing of the purpose for which it was wanted. The lawyer told her that she could have the money very easily,—at a day's notice, and without any peculiar damage to her circumstances. With that the interview was over, and Schlessen was allowed to return to his lady love,—or to the amusements of the Peacock generally.

"What did she want of you?" asked Peter.

"Only a question about business."

"I suppose it was about business. But what is she going to do?"

"You ought to know that, I should think. At any rate, she told me nothing."

"It is getting very bad here," said Peter with a peculiarly gloomy countenance. "I don't know where we are to get anything, soon. We have not milk enough, and half the time the visitors can't have eggs if they want them. And as for fowls, they have to be bought for double what we used to give. I wonder the folk here put up with it without grumbling."

"It'll come right after this season."

"Such a name as the place is getting!" said Peter. "And then I sometimes think it

will drive her distracted. I told her yesterday we must buy more cows;—and, oh, she did look at me!”

CHAPTER VI.—HOFF THE BUTCHER.

THE lawyer returned to town, and on the next day the money was sent out to the Brunnenthal. Frau Frohmann had not winced when she demanded the sum needed, nor had she shown by any contorted line in her countenance that she was suffering when she asked for it; but, in truth, the thing had not been done without great pain. Year by year she had always added something to her store, either by investing money, or by increasing her property in the valley, and it would generally be at this time of the year that some deposit was made; but now the stream, which had always run so easily and so prosperously in one direction, had begun to flow backwards. It was to her as though she were shedding her blood. But, as other heroes have shed their blood in causes that have been dear to them, so would she shed hers in this. If it were necessary that these veins of her heart should be opened, she would give them to the knife. She had scowled when Peter had told her that more cows must be bought; but before the week was over the cows were there. And she had given a large order at Innsbruck for poultry to be sent out to her, almost irrespective of price. All idea of profit was gone. It was pride now for which she was fighting. She would not give way, at any rate till the end of this season. Then—then—then! There had come upon her mind an idea that some deluge was about to flow over her; but also an idea that even among the roar of the waters she would hold her head high, and carry herself with dignity.

But there had come to her now a very trouble of troubles, a crushing blow, a misfortune which could not be got over, which could not even be endured, without the knowledge of all those around her. It was not only that she must suffer, but that her sufferings must be exposed to all the valley,—to all Innsbruck. When Schlessen was closeted with her, at that very moment, she had in her pocket a letter from that traitorous butcher at Brixen, saying that after such and such a date he could not continue to supply her with meat at the prices fixed. And this was the answer which the man had sent to a remonstrance from her as to the quality of the article! After submitting for weeks to inferior meat she had told him that there must be some improvement, and he had replied by throwing her over altogether!

What was she to do? Of all the blows which had come to her this was the worst. She must have meat. She could, when driven to it by necessity, make her own beef and mutton. She could send into the town for ducks and chickens, and feel that in doing so she was carrying out her own project,—that, at any rate, she was encountering no public disgrace. But now she must own herself beaten, and must go back to Innsbruck.

And there came upon her dimly a conviction that she was bound, both by prudence and justice, to go back to her old friend Hoff. She had clearly been wrong in this matter of meat. Hoff had plainly told her that she was wrong, explaining to her that he had to give much more for his beasts and sheep than he did twenty years ago, to pay more wages to the men who killed them and cut them up, and also to make a greater profit himself, so as to satisfy the increased needs of his wife and daughters. Hoff had been outspoken, and had never wavered for a moment. But he had seemed to the Frau to be almost insolent,—she would have said, too independent. When she had threatened to take away her custom he had shrugged his shoulders, and had simply remarked that he would endeavour to live without it. The words had been spoken with, perhaps, something of a jeer, and the Frau had left the shop in wrath. She had since repented herself of this, because Hoff had been an old friend, and had attended to all her wishes with friendly care. But there had been the quarrel, and her custom had been transferred to that wretch at Brixen. If it had been simply a matter of forgiving and forgetting she could have made it up with Hoff, easily enough, an hour after her anger had shown itself. But now she must own herself to have been beaten. She must confess that she had been wrong. It was in that matter of meat, from that fallacious undertaking made by the traitor at Brixen, that she, in the first instance, had been led to think that she could triumph. Had she not been convinced of the truth of her own theory by that success, she would not have been led on to quarrel with all her neighbours, and to attempt to reduce Seppel's wages. But now, when this, her great foundation, was taken away from her, she had no ground on which to stand. She had the misery of failure all around her, and, added to that, the growing feeling that, in some step of her argument, she must have been wrong. One should be so very sure of all the steps before

one allows oneself to be guided in important matters by one's own theories!

But after some ten days' time the supply of meat from Brixen would cease, and something therefore must be done. The Brixen traitor demanded now exactly the price which Hoff had heretofore charged. And then there was the carriage! That was not to be thought of. She would not conceal her failure from the world by submission so disgraceful as that. With the Brixen man she certainly would deal no more. She took twenty-four hours to think of it, and then she made up her mind that she would herself go into the town and acknowledge her mistake to Hoff. As to the actual difference of price, she did not now care very much about it. When a deluge is coming, one does not fret oneself as to small details of cost; but even when a deluge is coming, one's heart and pride, and perhaps one's courage, may remain unchanged.

On a certain morning it was known throughout the Peacock at an early hour that the Frau was going into town that day. But breakfast was over before any one was told when and how she was to go. Such journeyings, which were not made very often, had always about them something of ceremony. On such occasions her dress would be, not magnificent, as when she was arrayed for festive occasions at home, but yet very carefully arranged and equally unlike her ordinary habiliments. When she was first seen on this day,—after her early visit to the kitchen, which was not a full-dress affair,—she was clad in what may be called the beginnings or substratum of her travelling gear. She wore a very full, rich-looking, dark-coloured merino gown, which came much lower to the ground than her usual dress, and which covered her up high round the throat. Whenever this was seen it was known as a certainty that the Frau was going to travel. Then there was the question of the carriage and the horses. It was generally Peter's duty and high privilege to drive her in to town; and as Peter seldom allowed himself a holiday, the occasion was to him always a welcome one. It was her custom to let him know what was to befall him at any rate the night before; but now not a word had been said. After breakfast, however, a message went out that the carriage and horses would be needed, and Peter prepared himself accordingly. "I don't think I need take you," said the Frau.

"Why not me? There is no one else to drive them. The men are all employed."

Then she remembered that when last she had dispensed with Peter's services Anton had driven her,—that Anton who was now carrying the butter and eggs into market. She shook her head, and was silent for a while in her misery. Then she asked whether the boy, Jacob, could not take her. "He would not be safe with those horses down the mountain," said Peter. At last it was decided that Peter should go;—but she yielded unwillingly, being very anxious that no one in the valley should be informed that she was about to visit Hoff. Of course it would be known at last. Everybody about the place would learn whence the meat came. But she could not bear to think that those around her should talk of her as having been beaten in the matter.

About ten they started, and on the whole road to Innsbruck hardly a word was spoken between the mother and son. She was quite resolved that she would not tell him whither she was going, and resolved also that she would pay the visit alone. But, of course, his curiosity would be excited. If he chose to follow her about and watch her, there could be no help for that. Only he had better not speak to her on the subject, or she would pour out upon him all the vials of her wrath. In the town there was a little hostel called the Black Eagle, kept by a cousin of her late husband, which on these journeys she always frequented, and there she and Peter ate their dinner. At table they sat, of course, close to each other; but still not a word was spoken as to her business. He made no inquiry, and when she rose from the table simply asked her whether there was anything for him to do. "I am going—alone—to see a friend," she said. No doubt he was curious, probably suspecting that Hoff the butcher might be the friend; but he asked no further question. She declared that she would be ready to start on the return journey at four, and then she went forth alone.

So great was her perturbation of spirit that she did not take the directest way to the butcher's house, which was not, indeed, above two hundred yards from the Black Eagle, but walked round slowly by the river, studying as she went the words with which she would announce her purpose to the man,—studying, also, by what wiles and subtlety she might get the man all to herself,—so that no other ears should hear her disgrace. When she entered the shop Hoff himself was there, conspicuous with the huge sharpening-steel which hung from his capacious girdle, as though it were the sword of his knighthood.

But with him there was a crowd either of loungers or customers, in the midst of whom he stood, tall above all the others, laughing and talking. To our poor Frau it was terrible to be seen by so many eyes in that shop;—for had not her quarrel with Hoff and her dealings at Brixen been so public that all would know why she had come? “Ah, my friend, Frau Frohmann!” said the butcher, coming up to her with hand extended, “this is good for sore eyes. I am delighted to see thee in the old town.” This was all very well, and she gave him her hand. As long as no public reference was made to that last visit of hers, she would still hold up her head. But she said nothing. She did not know how to speak as long as all those eyes were looking at her.

The butcher understood it all, being a tender-hearted man, and intelligent also. From the first moment of her entrance he knew that there was something to be said intended only for his own ears. “Come in, come in, Frau Frohmann,” he said; “we will sit down within, out of the noise of the street and the smell of the carcasses.” With that he led the way into an inner room, and the Frau followed him. There were congregated three or four of his children, but he sent them away, bidding them join their mother in the kitchen. “And now, my friend,” he said, again taking her hand, “I am glad to see thee. Thirty years of good fellowship is not to be broken by a word.” By this time the Frau was endeavouring to hide with her handkerchief the tears which were running down her face. “I was thinking I would go out to the valley one of these days, because my heart misgave me that there should be anything like a quarrel between me and thee. I should have gone, but that, day after day, there comes always something to be done. And now thou art come thyself. What, shall the price of a side of beef stand betwixt thee and me?”

Then she told her tale,—quite otherwise than as she had intended to tell it. She had meant to be dignified and very short. She had meant to confess that the Brixen arrangement had broken down, and that she would resort to the old plan and the old prices. To the saying of this she had looked forward with any agony of apprehension, fearing that the man would be unable to abstain from some killing expression of triumph,—fearing that, perhaps, he might decline her offer. For the butcher was a wealthy man, who could afford himself the luxury of nursing his enmity. But his manner with her had been

so gracious that she was altogether unable to be either dignified or reticent. Before half an hour was over she had poured out to him, with many tears, all her troubles;—how she had refused to raise her rate of charges, first out of consideration for her poorer customers, and then because she did not like to demand from one class more than from another. And she explained how she had endeavoured to reduce her expenditure, and how she had failed. She told him of Seppel and Anton, of Suse Krapp and Josephine Bull,—and, above all, of that traitor at Brixen. With respect to the valley folk Hoff expressed himself with magnanimity and kindness; but in regard to the rival tradesman at Brixen his scorn was so great that he could not restrain himself from expressing wonder that a woman of such experience should have trusted to so poor a reed for support. In all other respects he heard her with excellent patience, putting in a little word here and there to encourage her, running his great steel all the while through his fingers, as he sat opposite to her on a side of the table.

“Thou must pay them for their ducks and chickens as before,” he said.

“And you?”

“I will make all that straight. Do not trouble thyself about me. Thy guests at the Peacock shall once again have a joint of meat fit for the stomach of a Christian. But, my friend——”

“My friend!” echoed the Frau, waiting to hear what further the butcher would say to her.

“Let a man who has brought up five sons and five daughters, and who has never owed a florin which he could not pay, tell thee something that shall be useful. Swim with the stream.” She looked up into his face, feeling rather than understanding the truth of what he was saying. “Swim with the stream. It is the easiest and the most useful.”

“You think I should raise my prices.”

“Is not everybody doing so? The Tendel ladies are very good, but I cannot sell them meat at a loss. That is not selling; it is giving. Swim with the stream. When other things are dearer, let the Peacock be dearer also.”

“But why are other things dearer?”

“Nay;—who shall say that? Young Schlessen is a clear-headed lad, and he was right when he told thee of the price of sheep in the old days. But why——? There I can say nothing. Nor is there reason why I should trouble my head about it. There

is a man who has brought me sheep from the Achensee these thirty years,—he and his father before him. I have to pay him now,—ay, more than a third above his first prices.”

“Do you give always what he asks?”

“Certainly not that, or there would be no end to his asking. But we can generally come to terms without hard words. When I pay him more for sheep, then I charge more for mutton; and if people will not pay it, then they must go without. But I do sell my meat, and I live at any rate as well now as I did when the prices were lower.” Then he repeated his great advice, “Swim with the stream, my friend; swim with the stream. If you turn your head the other way, the chances are you will go backwards. At any rate you will make no progress.”

Exactly at four o'clock she started on her return with her son, who, with admirable discretion, asked no question as to her employment during the day. The journey back took much longer than that coming, as the road was up hill all the way, so that she had ample time to think over the advice which had been given her as she leaned back in the carriage. She certainly was happier in her mind than she had been in the morning. She had made no step towards success in her system,—had rather been made to feel that no such step was possible. But, nevertheless, she had been comforted. The immediate trouble as to the meat had been got

over without offence to her feelings. Of course she must pay the old prices,—but she had come to understand that the world around her was, in that matter, too strong for her. She knew now that she must give up the business, or else raise her own terms at the end of the season. She almost thought that she would retire to Schwatz and devote the remainder of her days to tranquillity and religion. But her immediate anxiety had reference to the next six weeks, so that when she should have gone to Schwatz it might be said of her that the house had not lost its reputation for good living up to the very last. At any rate, within a very few days, she would again have the pleasure of seeing good meat roasting in her oven.

Peter, as was his custom, had walked half up the hill, and then, while the horses were slowly advancing, climbed to his seat on the box. “Peter,” she said, calling to him from the open carriage behind. Then Peter looked back. “Peter, the meat is to come from Hoff again after next Thursday.”

He turned round quick on hearing the words. “That’s a good thing, mother.”

“It is a good thing. We were nearly poisoned by that scoundrel at Brixen.”

“Hoff is a good butcher,” said Peter.

“Hoff is a good man,” said the Frau. Then Peter pricked up, because he knew that his mother was happy in her mind, and became eloquent about the woods, and the quarry, and the farm.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell
And my Love’s eyes.

When Summer cometh,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid sweet honey
That no bee sips,
Sing red, red roses,
And my Love’s lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The wide-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice,
Sing rounds of reapers
And my Love’s voice.

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
With red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting
And my Love’s heart.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

PART III.—MAURITIUS AND RODRÍGUEZ (*continued*).

THE catalogue of the extinct birds of Mauritius is not soon exhausted. We possess relics of another rail-like giant, who would appear to have affected the snipe rather than the crane in his efforts after greatness. A few years ago a collection of paintings on vellum, of the birds in the menagerie of the Emperor Maximilian II. at Elbersdorf, made about the year 1610, was discovered in the private library of the Emperor of Austria. One of them was a strange chestnut-coloured bird, with a long decurved curlew-like beak, but with a sharp point, long rail-like legs and feet, wingless, and with plumage exactly like the apteryx of New Zealand. It is certain this picture was no freak of the painter's imagination, and on searching the old writers we find mention of a "poule rouge au bec de bécasse," which was so simple that it could be taken by holding out a piece of red cloth, after which it would run. Hoffmann tells us that when one was thus taken, its cries brought all its companions, who strove to rescue it, and thus the whole flock became the prey of the fowler. This was all we knew of this bird (which seems to have survived the dodo for a few years), until the discovery of the painting. Hard upon this followed the discovery of the dodo's bones in the Mauritian marsh, and among them the Honourable Edward Newton has detected the bill and almost the complete skeleton of a bird exactly answering to the picture. The bones prove the bird to have been allied to the rails and water-hens, though not adapted to an aquatic life; and in many particulars it approaches the weka, or wingless rail of New Zealand, more closely than any living bird. It has been named *Aphanapteryx* ("the vanished bird"), and its unique skeleton may be seen in the museum of the University of Cambridge.

Of a giant coot, also mentioned by the early navigators, we have not yet exhumed the portrait, though a few bones have rewarded Mr. Newton's researches, sufficient to prove its existence and its size.

Proceeding to birds which still retained in some degree their powers of flight, the persevering researches of Mr. Newton and others have rescued from oblivion, though too late

to save from extinction, very many forgotten species. Foremost among these is a very large crested parrot. The old voyagers tell us of several kinds of parrots which abounded there, and three at least they have described. One (*Palaornis echo*) still lingers on, on the verge of extinction, the others have long since perished. Among the bones of the Mauritian marsh, so often referred to, were some of a very large parrot, or cockatoo, with a massive bill, which could not be referred to any known species. Here again the Dutch sailors have come to our aid, and Professor A. Newton has drawn attention to some clever sketches of a large short-winged parrot, recently discovered in the manuscript journal of the seaman Harmanszoon, about 1610 A.D., preserved in the library of Leyden. It has a massive bill, and a tall frontal crest, projecting forwards. It is interesting to note that the skull discovered exhibits a bony ridge in front of the cranium, from which the crest projected, and attests the accuracy of the Dutchman's sketch. The third parrot lingered on till towards the end of the last century, and one or two skins still exist in continental museums.

Of another Mauritian extinct bird, and of one only, we yet retain perfect remains, the blue pigeon, which afforded such abundant supplies of food to the early voyagers, (*Alectranas nitidissima*). It was of the same peculiar family as the pigeon of the Seychelles, but much larger, with the red crest of the Seychelles and the red tail of the Madagascar dove.

But we have lingered too long over these lost Pleiads. There remain yet eleven indigenous land birds in the Mauritius, and ten at least of these are peculiar to the island, never having been found on any other spot of the globe, but all without exception have, or once had, nearly allied relations to represent them on each of the other islands of the Mascarene group. Among them are a kestrel, a swallow, white-eyes, shrike, flycatcher, finches, and parrots. Enough has been said to show the intense individuality of the bird life of Mauritius, and at the same time its close connection with the rest of the group.

Far away, three hundred miles to the eastward, one more island of the Mascarenes remains, the smallest, but not the least in-

teresting, and certainly in its story the most romantic—Rodriguez, called originally by its Portuguese discoverers Diego-Ruys. Like Mauritius, it is volcanic and has a wide encircling belt of coral, but is not above fifty miles in circumference. It remained uninhabited till A.D. 1691, when Leguat, whose memoir has made it famous, was landed here. The story of François Leguat is indeed a romantic one. A French gentleman of noble blood, he was imprisoned for his adherence to his Protestant faith for four years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1689 he took refuge in Holland, but in the following year, he, with nine other Protestant exiles, was sent in a Dutch vessel from the Texel, with the sanction of the States government, to found a colony in Bourbon, the Isle of Eden, as it was then called and believed to be. For reasons of his own, the captain, after sighting Bourbon, refused to land his passengers, but carried them on to Rodriguez. On this uninhabited spot he put them ashore, with their tools and seeds. Nature provided for them abundantly on this virgin soil, teeming with fruits and birds. Leguat kept a minute and careful journal, and, a keen lover of nature though without scientific knowledge, he has accurately and truthfully described the strange forms of life which he was the first and the last to notice. Strange as are many of his relations, they have borne the most severe tests, and, unlike most of the French voyages of that age, they are thoroughly accepted by all critics. His book bears out the assurance of his preface, “La simple vérité, toute nue, et la singularité de nos aventures, font le corps et l’âme de ma Relation.” After a sojourn of two years, Leguat’s companions wearied of their solitude, though he himself, with his well-stored mind and his simple piety, would have been well content to remain; but the others yearned for friends at home and for female society, and, building a boat with the poor appliances they possessed, the whole party set sail, and in eight days reached Mauritius, exhausted almost to death by storms and want. After remaining for six months in freedom, they were imprisoned on a false pretence by the governor, and afterwards relegated to a rocky islet two miles from Mauritius. After three years of this lonely banishment, they were sent, still as prisoners, to Batavia, where, after another year’s imprisonment, they were released and made their way to Europe. Leguat found at length an asylum in England, and in 1708 published his adventures, in the French language, in London. Along

with true refinement and much reading, he possessed in a high degree the earnestness and piety which marked the fervent Protestants of his time. His scientific taste and imperturbable faith had produced that unchangeable calmness of mind, which made him willing to have remained at Rodriguez as his resting-place.

The most remarkable bird of the island which he describes, and of which he gives a drawing, he called “le solitaire” (*Pezophaps solitarius*), no doubt the same which Sir T. Herbert, who visited the spot in 1628, calls a dodo, and which we know now to have been allied to that bird, though very different in form. The male solitaire is described by Leguat, whose account I abridge, as of a brown grey colour:—“They never fly, the wings being too short to support the weight of the body, which is forty-five pounds, but they use them for purposes of offence and defence. They will whirl about twenty or thirty times together on the same side for a few minutes, the motion of the wings making a noise like a rattle, audible at two hundred paces. The bone of the wing has an enlargement at the extremity, forming a round mass under the feathers the size of a musket-ball; this and its beak are its chief defence. It is hard to catch in the woods, but easy in the open places, as we run faster than they. The females are wonderfully beautiful, some fair, some brown. I call them fair, because they are of the colour of fair hair; and they have a sort of peak like a widow’s upon their beak, which is of a dun colour. They have two elevations on their breast, the feathers of which are whiter than the rest, resembling the fine bust of a woman. They walk with so much stateliness and good grace that one cannot help admiring and loving them, by which means their fine mien often saves their lives.”

He proceeds to state that, though familiar, they could not be tamed, and refused to feed in confinement; that they built nests on the ground a foot and a half high, and laid but one egg, much bigger than that of a goose. Both parent birds sat in turn for seven weeks, and during that period suffered no other bird of the same species to approach within two hundred yards; but the males never attacked the female intruders, summoning always their partners to the rescue against one of her own sex, the hen bird acting in the same way in the case of a male intruder. The combats on these occasions were often long, as they cuffed each other with their wings. They never left their young one till they had seen it mated, which

was arranged in this way : some days after it had left the nest a company of thirty or forty brought another young one to it, and the whole united party then marched together to some by-place, after which the old ones went away alone or in couples, leaving the young ones together, "which we called a marriage." He adds, "Il y a dans cette nouvelle circonstance quelque chose qui semble un peu fabuleux : mais ce sont pourtant des vérités pures, et des choses qui j'ai bien souvent remarquées avec soin et avec plaisir."

Such is Leguat's account, very briefly summarised. No specimen ever reached Europe, and the only further historic trace of the solitaire is a brief mention of it by D'Heguerty, who had been governor of Bourbon about 1734, and a manuscript account in the Archives of the French Marine, written apparently by a sailor about the year 1730. His description fully bears out Leguat, and he adds the additional particular, that the plumage was neither feathers nor hair, but between the two—here again recalling a remarkable similarity to the wingless kiwis of New Zealand.

The Abbé Pingré, who spent months in Rodriguez in 1761, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, states that the solitaires had been common in the time of Leguat, and that the governor assured him they were not quite extinct, but had retired to the most inaccessible part of the island. Pingré proposed to name a constellation after this bird, but he never seems to have thought of endeavouring to procure a specimen. "Sic itur ad astra." There was no naturalist attached to that expedition, and when our own government took care to attach one to our own expedition to the same place for the observation of the transit two years ago it was but to gather a few bleached bones. The bones, however, brought home by Mr. Slater, as well as the number previously procured in caves there by Mr. Newton, marvellously confirm Leguat's description, as far as bones can. The British Museum and that of Cambridge each now possesses almost perfect skeletons of either sex, standing by the remains of the dodo and of the giant birds of New Zealand. There may be seen the striking disproportion in the sizes of the male and female, and the large bony knob, the size of a musket-ball, on the end of the wing of the former. Most interesting of all, many of the wing bones have been fractured during life and healed again, often very badly set, illustrating the pugnacity with

which, as Leguat describes, they continued their combats.

But the solitaire was only one of a whole fauna of unique and peculiar forms of bird life. Leguat names many others. There was a large heron (*Ardea megacephala*), with wings ill adapted for flight; a great rail, with the curlew-like pointed beak, in some respects allied to the great aphanapteryx of Mauritius, and which the French sailor, quoted above, tells us lived on tortoise eggs,—a diet for procuring which the sharp pointed beak, so unlike a rail's, would be very useful.

Other birds were, three species of parrots, one a large green one, various doves, among them a blue and grey pigeon, the local representatives of those of the other islands, but distinct; a small but very peculiar owl, and very many small birds. Of all these, there remain but a single parrot (*Palæornis exsul*), of which only a pair are known to exist in Europe (in the collection of Professor Newton), a finch (*Foudia flavicans*), and a small warbler (*Drymeca rodericana*), and even these are on the verge of extinction; the parrot too probably has already perished. But of all the larger extinct birds, we have indubitable evidence in the bones collected by Mr. Newton and Mr. Slater; indeed, of most of them, Cambridge possesses nearly complete skeletons. One very interesting set of bones has been brought home by Mr. Slater, belonging to a bird apparently allied to the extinct hoopoe-starling (*Fregilupus*) of Bourbon, thus completing the series of representatives.

What has destroyed all these? Probably the forces set in motion by man without a thought of accomplishing their extermination. In Rodriguez, the least peopled of all these islands, the destruction has been most complete. It is to be feared that a like fate has befallen the feathered inhabitants of many another island unobserved, and that the same forces are still in operation. If it were only man's direct agency against which the birds had to guard, they would soon, as we know elsewhere, learn to avoid him, become shy, and retire to the more secluded parts of their island. They might have acquired greater wariness, and baffled his pursuit. But it is the satellites and allies of man which have made the havoc. Cats have destroyed the young, and pigs, let loose everywhere by the old voyagers, have rapidly multiplied and become wild, and with their unerring scent and persevering search have destroyed everything which could not escape by flight. So prodigiously did these swine

multiply, that as early as the year 1710, we have a record of fifteen hundred wild boars being slain in one day at a general hunt organized to keep them down in Mauritius. When we also consider how rapidly cultivation changes the character and conditions of a country, we can perceive that the natural food of many species might soon be diminished, while the grain and fruits introduced by man would not supply their place. Thus by the early settlement of the Mascarene islands we have lost many species, more perhaps than we dream of, and it is only within the last decade that naturalists have become aware of the importance of those insular forms and of their bearing on the question of the distribution of species.

What is the result at which we arrive? That these insular species of the Indian Ocean have no direct descent from the fauna either of Africa on the one side or of India on the other. They were not a specialised, but, to speak technically, a more generalised and weaker type than the feathered inhabitants of the northern temperate zone, the latest and most versatile of creation. We should be inclined to believe that these creatures were the descendants of progenitors older than those of the continents on either side, for their development was more feeble, their power of adaptation to circumstances infinitely less. When they were set "face to face with unlooked-for invaders, and forced into a contest with

them from which there is no retreat, it is not in the least surprising that the natives should succumb. They have hitherto had to struggle for existence with creatures of a like organization, and so for centuries may have kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Suddenly man interferes and lets loose upon them an entirely new race of animals, which act and react in a thousand different fashions on their circumstances. It is not necessary that the new-comers should be predacious; they may be so far void of offence as to abstain from assaulting the aboriginal population; but they occupy the same haunts and consume the same food. The fruits, the herbage, and other supplies that sufficed to support the ancient fauna, have now to furnish forage for the invaders as well. The struggle is like one between an army of veterans and a population not used to warfare. It is that of Spaniards with matchlocks and coats of mail against Aztecs with feather-cloaks and bows and arrows. A few years, and the majority of native species are exterminated. But this is not the worst. The species which perish most quickly are just those that naturalists would most wish to preserve; for they are those peculiar and endemic forms that in structure and constitution represent the ancient state of things upon the earth, and supply us with some of the most instructive evidences as to the order of nature." (Professor Newton at British Association, Glasgow, 1876.)

WALKS IN LONDON.

NO. IV.—THE INNS OF COURT (*concluded*).



Lincoln's Inn Gateway.

IN Fountain Court is the *Middle Temple Hall*, an admirable Elizabethan building (of 1572), with a screen, which is very handsome, though it is not, as is often said,

made from the spoils of the Spanish Armada,

being thirteen years earlier in date. The old Cow's Horn is preserved, by the blowing of which the Benchers used to be summoned to dinner. It is a fact worth notice, as showing the habits of these Benchers in former days, that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764, no less than a hundred pair of dice were found beneath it, having slipped through between the ill-adjusted boards. In the time of Elizabeth the Benchers were so quarrelsome a body that an edict was passed, that no one should come into hall with other weapons than a sword or a dagger! The feasts of Christmas, Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension, were formerly kept here with great splendour, a regular Master of the Revels being elected, and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers, opening them by dancing solemnly three times round the sea-coal fire.

"Fall off within these spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him."

This dance called forth many satires, especially from Buckingham in his play of the *Rehearsal*, from Prior in his *Alma*, and Dr. Donne in his *Satires*. In Pope's *Dunciad* we find—

"The judge to dance, his brother-serjeant calls."

In this hall Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, or, *What you will*, was performed, February 2nd, 1601, and it is probably the only remaining building in which one of his plays was seen by his contemporaries.

The expression "moot (mot) point" comes from the custom of proposing difficult points of law for discussion during dinner, which was formerly observed in the halls of the Inns of Court.

The *Temple Garden*, where little now flourishes, except the autumn show of Chrysanthemums, is the place where Shakespeare makes the partizans of the houses of York and Lancaster first choose a red and white rose as their respective badges.

"*Suffolk*. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Warwick. This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

First Part of Henry VI., act ii. sc. 4.

Opposite the Temple, occupying a space of eight acres, in the clearance of which as many as thirty wretched courts and alleys were removed, the *New Law Courts* are rising, with a front four hundred and eighty-three feet in length towards the Strand and Fleet Street. They are built in the Decorated style from designs of G. E. Street, R.A., with the view of uniting all the principal Law Courts (hitherto divided between Lincoln's Inn and Westminster) upon one site, and they promise to form one of the handsomest piles of building in London.

A little further down Fleet Street is the entrance of *Chancery Lane*, a long winding street where the great Lord Strafford was born (1593) and where Isaac Walton, "the

father of angling," lived as a London linen-draper (1627—1644). Pope says,—

"Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound."

In former times when the Inns of Court were more like colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and when the students which belonged to them lived together within their walls, dined together, and shared the same exercises and amusements, the Inns of Court always had Inns of Chancery annexed to them. These were houses where the younger students underwent a course of preparation for the greater freedom of the colleges of the Inns of Court, to which, says Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," they bore much the same position as Eton bears towards King's College at Cambridge, or Winchester to New College at Oxford.

On the right of Chancery Lane, behind St. Dunstan's Church, are the dark brick courts of *Serjeants' Inn*, originally intended only for judges and the serjeants-at-law who derive their name from the *Fratres Servientes* of the Knights Templars. The serjeants still address each other as brothers. Their courts join those of the earliest foundation of those Inns of Chancery which we have been describing, *Clifford's Inn*, (entered from Fetter Lane), which is so called from Robert Clifford, to whom the land on which it stands was devised in the reign of Edward II. It was in the hall of Clifford's Inn that Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges sate after the Great Fire to adjudicate upon the perplexed claims of landlords and tenants in the destroyed houses—a task which they accomplished so much to the satisfaction of every one concerned, that their portraits are all preserved at the Guildhall in honour of patient justice.

Further down Chancery Lane, on the same side, is an old dingy courtyard containing the *Rolls Court* and *Chapel*. The latter was originally built in the time of Henry III., but rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1617, when Dr. Donne preached the consecration sermon. Bishop Atterbury and Bishop Butler were Preachers at the Rolls, and also Bishop Burnet, who was dismissed on account of the offence given to King and Court, by his preaching a sermon here on the text, "Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

It is little known that within the walls of this ugly chapel, whose windows bear the arms of Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Harbottle Grimstone, is one of the noblest pieces of sculpture which England possesses, a tomb

which may be compared for beauty with the famous monuments of Francesco Albergati at Bologna, and of Bernardo Guigni in the Badia at Florence. The visitor will at once be struck by the contrast of the tomb of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII., with the usual types of English monuments. The aged Master reposes in the most sublime serenity of death upon a sarcophagus, shaped like a Florentine "bride-chest," within a circular arch, on the back of which the half figure of the Saviour rises in low relief between two cherubim. In the panel of the pedestal beneath is the inscription and the date MDXVI. The whole is the work of the immortal Torregiani, who was the sculptor of Henry VII.'s tomb, and words would fail to give an idea of the infinite repose which he has here given to the venerable features of the dead. Another stately monument on the same side of the chapel commemorates Lord Bruce of Kinloss (1610), who was sent to open a secret correspondence with Cecil, under the pretence of congratulating Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt under Lord Essex, and who was afterwards rewarded by James I. with the Mastership of the Rolls. In front kneel his four children. The eldest son, in armour, was the Lord Bruce of Kinloss, who was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville. On the opposite side of the altar is the tomb of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath (1561). He kneels with his wife at an altar on which their three daughters are represented. Amongst other Masters buried here are Sir John Strange, of whom Pennant gives the punning epitaph,—

"Here lies an honest lawyer, that is—Strange,"

and Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, who was compelled to pronounce his own conviction and dismissal for bribery.

On the left of the lane is the noble brick *Gateway of Lincoln's Inn*, bearing the date 1518, and adorned with the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell, by whom it was built in the reign of Henry VIII. It is ornamented by inlaid brickwork of different colours, in the style of Hampton Court, and is the only example remaining in London, except the gate of St. James's. Stretching along the front of the Inn, on the interior, are a number of curious towers and gables with pointed doorways and Tudor windows, forming, with the chapel opposite upon its raised arches, one of the most picturesque architectural groups in London. It is upon this gateway that Fuller describes Ben Jonson as working with his Horace in one hand, and a trowel in

the other. But the generation which can delight in the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial has no admiration to spare for these grand relics of architects who knew their business, and, unless public opinion speedily interferes to protect it, the gateway of Lincoln's Inn will share the fate of Northumberland House, the Burlington Portico, and the Tabard, for it is doomed to be pulled down!

The name Lincoln's Inn came from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, *ob.* 1312, whose town-house once occupied its site. Its courtyards have a greater look of antiquity than those of the Temple. In No. 24 of the "Old Buildings" were the rooms of Oliver Cromwell's secretary Thurloe, where his correspondence was discovered behind a false ceiling. There is a tradition that the Protector came thither one day to discuss with Thurloe a plot for seizing the persons of the three princes, sons of Charles I. Having disclosed his plans, he discovered Thurloe's clerk apparently asleep upon his desk. Fearing treason, he would have killed him on the spot, but Thurloe prevented him, and after passing a dagger repeatedly over his unflinching countenance he was satisfied that the clerk was really asleep. He was not asleep, however, and had heard everything, and found means to warn the princes.

Two of the old gables have sun-dials with the mottoes—"Qua redit, nescitis horam,"—"Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas." The Perpendicular Chapel, at the right of the entrance, was built from designs of Inigo Jones, and is raised upon arches, which form a kind of crypt, open at the sides, where Pepys went "to walk under the chapel, by agreement." The stained windows are remarkably good; they represent different saints, and it is not to be wondered at that Archbishop Laud thought it odd that so much abuse should be raised against his windows at Lambeth, while these passed unnoticed, yet would not speak of it lest he should "thereby set some furious spirit on work to destroy those harmless goodly windows to the just dislike of that worthy society." The chapel bell was taken by the Earl of Essex, at Cadiz, in 1596. William Prynne, the Puritan, was buried here. Dr. Donne, Usher, Tillotson, Warburton, and Heber, were preachers of Lincoln's Inn.

Passing the square of *New Inn*, we reach a handsome group of buildings by Hardwicke, 1843-45, comprising the *Hall* and the *Library*. In the former are a great fresco by G. F. Watts (1854-59), representing "the Origin of

Legislation," Hogarth's picture of "Paul before Felix," and a fine statue of Lord Eldon by Westmacott. The latter contains a valuable collection of manuscripts, chiefly bequeathed by Sir Matthew Hale. One of the curious customs, preserved till lately at Lincoln's Inn, was that a servant went to the outer hall door and shouted three times, "Venez manger," at twelve o'clock, when there was nothing on the table.

The ancient

"walks of Lincoln's Inn
Under the elms,"

mentioned by Ben Jonson, have perished; but *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the law," as Dickens calls it, is still the largest and shadiest square in London, and was laid out by Inigo Jones.

Its dimensions have been erroneously stated to be the same as those of the great pyramid, which are much larger. The square was only railed off in 1735, and till then bore a very evil reputation. Gay says:—

"Where Lincoln's
Inn, wide space, is
rail'd around,
Cross not with ven-
turous step; there
off is found
The lurking thief,
who, while the day-
light shone,
Made the walls echo
with his begging
tune;

That crutch, which late compassion moved, shall wound
Thy bleeding head and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways."

It was here (September 20 and 21, 1586) that Babington and other conspirators for Mary Queen of Scots were "hanged, bowelled, and quartered, even in the place where they used to meet and confer of their traitorous purposes." Here, also, the brave and upright Lord William Russell unjustly suffered for alleged high treason, attended by Tillotson and Burnet on the scaffold.

Several of the buildings which surround Lincoln's Inn Fields are of interest. On the south is the *College of Surgeons* (built by C.

Barry, 1835). It has a fine library, in which the cartoon for Hogarth's picture of "The Grant of the Charter to the Barber-surgeons" is preserved. In the Council-room is an admirable portrait of John Hunter (*ob.* 1792), the chief benefactor of the college, by Reynolds. The Museum (right of entrance) was founded by him, and is chiefly due to his exertions. It "was intended to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are represented." The skeleton of the elephant Chuneé, brought to England in 1810, is preserved here; it is twelve feet four inches in height.

On the west side of the square, marked by its little semicircular portico, is (No. 59) *Lindsey*, afterwards *Ancaster House*, built by

Inigo Jones for Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, who fell in the battle of Edgehill. Close to a neighbouring archway, which leads into Duke Street, is the *Sardinian Chapel*, the earliest Roman Catholic chapel in London; and near it, now occupied by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is *Newcastle House*, occu-
pied by the



The Torregiani Tomb, Rolls Chapel.

Duke of Newcastle who was prime minister in the time of George II.

On the north side of the square (No. 13) is the eccentric *Soane Museum*, formed in his own house and bequeathed to the nation by Sir John Soane (*ob.* 1837), who was the son of a bricklayer at Reading, and became the architect of the Bank of England. It was especially intended by its founder to illustrate the artistic and instructive purposes to which it is possible to devote an English private residence, and is open to the public from ten to four on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Few people know of it, and fewer visit it, which is much to be regretted, since though, as Dr. Waagen says, the over-crowded and labyrinthine house leaves an impression as of a feverish dream, it contains, together

with much rubbish, several most interesting pictures, especially "The Election" and "The Rake's Progress" of Hogarth, and a Canaletto of the Grand Canal at Venice, which is so absolutely glorious, and so different to the wooden abortions usually attributed to that injured artist, that no one can really be said to have made his acquaintance who has not looked upon it. In the dimly-lit under chambers also, surrounded by an extraordinary and heterogeneous collection, is the magnificent sarcophagus of Osiris, father of Rameses the Great, discovered by Belzoni (1816) in the valley of Beban el Malook. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and is cut out of a single block of the substance called by mineralogists aragonite.

The beautifully illuminated manuscripts preserved here are well deserving of study, the finest being the "Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles," by Claudius Marius Grimaldi, Patriarch of Aquileja, with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio.

If we follow Chancery Lane into Holborn, a long series of gables of James I.'s time breaks the sky-line on the right, and beneath them is a grand old house, following the bend of the street with its architecture, projecting more and more boldly in every story, broken by innumerable windows of quaint design and intention, and with an arched doorway in the centre. This is the entrance to *Staple Inn*, the oldest building belonging to the

Inns of Court, a dependency of Gray's Inn. Hawthorne, in his account of his first visit to England, describes the strange effect of drifting into its secluded courtyard out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn, and of losing all this repose as suddenly in passing through the archway of the outer court. Dickens, in "Edwin Drood," describes it as "one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian

the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'Let us play at the country,' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings." Beyond the miniature hall, eminently picturesque with its high open timber roof and lantern, its stained windows, and ancient portraits and busts of the Cæsars, is a second court

containing some admirable modern buildings on a raised terrace, of the architecture of James I., devoted to the offices of the Taxing Masters in Chancery. It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square, and where he wrote what he described to Miss Porter as "a little story-book"—i.e. his "Rasselas."

A little lower down, on the same side of Holborn, a passage under a shop forms



Lincoln's Inn Gateway and Chapel.



Staple Inn, Holborn.

the humble entrance to *Barnard's Inn*, a little Inn of Chancery belonging to Gray's Inn. Again there are tiny courts with a single tree growing in them and flowers lining the window-sills, divided by a tiny hall with a baby lantern and a line of quaint windows decorated by coats-of-arms and set in a timber framework.

It was on the opposite side of the street that Furnival's Inn stood, which was called after a Sir William Furnival, who once owned the land. It was an Inn of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn. Its buildings, which are shown by old prints to have been exceedingly stately, were for the most part pulled down in the time of Charles I., and it was entirely rebuilt in 1818. Sir Thomas More was a "reader" of Furnival's Inn, and Dickens was residing here when he began his "Pickwick Papers."

Very near this was Scroope's Inn, described by Stow as one of the "faire buildings" which stood on the north side of "Oldborne Hill," above the bridge. It belonged to the serjeants-at-law, but is entirely destroyed.

On the opposite side of the street, close to where St. Andrew's church now stands, was Thavie's Inn, the most ancient of all the Inns of Court, which, in the time of Edward III., was the "hospitium" of John Thavie, an armourer, and leased by him to the "Apprentices of the Law." Its buildings were destroyed by fire at the end of the last century.

Gray's Inn Lane leads from the north of Holborn to *Gray's Inn*, which is the fourth Inn of Court in importance. It derives its name from the family of Gray de Wilton, to which it formerly belonged. Its vast pink-red court, with the steep roofs and small-paned windows, which recall French buildings, still contains a hall of 1560, in which on all festal meetings the only toast proposed is, "The glorious, pious, and im-

mortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," by whom the members of Gray's Inn were always treated with great distinction. Sir William Gascoigne, the just judge who committed Henry V. to prison as Prince of Wales for contempt of court; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Bishop Gardiner; Lord Burleigh; Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the great Lord Bacon, were members of Gray's Inn, as were Archbishop Whitgift, Bishop Hall, and Archbishop Laud. Dr. Richard Sibbes, who wrote the "Soul's Conflict" and the "Bruised Reed," was a preacher in this Inn, and died here in one of the courts—he of whom Dr. Doddridge wrote,—

"Of this blest man let this just praise be given :—
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven."

The trees in *Gray's Inn Gardens* (now closed to the public) were originally planted by Lord Bacon; but none remain of his time. They were the fashionable promenade of Charles II.'s time, and the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* thus speak of them. In 1621 Howell wrote of them as "the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society." Thus also Pepys, writing in May, 1662, says, "When church was done, my wife and I walked to Graye's Inne to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

In those days, however, it will be remembered that Gray's Inn was almost in the country, for we read in the *Spectator* (No. 269), "I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks but I heard my friend (Sir Roger de Coverley) upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

And here we take leave of the Inns of Court.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

A DOG AND HIS DOINGS.

PART III.

THE DOG DRIVER'S STORY (*continued*).

WITH the eight dogs formed into one team, and by dint of sheer strength of men and dogs working together, the dead body was brought up the steep bank from the river and placed in its old position in the camp. There was no trace of fear in

the hearts and minds of the travellers now; if the lonely word had been a voice from the shadowy world of death, it had spoken with a purport easily to be read by the living human sense.

The journey was resumed on the morrow. On the twelfth day the half-way post of Fort Norman was reached. At this station the

travellers expected to find fresh dogs and supplies to carry them to their destination; but the dogs belonging to the fort were absent on a long trading expedition, and supplies in the store were so scarce that little more than half rations could be spared for the long journey still before the party. On again along the endless track; still the same silent, frozen wilderness; the shore lined by the rigid standing pines; the long river reaches swept by bitter storm, or lying prone under the quiet cold of a starlight morning; now and again, a wolf or a wolverine crossed the track in front, or dogged the footsteps of the funeral party from a long distance behind.

As the miles went on the dogs became daily more reduced. Starvation never works with man or beast so fiercely as when it has cold and toil to help it at the task; and now, as the stock of white fish grew smaller day by day, and the evening dog-ration was reduced from a single fish to half a fish, and then to less, the gaunt sides of the dogs sank deeper in, the sharp bones rose higher out through the long coats of hair that could not hide the skeletons beneath. Still the teams toiled on.

No other animal loves more dearly than the dog his daily food, and goes to greater lengths and resorts to such strange devices to procure it, but no other animal can starve so well either, can go on, day after day, without letting the hunger in his stomach eat into his heart and brain, and paralyze the power of work. In the great northern waste it has occasionally fallen out that dogs have gone seven days and nights without food, and drawn a sled in some shape or other all that weary time.

Now, as the days went by and the ration grew less and less, the trains began to show that first prompting of starvation-fierceness—they quarrelled with each other, at all times when it was possible to do so, and at night, when the hour of their scanty meal came, they fought savagely for the pittance of fish, and their sharp teeth snapped, as with the spring of steel the jaws struck together in their wolf-like bitings.

At last the journey drew near a close. The twentieth night, the last but one, found them camped some twenty miles short of Fort Simpson. By the morrow's sunset the funeral would be over, the dead man would have reached his resting-place. The camp was made as usual in the wooded shore; in view of an early start long before daybreak, the men soon lay down to sleep. The last

morsel of food had been flung to the starving dogs; it had not been a drop in the desert of their hunger; they roamed through the snow in restless pain; at last, all was quiet.

It was about the middle of the night when there seemed suddenly to echo through the forest a sharp cry; both the travellers sprang hastily from their deer-skin coverings; the fire had burned out, but the moonlight on the snow made surrounding objects plainly visible. They were alone in the camp, the dogs were not in their places, the dead body had also disappeared. "It was the same voice again," said the Scotchman. "I heard it in my sleep. The dogs have carried away the body into the forest." As the men listened, half uprisen from their robes, the sound of snarling and snapping of teeth came from the depths of the wood beyond where they lay. To plunge into the snow, and follow the trail took them but a short time, and soon a spot was reached where in fancied safety the hungry pack were busily engaged in rending to pieces the covering of the dead body; they had already torn it from the sled, and nothing but the marble substance of the frozen flesh had saved it from destruction.

Driving away the maddened beasts with difficulty, the two men brought back the body to the camp. The night yet wanted many hours of daylight, but the men were in no mood for sleep. Putting together their few remaining things, they harnessed up the lean and starving dogs, and set out on their last stage. It was a long hard march, and many a time the whips fell heavily upon the wretched teams; but at length the snow-roofed houses of the Fort arose in the great waste of solitude, and safe at last from ravage of wild beast or starving dog lay the body of the old hunter.

And now, what say we of this strange word, thus spoken twice in the silence of the night? Nothing. The light that human reason would cast upon such things is after all but a rushlight set in a vaster wilderness than even this immeasurable waste of the north. Told to me by the chief actor in that long funeral tramp, I am content to leave the explanation of the story to other hands.

The world is made up of men who are ready to believe anything, and men who are ready to deny everything. Alas! how little the breezes of denial or of asseveration can ruffle the great ocean of death! In the vast sea that lies outside this life, the echoes of disbelief or of credence are lost ere they quit

our shores. Yet from that dim ocean stray sounds are sometimes borne to our shores, and from the endless surges of Eternity waifs, such as this warning word, are cast ever and anon upon the sands of time.

But let no one doubt the faith of the man whose word has been my evidence. For many a wintry mile of travel he had been my sole companion. If man has a right to place trust in the spoken word of another man, I have a right to put faith and trust in the story of this lonely dog-drive, as it was told to me one night, on Lac Vers, by the Scotch clerk of bygone days, now himself a veteran fur-hunter of the north.

We must go back to Cerf Vola.

We left him pursuing an independent course, of his own free-will and pleasure, westward towards the Rocky Mountains from the fort called St. John's. This strange proceeding on his part occurred in this wise.

About the fourth day of my sojourn at St. John's it was decided to send forward to the mountain portage, which lay fifty or sixty miles further west, some bags of moose pemmican, destined for my use in the canoe journey which it was my intention to pursue after crossing the eastern or outer range of the Rocky Mountains. From St. John's to this outer range I was to use horses for transport. Being heartily tired of the heavy labour of the snow-shoes, I was glad to have again a prospect of saddle work, and although the country was not yet quite free of snow, and the brooks and streams were filled to overflowing by the rapid thaw, still, I felt that any difficulty was to be preferred to that toil over the frozen river, alternately sinking in the slush of wet snow, or cutting one's feet over the knife-like edges of the midnight ice. It became necessary, therefore, to send forward, while the river was yet frozen, the heavy portion of the supplies for the transmountain portion of my onward journey. An Iroquois Indian, well known for his great power of snow-shoe travel, was sent in charge of these things; for the ice had now become broken and unsound in many places, and none but experienced feet could venture safely upon it.

It was midnight when the Indian started from St. John's with a single sled and four dogs; when morning came, Cerf Vola was not to be found, Spanker had also vanished. Either from a mistaken idea that the Rocky Mountains were places sacred to an indiscriminate distribution among dogs generally of pemmican and other condiments, or from

some ever-to-be-unknown reason, set deep in the recesses of their own minds, these two dogs had set out as amateur travellers as wildly intent upon getting at once into the snowy hills as though they had just been elected members of an Alpine Club.

As the day that followed their departure wore on, their absence began to assume a new and more painful phase. The clerk in charge of the fort came to me with forebodings of evil.

"There had been poison spread along the trail for wolves near Hudson's Hope by Charette, the postmaster of that place," he said. "Two of his dogs, following loose as those of mine had done, had fallen victims to it only a couple of months earlier." Here was news! For Spanker, I frankly admit, I did not care one pin. It had been always impossible to open friendly relations with that suspicious hauler. It is true that even had he been so minded, he could not have wagged his tail to his best friend, for the simple reason, as I have before stated, that he had no tail to wag; but nevertheless, even had that appendage been left intact by the guardian of his youth, his disposition was of such a nature as to have precluded the possibility of his ever holding out the tail of friendship to any man. So much for Spanker the Suspicious.

But it would not be easy to estimate in the coinage of words the value I placed upon Cerf Vola; enough to say, that not for all the costly furs ever gathered into the forts of the Peace River, would I have heard the news that my old and faithful hauler had fallen a victim to Charette's poison.

It was useless to indulge in any anticipatory threats of vengeance against Charette; useless, too, to devise schemes of safety. If the harm was to be, nothing could now help it. The inevitable has at least the single charm about it, of not asking our interference one way or another.

So the days passed by, and at last a fair soft morning came to breathe upon the great steep hills that rose around St. John's, and to call forth from their bare bosoms the long-pent sweetness of the spring. Still sullen in his bed lay the great river, loth to rise and shake himself from the sleep of winter. Looking west from the gate of the little fort, the eye followed the river to its first curve, where, dipping behind a thicket-lined shore, the great V-shaped channel became hidden from view.

Round this turn there suddenly appeared two dogs, then a train of dogs running light, and then an Indian following with rapid step.

The signal was given, and the inmates of the fort flocked out upon the river bank; a glance along the river sufficed to assure me of the Untiring's safety; he led the way with upraised tail, some distance in advance of the harnessed dogs, apparently thinking that his presence in that position was of as much importance to the general welfare of the procession as though he had been some time-honoured City official in the leading ranks of a lord mayor's show.

I left St. John's as the month of April was drawing to a close, and by the 1st of May was well within the outer range of the Rocky Mountains.

Cerf Vola, released from all bondage, but still imbued with a belief that he was somehow or other furthering the progress of the party, performed prodigies of supererogatory toil in front of the horses.

Where the grand stream of the Peace River emerges from the eastern face of the mountains there is a steep and rugged hill, whose frontlet of sandstone rock commands a vast view of snow-clad peak on one side, and upon the other a range of interminable plain, so extensive that even in the mistless atmosphere of this lofty land the eye is lost in distance. One clear afternoon in the end of April, I stood upon this lofty summit to scan the land I had left behind, and to try and pierce the mountain range which I was about to enter.

The ascent had been toilsome; but to the Untiring, who accompanied me, its effects were only visible in increased rapidity of respiration. I am not in a position to state what were his precise sentiments with regard to the magnificent panorama of hill and plain that lay on all sides around us, or whether his prolonged gaze back towards the vast plain over which we had travelled, and that suddenly suspended respiration which a dog indulges in during moments of deep thought, had any reference to several *caches* which he had formed at various times along the trail, when by chance the supply of moose meat had been unusually abundant, and the perplexing question had arisen to him of how to dispose of his surplus ration.

Many a time had I seen him depart slyly from camp with a large bone or lump of meat in his mouth into the recesses of the neighbouring forest, and, after an interval of some minutes, reappear again from a different direction, with a preoccupied air, as though he had been engaged in deep researches into the nature and various botanical virtues of pine and birch trees.

He appeared perfectly oblivious, however, of the fact that his outward track was always traceable on the snow, and although the precise spot wherein lay his *cache* was usually so trampled over by feet and pushed by nose as to be difficult to determine to the eye of man, still, I have little doubt that all his craft of *cache*-making was utterly useless to delude for a moment any wolf or wolverine, even of the meaneast mental capacity, who dogged or prowled our track.

Perhaps, as the Untiring now looked from this lofty stand-point over the immense waste of pine and prairie land, the vision of these never-to-be-revisited *caches* arose to his memory; for, doubtless, they had been made with a view to a return journey at some future period, and it is not at all unlikely that, on the summit of this outlying spur of the Rocky Mountains, the fact first dawned upon this dog that never more was he to see these northern wilds. Be that as it may, having caught sight, far below, of the smoke of our camp, he appeared all at once to determine that, as the old camps were irrevocably lost to him, there was nothing to be done but to make the most of the new ones, and he began a precipitate descent of the mountain in the direction of our halting-place for the coming night.

When, a couple of hours later on, I reached this camp, I found him watching the preparations for supper with a resigned and cheerful countenance.

On the 1st of May I launched a large canoe, hollowed from the trunk of a cottonwood-tree, on the swift waters of the Peace River, at the western or upper end of the cañon which the river forms as it breaks through the outer mountain barrier, and set out to force up against the rapid stream deeper into the snow-clad hills. I had a crew of three men. Cerf Vola lay in the bottom of the canoe.

For some days our upward passage was attended by constant danger from the huge masses of ice, some of them tons in weight, that came whirling down the impetuous current; at other times we had to struggle hard beneath the shadow of impending cliffs of shore ice, whose sides, yielding to action of air and water, formed so many miniature avalanches always ready to slide down into the river.

It was a completely new life to the dog. He lay in the bottom of the canoe at my feet, unable to persuade himself by any process of dog thought that he had a share in the locomotion of the boat; he saw the shore

drift slowly by, and whenever an opportunity offered he showed unmistakable symptoms of preference for the land ; but on the whole he sat a quiet spectator of these new scenes, and under the combined influences of rest, genial atmosphere, and good food became rapidly rotund and philosophic.

As the days wore on, and the quick coming spring brought more signs of bird and beast upon the river-shore, it appeared to strike him that somehow or another he had a right to develop sporting characteristics. Is it not a similar idea which occurs to the retired man of business, who, when the season of his toil has passed, becomes a hunter of many semi-wild things on moor, or river-side, or mountain ?

However that may be, the Untiring's success as a sporting dog was not commensurate with his ambition ; the partridge scarcely ceased their "drumming" to elude his pursuit, the wild duck looked at him as an impostor of the bear or beaver species, the geese walked in dignified indifference across the sand bars as he approached their feeding grounds, and the blue grouse had the impertinence to fly into the nearest tree and look down with inquisitive calmness at his vociferated barkings. But one fine day there came a great piece of sport to the dog. It occurred in this way.

From our camp on the north shore, I had set out to climb the steep grassy hills that rose one above the other, until, gradually merging into higher mountains, they became part of the snows and rocks that dwelt for ever there. I had walked for some hours, and crossed a wide extent of ground, when suddenly there sounded in a neighbouring thicket of dry dead trees, the wrecks of a former fire, a noise as of some wild beast moving through the bushes. Looking in the direction from whence the noise came, I saw standing, about ninety yards distant from me, a large moose, who seemed from the manner in which he regarded me not to have fully made up his mind what I was. Quick as thought I threw open the barrel of my breech-loader, withdrew from one barrel the cartridge case of grouse shot, and replaced it by one holding a round bullet, well backed by a heavy charge of powder. Then, raising the gun, I gave the moose the new charge. I heard the ball strike with that dull thud which ever tells the ear that the eye has truly marked its distance ; and then, out from the thicket at the further side, I saw the huge ungainly animal trot with a heavy limp, and disappear beyond a neighbouring hill crest.

To dash through the thicket of *brûlé*, and gaze down the valley beyond, took me only a short time ; but from the crest no moose was visible, nor did the opposite ridge of hill up which he must go show anything of his presence. Down the hillside, however, the stones and grass bore many traces of his presence, showing that the bullet had taken effect ; and it was easy to follow the trail into the valley by the blood-stained willows, against which the deer had brushed his path.

While I still followed the trail, the shades of evening began to close over the great hills. The camp by the river shore lay a long way off. True, it was all downhill ; but the gorges were steep and rough. It was better to head for camp ere the darkness had come fully down. Giving up the pursuit, I struck into a narrow winding glen, and descending with rapid footstep, soon saw the glimmer of my camp fire below me in the dusk.

Recounting my story to Kalder, I found that trusty henchman only faintly sharing the sanguine view which I took regarding our chance of finding on the morrow the wounded moose. This doubt on his part arose, however, from the general disbelief entertained by all Indians and half Indians, in the power of a white man, unaided, to kill a moose ; a disbelief founded upon the practical proof of ages of experience. Mine, however, had been a solitary chance. I had come all at once upon a moose, without any of that long toil of stalk and stealth, of trail and track, of which alone the wild man is master.

Explaining all this to my henchman, I proposed that we should in the morning ascend the steep ridges again ; and striking the trail at the point where I had left it off on the approach of night, follow it deeper into the hills. Accordingly, early next day I set out with Kalder. The Untiring was brought to fairly test his claim to be considered a dog of sport, and after an hour's steep climb the little party reached the ground. Deep sunken into the soft clay of the valley where I had left it lay the trail of the moose ; and ere Kalder's quick eye had followed it many yards, the blood-stained willows had set at rest his lingering doubts.

We followed the track through many rough and tangled places, and reached at last a spot where the moose had lain down to rest. Here the Untiring, who up to this period had contented himself with deep and long-drawn inhalations from the ground, suddenly broke from our restraining influences and precipitated himself into a neighbouring thicket.

There was a loud rustling noise, a breaking of branches, followed by the re-appearance of the dog of sport, and the disappearance of the moose at the other side of the thicket. It is painful to have to place upon record that so deep were the feelings of disgust with which Kalder listened to this annihilation of his hopes of stealing unnoticed upon the moose, that neither his mother tongue of Cree nor his mixed father tongues of French and Scotch, were at all voluminous or varied enough in their imprecatory powers to express his overburdened sentiments.

We now continued our rapid chase through tangled brakes and thorny thicket. At last, on the summit of a steep ridge, the quick eye of Kalder caught sight of the quarry looking back a moment at his pursuers; up the hill we pressed, over it and down the valley we tore, and at last by the edge of a small glen stood the moose, his long course ended.

What a time it was for Cerf Vola! He made *caches* in many places, he ate a great deal, then made a *cache* and returned to eat again. Finally, when the moment came to descend towards our camp, he had two large marrow-bones tied across his back, and waddled down the mountain a picture of perplexed satiety.

On again, up the great river into the heart of the mountains, until they rose before us in huge masses, on whose rent sides Spring had already begun to build nests of bright green birch tops amid the dark masses of unchanging pines, and on whose splintered pinnacles of snow the sun marked the dial of the day with slow-revolving finger as he passed from east to west across their glorious summits. Mornings, Mid-days, Evenings—how filled with beauty they were! How saturated with the freshness of the spring seemed every particle of this old earth! From all things there came welling forth the hidden sweetness of flowers not yet burst to life,—of leaves upon whose early freshness summer had not yet set even a semblance of maturity, nature's first symptom of decay. Over the grey rocks, on the old pine-trees, up the great, gaunt hills, spring was creeping, scattering youth and perfume as it went. Even the shingly shallows of the river were filled with life; for tiny birds fluttered from stone to stone, dipping their heads into the cool water, and casting jets of silvery spray over their glistening wings.

Rare beauty of Earth, when thus in hidden valleys thou claspest to thy bosom the season thou hast so long dreamt of—this

Spring, of blue sky, of odorous winds, of golden sunshine! Man, toiling for gold or bread in distant cities, knows little of thy beauty or of thy freshness; but everything else living feels in its heart's core thy wondrous power. Around thy union flowers shed their fragrance, birds sing their sweetest, cold frost changes to silvery dew, rain becomes a bridal veil of gentlest shower, and as thou turnest from the sleep of winter to kiss the lips of returning Spring, a thousand tongues of bird and brook pour forth over hill and valley a ceaseless song of gladness.

The middle of May had come. We had passed through the Rocky Mountains, quitted the main stream of the Peace River, and entered the impetuous torrent of the Ominica, to find ourselves brought at last to bay by the rapids and whirlpools of the Black Cañon. For three days we had waged a struggle, that began soon after daylight to end only at dusk, with the three miles of foaming rapid which, caged in by the dark prison walls of the cañon, forbade our upward progress.

It seemed as though the steep walls of rock overhanging the torrent, and the mass of water pouring through the dark defile, had, amidst their own wild war, agreed to combine their rival forces against us the newcomers, and to threaten our cotton-wood canoe with frequent destruction. From our camp at the upward end of the cañon we had descended daily to the toil of dragging the canoe over the rapids and along the rocky walls of the fissure. These rapids were like so many steps, one above the other, and at the foot of each step there was usually a back eddy in the current in which it had been possible to moor the boat after each day's labour. Many mishaps had befallen us, but each evening had witnessed some advance made, until at last nothing but the uppermost rapid, a fierce and angry-looking wave, lay between us and the quiet waters that stretched eastward of the cañon.

I know no work which tells more quickly against the nerve and spirit of man than such toil as it was now our lot to wage against rock and water in this deep and narrow fissure; for, when the dead things which we call water and rock become suddenly quickened into life, there is apparent to man a helplessness such as he feels before no other enemy; his strongest strength is weak in the grasp of the thousand horse-power of this torrent; his best gun, his truest rifle, his craft of eye or arm, avail him nothing in conflict with this enemy. Instinctively the mind

realises all this, and as the rapid dashes around him, and the rocks tremble, and the dark cañon walls echo with the reverberating roar of the sullen waters, the man who strives against this enemy feels cowed by a combat in which all the dead weight of enraged nature seems bent to crush him.

We had been working for some time along the western shore of the cañon, and had reached the last step of the ascent, when an event occurred which threatened to put a final period to my onward progress. It was nothing less than the breaking away of our boat as we were straining every nerve to drag her up the fall of water, and her disappearance from our gaze down the wild torrent of the cañon. When the last vestige of the canoe had vanished from us as we stood crowding the point of rock which commanded a mile of the dark cañon, the full gravity of the situation burst wholly upon us. Our camp and all our supplies lay at the other side of the river, in charge of the Untiring. A rough raft, however, would carry us over in some shape or other, but at our camp we were full seventy miles distant from the point to which we were tending—the mining outpost of Germansen on the Ominica.

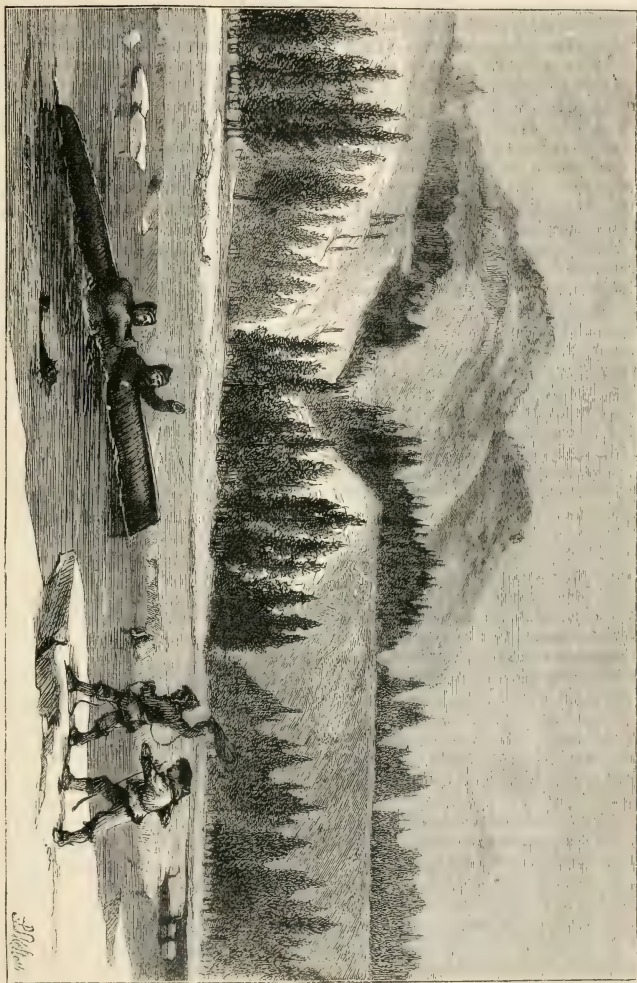
Seventy miles is not a long way to walk on ordinary level or on mountain land, but seventy miles through the dense forest of North British Columbia is a distance sufficient to appal the stoutest pedestrian. Fallen timber, deep water-courses, tangled thickets, almost perpendicular valleys, and three mountain streams swollen into rushing rivers by the thaw of snow, lay before us, and to carry on our backs through such a country provisions for twelve days, together with blankets, kettles, axes, and all the paraphernalia of camp life in the wilderness, was an undertaking so serious as to make even the hardy Kalder and the scarcely less daring Jacques doubtful of the result. To one member of the party alone would the journey have appeared easy of execution. The Untiring would no doubt have joyfully reverted to the use of his own stout legs in preference to all our work of pole, paddle, or towing-line; even his ten days' provisions would have been a welcome load to him, for it would have been perfectly feasible to stow them, not upon his back, but in his stomach. But to us, who possessed neither his carrying capacity nor his easy method of passing obstacles of tree or water, the task of crossing these seventy miles would have been widely different. It was therefore with feelings of keen delight that I listened next

morning to the Frenchman's voice hailing us from across the river that his search had been successful (he had gone down the river bank in the hope of finding the canoe stranded on some of the many islands in the stream), and that our boat lay athwart a small island some five miles below the mouth of the cañon.

We set to work at once upon our side of the river to build a raft at the lower end of the cañon; the raft finished, we embarked and pushed out into the stream. *Cerf Vola*, who had spent the last few days in blissful repose in our camp, was now brought forth, and crouching low between two logs, seemed to fully realise the necessity of keeping quiet as the unwieldy craft swayed and jerked from side to side in its rapid descent of the river.

We reached the island, found our lost boat, made a hearty dinner off the moose meat that lay uninjured in the bottom, baled out the craft, dried in the warm sun the things that had got wet, and set out again for the stubborn cañon. After so many reverses and so much good fortune, surely we must conquer this last obstacle. But the time lost had been precious; the hourly increasing heat of the mid-day sun was causing the river to rise with rapidity, and the vast volume of water now rushing through the pent chasm of the cañon was indeed formidable to look at. I have already told the story of our failure on the following day to cross above the central rapid; of how, carried like a cork down that central rapid of the cañon, we had escaped destruction by a hair-breadth; of how, holding discussion at the foot of the fall, we had finally determined to abandon the cañon altogether, and seek by a southern branch of the Peace River an escape from this wilderness of rock and forest, into the southern lands of British Columbia; and how, when this resolve had been taken, we had broken up our camp and carried back to the canoe all the baggage, to set out with heavy hearts upon what seemed a hopeless journey. Issuing from the mouth of the cañon, strange objects on the shore caught our sight.

Of all the strange sights in the wilderness, there is nothing so strange as man—strange not only to the wild things, but to man himself. Nor is it difficult to comprehend why it should be so. If a bear were to escape from a menagerie and perambulate a crowded street, he would doubtless be vastly astonished at the cabs, and the men, and the omnibuses; but it is by no means improbable that he would be still more vastly astonished if he were to meet another bear perambulating there too.



The Canoe overturned.

So is it when we reverse the cases. When one has lived long in the solitude, a moose or a buffalo gladdens the eye; but if one wants excitement, it is fully experienced when the vision of the human animal strikes the wanderer's sight. There was no man now on the south shore of the Ominica, but there were traces of man; there was a camp, and it was the camp of a white man—a glance told that; coloured blankets, a huge pair of miner's boots, some bags of flour (greatest luxury of the wilds), a couple of fresh beaver-skins, the bodies of two young beavers. We put in at once to shore, and each member of the crew, following the bent of his particular genius, went straight to the item that had most interest for him; Kalder attached himself to the beaver-skins, the English miner to the flour, Jacques made for the miner's boots, and the Untiring prostrated himself before the beavers in an attitude of profound expectation.

Jacques was the first to speak.

"It's Pete Toy," he said, after a pause, during which he had been steadfastly regarding the large nails in the soles. "There's nary another foot on the Ominica that could fill a boot like that," he added, flinging down the immense seven-leaguers in intense admiration. "He's left his canoe above the cañon," he went on, "and he's going to drop her down empty when he's done portaging his load here."

Jacques was right; all this wealth of bacon, beans, beaver, boot, and blanket, belonged to Pete Toy, the best-known miner that ever drove shovel into sand-bar on all the wide rivers of Columbia, from the Big Bend of the Fraser to the uttermost tributary of the Liard. And soon came Pete himself upon the scene, carrying another load of good things through the forest to his camp below the cañon from his canoe above it. Jacques and he were old friends, and we were soon all good ones.

But Pete Toy, once of Cornwall, now of Columbia, was not a man to make friendship a business of empty words and hungry questions; the social rule that lays down the law of not speaking with one's mouth full, was changed in his mind to another rule more fitted to the wilderness, namely, that a man should not speak with his stomach empty; and while he plied his questions as to our strange presence in this land, he plied too all his tact of cook and waiter to lay before us the delicacies of his provision bags—to give us, in fact, the first good meal we had had for many months.

Then came the time for talk. I heard from Pete many an item of interest regarding river and mountain in the unknown country to the north, all gathered during the long years he had lived and roamed among the rivers of this mountain land; for no Indian was a better hand at craft of canoe or toil of snow-shoe than this great Cornish miner, who had long shaken the dust of civilisation from his feet, nor left behind with it his kind and generous nature. I heard too of his early life in far-away Cornwall, and of his hopes in the future to see again the home he had quitted twenty years before.

"Yes," he said, "many a night when I sit alone before the fire in my hut down at the Forks of the Peace and Parsnip rivers, I see the old place and the old couple again."

"And you're going back to England?" he said to me when the time of parting came; "you're really going to see the old land! Maybe you'd go to Cornwall too? Well, if you should meet an old couple of the name of Toy down there, just say to them that you saw their son Pete, him as left them twenty years ago, out on the Ominica, and that they were as fresh in his mind as the day he saw them last."

I had with me then but few things of any use to any man; nothing that could measure the respect which I, who knew the dangers of the life he followed, held him in.

The man who thinks you can offer this class of gold-miner gold, knows little of such natures; but I took from my stock a coat that had often kept me warm in the bitter days and nights of the past winter, and asked him to accept it.

"As payment for the darned thing I gave you?" he asked, his face flushing at the thought.

"No, as a token of your meeting a single stranger in the Wilderness, and of your being kind to him—that's all."

Poor Pete Toy! we parted at the cañon mouth, he to take our boat that could not go up, we to take his that he feared to bring down, the rush of water. We carried all our goods to the west end of the Black Cañon, loaded them in the new canoe, and went our way.

Just one year later, in this same fresh month of May, a solitary canoe was found floating bottom upwards in the ever-seething eddies below the Black Cañon; there was no trace of man or camp on forest, shore, or river. Never again was Pete Toy seen. His lonely hut at the Forks stands locked and tenantless, and only when the gloomy cañon tells its secrets, and the treacherous whirl-

pools of the Ominica give up their dead, will the last fight fought by this dauntless heart with untamed nature be ever known.

He had literally laid his feast for us upon the site of his own death scene. The pines that stand at the gateway of the Black Cañon are old and stately trees. For hundreds of years they have watched the wild rush of water pour through that narrow passage, and it may be that their unseen eyes, looking so far back into the past, have caught

the weird power of the old seers of pine-clad Scandinavia, and see in misty outline the coming time.

Beneath their shade that evening camped Pete Toy, doubtless, his mind still running upon the home thoughts our presence had evoked; perhaps, while later on he slept by the scene of that long sleep so soon to come, the old trees swaying in the night wind bent down to gently whisper "Never" into the home-dream song of his memory.

VESUVIUS IN JANUARY, 1877.

VESUVIUS, as we see from the reports of Professor Palmieri in the *Times*, "is in a fever," and may shortly be expected to be in a state of activity. While, then, we are awaiting another eruption it seems to me worth while to record its condition as it appeared to us in the beginning of January, together with some general reflections on its history, which has been more minutely studied than that of any other volcano.

As we approached Naples by train in the early morning, a plume of smoke, snow-white in the brilliant light of the moon, rising from a conical mountain, marked the position of Vesuvius. From the point of view offered by the villa-covered promontory of Pausilipo, the mountain stands sharply defined against the sky across the Bay of Naples, sloping down to the right in the direction of Pompeii to the fertile low-lying tract which underlies the mountains of Sorrento, over which the eye wanders till it reaches the precipices of Capri. On the left it sweeps downwards to the abrupt rugged outline of Monte Somma, which is itself, as we shall see presently, but the ruined stump of that older Vesuvius which was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Wherever you go in the neighbourhood of Naples the mountain forms the central point in the view. To the Neapolitan it is an unfailing subject of conversation, not only because it may bring destruction on the country round at any time, but also because of the crowds of strangers which it attracts, and, be it added, sometimes frightens away with the energy of its earthquakes. It is at once the great destroyer and the source of the extraordinary fertility of the country around.

We started early from Naples for the top of Vesuvius in a carriage drawn by two horses, with a third hitched on to encourage the others, and render help if necessary. It

was holiday, and we met streams of country people pouring into the town on foot and in all sorts of conveyances, among which country carts were conspicuous with large wheels like the driving wheels of railway engines, and of exactly the same design as some of those dug up from the ruins of Pompeii. There were crackers going off in all directions, and the sellers of the fruit of the stone-pine, sitting by their little fires of charcoal, were driving a brisk trade. Our road lay along the densely populated Campagna, close to the shore, from which it was shut by a line of houses that are almost continuous as far as Portici. We rapidly ascend the rising ground on which Resina stands, — a crowded town, on the site of the old Retina and that of Herculaneum, which lies deep under the accumulations of successive eruptions, the volcanic mud by which it was overwhelmed in A.D. 79 being covered by subsequent flows of lava that sweep down to the sea, and now furnish supplies of good building stone. We pick up a guide, and creep laboriously along the dusty road winding between the vineyards and fig-gardens towards the Observatory, where Professor Palmieri keeps watch and ward over Vesuvius. The vineyards are soon left behind, and we plunge into a lava-stream, in some places like the ashes from an iron furnace; in others like a swirling torrent suddenly turned into stone, and with the surface folded and twisted into most fantastic shapes. Where the fall of the ground had been great the viscous mass had hardened into great rope-like coils. The effects of the rate of cooling and of pressure in altering the texture of the lava are very well shown in some of the sections exposed by heavy rains, where the lower part of the lava-stream, resting on a bed of ashes, was very hard and compact, while the little cavities in it increased in number and

size until the surface was reached. This is due to the gases and steam imprisoned in the heated rock being unable to expand and escape, because of the pressure of the upper part. The black rugged surface of the lava, fissured and crannied in every direction, the home of innumerable lizards, and with its hollows covered with a lichen, which gives a whitish tint (like that of a white efflorescent salt), forms a striking contrast to the gardens close by. You could stand with one foot on land fertile as Paradise, and with the other on a desolate, treeless expanse, as barren as the dried-up region of Aden.

The Observatory and the old Hermitage, where the carriages are left behind, stand on a promontory, a fragment of the ancient crater of Monte Somma, swept on either side by currents of lava from the great troubled sea of lava, which has to be traversed before you get to the cone of Vesuvius, that stands in all its naked grandeur before you, with the path leading to its summit marked by a faint zig-zag line, and flecked here and there by a few patches of white in its lower parts. At its base, which is two thousand one hundred and twenty-five (aneroid) feet above the sea, a clamorous gang of guides and peasants lies in wait for the unwary traveller, and will seize on him in spite of himself if he is not very determined. In our case some even followed us about two-thirds of the toilsome ascent on the chance of being employed.

The cone is composed of loose rolling cinders compacted together here and there by veins and "dykes" of lava, and resting at an angle varying from 30° to 18° . On getting out of the beaten track I observed that the coating of loose cinders was merely superficial; it conceals a stratum of hard white snow, which is protected from the heat of the sun by the low conducting power of its covering. This is the case in several places in the lower two-thirds of the cone. In the upper third the heat of the mountain began to be felt, and at the top the surface was warm enough to be sensible through the thick soles of shooting-boots.

The lip of the crater is a true knife-edge, from which you look down into a vast precipice-girt amphitheatre full of a yellowish white vapour of the consistence of a London fog, in a state of continual movement, and lit up now and then by the glare of a spurt of molten lava. A low rhythmical roaring and a continuous hissing sound pointed out the hidden seat of actual disturbance far down below. The vapour is composed of steam, hydrochloric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen,

carbonic acid, sal ammoniac: it rose over the lip of the crater in suffocating gusts, sufficiently acid to affect the colour of a feather worn by a lady of our party, and to render a descent into the crater for more than a few feet very dangerous. A coating of yellow sulphur about three inches thick covered the lip, and beneath this the loose grey ashes gave out aqueous vapour at every pore, which deposited on them in some places white powdery sulphate of lime; in others common salt, sal ammoniac, green chloride of copper, and specular iron ore, which looked like little pieces of shattered mirrors scattered through their substance. It was obvious that here we had a striking proof of the mode in which water, in passing through heated rock, can carry minerals in solution, and ultimately deposit them. In these processes we could easily recognise the mode in which the various metals were brought up from deep down in the earth's crust and deposited in holes and crevices in the rocks which are accessible to man as mineral veins. At a point a few feet within the edge of the crater the ashes were so hot about three inches from the surface as to kindle a piece of paper instantly on its being thrust in, although they looked perfectly dead and black. At a very little depth the heat must be enormous.

The highest point of the crater visited was four thousand one hundred feet (aneroid) above the sea. The height, however, is constantly varying, either by the ejection of new clouds of ashes or by its edges tumbling in. The cinder cone itself is two thousand and twenty-five feet from the point where it rises from the sea of lava to the summit.

It was a bright sunny New Year's Day, and the view was most glorious. On every side, except the north, long rivers of lava were to be seen, which had carried their black desolation far down the flanks of the mountain. The eye wandered over the fertile Campagna, over the long line of excavations and mounds of ashes which mark the site of Pompeii, the principal street of which, now open to the light of day, points directly towards us, over vineyards with their flat white-topped houses, reminding one of the East, to the shimmering sea, to the rugged snow-sprinkled mountains of Sorrento, which closed the view to the south-east. Westward the densely populated district of Naples lay like a map below, and over the bay frowned the bold headlands of Pausilipo and of Misenum, the latter of which afforded shelter to the Roman fleets. A bank of

clouds hid the lower contours of Ischia; but high above them rose one of the higher peaks sharply defined in the sky. To the north the inner walls of the ruined crater of Somma fronted us, with their summits delicately edged with a white snow-line, while far away the Apennines, covered with snow, formed a beautiful wintry setting to a scene in which summer appears always to dwell. The setting sun warned us that it was time to go, and we turned our backs upon the mountain, not without a thought of its historian, Professor Phillips, with whose name Vesuvius is associated, to me at least, by memories that will last as long as myself.

According to the last accounts the signs of an approaching eruption are increasing. The glare of the molten lava at the bottom of the crater, dimly visible to us through the vapour, is now to be seen as far off as the Observatory, where Professor Palmieri records every phase of the varying phenomena, and every throe of the Typhon (earthquake) fabled to lie buried under the roots of Vesuvius and Etna, and to be striving to rise again to the upper world.

At the time of our visit the white vapour poured into the hollow between Vesuvius and Monte Somma, known as the Atrio del Cavallo, and when viewed from the Bay of Naples rose like a tall white plume, very different from that great towering mass which, in times of eruption, has been likened by all observers to the dark head of an Italian stone-pine, and still more unlike that dense cloud which arose in 1872 from the burning torrents of lava, which plunged far down the slopes, obscuring the whole of the cone of Vesuvius and of Somma in one vast towering canopy, which was "as the smoke of a fiery furnace." The mountain may be said to be now in a state of "unquiet rest."

From the tables published by Professor Phillips ("Vesuvius") it is obvious that the eruptions have on the whole been increasing in number since the Christian era. In the present century there have been twenty-five, in the eighteenth twenty-three, in the seventeenth four, while in the remaining sixteen there have only been fourteen altogether, which gives an average of less than one per century. The inhabitants, therefore, of the surrounding district reasonably look forward to an eruption at least once every three or four years, if the experience of the present century only be taken into account. And since that of 1872 was the last, the next is now over-due, and may be expected at such time as the column

of lava can be raised sufficiently high in the crater to burst through the sides and flow over the surface, as it threatened to do in 1876, and is threatening now. We may view it as the safety-valve of the whole volcanic district around, through which these forces find ventilation, which otherwise, pent up and accumulated, would ultimately result in a stupendous destruction like the first on record. In former times they found vent in several places in the district. The Phlegrean fields are full of volcanic craters, as close together as those which pit the surface of the moon. That of Monte Agnano still gives off vast volumes of vapour containing sulphur and sal ammoniac, and of carbonic acid gas, that flows out of the vent named after the unhappy dog thrown into it to satisfy the cruel curiosity of visitors; the Grotto del Cane. That of the Solfatara is said to have been in eruption in the Middle Ages, and now gives off steam charged with various minerals, which rushes upwards as if from a gigantic subterranean boiler, and pours up vast quantities of fine volcanic mud, which is familiar to many in the shape of medallions and cameos, and other ornaments made of "lava." The Monte Nuovo, a cone four hundred feet high, raised on the site of a valley in the short space of three days in 1538, and filling up part of the Lucrine Lake, and now without any trace of activity, proves that underneath this region forces lie dormant, which from time to time assert themselves with tremendous energy, and need some safety-valve, that they may be prevented from accumulating. The present chronic activity of Vesuvius, therefore, may be viewed as very fortunate for the inhabitants of the district, although it has a very different aspect to the dwellers on its slopes, who have to seek compensation from the government for burnt vines and gardens spoilt by the fine ashes and acid vapours, which affect the vegetation as badly as the fumes from alkali works.

The Vesuvius of to-day is altogether a different mountain to that which was known to the classical writers. The earliest mention of it is connected with the Servile wars, provoked by the ruthless oppression of the Romans. We are told by Florus that the gallant swordsman, Spartacus, took refuge with his band, in B.C. 72, within the crater, which was then in form very much like that of the amphitheatre in which he had so frequently been victorious. "Prima velut arena viris Mons Vesuvius placuit," writes Florus, with singular fitness. The level

bottom was the arena or stage, and the lofty precipices by which it was surrounded would aptly recall to the minds of the gladiators the rows of seats, rising tier above tier, from which the spectators admired their struggles to the death. It was indeed the most appropriate place for raising the standard of rebellion. Besieged here by Clodius Glabrus, the Prætor, he scaled the precipices by means of ladders made of wild vines twisted together, and surprised and routed his besiegers. From this account it is evident that then the crater was clothed with vegetation, and that the fires within were not then kindled. Nevertheless, Diodorus Siculus, writing twenty-seven years afterwards, states that it bore "many marks of having emitted fires in ancient times," and Pompeii itself is built upon the debris of an ancient prehistoric eruption. This refuge, however, of Spartacus, is not to be confounded with the crater of modern times, which is "a variable heap thrown up from time to time, and again, not seldom, by a greater effort of the same force tossed away into the air, and scattered in clouds of dust over far-away countries." It is represented by the ruined crater of Monte Somma, as pointed out by Sir W. Hamilton and Professor Phillips, which was reduced to its present state by the first recorded eruption, of which Pliny the younger has given us an account, valuable in many ways.

In A.D. 79, his uncle, Pliny the elder, was in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, on the opposite side of the bay, and in full view of the mountain. On the 24th of August he observed a cloud rising from Mount Vesuvius, in form "resembling that of a pine tree," for it "shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches." It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. "He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with the intention of assisting not only Retina, but many other places, for the population is thick on that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in

danger not only of being aground, by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountains and obstructed all the shore."

He then resolved to go to the rescue of Pomponianus, who was then at Stabiae, a town on the sea shore not far from Pompeii. He landed, and ordered with an air of unconcern the baths to be prepared, then he sat down to supper "with great cheerfulness, or at least, what is equally heroic, with all the appearance of it. In the meantime the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side, with frequent and violent concussions, or to fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two—a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced with cool and deliberate consideration." They then went out, with their heads covered with pillows for a defence against the shower of stones which fell around them. Although it was day everywhere else, there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which they could scarcely dispel with torches. They then made their way to the shore, where the waves ran very high, and Pliny suddenly fell down and died in a fit, and was found three days afterwards, looking more like a man asleep than dead.

This graphic account of the death of Pliny, written by his nephew, was supplemented by a second, in which he describes to Tacitus

his own experience at Misenum. He records that after his uncle left, he pursued the studies which prevented his going with him till it was time to bathe; he then went to supper and to bed, from which, however, he was disturbed by earthquakes, which threatened to overwhelm them with the houses. Even under these circumstances, this cool young Roman gentleman of eighteen was not to be torn from his Livy, in spite of the upbraidings of a friend who happened to be with them. "Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered; and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own, pressed in great crowds about us in our way out.

"Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its bounds by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and many sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this, our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness, 'If your brother, and your uncle,' said he, 'is safe, he certainly wishes you to be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him; why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?' We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterward the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean, as it certainly did the island of Capree and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts

of that sort impossible. However, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight.

"The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we yet had any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room which is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men, some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together. . . .

"At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the fore-runner of an approaching burst of flames, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. . . . At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke, the real day returned, and soon the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."*

It is to be observed that Pliny makes no mention of the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, wrought by that dark cloud of ashes which he describes, probably because the event was notorious throughout Italy at the time. It must be remembered

* For the whole of Pliny's account see Phillips's "Vesuvius," c. ii.

that Baïæ, the Roman Brighton of the day, the fashionable watering-place, was close to Misenum and facing the mountain; and therefore Pliny's friends, Tacitus included, must have been very well acquainted with its details. Tacitus merely wrote to Pliny for information about the death of the uncle of the latter.

As the result of this memorable eruption, the side of the mountain which faced towards the south-west, that is to say, in the direction of the three overwhelmed cities, was destroyed, while to the north the precipices of Monte Somma mark the site of the ancient crater. To the south-west it has

been obliterated to a great extent by repeated eruptions, but its form may be traced with considerable accuracy by the break in the contour of the mountain which is known as the Pedimentina. The crater of the Vesuvius known to Spartacus is now to be sought principally in the débris which has covered up the ruined cities of the plain, and filled up the sea for at least a mile away from its ancient coast. From that time the shape of the mountain has been changed by the successive eruptions, and the greater part of the top of the present cone has been built up since the year 1843.

W. BOYD DAWKINS.

FAREWELL STANZAS.

TO MY FRIEND.

"Fugit hora, manet memoria."

THE red hearts of the poppies glow
In countless myriads 'mong the corn—
Light breezes fan the joyous morn
Here, where Provençal roses blow.

O lovely land! the chosen home
Of Love's own courts in bygone days—
The land through all whose flowery ways
No minstrel's feet in vain might roam!

Not love alone, but valorous deed
Was his to praise; the list'ning throng
Was fired like him. Provençal Song
Joy'd to give Chivalry her meed.

Down from yon stern and barren height,
Frowning o'er many a laughing vale,
Knights Templars rode in glittering mail,
Strong in the cause of faith and right.

No war-cry breaks the peace and calm
Of these May hours: the olive gleams
Beneath the moon in tender dreams,
Quiv'ring to every breeze of balm.

The air, all faint with odorous breath
Of dewy roses, thrills again,
And pulses fast in music's pain—
Akin to bliss as sleep to death.

Cannes.

O'er wooded steeps floats clear and sweet
The nightingale's enraptured voice,
Bidding the southern night rejoice,
For Summer comes with gliding feet.

Farewell! I turn to other skies:
But love of mine own wave-beat strand
Dims not for me, thou lovely land,
The charm that in thy beauty lies.

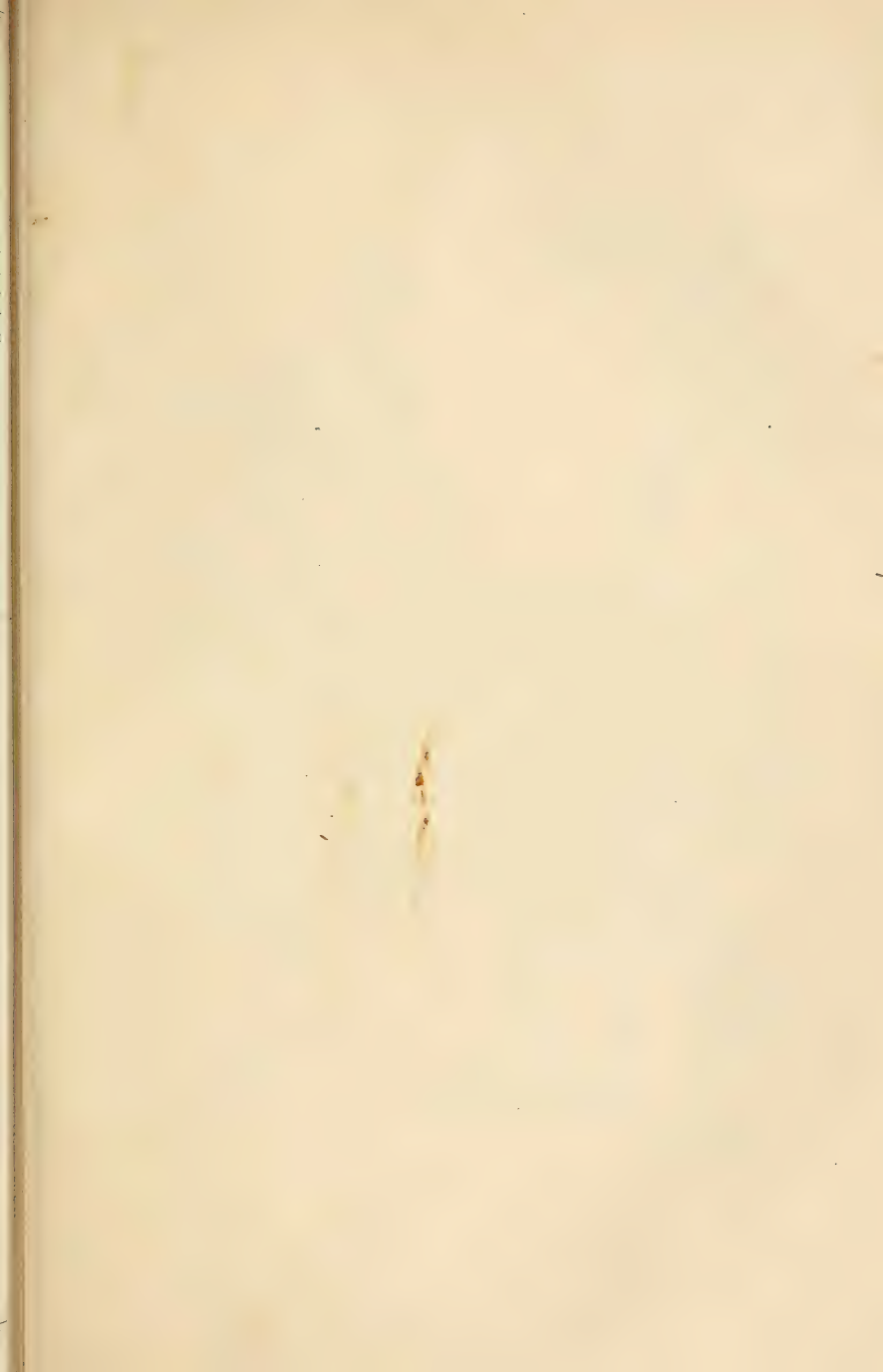
The "Children of the Mist" are we;
Our bards of old in mountain-storms
Beheld the wraiths of warrior-forms,
And visions sang none else might see.

The soldier's fame, the martyr's grave,
Our sires had both; and patriot worth
Shed lustre more than ancient birth
On a long line of true and brave.

I dream, while sapphire waters lave
Thy shore, of green Iona's smiles,
And hear among the Western Isles
The thunders of the western wave.

Farewell! Farewell! All peace be thine,
Thou gentle nurse of life and health;
And memory dear of all thy wealth
Of radiant hours be ever mine!

ISEULT.





"DORIS BARUGH."

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK II.—COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER IX.—GILBERT RAINE IN HIS DEN.



GILBERT RAINE was an early riser, and often hard at work in his study before the post came in. In travelling ground on which he meant to build cottages

he had come upon some Roman brick-work, and by unremitting digging during the last few days, he and his two gardeners had succeeded in exposing the foundations of part of a Roman house. He was busy writing an account of this discovery for one of the learned societies of which he was a member—so busy, that when the post came in he suffered his letters to lie unopened beside him.

He looked thinner, and, if possible, more eccentric than when he was last at Burneston. His hair hung in dark elf locks over his bright, restless eyes, and the wrinkles on his forehead had deepened, so that when he raised his eyebrows, as he did now, he looked much older than he really was. He wore very little hair on his face; and while he held a letter close to his near-sighted eyes, he pulled at his scanty whiskers with his left hand till his cheeks grew red with pain.

"What on earth——" Then he turned to the first page and read the letter again.

"MY DEAR GILBERT,—You always said I was to write to you when I was in trouble, and I don't know what can be done about

my father. I hear he is going to make a low marriage. Now, you know I don't want a step-mother at all; they're always a mean mischief-making lot; even if it was a lady, it would be bad enough. What can my father be thinking of? It seems to me he may be off his head, or some one's taking him in; so will you go down to Burneston and look after him? If you won't, please tell me, and I shall go off post haste, and get expelled in consequence. But you're such a dear old chap, I know you'll go. We ought, between us, to prevent my father from disgracing the family.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"RALPH AYLMER BURNESTON."

Gilbert Raine left off pulling his whiskers, and grasped his chin tightly, while he once more read Ralph's letter.

"Then I was right, after all," he thought; "and those allusions in Phil's letter pointed to this intention; that's to say"—he crumpled the letter vigorously in his brown, sinewy hand—"if there is a word of truth in this letter of Master Ralph's. I'll bet anything that old housekeeper is at the bottom of it all, and she has set on the boy to get me to interfere. Well, then, shall I interfere? Why should I make myself Faith's tool?"

He stood thinking, screwing up his brown face till it was seamed with wrinkles, while he frowned and closed his eyes. He was so dark, and gaunt, and keen-looking, that, but for the manly, candid expression of his bright eyes, seeing him in this den, with its queer counter-like tables, high stools with black leather seats studded round with brass nails, and walls formed of shelves and pigeon-holes, you might have taken him for an old alchemist or magician.

The tables were laden with books, pamphlets, papers, bits of tiles, &c.; and the mantelshelf was a chaos of ancient fragments—the toe-bone of a mummy, relics from an Indian temple, a stone from one of the lost cities of Central America, a bit of granite from the Menhirs at Erdevan, a Roman statuette from the south of France, coins from the Pyramids, with sundry other things—all heaped one on another in a state of dusty confusion, that called loudly for the housemaid and a pair of bellows.

All at once Raine roused from his reverie, and walked hastily out of his den, across the black-and-white chessboard floor of the entrance to the dining-hall, a long, bare room, with a dark, polished, uncarpeted floor, six tall windows with small panes set in white window frames, on the left, and on the right a huge wide chimney with an open hearth, guarded by enormous brass dogs. All round the upper part of the oak-panelled walls were portraits of Gilbert Raine's ancestors, dating as far back as Queen Elizabeth.

It looked very cheerless to see the meagre breakfast—a small coffee-pot, a roll, butter, and an egg—set at the end of a long, narrow table, capable of dining a score of persons, and Raine ate his breakfast in a cheerless, ungenial fashion, walking up and down from end to end of the long room with his mouth full.

Austin's End was a fine old mansion, with a great square oak staircase, up which the wind came rushing on this cheerless September morning to the many galleries and passages up-stairs, and into the large old-fashioned guest-rooms, making the tapestry wave on the walls, till the nymphs and trees thereon depicted seemed to be courtesying in concert to the wounded knight lying outstretched above the scroll-work border. But the bare aspect of the rooms, and galleries, and halls made one shiver even in July. Except the aforesaid tapestry up-stairs, the family portraits in the dining hall, and a few large blue and white china jars on the staircase, suggestive of rose leaves strewn therein long ago by fair fingers, there was nothing in the house to relieve the universal dark oak and whitewash. There were treasures in the shape of antiques and curios, locked up in old oak cabinets and chests about the house, but Raine had never yet found time to arrange these stores, he was always seeking fresh discoveries, without an idea of digesting those in his possession.

Before he had been a quarter of an hour in the dining hall he rang the bell.

"Tell Buxton I'm going to Burneston," he said. Then he went up to his gaunt comfortable bedroom, with its bare, uneven floor, and packed his own bag.

"Whether it is Faith's mischief or not," he thought, "I must stand by Phil. He's the best friend I've ever had, and I am the only creature in the world he'll take advice from."

But more than once, as he journeyed northward, he remembered that his cousin

had taken no notice of the remonstrances he had written from Bornholm, and he sighed as he remembered how very obstinate Philip Burneston could be.

So many years ago it was a two day's journey from Austin's End to Burneston, and Raine did not reach the Hall till the next afternoon. "I must be very careful in what I say." 'This was his final resolution, as he drove slowly over from the railway station at Wolden, some fifteen miles distant from Burneston.

What a time it was since he had seen the old place! He began to reproach himself for his long neglect, and the seemingly important matters which had kept him at home dwindled into trivialities in memory, before the idea that if he had not left his cousin so much to himself, Burneston might not have got into this entanglement.

Faith was in the hall as he arrived. She made a deep courtesy, while Mr. Raine asked Benjamin for his cousin.

"T' maister's gaan ridin' alane, sir. Mebbe he's nut far off."

"Ah! I'll go and look for him presently. How d'ye do, Mrs. Emmett? Have you heard from Master Ralph lately? You'll be having him back at Christmas."

He glanced sharply at the yellow eyes, but they looked perfectly unconscious of mystery.

"Yes, sir, we hope so," and then she added a few words about his room, and Benjamin conducted him to the dining-room.

Raine thought he was glad his cousin was out. The strong dislike to interference which had come upon him as he read Ralph's letter returned with yet more power, and he asked himself what right he had to speak to Philip Burneston on such a special matter unless he consulted him. Benjamin stood behind his chair wondering at Mr. Raine's silence, for Gilbert always had a joke or a kind word for the old servants, some of whom had known him all his life.

"Do you know which room I'm to have?" he said at last, and Benjamin summoned Mrs. Emmett.

"Yey'll like yur aohn room, sir, beturist," she said quietly; "it's awlus fettled, an' it's bin waitin' longer than usual."

She turned to lead the way up the old dark staircase, and, pausing on the first landing, went up three shallow steps into a gallery on the left, and threw open the door of a small room with an oriel window, in which were two easy-chairs and a writing-table strewn with papers.

"It's fair as ye left it, sir, we'se remmoned

nought. Master Ralph hev said 'at t' papers waaz nut to be stirred."

Gilbert Raine sighed as he looked round. There was something very comfortable and pleasant-looking in the square Indian carpet and the pale blue and drab hangings; the books and pictures, too, seemed like old companions, and the newly-lighted logs were sputtering and sparkling noisily in the wide grate.

A moment's vision of Austin's End with all these beautifying comforts, and with some one to direct and order all, and take domestic cares from his mind, and then he shrugged his shoulders and screwed up his eyes.

"No, no, let well alone. At least, I have freedom, especially from heartache; and women have a knack of causing that."

He whistled and stooped over his bag, which he never allowed any one to unpack. No one seeing the boyish glee with which Gilbert Raine enjoyed trifles, and his careless way of looking at life, would have guessed how deeply a woman had once made his heart ache. It had happened in his youth; he was twenty-two and the girl was twenty-five. She was engaged to a man in India, but she thought herself free to listen to the clever talk of the young Oxford man and receive his admiration. He was only a boy, she said, and he was the only congenial companion she could find among the guests in a large country house. So she rode with him and let him repeat poetry to her on long delicious summer evenings beside the river that ran through the grounds; and one evening she was quite taken by surprise when the poor unconscious fellow asked her, with passion in his eyes and voice, if she could ever love him.

"Oh! why did he do this?" she asked. "She was so happy in his friendship, and she had meant to keep him for a friend always." But Gilbert was desperately in earnest. He would not be put off so; and she had to humble herself and avow her engagement, and then endure the lad's scornful reproaches.

Poor fellow! he could leave her in anger, but the effort nearly broke his heart—it made a man of him, and also a woman-hater; for since he had come into his uncle's property many a mother and daughter had tried in vain to make Gilbert Raine take a wife. But that first impression, so sweet and then so bitter, could not be obliterated; he had never seen any one so charming as that girl; and if she could be false, who could be true?

He soon went out in search of his cousin, and meeting Jock, Mr. Burneston's collie, in the hall, he took him with him; but, though they made a long circuit, they could not find the master. All at once, as they paused on the hill-top beside the church, the dog pricked up his ears and went forward, barking joyously. In a few minutes Mr. Burneston had ridden up to his cousin.

"Why, Gilbert, old fellow, this is capital. I thought it was you, and yet I couldn't believe it."

But after the greeting was over, Mr. Raine thought Philip was unusually silent. He began to hope that after all he might not have to begin this difficult subject. Burneston had always come to him spontaneously with his troubles, and he looked troubled now.

As they passed the two cottages, Joseph came to the door and gave Raine a hearty welcome, but the squire went on scarcely turning his head.

"Well," Gilbert said as the silence continued, "what has been happening in Burneston, Phil? Have you burned Dame Wrigley yet, or has she given up riding on a broomstick?"

"It's curious you should ask that to-day. The poor old wretch has been left in peace since young George Barugh took her under his protection." An inquisitive look came into Raine's keen eyes as the squire flinched at the name. "But now there is fresh sickness among the cows, and old Sunley is more violent than ever; I am afraid he would like to see Patience worried to death."

"Bloodthirsty old wretch; and he'll see it done, too, Phil. He looked as tough as an ash stick when we passed him just now. Why don't you get the woman away?"

"She won't go."

"Can't you get the young fellow you spoke of, George Barugh, to influence her?"

"I never thought of it, and he's not in Burneston now; he's away with his people." He rode on, getting out of the range of those observant eyes.

"Gone are they? They were the people on the hill, I think. Have you a new tenant then at Church Farm?"

Gilbert Raine's long legs had soon brought him beside his cousin again, and the downward road through the village was so steep that the horse went slowly.

"I didn't say they had left the farm." Burneston spoke irritably. "I wish they had." This was muttered to himself. "Mrs. Barugh

has taken George to Steersley for a time for— for change of air.”

“I forget—is he the only child? I don’t seem to know anything about these Barughs.”

Mr. Burneston twitched his bridle, and then spoke angrily to his horse. He had a vexed consciousness that his cousin, instead of playing with the collie or speaking to the children crowding to the cottage doors, was observing him closely.

“There are two children, a boy and a girl.” And then without any intention, except that of changing the subject, “Have you heard lately from Ralph?” he said.

Raine was, as he said, a blunderer. He had no idea of introducing a subject adroitly. In his anxiety to have done with restraint, he forgot his cautious resolutions; it seemed to him that he had better speak, and here was the opening he needed.

They had reached the bottom of the village, and turned to the right beside the river, over which lay a brooding mist.

“Yes, I heard from him this morning.” He stopped, but Mr. Burneston did not help him with a question. His cousin’s uneasy manner had warned him that something had to be told. “The truth is,” Raine went on hurriedly, “his letter brought me here.”

“Really! Anything very important the matter?” very drily spoken.

How strange it is that when we are vexed with those we understand best, we often take the worst possible method of making them do what we wish! Philip Burneston wished to silence his cousin, and he showed his displeasure to that end, while he knew, or might have known by experience, that opposition was sure to rouse Gilbert Raine’s determination.

A bright flush rose on the dark wrinkled face, and a slight frown deepened the creases round the eyes and mouth.

“Yes, Phil; the boy is anxious about you. It’s no use beating about the bush; the truth is, some one has told him you are going to be married.”

Mr. Burneston laughed, but he spoke fretfully.

“People are very clever. I certainly have not promised to marry any one.”

Raine gave a sigh of relief. “Thank God!” he said, gravely. “I thought it was possibly gossip. The story was, that you were going to marry some girl—well, out of your own position.”

Burneston rode on in silence till they reached the great gates which shut in the stable yard and the entrance.

“Wait till we get in, Gilbert,” he said. “I should have told you sooner or later, so I may as well get it over.”

CHAPTER X.—LOVE IS LORD OF ALL.

MRS. BARUGH felt ill-used and irritable. She had, as she expressed it, been “led a life” by her husband and her son.

When John Barugh returned to Steersley and heard of the squire’s visits, he broke out in stubborn anger. It required Dorothy’s utmost care and tact to prevent him from showing his displeasure before Doris.

At last the storm quieted; and when he understood that the meeting in Steersdale had been accidental, and that Mr. Burneston always came over to Steersley, as Dorothy asserted, on business, he softened, and was obliged to confess that it was but natural the squire should call in when he was there to see George, as he had done at the Church Farm.

“Dhu mun keep t’ lass fra seein’ him ivvery tahme he cooms,” said simple John.

As he was starting to go back to Burneston he said that Rose Duncombe was anxious to see Doris, and that he had given her leave to come.

“Oh no, John, don’t say so. Doris can’t abide Rose, they never suited; it’ll be a sad mistake for her to come.”

But John was in a hurry.

“Bon it,” he said, “waat harm can t’ lass dea? Bud settle it amang yersels,” and he went.

Dorothy gave a sigh of relief. She respected her husband and loved him after her fashion, but just now she did not want him; she was free for a week, perhaps for a fortnight, from his supervision; and she went back into the little sitting-room with a smile on her face.

But at the sight of George standing in the middle of the room, looking taller than usual, and pale with anger, she stopped in dismay, and gave a little cry of fear.

“Why, lad, why, what is it? Are ye ill? What’s got ye to look so at your mother?”

“Whist, mother! don’t be a silly, an’ steek till t’ door.” Then, recollecting himself, he pointed to a seat, and tried to control his passionate anger. “Mother!” the tears springing in poor Dorothy’s eyes softened his rebuke more than she knew. “Yur talk fair caps me; is there no such a thing as t’ right an’ t’ wrang, or are we to make what Doris likes an’ dislikes our rule i’ life?”

But Dorothy had begun to cry. George had never before rebuked her so sternly.

"I can't bear it, I can't," she sobbed. "I do all I can to please the lot of you, and it's one twitting here, and t'other scolding there, and now you lecturing, George, about nothing; it's too hard; so there."

George's mouth twitched. He shrank from giving his mother pain, but he could not shrink from what seemed to him positive duty.

"I'm sorry to grieve ye, mother." He stood before her as if he were the offender; but he went on firmly. "But it's for Rose I speak. Rose was good an' kind to me when I was nobbut a poor helpless sufferer, an' are we to gi' her t' cold shouter now? More than that, Doris an' Rose waazn't friens when they was little lasses; but mebbe tane's as much changed as t' ither now."

Dorothy tossed her head.

"Never, lad, never; can't ye feel a difference as well as see it? Rose is——"

"Stop, mother; deenut say what I cannut listen to. Rose is my friend, an' I waenut hearken to a word o' blame about her from you or any other. If she an' Doris deenut fancy yananidur, let 'em keep apart. But it's hard on Rose an' me, an' I say, gi' 'em the chance. An', mother," he said earnestly, "for my sake ye'll be kind to t' lass when-ivver she cooms."

And Mrs. Barugh felt how much harder it was to resist the sway of her quiet invalid son than of her more irascible husband. John was patient; but when his anger was roused it was tremendous, and defeated its object.

"'Tis the worst of being so good, lad," Dorothy said as her son kissed her. "You're so often right that you can never think ye're wrong. Well, I s'pose I must take the long wi' the short, and let ye have your will; but don't say a word to Doris."

Her earnest hope was that, as she knew Rose had other friends in Steersley, the girl's visit would be short, and would happen during Doris's frequent walks.

For Doris, who had become very lively and companionable, had lately gone back to the silent abstracted moods of her childhood. Mrs. Barugh noted this, and drew her own conclusions; but George was puzzled and disappointed.

He had been growing stronger every day, and he often walked with Doris; but she was more dreamy and listless alone with him than in her mother's presence.

To-day, as they sauntered on the velvet turf within the grey ruins of Steersley Castle, he said suddenly, "What ails ye, lass; is it love?"

"George!" She blushed and looked annoyed, and then, recovering herself, she laughed. "Oh, George, what nonsense! Don't you remember I was often like this? My friend Rica Masham said she had cured me; but I don't know. I wish you could see Rica, George; it would be nice for you to have a friend like her."

George flushed, but Doris's eyes were on the grass at her feet. "I has you an' Rose," he said with an effort—for he rarely spoke of Rose to his sister. "I think a lad has enough wiv two of ye."

Doris raised her head, and her lips curved in a slight smile.

"But I can't help thinking if you knew Rica you would like her best of all; she's so bright, so joyous, so full of mischief, she makes one feel so young."

George forgot his vexation. His brown eyes twinkled merrily.

"Young—that gude for ye, lass. Mebbe ye'll be wanting a cap soon like mother's. Make hay while t' sun shines; ye'll never be younger than ye are now."

"I'm getting old; I really am getting old, George," she said; "I'm nearly twenty."

But after this she roused, and talked of Rica and her school-life till they reached the cottage.

"Please, miss, there's a visitor."

Doris's heart beat with she scarcely knew what anticipation; but George went on eagerly, opened the parlour door, and saw, as he expected, Rose Duncombe seated beside his mother.

Rose jumped up eagerly, shaking out her skirt with excitement, and rustling in the consciousness of a new, stiffly-lined gown and a showy scarlet shawl.

George's smile of glad welcome was slightly subdued as he watched the two girls shake hands. Rose was much prettier than Doris, he thought; her eyes were so sweet, her hair so bright and golden, and her colour as fresh as a rose. But, although he thought his sister's dress too staid and quiet for a girl, it seemed as if Rose was a parrot beside her. The village girl flamed with blue and pink and scarlet, and her hearty laugh and boisterous greeting jarred on him as it had never done before. But this feeling was only transient; he saw that Rose grew shy, and that Doris was stiff, almost haughty, and in a moment his allegiance came back.

"My word, you hev grown tall!" Rose tried to cover the awe she felt of Doris by a familiar manner which sounded pert. Doris

was even more disgusted than she had expected to be, for she had not counted on Rose's assumption of equality. She thought school would have made the girl affected and silly; but this offhand freedom took her by surprise, and made her own manner constrained.

"I suppose my nose is out o' joint wi' you, lad," Rose laughed at George, "now 'at ye've set up a real sister. D'ye find him changed, Doris? My word, yey've changed yerself; I wouldn't hev known yey!"

"You are not much altered," said Doris in a polite, cold voice. She was angry with herself for being so irritated; but every word the smart rosy-cheeked damsel said took her back years—to the farm kitchen and to herself, in her lilac pinafore and sun-bonnet. She felt that she hated Rose Duncombe.

"Not much altered!" Rose was violently mortified. "That's what *you* think, is it?" she turned to Dorothy with flushing cheeks. "She's not changed in some ways, Mrs. Barugh. She's just as short-spoken as iver, I see, an' she cocks up her chin as like——" Doris gave a slight shiver of disapprobation, and George looked troubled. "But nivver fash yurself, Doris; I'll take myself off. I don't need to force my company where it's not wanted; there's plenty only too glad on it." She turned her back on Doris, her eyes sparkling and her face hectic with passion. "Never you mind, lad; I'll come an' see yey when yey gits back to t' farm; she'll!"—jerk- ing her head towards Doris—"hev settled down by then. Good-bye, lad; I've a heap of friends to go an' see in Steersley, though I began wi' you. Good day."

All this was spoken in breathless haste, while the listeners were dumb with surprise; and, squeezing George's hand, and nodding to Mrs. Barugh, Rose ran away without taking any leave of Doris.

"Oh, Doris! what have you done?" George spoke at once and angrily, for he had seen tears in Rose's bright eyes.

"Done!"—Doris drew herself up with dignity—"I really do not understand. I do not wish to vex you, George, but Rose Duncombe seems to me a very ill-behaved young woman. She certainly has not changed for the better."

"It's easy for those 'at haven't got strong feelsins to keep cool and quiet. You know nothing about feeling, Doris; all you think of is manner. How would you like to be snubbed by one of your equals? and Rose Duncombe"—he looked at her sternly—"is much more your equal than Mr. Burneston."

"Ah, my lad, don't!"—Mrs. Barugh placed herself between the brother and sister, for George's vehemence frightened her; she could not understand it—"why should you bring the squire's name up at all? What can he have to do with Rose?"

Doris walked away to the other end of the room. She did not give a thought to George's wounded feelings; she only felt that this kind of rude quarrel was wholly ruffling and unsettling; during all the five years she had spent at Pelican House she had never been so much moved out of her habitual self-control.

"It all comes from their want of breeding," the poor girl thought; "and what will become of me? Shall I sink to this, to quarrel and be rude, like Rose, and grow altogether coarsened?"

But George was speaking in a steady, determined voice, that compelled her to listen. "Mother," he said, "mebbe you didnot take notice; but it was varra hard. The girl have comed over here with a heart-full of affection to welcome an old friend, an' t' old friend treats her like a stranger. I'm sorry I spoke so sharp, Doris. Mebbe you didnot mean no harm; mebbe them's London manners. If they is, I says I likes t' old ways best. But I'se grieved for Rose; she's vexed with herself, poor lass. She wur fair set on Doris."

Doris looked very grave.

"I'm sorry too, George, but you know I never was Rose's friend, and I do not think I should get on with such a hasty person. Pray do not let us talk about her."

"No, my dear," Mrs. Barugh spoke soothingly, "it is not to be supposed you would get on with poor Rose. She's a kind, good-hearted girl as ever lived, and she's been an amusement to George when I couldn't be with him; but she's had none of your advantages, of course, and George won't think so much of her now he has you."

"Mother," George blushed like a girl, "dinnut find fault with Rose, I cannut bid'un. Mebbe she's wanting in many ways. She's old-fashioned an' countrified. Well, so's I, but she hev got a heart, and she hev nivver said an unkind word since I knawed her, an' I'm not going to gi' her up to please Doris."

"You are unjust, George. I do not ask you to give up Rose." Doris spoke calmly, but she looked pained. In her heart she was shocked at her brother's persistence.

"Why should I?" he said sternly. "She braids o' us; she's o' t' class we waaz born

in, Doris. Eh, decant yey go for to cheat yoursel', lass, yur friend Rica, as yey calls her, 'll cock up her neb at yey when she sees what sort yey are, an' as for t' squire, he just cooms t' see us as his tenants."

"You're out there, my dear." Mrs. Barugh bridled and looked as nearly angry as she could be with her beloved son. "We're not Mr. Burneston's tenants here: it's one thing for him to come and see us at Church Farm, lad, quite another for him to come here: it's plain he looks on us as friends."

"I nivver meant he didnut think us friends, mother, what I means is equals. D'ye think, mother, t' squire wad bring a friend to see ye or ask ye to t' Hall nobbut to see Mrs. Emmett, an' I fancy Doris wad be as ill-pleased wi' Missus Emmett as wi' Rose Duncombe."

"George"—Doris came back and stood beside him—"don't let us talk about this. We can't see things from the same point of view; only I think you ought to remember that I never did like Rose."

"An' Ah says," George spoke earnestly, "yur wrang. Yey've changed by yur learnin', an' so hev t' ither lass, an' yey just sits in judgment on her wivout gi'in' her a chance o' pleasinyey. But nivver fear, Ah decant want to force Rose on yey, Doris; she an' Ah's coompany for ane anither; bud maand off! Ah wonnut hear a word agin t' lass fra yan o' yey."

He limped out of the room. He was himself troubled by his own agitation, which he found quite beyond control (in speaking he had returned to the words of his childhood), and he wanted to prevent further strife.

Directly the door closed, Mrs. Barugh broke out in lamentation.

"Oh dear, oh dear, this world's a trial, and George and me have never had a word in our lives before. I wish you could have seemed more friendly to the lass, Doris, just for George's sake. You see he looks on her as his friend, and so he takes it to himself."

Doris made no answer. She was walking up and down the room, her fair forehead puckered by a frown and her delicate lips firmly pressed together.

"Don't you see what it is, mother?"—she stopped short in her walk and looked reprovingly at Dorothy.

"No, my dear. What d'ye mean? I——"

"Well, then, mother, I think you ought to have seen, for this cannot have come all at once. At least"—her cheeks flushed a little—"I fancy not. George loves Rose Duncombe." Mrs. Barugh turned so pale that Doris spoke more gently. "I'm sure of it.

He would not excite himself in that way if he did not feel very strongly, and, besides, he has said other things." She was thinking of what he had said in the Park that morning.

"Oh Doris, I can't think it. How could a poor lame lad like George take a wife? He'd have nothing to live on, and we'd be forced to have her to live with us. Oh, George lad, no wife 'll ever love ye as your mother does."

She sat down crying, and smothered her face in her handkerchief. It was the most miserable moment she had ever known. George, her own George, to whom at least she thought she was all in all, had given his love to Rose, and here was Doris, her own child too, and yet so much a stranger to her family that she was not grieving at the loss of her brother's love, but only angry that he had given it so unworthily.

"Mother"—Doris spoke in the proud resolute tone that had so awed some of her schoolfellows at Pelican House—"you must leave off crying, and you must think. George is so young that it's nonsense to take such a thing to heart. It could never have happened if he had lived anywhere else and seen other companions as well as Rose, and I think it is all on his side. I am not sure that she cares for him. She seems too much at her ease."

"Not care for him!" Mrs. Barugh wiped her eyes hastily and sat upright in her wonder. "D'ye mean to tell me, Doris, that such a lass as Rose wouldn't be proud of your brother George's love? Not care for him! Why, who is there in all Burneston, or for that matter in Steersley neither, fit to hold a candle to my lad?"

Doris smiled. "It's not that, mother, but George is too quiet for such a girl as Rose. She's not one who'll care to sit still in-doors. She is vain and silly, I am sure she is, and she has the common sort of nature that would seek to be admired. I can't bear to think George loves her."

"He's seen no one else, that's it," Mrs. Barugh sighed; "but it's too late now, Doris; if it's as you say, it won't do to be finding fault with her; it will only make him worse. You've made me sadder than I ever was before. O George, lad, how can ye take up with a girl like that instead of your mother! She'll never love ye half so dearly. O my lad, my lad!"

She covered her eyes with her hands. Doris stood thinking with a very anxious face.

"Mother," she said at last, "it will be better never to go back to Burneston. Such a

girl as that will soon forget George, supposing that you are right; and if she does not love him, will it not be much kinder and wiser to keep George out of her way?"

Mrs. Barugh shook her head miserably.

"You don't know yer father, child. He can't abide changes—the trouble I had to get him to leave Pickerton! And though he's never, as one may say, taken to the Church Farm, still he's begun to lay out money there, and I doubt if he'd be willing to leave before he's got it's value returned."

"But you don't cling to Burneston, mother." She did not wait to be answered. A sudden hope, the outcome of her long reveries—reveries which, beginning in fear, always ended with the certainty of future mortification in life at the Church Farm—made Doris strangely earnest. "I own to you that I shrink from going back there. Yesterday you told me that George's health was so much better away from Burneston. Surely my father will not sacrifice us all for the sake of a few pounds."

Mrs. Barugh looked utterly miserable.

"I'm sure I don't know, Doris. Your father has been at great expense for you, and then there's this cottage and the giving notice. Why, child, a man can't step out of one farm and get into another as easy as he changes his boots."

"I suppose not." Then, while a rush of colour flew over her face, making her frown with vexation, "but with Mr. Burneston it might be different, mother." She threw her head back and spoke very coldly. "I don't think Mr. Burneston wants us back at the Church Farm."

CHAPTER XI.—A THANKLESS OFFICE.

MR. BURNESTON was silent until he and his cousin were seated in the library; even then he seemed unwilling to return to the interrupted conversation.

He sat whistling and playing with a paper-cutter, which he had taken off the table.

"Yes," he said at last. "I wish that old Wrigley would go away, it might save mischief."

Gilbert Raine had been feeling more shy and ill at ease than he had ever felt in his life; it was a relief to be able to speak of something else than the subject in his mind.

"Why don't you see about it? But it's new to see you worried, Phil; except now and then when Ralph was troublesome, or one of the hunters came to grief, you took life so easily."

"And so I shall again, old fellow; just now I can't."

There was silence after this. Raine fidgeted and made a most hideous scraping by moving his chair on the uneven oak floor. At last he told himself he was a coward.

"Phil," he cleared his throat, and there was a comical twinkle in his bright eyes, "when we were little chaps, we used to tell our troubles to one another. I suppose this story I've heard is true then?"

Mr. Burneston rested his elbow on the back of his chair, and shaded his face with his hand.

"True in some ways, but not in saying the—the person in question is my inferior."

"Thank God!" said Raine with energy, and he settled himself for a comfortable talk. "Let's hear all about it, old fellow," he said; the relief was so great that he felt cheerful. "I hoped you would have kept your freedom, but I suppose you can't get on alone."

Mr. Burneston looked uneasy. "I speak as I feel," he said pettishly; "the world, of course, will not agree with me; it remains to be seen, Gilbert, whether you can venture to have an opinion of your own, or whether you are influenced by Mrs. Grundy."

"I think I have shown the contrary." But Raine was troubled by this beginning.

"Well, it's soon said. We were speaking of the Barughs just now. The daughter, Miss Barugh, is very refined, highly educated, and—in short, if she will have me, I mean to marry her."

Raine sat stupefied for an instant; then forgetting all restraint, he said eagerly,—

"Then you've not asked her yet? for God's sake, don't, Phil."

Mr. Burneston got up from his lounging position, and went and stood against the mantelshelf, with his hands behind his back.

"Gilbert," he said quietly, "did you ever know me give up anything when once I had made up my mind?"

"Perhaps not; but hitherto the question has been about something which did not touch the welfare of your whole future life, and Ralph's also."

"Am I to give up my whole happiness, then, to avoid a possible annoyance to Ralph? Nonsense. Don't you see that in three or four years Ralph will have his own friends and live his own life, without the slightest reference to me? We have scarcely a sympathy in common——"

Raine sighed.

"Pardon me, Phil; but I must think a good deal of that is your own fault."

A flush was rising in Mr. Burneston's face. "You mean," he spoke quickly, "because I left him. Well then, I think you are wrong. I was unhinged and restless, and I always have disliked boys. If I had stayed at home, probably the boy would have hated me; now, at least, he cannot feel that I am harsh or stern—in fact, we are very good friends when we meet."

"But do you think he will submit patiently to a step-mother out of the village? Now stop, Phil, I am only speaking from Ralph's point of view. How will constant domestic strife and petty squabbles suit with your fastidious notions of refinement, culture, &c."

"To begin with, if you knew Miss Barugh, you would see that one of her great charms is the absence of all pettiness or feminine



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frivolity. She has not been brought up in her own home; she is——" He broke off with an irritable laugh. "I really don't know why I enter into the question; almost every man left as I am marries again, and if I am satisfied, what does it matter? And certainly Miss Barugh wants no defence. She is just the wife I want. I intend to live quietly at Burneston; you know I always disliked Lon-

don and society; after a bit Ralph will be quite satisfied."

Raine sat musing. It was so impossible to him to believe that Philip Burneston of all men could be hopelessly in love with a farmer's daughter, that he could not bear to give up the matter as settled.

"Don't do it, old fellow," he broke out impetuously; "you'll be so sorry if you

do. That sort of polish is like varnish or veneer—it only hides, it cannot eradicate. Now could you bear to have sons and daughters of a different breed to Ralph? Fancy how he'd look down on such brothers and sisters—a row of little farmers.”

Mr. Burneston had looked very angry, but he laughed as his cousin ended.

“We have argued this subject once before, when, as you may remember, you put this idea in my head, Gilbert,” he said ironically. “I do not mean this as reproach; on the contrary, I am thankful to you, it has given me something to live for. I believe I shall be very happy, though I am prepared for an outcry at starting.”

“You think nothing of example then. Suppose a woman in your position married Joseph Sunley, or a young man of his class, do you think the precedent would be a good one?”

Mr. Burneston looked grave. “No, of course not; nor are the cases parallel; it is absurd to put it in that way. I don't say my own affair is good for others; but I don't set myself up as a pattern. Besides, I am not doing this in a hurry. I have thought it well out. If I see any reason to suppose I am mistaken, I shall not ask Miss Barugh to marry me.”

“Then is it quite fair to go on raising expectations which perhaps, after all, won't come to anything?”

“What are you driving at?” Burneston turned round and faced his cousin, and he saw the keen anxiety in Raine's face. “What do you want me to do?” he said more gently.

“Well, as you ask me, I'll tell you. Don't see Miss Barugh for three months or so. Come down with me to Austin's End, or we'll go away abroad somewhere together; and then when you come back you will see with clearer eyes, and will, besides, have had time to think it over calmly and dispassionately.”

“And find that some one else with more courage has won her. No, Gilbert.” He looked as hard as the mantelpiece behind him.

“I should say there is no fear of that: there are very few men such as you who would dream of marrying Miss Barugh, and with her notions and the education you speak of she would not accept a young farmer. No, no, she'll wait for you. My dear Phil, do open your eyes; do you suppose the girl will give up the chance of being mistress of Burneston Hall?”

“She does not dream of such a thing,” said Philip angrily; “you don't understand her a bit; how should you? You know nothing about women. Certainly, you never met such a woman as——” he was going to say “Doris,” but he checked himself, “Miss Barugh.”

Perhaps his voice had taken an angrier tone because he remembered so vividly the child swinging on the gate and her song.

“If she does look forward to it,” he thought, “it's only natural; and it is my own fault;” but this excuse did not take away the sting of Raine's accusation.

Gilbert was growing tired of his position.

“Well,” he said, “I have done my duty. I came for your sake and Ralph's, and I seem to have done no good. I had better have left it alone.” He got up and walked to the window whistling.

Burneston always found it difficult to be long angry with any one. He loved peace so much that he was always willing to make the first advance; and his wife had understood this, and had profited by the knowledge.

“Look here, Gilbert,” he said, “of course I get vexed easily about this affair. I don't want to deceive you, it's true I love this girl more than I ever loved any one, but I am not besotted; come over with me to-morrow to Steersley, and judge for yourself. If after seeing her you say she is not fit to be my wife, then—I don't say I'll give the thing up, but I promise to think it over again, to be prudent, and not to pledge myself to any hasty engagement.”

“Very well,” but Raine spoke unwillingly. He could not see how, by looking at this girl, he was to ascertain her merits.

“I'm too late,” he thought, “the mischief's done; what unutterable folly this love is!”

They separated after this; and though they met soon after at dinner, and seemed as friendly as ever, each was conscious that they had grown farther apart than they had ever been before in their lives.

CHAPTER XII.—“OH, HELL, TO CHOOSE LOVE BY ANOTHER'S EYE!”

GILBERT RAINE woke next morning with the consciousness of an unpleasant weight on his spirits, which, like a bad taste in the mouth, took away the flavour of the day before him. But as he threw his window wide open, a keen crisp touch in the air was exhilarating, and the silvered grass and tree-twigs showed there had been a white frost. One of the mercies most carelessly and

thanklessly received is that of change of temperature to a worried mind, and as the keen air found its way in freely, an elastic freshness pervaded Gilbert's mind, and went down-stairs with him to greet his cousin.

It seemed as if Mr. Burneston had forgotten his annoyance. He was smiling and cheerful as usual, and had a half conciliatory manner which puzzled his cousin. He really cared for Gilbert Raine's good opinion, and, more than for that, as has been said, he cared for living in peace. He was resolved not to increase his cousin's prejudice against Doris by showing any vexation, he felt so sure all prejudice must vanish in her presence.

"Shall you be ready to ride this morning?" he said. "I have ordered Punch for you. He used to be a favourite of yours."

"Thank you, old fellow." Raine began to see that his cousin was really anxious to propitiate him; and he felt hopeful for the result of his advice. He was fond of riding Punch, nearly the best horse in the Burneston stables; but he was such a careless rider that he had seldom been offered the chance of mounting him.

He was rather put out by the hurry Mr. Burneston was in. He had discovered one or two old books in the library relating to some work he had in hand, and would have liked an hour's look at them before starting; but he was hurried, and bustled, and not left in peace till he found himself riding beside his cousin on the high road to Steersley.

Mr. Burneston had determined not to take his cousin to the cottage, nor to introduce him to Mrs. Barugh. By this time he had grown acquainted with Doris's habits, and he knew that at the time he counted on reaching Steersley, he should find her taking a walk with George in Lord Moorside's park, or seated reading among the ruins of the old castle of Walter de l'Espece. He had more than once found the brother and sister thus occupied, and he thought he should like Raine to see them too, where her surroundings would be in keeping with Doris's perfect beauty. One thing he had not counted on—the absence of George.

Ever since Rose's visit, there had been an unspoken but decided coldness between the brother and sister. George told himself that he was in the right to hold fast by old friends and keep in his own station; beyond this he thought he was teaching Doris a salutary lesson, for he disliked and disapproved the pleasure she seemed to find in Mr. Burneston's visits.

"I likes t' squire," he said to his mother, "he's very kind, an' I'se reet glad to hear him talk and see his kind cheerful face; but when he's gone, I'se t' same as ivver I was, while Doris sits glum, an' when I speak she gives a start as if I'd stuck a pin in her."

Mrs. Barugh smiled with an apparent mystery that irritated George. "Perhaps Mr. Burneston's talk makes her think," she said. "It's an uncommon advantage for you and her too to get such talks about things with such a gentleman."

"I'se none sure o't," said George. "Mebbe it's pleasant, but it's safer not to get to like things out o' reach, mother. Mebbe Doris'll end by thinking hersel t' same as t' squire."

He looked so stern that Dorothy suppressed the first answer that came to her lips.

"My word! ye've taken to lecturing, lad, and it don't suit ye," she said; "go out in the sunshine, t' will do you good. Go after Doris; she's at the Castle, I fancy, for she took a book with her."

George muttered an answer, but he stayed in-doors. Something, he could scarcely tell what, seemed to be creeping into his life. As he sat thinking, he roused to a consciousness first that he was being mastered by Doris, and when he had quenched the stubborn resistance which this thought brought there came another revelation. George had thought himself a sufferer denied the amusements and enjoyments of his fellows, he had pitied himself, but as he looked back grudging his former liberty, it flashed upon him that he had been spoiled into self-will. "I'se selfish, that's what it is, I'se got to cling to mah ways an' mah likings till I'se stubborn at being crossed. What for sud I feel vexed when Doris talks about her friend Rica? The lass means nae harm, an' she's free to love her friend as I love Rose. Nay, I'se wrang, Doris taks likin's cooler than I diz."

George was right. Doris felt that there was a coldness between herself and her brother, but she did not suffer from it. Her thoughts were now always so filled with Mr. Burneston's visits, and the memory of the talks that went on in them, that she had no time to waste on George.

"After all," she thought, as she sat down beneath the castle-wall and looked through the yellow leaves at the village at her feet, "life at Burneston will be pleasant enough if he comes to see us there." Here she stopped with a sigh. Only yesterday Mr. Burneston had again said he hoped they would not be in a hurry to go back, and before that he had

told George that it might entirely restore his health if he left Burneston and went to live near the sea. Did he want to get rid of them? It was a puzzle.

"I am growing idle," she went on. "I must remember to ask Mr. Burneston for the books Miss Phillimore recommended me to read. I shall go back if I don't keep up my studies, if I get interested in books I shall feel more settled. I think too much about Mr. Burneston's visits;" but she went on thinking of them.

Sheliked him very much. By talking chiefly to George he had managed to set her completely at her ease, and he so carefully restrained any expression of admiration that she had no excuse for suspecting it, and although she often found him looking earnestly at her, she did not suspect it. She delighted in his visits because his refined speech and cultivated ideas were at once a link to the past she prized so highly, and a help against the future she dreaded; but the tumult of excited feeling and gratified vanity aroused by the meeting beside the brook had soon subsided. She thought of Mr. Burneston now as a valued middle-aged friend; it would not have occurred to her to think of him as a lover, he was so much older than she was; and, besides, Doris had taught herself long ago that she could never marry, now that education had taught her to shrink from her equals. It would be the price she had to pay for the advantages she had had, but she knew nothing of love, and she did not look on it as a sacrifice.

She had not heard any footsteps, but the click of the gate of the little green plot in which she sat made her look up, and she saw Mr. Burneston and his friend.

"Good morning, Miss Barugh." And then Mr. Burneston presented as his cousin the tall dark gentleman, whose keen searching glance made the colour rise on Doris's cheeks. "Is your brother ill?" the squire asked, for he saw an amused smile on Gilbert's lips.

"No; but he does not always come with me—at least not lately." Doris spoke stiffly; she had a consciousness of being silently observed.

"I thought he did; perhaps the hill tries him." And then Mr. Burneston stopped; he could not think of anything more to say.

"Do you sketch?" Raine said. "There is plenty of subject here, I fancy; and this is a very good point."

"No; I don't draw at all." Doris raised her eyes and looked gravely at Mr. Raine,

and then she looked away. It was intolerable that he should keep those bright, keen, black eyes fixed on her face. She wondered that Mr. Burneston's friend should be so rude.

"That's a pity; it's a great resource in the country. Ah!" he went on, "perhaps you're fond of reading?"

"Very." But Doris looked still graver.

"Novels and tales, I suppose, with plenty of romance, and so on."

"I have read very few novels. I like history."

Gilbert was provoked. "Ah, you have solid taste, I see. Do you like the country?" he said flippantly.

Doris smiled, and the radiance in her face thrilled through her questioner. "She's beautiful!" he said to himself. "I can't deny that."

"Yes," she answered. "At least I like Steersley, and I don't like Burneston;—those are the only country places I know."

"You don't like Burneston, don't you? Why, what's amiss with it?"

His familiar tone amused Doris. It reminded her of Rica, but it wounded Mr. Burneston. It seemed to him that Gilbert had been catechizing Doris like a child, and that he talked to her as if she were an ordinary farmer's daughter.

"Miss Barugh is right; there is not much to see in Burneston."

"I did not like it when I was a child," said Doris.

"Why not?" Raine asked eagerly.

Doris was puzzled by his questioning; she did not care to give her reasons to this inquisitive man.

"I think because I had no playfellows, and because there was no sea there. We came to Burneston from near the sea."

"Perhaps you would like it now."

Raine spoke mischievously; he really wanted to provoke Doris out of what he thought was an assumption of sedateness. Mr. Burneston could hardly keep in his impatience.

"No, I don't think I should," said Doris calmly. She looked at the squire, wondering at his silence; and it seemed to him that she appealed against Gilbert's impertinence.

"Well," he said, "we are keeping you from your book. Good morning, Miss Barugh; perhaps we shall find your brother as we go through the market-place."

Raine made a profound bow, and was taken aback by the grace and self-possession with which Doris returned it; he had not

succeeded in making her feel shy; she was a little annoyed by his rudeness, but his originality amused her; he felt foiled and vexed with himself, and was not in a patient humour.

Mr. Burneston did not speak till they found their horses again at the lodge gates.

"Well?" he said, as they rode out of Steersley.

"She's a very fair creature," said Gilbert Raine heartily. "I must own that much."

"Her beauty is the least of her attractions, but of course you gave yourself no opportunity of judging."

"You're wrong there; I proved her temper and her temperament; she's as cold as a bit of granite, and as proud as Lucifer."

"Any girl would have been irritated by your manner."

"Not if she were thoroughbred. This one has all her horns out, and suspects mischief where none is meant. It won't do, Phil; she's too raw and untrained for you, my boy, if you want to keep a quiet house."

"What do you mean? I consider her manner quite charming." Burneston spoke in a huff.

"Well, then, shall I tell you something else, usually a consideration in matters of this kind? She doesn't care two straws for you. If you ask her, and she says 'Yes,' it's because she means to be mistress of Burneston."

Mr. Burneston turned half round on his saddle, with a very set look on his face.

"Look here, Gilbert; you know how I hate quarrels; don't say anything more, or I may say more than you'll like; Miss Barugh behaved as well as possible; my mind's made up, and you only waste words." Presently he said cheerfully, "Come, come, old fellow, you had better make up your mind to be my best man at the wedding."

Raine felt very angry. He considered all women inferior beings, not fit to be trusted; and it seemed to him that this one, a mere farmer's daughter too, had placed herself on an equality with him. She would be hateful as mistress of Burneston. It was a selfish way of looking at the matter, but he could not help it.

"No; I can't be that, Phil," he said earnestly, "and I must be consistent. I can't bear to think of that girl as your boy's step-mother. Don't let us quarrel." Mr. Burneston was frowning in a most unusual manner. "I must just say this, for the sake of old times, don't do anything in a hurry. No good can come of an unequal

match—only divisions and heartburnings; and I fear, in this case, sorrow and disappointment to you."

CHAPTER XIII.—A PROPOSAL.

It seemed as if the return of Doris had been trying to the temper of all her friends. Rose came home with a face swelled with crying; and when at last she succeeded in making Mrs. Duncombe hear her grievances, the deaf grandmother gathered that Doris was "a set-up dowdy, wi' not so much as a flower to her bonnet," and "as sour as a apple in May," with other disparaging comments, all of which were duly enjoyed by Mr. Sunley as he sat smoking at his cottage door. The evening was chilly, and he had "happed" an old worsted comforter round his neck. He would have preferred the enjoyment of a pipe beside his own snug little fireplace, but so rare an event as Rose's return from a day's pleasuring was not to be disregarded; and there he sat listening with all his might, nodding and making comments on the passionate sentences which the girl jerked out in the intervals of taking off her bonnet and shawl, rolling up the strings of the one, and flattening out the creases of the other with her plump pink hand. His face grew more and more content as he listened.

"Eh, eh. It's t' way wiv yaal t' lasses: ane cannt abide t' idur gin sheea's bonnier," he said. "John Barugh's lass war a bonny lahtle lass, an' mebbe sheea's mitch bonnier noo. Sheea mun be, else Rose wadna sharpen her tongue agin her. Poor Rose! sheea's as sharp as a briar, bud sheea's a fealish lass! Skeal ain't takken that oot o' her."

John Barugh had been extra reserved when his old neighbour had asked after Doris. He had indeed been thoroughly unsociable, spending much of his time with his sick cows, and brooding so over the question of their bewitchment, that he had little time or thought to spend on Doris, except when he went to the Steersley cottage. A vague feeling of uneasiness crept over him when he remembered Mr. Burneston's visit, but he did not care to revive his disagreement with Dorothy, and had not recurred to the subject. He was therefore entirely ignorant of the frequency of the squire's visits, or of the notice they were attracting.

"T' squire hev'n't been tuh t' farm sin t' missus an' t' sick lad gaanged tu Steersley," Joseph said, quite unconscious that if there had been any one near his words were audible. "Ah cud niver tell 'at he cud finnd i' t' tawk o' t' missus. It fair capt mah. Ah

thout John wad hev been mair neeghberly wivout her, bud isted he's as glum as a dour-neel. Eh, maister, how's a' wi' ye?" he shouted as the tall red-bearded man came in sight within the white gate of the pig-yard.

"T' coo's deein'." John spoke sullenly, and there was a lowering, gloomy look in his eyes, as he opened the gate and came across the road.

"Eh, neeghber, yey deean't say sae. Tell yey waat 't is, lad, yey mun draw bluid fra t' witch, an' draw it sune. Ah's staggonated at sikan deeings. Bon it! wheea can stay yey, sin' yey'ne a moid t' reet yursel'. T' coo's yur ain—nut t' parson's ner t' squire's. Dheh'se gude, bud dheh'se reet fond in sikan a case. Gin Ah'd been left t' reckon wi' t' awd divvel, yur coo wad hev thraavun reet an' proper."

He clenched both fists, and his shaggy grey brows met in a savage frown.

John stood silent, looking straight before him, his face even sterner in expression than the old man's beside him.

"Ah wad dee 'at," he said at last. "Ah wad hev deean it wivout yer axing mah tweea tahmes, Joseph Sunley; bud it's t' lad George. He wonnot hev t' awd lass harmed, an' he awlus axes arter her."

Joseph stuck his pipe in his pocket, and then clasping each knee with a brown wrinkled hand, he looked up scoffingly in his neighbour's face.

"Wheea spoke o' harmin'? I'se seear 'at t' spillin' a drop o' deevil's bluid wad be a blessin' tiv t' witch isted o' harm. Sheea's reet full o' deevilry, an' it wad be a marcy to set some o' it free—mebbe she'll bost wiv it. Bud it's yur ain coo, neeghber, I'se nowt te deea wiv it—it's yur ain coo."

Mrs. Duncombe's flat round face and stout pillow-shaped figure came into the doorway of the next cottage.

"Good day, Maister Barugh," she said. "Our Rose hev been t' Steersley t' day."

Barugh was glad of the interruption.

"Hev she that? An' hoo hev sheea foond them? Did sheea see Doris?"

He roared this out loudly, but Mrs. Duncombe only nodded her head, as if she did not quite hear him. She had not understood all the purport of Rose's complaints, but she had gathered that the girl was angry with Doris, and she had no mind to let the farmer know this. She did not want to quarrel with the Barughs, who were kind and neighbourly in the way of skim-milk and vegetables, ay, and even to the extent of a bit of pork now and then.

But Rose's ears were sharp; and, though she was upstairs, she heard John's question. She put her head out of the bedroom window above.

"Gud evenin' to ye, Maister Barugh. I hev been to Steersley, an' I hev seen Mrs. Barugh an' Doris, but I didn't stay with 'em. Doris is such a grand lady. She's fair nunt, she is; I was shy like, an' I comed away," she ended with a loud laugh.

John Barugh had smiled as the pretty rosy-cheeked damsel looked down at him, but he frowned again as she spoke of Doris. It seemed to him a sort of profanation that Rose should so speak.

"Ye deean't ken her, lass," he said reprovingly. "Doris is a lady noo, bud sheea's reet gude fer a' thaat."

Then he nodded to Mrs. Duncombe and Joseph, and moved slowly back to the farm-yard.

Silence fell on the little group till he had passed through into the rick-yard and was out of sight.

Then Rose burst into a peal of laughter so loud and harsh that her grandmother looked up and shook her head reprovingly.

"A lady!" Rose cried out. "My song! Doris a lady! Eh, ye sud hev seen my schoolmistress; she was a lady, I s'pose. Ye could tell it by her clothes. I don't believe Doris hev got so much as a silk gown to her back. She a lady, indeed! She never said so much as, 'I'm glad to see you, Rose Duncombe.' She's a poor, pale, dowdy, aud-farrand, set-up thing; an' that's not what I calls a lady. So there!"

She drew in her head, and shut down the window with a bang.

Sunley laughed and slapped his knees with his hands.

"Woonkers! Sheea's a doonreet lass, yon. She deean't miss t' neel," he said. "No luov lost atween her an' Doris, eh, neeghber?" But Mrs. Duncombe shook her head feebly and sighed. She knew something or some one was wrong, but she had only a hazy idea of life altogether. She heard a fragment here and a fragment there, but she had no wits to put them together, so that her mind was something like her patchwork counterpane, full of unconnected bits, which it was impossible to fit harmoniously.

John Barugh had taken away a far more definite idea of Rose's meaning. He was angry at first, and called the girl hard names to himself; but next day, and on the days after, he pondered the difference between Doris and Rose, and he grew more and more

troubled. Doris seemed happy with him and her mother and George, but was she really happy, or was it only her good manners that kept her from showing disgust to them and their ways; and how would it be when they all settled down at Burneston, and Doris and Rose would be subject to the chance of meeting every day? John dreaded his next visit to Steersley; he dreaded to hear that there had been a quarrel with Rose Duncombe, and though she was pert to speak so of Doris, he was fond of the bright pretty girl who had been so kind to George.

He usually went over on Saturday afternoon, but on this Friday the other sick cow was, to his surprise, recovering, and he thought he would surprise Dorothy next day by reaching Steersley for dinner at one o'clock. The place was very lonesome and dreary in the absence of its neat mistress, and Sally, the old woman who minded the house in Mrs. Barugh's absence, cleaned it from morning till night, till the smell of wet wood and soap grew overpowering.

It took John some time to put a thought into action, and while he stood twisting a bit of straw in his blunt red fingers, hesitating about his next day's journey, he saw Mr. Burneston coming from the glebe-field into the rick-yard. The squire had not often come that way since he saw Doris swinging on the gate of the glebe-field, but to-day he took a pleasure in the remembrance; he even lingered at the gate while the collie, who had been following his master, sprang forward, barking joyously when she saw the farmer.

"Weel, then—weel, then, awd lass." John stooped to pat her black head as she sprang up to caress him. "Thee's nut ane 'at for-gits awd freends."

Mr. Burneston had come forward, and he heard the last words.

"Do you mean that for me, Mr. Barugh?" he smiled pleasantly as he held out his hand. "But I'm not so neglectful as you think. I hear of you whenever I go to Steersley. I heard of you only yesterday from Mrs. Barugh. How well George looks! It's plain Burneston does not suit him."

This speech jarred John on more than one point; first, by giving him the knowledge that Dorothy had concealed Mr. Burneston's visits from him, and next by the implied interference about George.

"Mebbe it's t' change, nut t' air," he spoke sullenly; "t' lad's awlus better fer a change: 'tis so wiv young foaks."

"I think the change benefits Mrs. Barugh too, she looks wonderfully bright since she's

been at Steersley; the air seems to suit her."

One of John's shoulders was visibly nearer his ear than the other. "Yeh'ar wrang there, squire; t'aant t' air. Mah missus faands too mich tu deea i' t' house tu gan gaddin' after air; sheea's awlus weel at t' farm noo."

"Ah, just so." Mr. Burneston looked about uneasily, and then he clasped both hands on the knob of his stick, and looked earnestly at the farmer. "I want to speak very seriously to you, Mr. Barugh; shall we go in-doors?"

John felt as awkward as he could, and his capacity for awkwardness was large; his hospitality checked the churlish answer he wanted to give, for an undefined shrinking warned him that Mr. Burneston's visit was bringing a shadow to his hearth.

"Coom in-doors then," he tried to speak heartily and went on first, but there was no welcoming smile on his face when he added, "Sit ye doon, squire; we'se noane so carded oop noo t' missus is at Steersley;" he gave an uneasy glance at the empty grate, which shone brightly, but looked cold.

For a moment the two men sat silent in the shining wooden high-backed arm-chairs on each side of the empty grate.

"I have, as you have doubtless heard," Mr. Burneston began—he took it for granted that his visits to Steersley had prepared the farmer for this interview—"seen a good deal of your daughter since she came home, and—" He paused; the sound of a smothered execration disturbed him; but John was only frowning a little more heavily, and the sunburnt red of his cheeks was a trifle deeper than usual. Mr. Burneston went on, "I greatly admire her; and I think it right to tell you before I speak to her that I hope she will be my wife."

John swung round in his chair so as nearly to overturn it, but he steadied himself by a vigorous grasp at its wooden arms.

"Yur wife, squire! Din yee mean yee hev bin axing mah lass tu wed yee?" he rose up with stern wrath burning in his face.

Mr. Burneston felt angry too; he cursed the farmer's denseness, for evidently his carefully prepared preface had not been heeded.

"I said just now," in a stiff voice, "that I think it right to tell you my intention before I speak to Miss Barugh."

"An' noo tu begin, Ah says neea, neea, Maister Burneston. Deean't say nowt tu mah lass." John spoke stubbornly, anger and bitterness throbbing in every vein, till he hated the soft courtly gentleman who sat

asking for what he prized most on earth—as if it were a bit of cake.

"But you won't say it," Mr. Burneston's sympathy helped him to guess at John's feelings: "I know you too well to believe that you will interfere with my happiness, and possibly too with your daughter's."

John straightened his tall, broad figure till he and his red beard seemed to glower through the long low room.

"Maister Burneston, yey'ar quality," he said doggedly, "bud Ah'd scorn tu deea 'at yey've bin deein. Yey cooms an' tawks mah over while Ah sends mah lass tu skeal, mah lass 'at war t' pride o' mah life! an' sehs yee, let her bide at skeal, no coomin' yam, yey sehs; an' noo yey gans an' stihls her luov aways fra mey 'at hev t' best reet tu 't, wivout a word, or sae mich as axing my leave—it's a burnin' shame, by God;" he clenched his fist and struck it heavily on the tall chair back.

Mr. Burneston flushed to his temples, but he did not look cowed or ashamed. He made an effort to speak coolly. "We'd better sit down again, Mr. Barugh; you're angry, and you don't see things as they really are. I have been over to Steersley as I used to come here, and Mrs. Barugh always seemed glad to see me. Why should I have spoken to you beforehand? I could not be sure that I should become attached to your daughter."

John recovered himself a little; he would not sit down, but he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Duov Doris care fer yee?" he asked abruptly.

"I cannot tell—I hope so."

"Then, in God's name, mon, leave her aleean. Keep awa fra Steersley, an' Ah'll taak t' lass whoor sheea'll seea an' hear nowt aboot yee."

"This is folly;" and then Burneston smiled, and told himself he was as foolish as the farmer. "Try and look at the thing calmly, Mr. Barugh. Your daughter is certain to marry some one; she is far too attractive to be left in peace. Well, then, as she must take a husband, why do you object to me? You ought to know me fairly well by this time. I love your daughter as a man should love the girl he means to make his wife; and I will spend my life in making her happy. Will you leave the decision to her? Give me leave to ask her, and I promise you to submit to the answer she gives."

There was silence. Mr. Burneston was surprised to find that he could hear his own

heart beat in the intense anxiety he felt. This opposition was so utterly unlooked for.

At last John spoke hoarsely.

"Ah's a plain mon," he said; "bud Ah deean seea 'at gude ivver com o' sikan a marriage as yer wantin'. Yeh sud tak t' wife laake yursel, an' Doris wad be happier gin sheea tehk t' husband fra fooaks siken ousels. It's a mistak, Maister Burneston, fra beginnin to t' end, yey aar gaain agin yur ain welfare, an' gin yey'll be guided yey'll keep awa from Steersley, and lihv Doris aleean."

Mr. Burneston took John's unwilling hand and shook it heartily. He had understood the farmer's nature far too well to say one word about any advantage that would accrue to Doris as mistress of Burneston; but he was greatly impressed by the simplicity and disinterestedness which could set so little value on worldly distinction.

"It's too late for me to do that," he said earnestly. "I never loved any woman as I love her, and no one else could make me so happy. I must try to win her; let me have your goodwill in the matter, and remember that I consider your daughter fully my equal, and quite suited to be my wife."

John stood struggling with his pride; he felt that Doris as she was would be happier with such a man as the squire than in her own home; he knew it, and Mr. Burneston's words only stung the knowledge in with keener force, but it was too painful to acknowledge. He could not own that it was for himself that he longed so hungrily and jealously to keep his darling at home, nor could he bring himself to give a hearty consent to his landlord's wooing—he could not get out a word.

"Well, then," Mr. Burneston's smile was winning in its sweetness, "I am going on at once to Steersley. I am not ashamed to tell you, her father, that I cannot rest until I know my fate. Can I take any message from you?"

He stood waiting; he was not vexed with John's boorish silence. It was only natural, he thought. His admiration for the farmer's disinterestedness gave him new and warmer feeling for him. He prized Doris so highly, that he knew it must be very hard for John to give her up, and yet he could never have guessed at the mighty struggle that was wrenching the father's heart. At last Barugh spoke—

"Ye mun gan, Ah caanut stay ye, bud Ah caanut bid yeh God speed. Ah'd ginner thank yey fer settin' mah ricks o' fire. Deng it, Ah

caanut stay ye, an' thaat's as mich as Ah caan tell yey noo."

John followed his visitor to the door, but he left him to cross the yard alone. He turned back to the parlour with a smothered oath.

"It's mah ain fondness Ah sud curse," he said. "Ah wer nobbut a wake feecal; Ah knawed it war wrang, an' jist fer tu keep t' house quiet Ah let her gan tu skeecal. Ah've arn'd all Ah've gotten."

He turned to the high mantelshelf, and pressed his hand against his forehead.

There was no outward sound, no groan or sigh, but in the unbroken silence he was reviewing a load of sorrow and bitterness—the five past years of his life, the more sorrowful, the more bitter, because reflection

offered no salve for the past, no hope for the future.

John Barugh seldom communed with himself, but just now these five past years stood out in distinct periods to their first beginning—back even to that first day when he had been fool enough to show Doris to the squire, and then he stood suddenly upright.

Like the spell of a witch, or the memory of a curse, there came before him the blushing shame-stricken face of his child, and sounding clearly in the stillness, "the feecal's rhyme"—of her confession—

"May it so happen, an' may it so fall,
Ah may be lady of Burneston Hall."

"Curse him!" he said fiercely; "he hev planned it fra te'hn end tiv t' id'ur."

STORY OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

II.

SAMUEL DE PÉCHELS was condemned to banishment without the shadow of a trial. He could not be dragged into denying his faith, and he was therefore imprisoned, preparatory to his expulsion from France. "I was told," he said, "by the Sieur Raoul, Roqueton (or chief archer) to the Intendant of Montauban, that if I would not change my religion, he had orders from the king and the Intendant to convey me to the citadel of Montpellier, from thence to be immediately shipped for America. My reply was, that I was ready to go forthwith whithersoever it was God's pleasure to lead me, and that assuredly, by God's help, I would make no change in my religion."

After five months' imprisonment at Cahors, in the lowest dungeon of the castle, he was taken out and marched, in company with other Huguenots, to the citadel of Montpellier. The citadel adjoins the Peyrou, a lofty platform of rock, which commands a splendid panoramic view of the surrounding country. It is now laid out as a pleasure-ground, though it was then the principal hanging place of the Languedoc Protestants. Brousson, and many other faithful pastors of the "Church in the Desert," laid down their lives there. Half a dozen decaying corpses might sometimes be seen swinging from the gibbets on which they had been hung.

A more bitter fate was, however, reserved for De Péchels. After about a month's imprisonment in the citadel, he was removed

to Aigues Mortes, under the charge of several mounted archers and foot-soldiers. He was accompanied by fourteen Protestant ladies and gentlemen, on their way to perpetual imprisonment, to the galleys, or to banishment. Aigues Mortes was the principal fortified dungeon in the south of France, used for the imprisonment of Huguenot women who refused to be converted. It is situated close to the Mediterranean, and is surrounded by lagunes and salt marshes. It is a most unhealthy place; and imprisonment at Aigues Mortes was considered a slower but not a less certain death than hanging. Sixteen Huguenot women were confined there in 1686, and the whole of them died within five months. When the prisoners died off, the place was at once filled again. The castle of Aigues Mortes was thus used as a prison for nearly a hundred years.

De Péchels gives the following account of his journey from Montpellier to Aigues Mortes—"Mounted on asses, harnessed in the meanest manner, without stirrups, and with wretched ropes for halters, we entered Aigues Mortes, and were there locked up in the tower of Constance, with thirty other male prisoners and twenty women and girls, who had also been brought hither, tied two and two. The men were placed in an upper apartment of the tower, and the women and girls below, so that we could hear each other pray to God and sing His praises with a loud voice."

De Péchels did not long remain a prisoner

at Aigues Mortes. He was shortly after put on board a king's ship bound for Marseilles. He was very ill during the voyage, suffering much from sea-sickness and continual fainting fits. On reaching Marseilles he was confined in the hospital prison used for common felons and galley slaves. It was called the Chamber of Darkness, because of its want of light. The single apartment contained two hundred and thirty prisoners. Some of them were chained together, two and two; others, three and three. The miserable palliasses on which they slept had been much worn by the galley slaves, who had used them during their illnesses. The women were separated from the men by a linen cloth attached to the ceiling, which was drawn across every evening, and formed the only partition between them.

As may easily be supposed, the condition of the prisoners was frightful. The swearing of the common felons was mixed with the prayers of the Huguenots. The guards walked about all night to keep watch and ward over them. They fell upon any who assembled and knelt together, separating them and swearing at them, and mercilessly ill-treating them, men and women alike. "But all their strictness and rage," says De Péchels, "could not prevent one from seeing always, in different parts of the dungeon, little groups upon their knees, imploring the mercy of God and singing His praises, whilst others kept near the guards so as to hinder them from interfering with the little bands of worshippers."

At length the time arrived for the embarkation of the Huguenots for America. On the 18th of September, 1687, De Péchels, with fifty-eight men and twenty-one women, was put on board a *flûte* called the *Mary*—the French *flûte* consisting of a heavy narrow-sterned vessel, called in England a "pink." De Péchels was carefully separated from all with whom he had formed habits of intimacy, and whose presence near him would doubtless have helped him to bear the bitterness of his fate. On the same day, ninety prisoners of both sexes were embarked in another ship, named the *Concord*, bound for the same destination. The two vessels set sail in the first place for Toulon, in order to obtain an escort of two ships of war.

The voyage was very disastrous. Three hours after the squadron had left Toulon, the *Mary* was nearly dashed against a rock, owing to the roughness of the weather. Three days after, a frightful storm arose, and dashed the prisoners against each other.

All were sick; indeed, De Péchels' malady lasted during the entire voyage. The squadron first cast anchor amongst the Formentera Islands, off the coast of Spain, where they took in water. On the next day they anchored in the Straits of Gibraltar for the same purpose. They next sailed for Cadiz, but a strong west wind having set in, the ship was forced back to the road of Gibraltar. After waiting there for three days they again started, under the shelter of a Dutch fleet of eighteen sail, "which," says De Péchels, "providentially saved us from falling into the hands of the Algerine corsairs, some of whom had appeared in sight, and from whose hands God, in His great mercy, delivered us." As if the Algerine corsairs would have treated the Huguenots worse than their own king was now treating them. The Algerine corsairs would have sold them into slavery; whilst the king of France was transporting the Huguenots to America for the same purpose.

At length the squadron reached Cadiz roads. Many ships were there—English as well as Dutch. When the foreigners heard of the state and misfortunes of the Huguenots on board the French ships, they came to visit them in their anchoring ground, and were profuse in their charity to the prisoners for conscience' sake confined in the two French vessels. "God, who never leaves Himself without witness, brought us consolation and relief from this town, where superstition and bigotry reign in their fullest force." As it was in De Péchels' day, so it is now. Two hundred years have passed away, and Spain is still under the dominion of the Jesuits.

At length the French squadron set sail for America. The voyage was tedious and miserable. There were about a hundred and thirty prisoners on board. Seventy of them were sick felons, chained with heavy irons. Being useless for the French galleys, they were now being transported to America, to be sold as slaves. The imprisoned Huguenots—men and women—were fifty-nine in number. They were crammed into a part of the ship that could scarcely hold them. They could not stand upright; nor could they lie down. They had to lie upon each other. The den was moreover very dark, the only light that entered it being through the narrow hatchway; and even this was often closed. The wonder is that they were not suffocated outright.

The burning heat of the sun shining on the deck above them, the never-ceasing fire

of the kitchen, which was situated alongside their place of confinement, created such a stifling heat, that the prisoners had to take off their shirts to release their agony. The horrid stench arising from so many persons being crowded together, and the entire want of the means of cleanliness, caused the inmates to become covered with vermin. They were also tormented by the intolerable thirst which no means were taken to allay. Their feeding was horrible; for they must be kept alive in some way, in order that the intentions of their gracious sovereign might be carried into effect. One day they had stinking salt beef; the next, cod fish half boiled; then peas as hard as when they were put into the pot; and at other times, dried cod fish, or rank cheese. These things, together with the violent motion of the sea, occasioned severe sickness, from which many of the sufferers were relieved by death. This deplorable voyage extended over five months. Here is De Péchels' account of the sufferings of the prisoners, written in his own words:—

"The intense and suffocating heat, the horrible odour, the maddening swarm of vermin that devoured us, the incessant thirst and wretched fare, sufficed not to satisfy our overseers. They sometimes struck us rudely, and very often threw down sea water upon us, when they saw us engaged in prayer and praise to God. The common talk of these enemies of the truth was how they would hang, when they came to America, every man who would not go to mass, and how they would deliver the women to the natives. But far from being frightened at these threats, or even moved by all the barbarities of which we were the victims, many of us felt a secret joy that we were chosen to suffer for the holy name of Jesus, who strengthened us with a willingness to die for His sake. For myself, these menaces had been so often repeated during my imprisonments, that they had become familiar; insomuch that, far from being shaken by them any more than by the sufferings to which it had pleased my Saviour to call me, I considered them as transient things, not worthy to be weighed against the glory to come, and such as would procure me a weight of glory supremely excellent. 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

On the 2nd of January, 1688, the island of San Domingo came in sight. It was for the most part inhabited by savages. The French had a settlement on the west coast of

the island, and the Spaniards occupied the eastern part. Dense forests separated the two settlements. The *Mary* coasted along the island, and afterwards made sail for Guadeloupe, another colony belonging to the French. The ship seemed as yet to have had no proper destination, for, four days later, the *Mary* weighed its anchor, and sailed to St. Christopher, another island, partly belonging to the French. "It was well situated," says De Péchels, "as may readily be believed, when I add that it possessed a colony of Jesuits—an order which never selects a bad situation. The Jesuits here are very rich and in high repute. Two of the fraternity, having come on board, were received by the crew with every demonstration of respect; and on their retirement, three guns were fired as a mark of honour to the distinguished visitors."

The Huguenots were still under hatches, —weary, longing, wretched, and miserable. They were most anxious to be put on shore, —anywhere, even among savages. But the *Mary* had not yet arrived at her destination. She again set sail, and passed St. Kitts, St. Eustace, St. Croix, Porto Rico, and at length again reached St. Domingo. The ship dropped anchor before Port au Prince, the residence of the governor. The galley slaves were disembarked and sold. Some of the Huguenots were also sold for slaves, though De Péchels was not among them. The rest were transferred to the *Maria*, a king's ship, commanded by M. de Beauguay, who treated the prisoners with much humanity. The ship then set sail for Léogane, another part of the colony, where the remaining Huguenots were disembarked. They were quartered on the inhabitants at the pleasure of the governor.

De Péchels says that he passed his time at this place in tranquillity, waiting till it might please God to afford him an opportunity of escaping from his troubles. He visited the inhabitants, especially those of his own religious persuasion—a circumstance which gave much umbrage to the Dominican monks. They ordered some of the bigots among their parishioners to lodge a complaint against him with the governor, to the effect that he was hindering his fellow-prisoners from becoming Roman Catholics, and preventing those who had become so from going to mass. He accordingly received a verbal command from M. Dumas, the king's lieutenant, to repair immediately to Avache (probably La Vache), an island about a hundred leagues distant from Léogane. He was accordingly dispatched by ship

to Avache, which he reached on the 8th of June. He was put in charge of Captain Laurans, a renowned freebooter, and was specially lodged under his roof. The captain was ordered never to lose sight of his prisoner.

De Péchels suffered much at this place in consequence of the intense heat, and the insects, mosquitoes, and horrible flies by which he was surrounded. "And yet," he says, "God in His great mercy willed that in this very place I should find the means of escaping from my exile, and making my way to the English island of Jamaica. On the 13th of August a little shallop of that generous nation, in its course from the island of St. Thomas to Jamaica, stopped at Avache to water and take provisions. Two months already had I watched for such an opportunity, and now that God had presented me with this, I thought it should not be neglected. So fully was I persuaded of this, that without reflecting upon the smallness of the shallop, I put myself on board with victuals for four days, although assured that the passage would only occupy three. But instead of performing the passage in three days, as we had thought, it was ten days before we made the island; during the whole of which time I was constantly unwell from bad weather and consequent sea sickness. During the last three days I suffered also from hunger, my provisions being spent, with the exception of some little wretched food, salt and smoky, which the sailors eat to keep themselves from starving. God, in His great compassion, preserved me from all dangers, and brought me happily to Jamaica, where, however, I thought to leave my bones."

The voyage was followed by a serious illness. De Péchels was obliged to take to his bed, where he lay for fifteen days prostrated by fever, accompanied by incessant pains in his head. After the fever had left him, he could neither walk nor stand. By slow degrees his strength returned. He was at length able to walk; and he then began to make arrangements for setting out for England. On the 1st of October, he embarked on board an English vessel bound for London. During his voyage north he suffered from cold, as much as he had before suffered from heat. At length the coast of England was sighted. Two days after, the ship reached the Downs; and on the 22nd of December, it was borne up the Thames by the tide, to within about seven miles from London Bridge. There the ship stopped to discharge part of her cargo; and De Péchels, having taken his

place on board a small sloop for the great city, arrived there at ten o'clock the same night.

On arrival in London, De Péchels proceeded to make inquiry amongst his Huguenot friends—who had by that time reached England in great numbers—for his wife, his children, his mother, and his sisters. Alas! what disappointment! He found no wife, no child, nor any relation ready to welcome him. His wife, however, was living at Geneva, with their only son; for the youngest had died at Montauban during De Péchels' exile. His daughters were still at Montauban—the eldest in a convent. His mother and youngest sister were both in prison—the one at Moissac, the other at Auvillard. A message was, however, sent to Madame de Péchels, that her husband was now in England, and longing to meet her.

It was long before the message reached Madame de Péchels; and still longer before she could join her husband in London. While at Geneva, she had maintained herself and her son by the work of her hands. On receiving the message she immediately set out, but her voyage could not fail to be one of hardship to a person in her reduced circumstances. We are not informed how she and her son contrived to travel the long distance of eight hundred miles (by way of the Rhine and Holland) from Geneva to London; but at length she reached the English capital, when she had the mortification to find that her husband was not there, but had left London for Ireland only four days before. During the absence of her husband, Madame de Péchels, whose courage never abandoned her, chose rather to stoop to the most toilsome labours than to have recourse to the charity of the government, of which many, less scrupulous, or perhaps more necessitous, did not scruple to take advantage.

We must now revert to the circumstances under which De Péchels left London for Ireland. At the time when he arrived in England, the country was in the throes of a Revolution. Only a month before, William of Orange had landed at Torbay, with a large body of troops, a considerable proportion of which consisted of Huguenot officers and soldiers. There were three strong regiments of Huguenot infantry, and a complete squadron of Huguenot cavalry. Marshal Schomberg, next in command to William of Orange, was a banished Huguenot; and many of his principal officers were French.

James II. had so distinctly shown his disposition to carry back the nation to the Roman Catholic religion, that the Prince

of Orange was, on his landing at Torbay, hailed as the deliverer of England. His troops advanced direct upon London. He was daily joined by fresh adherents; by the gentry, officers, and soldiers. There was scarcely a show of resistance; and when he entered London, James was getting on board a smack in the Thames, and slinking ignominiously out of his kingdom. Towards the end of June, 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of Great Britain; and they were solemnly crowned at Westminster about three months after.

But James II. had not yet been got rid of. In the spring of 1689 he landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, with substantial help obtained from the French king. Before many weeks had elapsed, forty thousand Irish stood in arms to support his cause. It was clear that William III. must fight for his throne, and that Ireland was to be the battle-field. He accordingly called his forces together again—for the greater part had been disbanded—for he prepared to take the field in person. Four Huguenot regiments were at once raised, three infantry regiments, and one cavalry regiment. The cavalry regiment was raised by Marshal Schomberg, its colonel. It was composed of French gentlemen, privates as well as officers. De Péchels was offered a commission in the regiment, which he cheerfully accepted. He assumed the name of his barony, La Boissonade, as was common in those days; and he acted as lieutenant in the company of La Fontaine.

The regiment, when completed, was at once despatched to the north of Ireland to join the little army of about ten thousand Protestants, who had already laid siege to and taken the fortified town of Carrickfergus. Schomberg's regiment embarked from Chester, on Monday, the 25th of August, 1689; and on the following Saturday the squadron arrived in Belfast Lough. The troopers were landed a little to the west of Carrickfergus, and marched along the road towards Belfast, which is still known as "Troopers' Lane." Next day the duke moved on in pursuit of the enemy. The regiment passed through Belfast, which was then a very small place. It consisted of a few streets of thatched cottages, grouped around what is now known as the High Street of Belfast. Schomberg's regiment joined the infantry and the Enniskilleners, who were encamped in a wood on the west of the town.

Next morning, the little army started in pursuit of the enemy, who, though in much greater numbers, fled before them, laying

waste the country. At night Schomberg's troops encamped at Lisburn; on the following day at Dromore; on the third at Brick-clay (this must be Loughbrickland); and then on to Newry. All the villages they passed were either burnt or burning. At length they heard that James's Irish army was at Newry, and that the Duke of Berwick (James's natural son) was in possession of the town with a strong body of horse. But before Schomberg could reach the place the Duke of Berwick had evacuated it, leaving the town in flames. The duke had fled with such haste that he had left some of his baggage behind him, and thrown his cannon into the river. Schomberg ordered his cavalry to advance rapidly upon Dundalk, in order to prevent the town from sharing the same fate as Newry. This forced march took the enemy by surprise. They suddenly abandoned Dundalk, without burning it, and never paused until they had reached the entrenched camp of King James.

The weather had now become cold, dreary, and rainy. Provisions were scarcely to be had. The people of Dundalk were themselves starving. Strong bodies of cavalry foraged the country, but were able to find next to nothing in the shape of food for themselves, or corn for their horses. The ships from England laden with provisions which ought to have arrived at Belfast, were forced back by contrary winds. Thus the army was becoming rapidly famished. Disease soon made its appearance, and carried off the men by hundreds. Schomberg's camp, outside Dundalk, was situated by the side of a marsh—a most unwholesome position; but the marsh protected him from the enemy, who were not far off. The rain and snow continued; the men and the horses were perpetually drenched; and scouring winds blew across the camp. Ague, dysentery, and fever everywhere prevailed. Dalrymple has recorded that of fifteen thousand men who belonged to Schomberg's army, not less than eight thousand perished. Under these circumstances, the greatly reduced force broke up from their cantonments and went into winter quarters. Schomberg's cavalry regiment was stationed at Lurgan, then a small village, which happily had not been burnt. De Péchels was one of those who had been sick in camp, and was disabled from pursuing the campaign further. After remaining for some weeks at Lurgan, he obtained leave from the Duke of Schomberg to return to London. And there, after the lapse of four years, he found and embraced his beloved and noble wife.

In the course of the following year (1690) the battles of the Revolution were fought out in Ireland. William III. assembled an army in the north, amounting to thirty-six thousand men. Putting himself at their head, he marched southward to the Boyne, behind which James II. stood with his army, consisting of thirty-three thousand Irish, horse and foot, and seven thousand three hundred French infantry. This army was protected by a broad river, notwithstanding which William III. determined to cross the Boyne, and attack him in front. Marshal Schomberg, when preparing to cross the river at the head of his Huguenot cavalry, called out to them, "Allons, mes amis ! rappelez votre courage et vos ressentiments : voilà vos persécuteurs !" None knew better than they the meaning of the words. The regiment plunged into the river, swimming their horses across. The Huguenots behaved most bravely. The fight was soon over. The Irish and the French were soon on their way to Dublin ; but Marshal Schomberg, the hero of eighty-two, was found dead upon the field, with many other gallant gentlemen.

Then followed the abandonment of Dublin by the army of James ; the capture of Athlone ; the battle of Aughrim, where General St. Ruth (one of the greatest persecutors of the Huguenots in Languedoc) was killed, and his army was dispersed. The taking of Limerick shortly followed, and peace again fell upon Ireland. De Péchels continued invalided, and was unable to rejoin the army of King William. "After some stay in London," he says, in the memoir from which the above extracts are made, "it was the king's pleasure to exempt from further service certain officers specified by name, and to assign them a pension. Through a kind Providence I was included in the number. When I had lived in London on the pension which it had pleased the king to allow those officers who were no longer in a position to serve him, until the 1st of August, 1692, I then left that city, in company with my wife and son, to remove into Ireland, whither my pension was transferred."

De Péchels accordingly arrived in Dublin, where he spent the rest of his days in peace and quiet. He lived to experience the truth of the promise that "every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."* De Péchels died in 1732, at a ripe

old age, in his eighty-seventh-year, and was interred in the Huguenot cemetery in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

And what of the children left by De Péchels at Montauban ? The two daughters who were torn from their mother's care, and immured in a convent, were brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. The little boy, who was also taken from her, died shortly after. The daughters accordingly secured the possession of the family estates. The eldest married M. de Cahuzac, and the youngest, who was taken as a babe from her mother's breast, married M. de St. Sardos ; and the descendants of the latter still possess La Boissonade, which exists as an old château near Montauban.

It was left for Jacob de Péchels, the only son of Samuel de Péchels and his wife, the Marquise de Sabonnières, to build up the family fortunes in England. Following the military instincts of the French, he entered the English army at an early age. His name was entered "Pechell" in his War Office commission. Probably this change of name originated in the disposition of the naturalised Huguenots to adopt names of an English sound rather than to retain their French names. Numerous instances of this have already been given.* Jacob Pechell was a gallant officer. He rose in the army, step by step. He fought through the wars in the Low Countries, under Marlborough and Ligonier, the latter being a Huguenot like himself. He rose through the various grades of ensign, lieutenant, captain, and major, until he attained the rank of colonel of the 16th regiment. Colonel Pechell married an Irish heiress, Jane Elizabeth Boyd, descended from the Earls of Kilmarnock. By her he had three sons and a daughter. Samuel, the eldest, studied law, and became a Master in Chancery. George and Paul, obedient to their military instincts, entered the army, and became distinguished officers. George was killed at Carthage, and it was left for Paul to maintain the fortunes of the family.

In those days the exiled Huguenots and their descendants lived very much together. They married into each other's families. The richer helped the poorer. There were distinguished French social circles, where, though their country was forbidden them, they delighted to speak in their own language. Like many others, the Pechells intermarried with Huguenot families. Thus Samuel Pechell married the daughter of François

* St. Matthew xix. 29.

* In "The Huguenots in England and Ireland," 319, 323, last edition.

Gaultier, Esq., and his sister Mary married Brigadier-General Cailland, of Aston Rowant.

Among the distinguished French nobles in London, was the Marquis de Montandre, descended from the De la Rochefoucaulds, one of the greatest families in France. De Montandre was a field marshal in the English army, having rendered important services in the Spanish war. His wife was daughter of Baron de Spanheim, Ambassador Extraordinary for the King of Prussia, and descended from another Protestant refugee. The field marshal left his fortune to his wife, and when she died, she left Samuel Pechell, Master in Chancery, her heir and sole executor. Thus Fortune smiled upon the Pechell family.

Paul Pechell, who had entered the army, became a distinguished officer, and rose to the rank of general. In 1797 he was created a baronet, and married Mary, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Brooke, Esq., of Pagglesham, Essex. Samuel Pechell having died without issue, Sir Paul succeeded to his fortune. The son of the latter, Sir Thomas Brooke Pechell, was a major-general in the army, and was for some time M.P. for Downton. Thus the family rose by degrees into the highest social position.

Sir Thomas was succeeded by his two sons,

one of whom became rear-admiral, and the other vice-admiral. The latter, Sir George Brooke Pechell, entered the Royal Navy in 1803, and served with distinction in several engagements. After the peace, he represented the important borough of Brighton in Parliament for twenty-four years. He married the daughter and co-heir of Cecil, Lord Zouche, and added Castle Goring to part of the ancient possessions of the Bishopp family, which she inherited at her father's death. Castle Goring is now the seat of the head of the Pechell family.

The only son of Sir George, again following the military instincts of his race, entered the army, and became captain of the 77th regiment, with which he served during the Crimean war. He fell leading on his men to repel an attack made by the Russians on the advanced trenches before Sebastopol, on the 3rd of September, 1855. He was beloved and deeply lamented by all who knew him; and sorrow at his loss was expressed by the Queen, by the Commander-in-Chief, by the whole of the light division, and by the mayor and principal inhabitants of Brighton. A statue of Captain Pechell, by Noble, was erected by public subscription, and now stands in the Pavilion at Brighton.

SAMUEL SMILES.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Christian Aspiration.

PAUL thought he "had not yet attained, neither was already perfect;" and he was an old man when he wrote that word, having long fought the good fight, as few or none of us have done. Nor had his struggle been by any means in vain. He had made progress in many ways. His letter to the Philippians, which is among the last he wrote, is itself a clear proof of his spiritual growth. He had not stood still all those years since he penned that Epistle to the Thessalonians, which begins his correspondence with the churches. One feels, in reading these wise and thoughtful words to the men of Philippi, where he had once been thrown into prison, and scourged without offence and without trial, that they are freed from the sharpness and argumentativeness of his earlier works, and are, indeed, the ripe fruit of a mellow and serene faith. The apostle had grown, then,

in knowledge; yet he was not puffed up, for he had equally grown in the charity that buildeth up. Therefore he was still aspiring and struggling, "reaching forth and pressing on," for he felt that he "had not yet attained, neither was already perfect."

But did any one ever think himself "perfect?" I fancy none ever deliberately said so. The most conservative and satisfied mind would admit that, no doubt, there were things to mend both without it and within, only when you propose to set anything in particular right, it is slow to see what is wrong, and may even cling to the blemish as if it were a beauty. Still, I never heard of any one who did not, in a general way, allow that he was not yet perfect, and probably that nothing human was. But we must not measure Paul's words by such as these, as if he meant no more than they do. They, as a rule, passively assent to a somewhat vague statement, and go on thinking no more about it; but in him this thought

was quick and powerful, a conviction that would not let him rest, but ever drove him to new efforts, making every attainment only a fresh starting-point, every lesson learnt, only an impulse to go forward and rise to higher wisdom. This is the true quality of all the nobler kind of souls. There is no point at which they conclude they have now only to "rest and be thankful." Whether intellectually or morally, the instinct of progress hurries them ever onward, to forget what is behind, in that which is still to be achieved. Science never fancies for a moment that it has exhausted discovery; but even when it seems, perhaps, to have used up one vein, only looks round for other fields and other processes by which it may approach somewhat nearer the end which never can be reached. The true artist also has in him an ideal of excellence, which always rises higher the higher his work is, so that it never seems any nearer, but is ever beckoning him on. And so, when he has completed any task—be it picture or poem or sculpture—though it has cost him the toil and thought of many a weary day, he does not look on it as a finished performance, but soon begins to see its blemishes, and by-and-by forgets it in the fresh and fairer vision which now lures him to yet severer labours. And in the spiritual world it is the same, wherever a man is true to his high calling. He never has attained: at best, he is only attaining. His sense of present imperfection is great; but it does not, as a rule, depress or disquiet—rather it stirs him up to higher aspiration, and more strenuous effort. Thus he forgets the things that are behind. Many of them were failures; all of them came short; if he were to brood long on them, he would be sure to lose heart. Therefore, taking the lesson which they read to him, the healthy soul makes them new starting-points, and reaches forth, and presses on to something better yet.

That was the spirit of Paul, and that is the spirit of all who are like him. But is it at all common in the Christian Church now? No doubt, wherever there is life there is also growth, consciously or otherwise. People may formulate opinion, and try to fix the thought so that it shall always retain the same form and dimensions as it had at some period—say, the third century, or the seventeenth—when, as they imagine, it had reached its fulness. But even crustaceans have periodically to cast off their old shells, and fit themselves with new ones, and as the time of change is rather a sickly one with them, I dare say, they fondly hope each

new shell will be the perfect one, and will last them for ever. So, also, Churches have, at various seasons, got themselves what they thought would be their final shells or creeds; but unless they died in them, as some of them have done, they found, sooner or later, that they needed fresh ones, or, at any rate, must get rid of the old which they once gloried in as a possession for ever. Individual men, too, who at one period held themselves to be thoroughly furnished in doctrine, yet, being living men, often wake up some day to find that they are no longer where they once were, and that many things which were valid to them, at one time, are no longer so. The same thing happens in matters which are deeper than mere opinion; for life expands with expanding thought, sometimes going before it, sometimes dragged after it, but always, in some measure, changing with its changes, and growing with its growth. The deeper idea deepens the character, and the ripening character mellows and softens opinion. Thus, consciously or unconsciously, men grow, unless they are dead; and then they corrupt and decay. But this progress depends, both as to speed and as to quantity, on the soul's "open vision," its conscious desire to grow. Where there is no aspiration and no effort, there may still be progress; but it will be at a lower rate, and to a less degree. Herein the spiritual differs from the physical. I suppose healthy youth grows in size and vigour just in proportion as it thinks of nothing less than of the development of its limbs and muscles, only it eats and drinks and exercises itself in a hearty, vigorous way. But the soul that would attain to its true dimensions must deliberately set itself to work for that end, not satisfied with its present state, nor yet even vaguely aspiring to a higher, but with clear purpose ordering and adjusting itself with the view of attaining a definite mark. I allow that too much self-consciousness has its dangers, and perfect spiritual health is, no doubt, a perfect self-forgetfulness. But the process of reaching that state requires both clear intelligence of what is wanting, and clear-sighted aspiration after better things. Now of this kind of distinct and purpose-like pressing forward to the mark I do not see very much among us, nor even of that eager impulse which will not, at least, be content to rest and try for nothing higher. Outside the ordinary Christian life one finds more aspiration than within it, more dissatisfaction with self, and desire for something better. It will be an evil day for the

Church if that torpid contentment with things as they are, and people as they are, should get us all fairly in its grip. There is always hope, indeed, in the fresh aspiration of youth; but Christianity is meant to have its old men, like Paul, as eager for progress as lads can be, never thinking they have yet attained, either are already perfect. But is it so? Do we ever nowadays meet with grey-haired Christians of this type, as full of hope and effort for new stages of religious growth as they were in their sanguine boyhood? Very rarely. Do you know any old believer who would dream of writing to young ones a letter like this to the Philippians, so hopeful, so progressive, so inspiring? I have met with many who could honestly say, "We count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ," and that is so far good. But I think I never have come across any grey-haired man whose faith exulted in the thought that the things which were behind, were behind, and done with, and that his business was to reach forth and press on to the better things that lay before. That was Paul's thought all through his life, and on to its very end.

SECOND SUNDAY.

The Unconsciousness of Christian Light.

Moses' face shone when he came from the vision of God. There needs no miracle, indeed, to make one's face either brighten or darken, for any deep emotion will show its light or shadow there as in a glass. But in this case we are led to think of it as so brilliant that it was, in a manner, blinding, for the people were afraid to come nigh him till its brightness was veiled. Alluding to it long after, indeed, Paul seems to imply that it was very short-lived, and that the veil was put on rather to hide the speedy ending of it, than to temper its splendour. But its exceeding brightness and its rapid fading away are nowise inconsistent. It was a light like that which the three apostles saw on the holy mount when Jesus was transfigured, and His face appeared to them like the very sun for brightness. So the glory which Moses saw when he was "in the cleft of the rock" was reflected upon him, and clung to him, but he himself wist not that any gleam of its radiance lingered about him. It was the unconscious shining of one who had seen God. Others were afraid of it, but he himself knew it not. So soon as he became conscious of it, it began to grow dim. When he had to veil it, therefore, there was already

no need to veil it, for it was on the wane when he knew that it shone. Meanwhile, however, he shone, and wist not; and just because he wist not, he shone all the more.

Now, that is a beautiful symbol of the unconsciousness of Christian life. The Christian is a light to the world, but there is nothing he thinks of less. "Looking to Jesus," he absorbs more and more of His spirit, and "is changed into the same image from glory to glory," just as the flower which, if it grew in the darkness, would be pale and colourless, is tinted with beauty as it gazes on the sun, and drinks in his light. So in the contemplation of Christ we get that "life which is the light of men;" "we live, yet not we, but Christ liveth in us," as the "glorious beauty" of the flower is but the sunshine received into it. Here and there, indeed, men may be met with, truthful, loving, pure-hearted, inspired with a high sense of duty, faithful to the right, and meek and brave: and perhaps we are fain to persuade ourselves that, because they have no religious belief to speak of, therefore such characters are a pure natural growth, and may be formed without any Christian influence. But we forget that they have always breathed an atmosphere penetrated throughout by religious ideas, and have been surrounded on all hands by religious customs, which consciously or unconsciously have helped to fashion their nature. No one of us can separate himself from these spiritual forces. They have formed our institutions; they pervade our literature; they control our social relations; they seize on the new-born child, and sing hymns over his cradle, which form the first moulds into which his thoughts are run. We are none of us what we are, then, without Christ; but because the light which is all about us has also wrought its way into us. Besides, there is a meek faithfulness, a tender kindness, a patient courage, a self-sacrificing love in those who are looking really to Jesus, which we find nowhere else in anything like equal intensity and power. They shine, because they have seen God as He is not seen elsewhere; and the peculiarity of their light is, that they do not think of it—the clearer it is, the less they seem to know it.

Your Pharisee is always considering how bright his virtues are. Jesus describes him as going up to the temple to pray; and then, apparently forgetting what he was there for, instead of praying, he only thanked God that he was not like other folk, and recounted his various merits so that heaven

might have no sort of excuse for not knowing all about them. There is a deep, but sorrowful, satire in the picture. One feels that here is a man who will never shine without knowing it, and letting other people know it too. No fear of him "putting his light under a bushel." He may put it out when there is no one to look at it; but he is quite safe never to hide it. Poor soul!—perhaps the poorest of all souls—never able to rise above self even when he has to do with the eternal God! But the true Christian is exactly the opposite of him. Like Moses, his face shines, and he is about the last to know how brightly it shines.

One often notes with admiration the unconscious grace and beauty of childhood. Up to a certain age—it does not last long, but while it lasts what a charm it has!—there is exquisite freedom in every motion, and beauty in every posture. How frank and fearless its gaze! how searching its artless questions! But, by-and-by, it begins to think about itself, and then all that simple, unstudied grace begins to be clumsy and artificial. I am struck with the shining of the little ones, so long as they do not know it. Then they are wonderful to me, till they become aware how wonderful they are, after which they are a little tiresome. Now, Christ says, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God;" and this beautiful spiritual unconsciousness is a part, at least, of that child-likeness. In the first stages, indeed, of religious life we do not often see this. On the contrary, these have frequently a very painful self-consciousness; only it is not their virtues, but their sins, not their light, but their darkness, they are conscious of. "I have heard of thee," Job said, "with the hearing of the ear; but now mine eyes have seen thee, and I abhor myself." When Peter saw the glory of Jesus, his first thought was, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a man of unclean lips." Thus the beginnings of religious life have often a very depressing self-consciousness. Oh, how poor we feel! how barren! and we reproach ourselves, and say, "Behold, I am vile!" The spiritual diary, which used to be so common, is generally full of this kind of thing, not always wisely even when it was quite real. For we may be too curious in watching the variations of the spiritual thermometer. Perfect health does not know how its heart beats—it just does its work, and rejoices in its life. There is something wrong whenever a man begins to feel his pulse—he is either sickly or hypochondriac. And, in

like manner, thorough religious health is utterly self-forgetful. It seeks to shine, not to know that it shines, and other people see its beauty far sooner than it does itself. This is what we should aim at, and be daily growing to. Men of genius labour, night and day, to reach that perfection in their art, by which their thoughts shall flow from them in words at least, seemingly natural and spontaneous as the song of birds which just sing, and never think how sweetly they sing. What may be the precise value of such art, where all is calculated and ordered with elaborate artifice of studied simplicity, and in full knowledge of the effect it will produce, I am not now to judge. But in spiritual life, though there must be great labour, there must also be no artifice, no seeming unconsciousness, but a simple, unstudied worth, which thinks not of self at all, but only of the work of God it has to do. That is the mark at which we should be aiming, and anything short of that falls short of perfect grace. Our business is to shine like Moses, and wiss not that we shine. Therein we differ from Christ. He could unite a most childlike simplicity of goodness with a self-consciousness amounting to a kind of sublime egoism. That belonged to His mission. It was necessary for Him to say, "I am the light of the world." But while it belonged to Him both to have all perfection, and to be conscious of it all, that is a burden we are not able to bear; for as soon as we think we are shining, either in saying fine things or in doing good works, that moment their glory begins to fade away.

THIRD SUNDAY.

The Dews of Youth.

The 110th psalm, describing the priesthood of Israel, speaks of him as coming forth "in holy beauties from the womb of the morning, having the dews of his youth." Our Lord has applied this psalm, though not this particular clause of it, to Himself; and the idea seems to be, that the highest religion, like the highest genius, retains a perpetual youth. Its heart never grows old; it ripens, but it never ages; it keeps, all through, the freshness, the bloom, the glorious dew of youth.

That is a characteristic of the most winning and beautiful type of piety—of those men who strike us as peculiarly Christ-like. Yet the Church often values more highly a very different kind of man, and hardly takes enough pains, therefore, to watch and help

and tenderly guide those who should by all means be encouraged to hold fast these "morning dews." Jesus, indeed, came to seek and to save the lost; and with a fine touch of delicate satire He tells us that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance." For His gospel was not, like the various schemes of the wise and good in other lands, a mere educational power, attracting to itself all who had any desire for better things, and training them in all thoughtful culture up to the fulness of their being. That is a good work as far as it goes, but it is not all that the world needs. Therefore Jesus came looking for "His lost sheep," and the more lost they were the more earnestly He must seek them. Repentance, and the bringing back of prodigals to the Father's house have a place in the very heart of the gospel which they have not in the practical ethics of philosophy. The mercy that restores the erring, then, being such a marked feature of Christianity, not unnaturally the Church came to look on those who had once been great sinners, and who by God's grace had been turned into great saints, as its noblest trophies, and also its typical fruits. Now, we do not question that such men as St. Augustine, who had run through the career of sin and tried all its broken cisterns, and who afterwards devoted themselves with entire consecration to the highest and divinest service, are the most splendid triumphs of Christian faith. But I am not at all sure that these are the proper types of its piety, or that they generally attain to the fulness of its life. No one can pass through an experience like theirs, and not carry traces and shadows of it into his changed life. It was the influence of men like these which led to the early asceticism of the Church, for in the recoil from their former self-indulgence they overleaped the beautiful temperance of Christ, and landed in a very unlovely self-mortification which to this day bewilders many minds with the false glare of a mistaken sanctity. Therefore, while we rejoice in that rich mercy which "is able to save unto the very uttermost," it seems to me a mistake to set up this class as the special representatives of Christian life; for there is truth also in the ethnic idea of a culture which shall lay hold of dewy youth, and surround it with heavenly influences, and elevate and consecrate it till it reach the fulness of a glad and many-sided life; and this truth Christ did not overlook, even while He touched with a fine irony

"the ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

It is true that "there is none that doeth good and sinneth not," none therefore that "needs no repentance." But it is equally true that the little children's angels "do always behold the face of their heavenly Father." He blesses the little children. He looks on "the young ruler" and "loves him." He is very far from denying the beauty and the dew of youth. It is not to his eye sinless, but it is hopeful and full of promise. It has passions that will need to be restrained, follies that need to be watched, many fresh budding forces that will need careful training. But then it has also, and Jesus lovingly recognises that it has, fine instincts, pure ideals, noble enthusiasms, which cling to it and brighten it like drops of morning dew. It has dreams, like Jacob's at Bethel, of making life a ladder rising from earth to heaven, up which the soul shall climb, cheered and helped by the fellowship of angels. It has fine heroic instincts, glowing with the chivalry of antique faith, and thrilling to any tale of noble worth, which it fondly hopes one day to rival. It has faith in truth, and in man's love of truth, and burns with a generous enthusiasm for the truth which it heartily believes. And it has no guile, but looks with clear straightforward glance to its aim, while it may stumble on the road over obstacles it has unwisely overlooked. And this bright hopefulness, this noble heroism, this fine enthusiasm, this single-hearted purpose—these are its fresh dews, its holy beauties from the womb of the morning, which Jesus also had, and kept to the very end. They never dried on Him, hard and hot as His sun beat on them; and they need never dry on us either. I do not know that all youth have them. Some appear to come into the world with the mould of age already on their souls, and cobwebs on their windows, and earthly dust all over them. God pity them, poor things! Precociously wise and worldly, knowing no more of morning dew than a sparrow bred in a town cellar. But our true youth glows with these nobler emotions, and should do all it can to retain them. Shrewd clever people of a certain type, indeed, are ready to pooh-pooh all such ideas. "Oh," they say, "we too once had these impracticable notions. Of course we had. Every one has them till he knows better. But they won't work, and they don't pay. The world could not get on at all if we did not get rid of them soon. Even religion has to

tone down into common sense in the end. Better that a young fellow should sow his wild oats at the proper time, and then there is some chance of his settling down into a cool man of the world, looking after the main chance, as other people do." That is their way of viewing this matter, as if the dews of youth were things which have to be got rid of, and the sowing of wild oats were like measles or whooping-cough, a crisis which has to be gone through, sooner or later. It is only men, indeed, that they apply the rule to. No one ever counselled a pure-hearted, high-souled girl to submit to this process, as if it would fit her better for the business of her life. This devil's apprenticeship is confined to men; but it seems to be thought they may safely, and even profitably, indenture to him for a season. Now, even if we could get a term fixed for dropping such work, and keep it too, which we cannot, it would still be utter loss, instead of gain to us. For in the real battle of life, which is not a mere battle for meat and drink and raiment, and more or less money in the bank, but supremely a struggle for truth and worth, there is nothing will help us so much as an untainted soul which has not been weakened by worldly compromises or base indulgences. No one, then, stands on so clear a vantage-ground as the man who has been faithful all through to his better instincts—who has kept, in short, the dews of his youth. How weak we feel after any failure of moral purpose! As our tone is lowered, our power of resistance is enfeebled. As life loses its first gloss to us, we grow more careless what use we put it to. When the dew is once gone, we care little about the dust. Therefore it were well for us to cleave to the faiths and hopes and nobler impulses of youth, for they will be strength to us in the day of trial; and moreover, starting from this point, we may well hope to attain, more easily and more fully, the mark and prize of our high calling, as we have not cumbered ourselves by that which heavily weights so many. Repenting, sorrowing, battling to get out of the wrong with which we have entangled ourselves, may be, no doubt is, a noble spectacle, and the man who fights that good fight is worthy of all honour. Yet he might have saved himself a good deal of it at least, and might have glided smoothly into the same untroubled rest, or even perchance attained to a yet higher life, had he brought the dews of his youth to Christ, and learnt how the gospel hooks its cords of love on to them,

and lifts up our being into the fellowship of God. Jesus never parted with them, never lowered His ideal, never compromised with the world, never lost His faith in truth or His hope of men; and we shall never rise so high as by walking steadfastly in His steps, and giving to God, as He did, the bright dews of our youth.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

The Sacrament of Service.

"Supper being ended," John says, "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hand, and that He was come from God, and went to God, He riseth from supper, and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poured out water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." Thus it is that the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who lay on His bosom, and had His closest intimacy, introduces this beautiful symbol of lowly service. It was after "supper"—after they had partaken the sacrament of communion, the memorial of His death for them, and the pledge of their dying, with Him, to their old sinful way. But the fellowship of death to sin is only a preparation for a fellowship of life to all goodness. The sacrament of communion, therefore, needed also the sacrament of service to complete it. It was but half the truth; perhaps the chief and most significant half; but still the one had to be followed by the other if the perfect thought was to be lodged in men's minds. Possibly, as a Christian symbol, Jesus did not mean it to be perpetuated. Certainly the poor sham which one may see every year during Holy Week at Rome, when the chief priest of Christendom daintily sprinkles a little water from a golden ewer, and touches with a damask napkin the well-prepared foot of a dozen selected beggars, is very unlike the honest washing of the apostles that night. But whether there should be two sacramental acts or not, certainly the completeness of the teaching of that night requires that the communion of love should grow into a communion of service—that the fellowship of His death should lead to a fellowship in His work.

Now, Jesus knew that God had given all things into His hand—even all power, both in heaven and in earth. Therefore His disciples called Him Lord and Master; and they did well in that, for so He was. Yet He who had all power humbled Himself to do this service to His creatures; and He too did well in that—never, indeed, did better. It

was meet that He who came from God should gird Himself to cleanse away our defilements. It was meet that He who did this should also return to God. Nothing befitted Him more than the towel and basin of that lowly task ; nor could He appear in heaven more fitly arrayed than in these symbols of faithful service. Therefore He said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Now when we sit down at the Lord's table we all feel that it is a privilege, an honour to which we are admitted by the grace of God. And so it is, at least in one aspect of it, the highest of all honours that a man can receive. Communion with Christ ! What can compare with it ? Naturally one shrinks from laying claim to such a right. And yet one may put the honour from him only because he feels that behind it there lies a great duty. I respect the humility that looks to it with trembling ; but what if, under covert of that, we are only turning from the service to which we instinctively know that it calls us ? Therefore I would not exclusively look at the one side of this symbol. Behind the supper lies the basin and towel ; and it is but right that we should face both of them. The communion of spirit implies communion of service. No man partakes of the symbols of our Lord's death as they should be partaken, unless he straightway gird himself with the towel to minister humbly to the wants of his brethren.

Now this washing of feet was commonly done in those countries by one of the lowest slaves of the household. In the case, indeed, of some specially honoured guest it was sometimes, I believe, performed by the host himself ; but, as a rule, it fell to one of the meanest rank. For in many cases it was not only a lowly, but also far from a pleasant task. The shoeless traveller was not merely dusty and miry, but often footsore, blistered with the journey, and bleeding with the thorns ; and to handle his feet, while it needed gentle treatment, often also sorely tried a sensitive and delicate nature. Some would have at once revolted from it as a task they had no stomach for at all. Very many would have shrunk from it as a severe ordeal for natural sensibility. When Jesus, then, girded on the towel, and took the basin for this cleansing of His disciples' feet, He would teach us several lessons not easily learned.

First, he reminds us that it is not so much our business to point out the blemishes of our brethren as to wash them out. No doubt, the very effort to take them away implies that we first see them. No doubt, too, it may be a useful service, in its way, even to show men

what is wrong with them. But it is a very imperfect work unless we also help to set them right. His is no enviable task who only sees and draws attention to the world's defilements. That was not Christ's work. He did not act the part of the mere satirist or humorist who dwells gleefully on the sins and weaknesses of men, and is content with a vivid picture of them. It was His business to wash them away, to make us clean every whit. And He would have His people take, not the pen or pencil to describe the ills of men, but the basin and towel to wash them away. Pointed satire, biting scorn, clever sarcasm, which burn into the soul—these are not weapons He cares much to use ; but only clean water and fresh towels to wash and comfort the world—tender mercies and faithful helps to remove all its evils. And if we know these things, happy are we if we do them.

Moreover, in this faithful and loving task the Lord would not be stayed by any feeling that it was beneath Him into whose hands God has given all things, nor yet would He shrink from it because it was revolting to a fine and sensitive nature. He was their Lord and Master, but that thought only bound Him so much the more to their service ; for he that would be great in His kingdom must be ready to do any lowliest ministry there ; service was its only lordship then, and so it is now and evermore. Nor may we limit that service to what is pleasant, or, at least, not disagreeable. Footwashing means, not merely a humble task, but often a trying one to natural sensibilities ; and those who would really follow Jesus—those who, claiming the fellowship of His love, would also partake in the communion of His service—are called to deal with the sores, the pollutions, the dirt and disease of His brethren, no matter how their natural daintiness revolts from the task. Love has no pride. Love must have no delicacies, except what spring from its tenderness and kindness. There are evils it is hard to look on, hard to touch, hard to come into contact with at all ; but these are just what we are specially called to deal with. Christ shrunk not from them, and neither may we. He was holier, purer, more profoundly sensitive to moral and physical evil than we are ; and in this rite He says to us, "I have shown you an example that ye should do to others as I have done unto you. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Happy ! Blessed ! The Christian who puts this service from him cannot know what Christian gladness is. It will be a reproach in his heart, a rebuke in his conscience, or,

what is worse, a hindrance to his attaining any fulness of spiritual life, if he knows this, as he cannot but know it, and yet feels that he is not doing it; for Christianity is not mere knowledge of the truth; it is not the science of religion, but the obedience of Christ. Not the hearers of the word, but the doers of it are justified. To praise the work of Christ, and not also practise it; to exalt the cross, and refuse to touch it with one of our fingers; to have a superfine doctrine of salvation by the denial and death of self, while yet we indulge our own ease and comfort and avoid everything that would offend our natural sensibilities, and thus to let the world go on defiling, and wounding, and destroying itself, meanwhile we know what our Lord and Master did, but are too delicate and refined to do it ourselves—that is not the spirit which either comes from God or goes to God.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Religious Culture and Religious Service.

When Jesus washed the disciples' feet, He certainly taught us to "look, every one, not to his own things only, but also to the things of others." But as certainly He did not mean us to neglect our own affairs in order to see to our neighbour's—"to pluck the mote from a brother's eye, and forget the beam in our own." We must mind our own business, before we meddle with other people's. And though that is the veriest truism, yet how hard it is often to adjust these several duties, and to establish the proper balance between religious culture and religious service, between the perfecting of our own spiritual life and the mending or healing of our neighbours' lives!

I confine myself at present strictly to the field of proper religious activity. The very same conflict may arise between our worldly interests and the claims of charity, or between our intellectual cravings and the demands of humanity and mercy. One has now and then rather nice questions to settle as to how far we should deny ourselves, and limit even our mental furniture and ornament, that we may minister to the good of others. For self-culture may become self-indulgence, and the brain may grow by the withering of the heart, which is no gain to any one. But for the present I would look at the question solely in its relation to spiritual affairs. How far may one go in the cultivation of religious thought and the training of religious affections? And what are

the limitations imposed on him by the duty he owes to the religious life of his neighbours? Long experience proves that it is by no means so easy as it seems to look to our own things as we ought, and at the same time to "look also to the things of others."

For, on the one hand, many, pressed by the great question, "What shall I do to be saved?" have in all ages bent their whole energies of mind and heart to this one supreme business. It was this which drove the early hermits away into the wilderness, and shut up the monk in his lonely cell. And others since their day, who thought they abhorred monkery, have yet made their world a desert, and their life a cloister, from which all the stir and interest and hope of common life were excluded, that they might see to the "one thing needful." Nor is it to be denied that by this entire devotion they gained some valuable results. Their silent reflections deepened Christian thought. Their solitary conflicts "kept the body in subjection." Their self-searching made conscience keenly sensitive of sin; and their loneliness taught them how to live on things unseen. Altogether their kind of saintliness had an exquisite beauty of its own, and a flavour which told of a rich soil and of careful husbandry, only it was the flavour and the beauty of a hot-house plant sequestered from the common life of men. The world wondered at them, but got little good from them. Their light was "under a bushel," that the wind might not blow it out. They kept the salt apart from the earth, being more anxious to retain its perfect savour than to prove its saving uses. They looked to their own things carefully, but not to the things of others, and in consequence even their own spiritual life lacked the vigour and fulness which only come to us from the union of culture and service.

On the other hand, however, we often meet, especially in later years, with another class who busy themselves "in every good word and work," but whose own spiritual life makes very little progress. They have a restless and boundless activity for improving people in general. They are on all benevolent committees, in all charitable associations, in every pious scheme for mending "the filthy rags" of man's righteousness. Standing outside, one has an impression that all the good that is a-doing is done by them, and that but for them Christian philanthropy would come to a standstill; and therefore one is full of admiration for them, till one comes close to them, and then the admiration

begins to be somewhat qualified. For it often appears that "their much service" is "careful and troubled about many things," so that they cannot for themselves "sit at the feet of Jesus," "and learn of Him who is meek and lowly." They have not time for deep reflection, and are apt to fret when they find others seeing more, and feeling more than they do who are doing all the service. Being anxious to mend things in general, they are apt only to see things that want to be mended. They have keen eyes, therefore, for the dirty feet that it is their business to wash. Hence they are not very charitable in their judgments, however charitable in their service; for they make the worst of everything, in the first place, because, good souls! they would do the best for it in the end. Meanwhile, they feel in their own souls that things are not right with them, that their natures are thin and poor and meagre, and that they have little of the joy of God which they so earnestly wish other people to have. Worthy and well-meaning, and with much idle time on their hands, they have fallen out of the habit of spiritual self-culture, and think only of doing good to others, while they have almost no qualification for it beyond good intentions. Oh, if they would but "commune with their own hearts" a little, and "be still, and know that the Lord He is God!" But they seem to think that if they were to be still for an hour, the Lord could not get on at all, perfunctory as their work is, and bare and routine.

What, then, is to be done? How shall these two duties be fitly correlated, and help each other, as they are meant to do? Some labour to cultivate and perfect their spiritual life, leaving the world very much to itself. Others strive to serve and help others, leaving their own souls to get on as best they can, which often is not very well. What will guide them to look to their own things and also to the things of others?

In this, as in many other matters, we cannot lay down an absolute, precise rule. But it may be useful to remember that while we are only God's tools for doing His work, yet the tool should be made as perfect as possible for the task, and, moreover, it is only thoroughly perfected in doing it. Self-culture is not merely for self, not merely for getting the full enjoyment of all our powers, as if it ended in the completeness and joy of our own being. The scholar who shuts himself up among his books and instruments, and converses with the mind of all ages and with

the facts of nature and history, though he may furnish himself with all knowledge and all wisdom, and draw to him the admiration of men, is not serving his proper end, unless his ripe faculty and gathered learning are made available for the service of human life, and however wonderful his attainments, he is of little consequence in the world. But all his powers, all his learning, all the perfection of his faculties are needed for the task of guiding men right, and, indeed, will only come to their maturity when he enters on that task; for mere solitary culture never comes to perfect flower or fruit. And the Christian, also, must combine these two things, if he would be what he ought to be, or do what he is called to do. God's work is of that kind which can only be done by instruments carefully prepared for it. Mere routine work will not do it. Mechanical, unintelligent work will not do it. Hard, unsympathizing work will not do it. The Captain of our salvation, so perfect already in all sinlessness of character and purity of wisdom, had to be "made perfect through suffering" ere He could do his work in the full sympathy it needs. While it is well, then, to "work out our own salvation," and to "make our own calling and election sure," and not "to be conformed to the world, but transformed after the image of Christ," and while it is right that we should "reach forth and press on to this which is "the mark and prize of our high calling," it is also right to remember that this can only be attained by service and sacrifice, as Christ showed us an example. What we have to do, then, is, to perfect the tool for its work. It is a high work, and therefore needs a fine instrument. Let us cultivate ourselves to the utmost, then, polishing and pointing every faculty, that it may be fit for its task, for otherwise God's work shall not really be done, however willing we be to do it. But let us also remember that an army, however well drilled, is never perfected till it has stood fire and passed through the trial of an actual campaign, and that the soldiers of the cross must bear the cross through fights of affliction in order to be "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work." We must look to our own things in order to have any right to look to the things of others. We must look also to the things of others in order to any complete looking even to our own things. The tool must be perfected for its work, and yet the tool is only perfected *in* its work.

W. C. SMITH.

SPRING TIME.

NO time for play
 This fresh spring day,
 No time to pluck a primrose on my way ;
 No time !—no time
 The hills to climb
 And catch the April breezes in their prime.

Sing not for me
 So temptingly,
 Full-throated blackbird on the chestnut tree ;
 No time !—no time
 For thy linked chime,
 Or stringing nonsense verse to silly rhyme.



Oh cease your wile
 And rippling smile,
 Fond river-wave, that would my hours beguile !
 No time to stay
 By thee to-day,
 For sorrow draws my lagging feet away.

Yon ivied wall,
 Bright Spring ! is all
 That parts thy cheerful voice from Misery's call ;
 And Conscience saith,
 But one frail breath
 Between this panting life and pulseless death.

ANNE BEALE.

OUR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

PART III.

THE year 1876 was ushered in with every demonstration of joy, gratitude, and hope, by our little party in the *Alert*. Joyful, because a new year had dawned upon us in undiminished numbers; grateful for the many dangers through which we had been so mercifully carried during the past year; and hopeful regarding our future prospects. Officers and men looked forward to the coming months with feelings of confidence, resolutely determined faithfully to perform their duties, and placing their trust in Him who had hitherto watched over and preserved them. The following lines, being the concluding verse of a poem, composed by our poet laureate as a welcome to the new year, found a response in every heart:—

"O happy year! that tells us here
The same sweet, ever-welcome story:
That soon, so soon! one radiant noon
Shall plunge in light yon summits hoary,
That point our way through endless day
To joyous triumphs, home, and glory!"

Hitherto we had experienced, for those regions, unexceptionable weather. The cold had not been so severe as we anticipated, and, save in one instance, we enjoyed a remarkable immunity from gales of wind or bad weather of any description. On no single occasion had the regularity of our open-air exercise been disturbed. To insure this very necessary aid towards the preservation of health, a walk had been constructed along the floe for a distance of half a mile from the ship, marked, at every two or three yards, by small heaps of preserved meat tins, so as to enable us to take exercise even on the darkest days. This promenade was always called "the Lady's Mile," though what gave rise to this name was a matter of conjecture.*

The year 1876 brought with it very changeable weather. The cold was of greater severity, whilst the temperature fluctuated in an extraordinary manner. Sharp squalls of wind, generally from the south-west, were prevalent, and snow fell more or less at intervals. All our out-door establishments were completely covered with snow, the result of drift, compelling us to dig down for the purpose of effecting an entrance into the various observatories. The accumulation of drift outside the ship took the form of a perfectly

solid snow-wreath. This was caused by the eddying wind driving the snow from the side of the vessel to a distance of about four or five feet, where it settled, resembling a great frozen wave whose curling crest was fully seven feet in height.

During tempestuous weather, the pack, although stationary, moaned and groaned weirdly, as though unhappy gnomes, imprisoned in the cold cold grasp of the frozen sea, were bewailing their hard fate and pleading for release from their icy fetters.

"It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!"

The young ice, in the vicinity of the ship, cracked in an alarming manner, leaving great fissures, and an uneven and rugged surface. The ship also was exposed to great pressure from this latter cause, and was listed over several degrees. This had, at any rate, one disagreeable result, namely, that it prevented us from filling our glasses to the brim, and as we were limited to an allowance of only two glasses of sherry at dinner, we naturally regarded with disfavour all curtailments of what we considered our just rights. Some were so ingenious as to supply themselves with small wedges, for the purpose, as they said, of placing their glasses on an even keel, whereby they succeeded in getting their full allowance of wine.

The most intense cold that we experienced was during the first week of March, strange to say, immediately after the return of the sun. The lowest temperature recorded was -74° , or 106° below freezing point. During this severe cold several experiments were tried by exposing different substances to its influence. Amongst others were rum and whisky, which froze so hard that we were able to break off portions and eat them. We have since been, in consequence, very naturally accused of hard drinking,—an accusation we are unable to refute.

Owing to the severity of the cold, superficial frost-bites were of constant occurrence, noses and cheek-bones being the parts most affected. Solitary walks were prohibited; none were supposed to leave the ship without a companion, whose duty it was carefully to watch his comrade's face in order to detect quickly any frost-bite, and restore circulation before permanent injury could be sustained.

* In all probability it was so called after the Lady's Mile in Rotten Row.

Face covers were occasionally worn, but were not in great favour. They not only had the disadvantage of freezing to the face, but they also concealed it so as to prevent anybody from seeing and reporting a frost-bite.

This cold, though very intense, was by no means unpleasant, so long as the body was kept in constant motion, although exposure to it for many hours would, in all probability, prove fatal. On first emerging into the open air a slight difficulty of breathing was experienced, and the tears would be forcibly brought to the eyes, where they immediately froze and were extracted as small nodules of ice. This is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that we had to undergo a transition of temperature from our living deck of $+ 50^{\circ}$, to the air $- 70^{\circ}$, a difference of 120° .

Apropos of frost-bites, it is related that one of the members of the expedition, on rising one morning, to his horror, observed one of his toes and a portion of his foot perfectly black. Concluding it was severely frost-bitten, and wishing to assure himself of the fact, he seized a pin and made a furious dig at the supposed injured part. He quickly found that, although discoloured, it was not deprived of all sensation, and eventually discovered that his servant, on the previous day, having patched up one of his socks with a piece of fearnought, had, in order to assimilate the colour, inked it over: this, staining his foot, fully accounted for the terrible frost-bite.

The hair, especially that growing on the face, was always kept close. In spite of this precaution however, it was impossible to prevent the breath from freezing on the short stubby beard and moustache, which were soon converted into a sheet of ice, making it decidedly unpleasant and uncomfortable. Frequently were the cap, comforter, and collar of the coat frozen into one solid mass.

The first indication we had of returning light was towards the end of January, when, on a bright clear day at noon, a faint tinge of red appeared, blended with a silvery streak of twilight, along the southern horizon. Anxiously were these bright harbingers of returning light watched, and gladly were they welcomed as they assumed a more decided appearance. The monotony of the long dark night was beginning to be felt, which produced, from its impenetrable darkness and the solemn stillness that reigned supreme, varied and curious sensations; and the time when the rays from our bright,

though long-absent, sun should again light up the summits of the distant hills was eagerly looked forward to. The 29th of February was the day on which, according to astronomical rules, the reappearance of the glorious luminary was to rejoice the hearts and gladden the eyes of our little party. Longingly was it looked forward to by the sledge travellers, because its return would bring light and heat to cheer and sustain them on their lonesome and arduous journeys. The sportsmen regarded it as the precursor of game, whilst all hailed with delight the symbol of returning day, and the assurance of the termination of their long dark night. Shortly before noon on that day, little knots of men assembled on the summits of the adjacent hills in order to obtain a glimpse of the rising sun; but it was feared at the outset, as there was no clear sea horizon to the southward, we should fail in seeing it rise above the distant land: these fears proved only too true. The anxiety, however, was intense, as shortly before noon a bright ray shot up vertically from the sun's position and illumined the tips of the surrounding ranges, whilst a bright lustrous light was shed around. Hopes grew high as noon rapidly drew near, but we were doomed to disappointment, and compelled to return to the ship, defeated in our object of welcoming back the "prodigal sun."

The next day was cloudy, but on the following one we had the satisfaction, on going aloft, of announcing that about one-third of the sun's disc was visible, as it crept slowly along the southern horizon. In colour it was of a deep orange-red, and its shape so distorted by refraction that it resembled more a truncated cone than a spherical body. All assembled to greet the fiery orb after its long absence, scrambling up the rigging with elephantine agility, looking more like animated bales of furs than human beings. Although so little of it could be seen, still that little was bright and *appeared* warm. Romeo's words,—

"Night's candles are burnt out,
And jocund Day stands
Tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,"

flashed across us as we beheld the beautiful colours in the northern sky, the roseate tints blended with the violet seeming to belong more to southern climes than to those sterile inclement regions. The summits of the hills, the "misty mountain tops," were bathed in its glorious rays, whilst its luminous beams danced and glimmered

along the distant ice-floes. It was a bright and glorious sight, and we remained long looking at and revelling in its rays—in fact until warned by a peculiar sensation in our feet that the temperature was actually 100° below freezing-point; and however ecstatic we might feel at the reappearance of the sun, Jack Frost still reigned supreme, exacting implicit obedience to his will, making those who disregarded his injunctions suffer for their heedlessness.

The preparations for the spring campaign and the organization of the sledge parties were very carefully thought over and matured during the long dark hours of the winter. Nothing was omitted that could in any way conduce to the success of the enterprise, and everything was considered that could possibly add to the health and comfort of those to be employed on work of such an arduous nature. Although the whole of the available force on board the *Alert* was engaged in the sledging operations of the spring, only two what are called “extended” parties could be despatched for any length of time. The rest of the men and sledges were required to act as supporting or auxiliary parties to the advanced ones. It was determined that one of the extended parties should be employed in continuing the discoveries of the autumn, by exploring along the coast line to the westward, whilst the other, and larger, party was to push across the rugged Polar pack, and endeavour to reach as high a northern latitude as possible.

The difficulties to be overcome, and the obstacles to be encountered, in this latter journey, were well and fully understood. None were so rash as to indulge in any extravagant ideas of successfully reaching a very high position. The parallel of 84° , or perhaps 85° by the more sanguine, was regarded as the utmost that could possibly be attained.

It was a well-known fact, before the ship went into winter quarters, that the Polar pack, composed of extraordinarily heavy ice, was in motion at that season. This motion, or perhaps a general disruption, would occur, it was calculated, in about July or August. It was therefore not only a matter of prudence, but one of absolute necessity, that the party destined to travel over this frozen ocean should be provided with the means of safety, should such an occurrence take place at an earlier period than was anticipated. Two boats, therefore, capable of conveying the men from one floe to another, formed part of the necessary equipment of the northern division.

The only attempt that had hitherto been made of a like description, for a lengthened period, was Sir Edward Parry's memorable journey towards the North Pole in 1827. He was provided with a couple of large boats, of sufficient size to be used for navigating purposes, in which he pulled and sailed in lanes and pools of water for many miles.

The system of sledging, where there is a coast line to follow, has been brought to a very perfect state by Sir Leopold McClintock, who stands, without a rival, at the very top of the list of Arctic sledge travellers. He was the first to adopt the practice of advancing and establishing depôts of provisions during the autumn for the use of the extended parties of the spring, thereby enabling them to remain out for a much longer period than they otherwise could have done.

In consequence of the movement of the pack, it was, of course, quite out of the question for those engaged in the northern line of exploration to adopt the same system. The disruption of the ice, or the misfortune of wandering off the outward-bound track during their return journey, would deprive the travellers of any chance of finding their supplies. Absolute starvation would be the inevitable result.

It therefore became a paramount necessity that the northern party should carry with them sufficient provisions to last for the entire time of anticipated absence. This, and the necessity for taking boats, obliged the two sledge crews employed on this duty to have a third sledge, so that under the most favourable conditions of travelling, namely, smooth and level ice, they would be compelled, after advancing two sledges, to return and drag on the third. This simply meant that, for every mile advanced in the right direction, a distance of three miles would have to be marched. Little did they then think that the fearfully rugged nature of their road would necessitate the same distance to be traversed five or seven times.

The scale of provisions to be used whilst sledging was almost identical with that of preceding expeditions; the slight difference being that in the recent one, the allowance of spirits was reduced by half, and the amount of tea and sugar doubled.

The question of the weights to be dragged on the sledges was a very serious one, and was most carefully considered. Every little item, even to a small packet of a dozen pins placed in the medicine chest, was scrupulously weighed and recorded in the general

equipment. The sledges were never weighted beyond the number of pounds they were originally constructed to carry.

Long before the return of the sun, important questions connected with the fitting of leggings to the moccasins; ingenious modes whereby the use of buttons might be abolished; or whether face covers should, or should not, be part and parcel of the cap, were eagerly discussed. Many were the curious contrivances suggested for the public weal. All were anxious to commence their regular work, as the sledging was regarded, and a glow of pleasure lighted up the pale wan faces of those who were so fortunate as to be selected for one or other of the two extended parties.

Although the returning light revealed to our notice, only too palpably, a sallowness of complexion, or gave us, as was remarked at the time, "a washed-out look," still all appeared the picture of perfect health, and were in excellent spirits. Little was it thought that the seeds of that terrible disease which subsequently crippled us so disastrously had already germinated. A finer body of men could hardly have been collected anywhere, equally ardent regarding the successful termination of their undertaking, animated with the same zealous desire to do their duty, and willing and anxious to do their utmost in furtherance of the cause they had espoused.

The sledges were, of course, all named by their commanders. Some were called after former ships, pleasantly recalling happy reminiscences of the past—others were named after distinguished travellers, whilst a few rejoiced in more whimsical appellations. The following were the names of those that were engaged in the most important duties:—The "Marco Polo," "Challenger," "Victoria," "Poppie," "Hercules," "Clements Markham," "Alexandra," "Bulldog," and "Sultan."

During the month of March the crews of the various sledges were regularly exercised under their respective officers for several hours during the day. Sometimes they would be employed laying out depôts of provisions, or, occasionally dragging their sledges over the pack in the immediate vicinity of the ship, with the twofold object of gaining experience, and becoming better acquainted with the work in which they were about to engage.

It was deemed desirable, before commencing operations for the spring campaign, to despatch a dog sledge for the purpose of

communicating with our consort, whose winter quarters were situated some fifty miles to the southward of our own. The *Discovery's* people were, of course, in total ignorance of our proximity, or even of our safety, so that communication between the two ships was considered necessary not only to relieve their minds of all anxiety and apprehension, but also to acquaint them with our programme for the ensuing spring, in order that their exploring parties should act in concert with our own.

This duty was entrusted to the charge of two gallant and thoroughly trustworthy young officers, who were accompanied by the Danish interpreter in the capacity of dog-driver.

They were provisioned for an absence of ten days. In the event of their supplies becoming exhausted, their stock could be replenished from a large depôt that had been established the previous autumn about mid-way between the two ships.

Their team consisted of nine dogs, which had for the past four or five weeks been regularly fed and exercised. During the winter, when the dogs were idle, their meals were few, and served at uncertain times.

Sunday, the 12th of March, was the day eventually selected for the start of this, the first sledging expedition of the season.

The temperature on that morning was low, but rose gradually towards noon, until it seemed inclined to remain stationary at 30° below zero. The day being bright and clear, and barometer steady, were further indications of a continuance of fine weather. Letters were hastily finished, and immediately after divine service the colours were hoisted, and amidst the cheers of "all hands," who had assembled on the ice to bid the travellers God speed, the lively little "Clements Markham," with its bright standard fluttering out bravely before a light breeze, started for the purpose of once more renewing intercourse with our fellow-beings. For the next two or three days the thoughts of those on board were constantly with the absent ones, especially as the temperature shortly after their departure had again fallen very low. Many a silent prayer was offered in their behalf, that they might accomplish their mission in safety, and return with good and joyous tidings from those who, like ourselves, were wintering in those inclement regions.

On the third day they returned unexpectedly with a sad tale of woe and suffering. Shortly after their departure from the ship,

the Dane had entirely collapsed from the intense cold. Frost-bitten in all his extremities, he was rendered so helpless that the necessary duties of conducting the sledge, tending and driving the dogs, cooking &c., devolved on the two young officers who, in addition, had the serious responsibility of

nursing their sick and suffering companion. How nobly they responded to the call of duty is well known to their shipmates, though few can realise what they actually endured. Finding that they were unable to obtain sufficient warmth for their frozen companion in the tent, they burrowed a hole



Dog-Sledge, packed for a Journey.



Dogs being exercised, with an empty Sledge.

in a snow-drift, and into this cavity they transported the sick man, themselves and all their tent robes, closing the aperture by means of the tent. With the aid of their cooking lamp, which was kept continually alight, they succeeded in raising the temperature of the interior to about zero. They deprived themselves of their own clothing

for the benefit of the invalid, whose frozen feet they actually placed inside their clothes in direct contact with their bodies, until their own heat was extracted and they were themselves severely frost-bitten in various parts. Having partially resuscitated their poor helpless comrade, they adopted the only course that a wise judgment and sound dis-

cretion pointed out to them, namely, to return with all dispatch to their ship.

From the effects of this journey the poor interpreter never recovered, and gradually sank until he died some two months after.

Although it had not been my intention to revert to the individual exertions of any of the members of the expedition, still such acts of self-sacrifice and heroism as the one just recounted, standing so conspicuously as it does amongst the many deeds of daring with which the annals of Arctic adventure abound, is in my opinion deserving of mention, and I therefore offer no apology for alluding to it. It must be remembered that when this expedition left the *Alert*, the re-appearance of the sun had only taken place twelve days before, so that little benefit had been derived from its rays; it afforded, however, sufficient light to enable the travellers to keep on the march for about eight or nine hours each day. On the 20th of March the same two officers made another and more successful start. On this occasion they were accompanied by a couple of sailors, and their sledge was dragged by a team of seven dogs. In five days, after a severe and toilsome journey, rendered doubly so by the extreme cold and the heavy nature of the road, they reached the *Discovery*, conveying to her officers and crew the pleasing intelligence of our safety, and receiving in return an account of the happy winter passed by them.

On the morning of the 3rd of April, unwonted bustle and excitement prevailed on board the *Alert*. Men in their travelling attire might have been observed busily engaged in adding the last finishing touches to the already packed sledges. Officers were carefully conveying delicate instruments from the ship to the line of laden sledges drawn up on the floe, whilst the white ensign flying from the peak of the ship betokened some important and unusual event.

The day was indeed one of memorable import, for it was the one that we had all looked forward to during the long winter as that on which our real work was to commence; and it was the one on which we hoped to start forth to achieve all that was possible in our endeavours to add to the scant geographical knowledge that we possessed of the polar regions. No wonder, then, that the scene of our winter quarters presented an animated and unwonted appearance on that bright but cold morning.

The sledges, seven in number, were placed in single line, one ahead of the other, according to the seniority of their respective officers,

packed and provisioned for an extended absence; whilst the standards of their commanders, fluttering out bravely from each, materially added to the gaiety and spirit of the scene. These flags, made and embroidered by the fair hands of some loved and cherished one at home, were swallow-tailed standards, bearing the armorial colours, and emblazoned with the crests of their owners, each charged with the blood-red cross of St. George.

Shortly before the hour appointed for the start, officers and men assembled, for the last time, for the customary morning prayers. Immediately after this service was concluded the order was given to "prepare to march," and amidst the cheers of those few who were, of necessity, obliged to remain on board, fifty-three officers and men,

"A chosen band, stepped boldly forth,
To the unknown West and the unknown North,"

a band of resolute, determined men, eager to emulate the deeds of their predecessors, and willing to risk their lives in bringing to a successful issue the task they had resolved to accomplish.

The temperature at the time of departure stood at 33° below zero, falling on the following day to 45°, or 77° below freezing point. The cold then was so severe as to deprive the majority of the party of sleep, the whole period of rest being occupied in keeping the blood in circulation. The experience gained during the autumn had a very salutary effect on the travellers, the apprehension of frost-bite being in itself sufficient to banish all idea of sleep.

The first day's march was, necessarily, a short one. It was to many their introduction to the "drag-ropes," and symptoms of fatigue were soon detected, caused by the energetic exertions of the inexperienced, who, unlike the veterans of the previous autumn, overtaxed their strength in their ardour to perform a good day's work.

The scene of the first encampment was an animated and picturesque one. The site selected was at the base of a low brow forming a connection or isthmus between a long projecting point of land and the main. Here were pitched our seven tents, and from each one could be seen the smoke from the cooking utensils ascending in spiral columns until lost amidst the clouds. In our rear were the snow-clad hills, whilst in front was the illimitable frozen sea. Men hurried about in the execution of various duties, such as the issuing of provisions, the banking up of the outside of the tents with snow, the re-pack-

ing of the sledges, or the careful covering up of the lading so as to preserve it from snow-drift, all which duties must be sedulously carried out before rest and repose can be sought in the sleeping bags. Not the least hard part of a day's work is that of camping after the toilsome and weary journey, especially when the temperature is low, and a cold sleepless night is anticipated.

The sledges travelled together, mutually assisting and supporting each other, when necessary, until arrival on the eighth day at the depôt of provisions established near Cape Joseph Henry during the past year. Here the supporting sledges, having fulfilled their portion of the work, bade farewell to their companions and returned to the ship. The extended parties advanced on their solitary mission, the northern division leaving the land and pushing straight out on the rugged polar pack, whilst the western party continued the exploration of the coast to the westward.

Meanwhile another extended sledge party, belonging to our consort, was exploring to the eastward along a portion of the northern coast of Greenland. Other parties were also engaged in other important investigations.

In order to give my readers some faint idea of "sledging life," it will be necessary for me to explain as briefly as possible the ordinary daily routine that was invariably followed by all who were engaged in the sledging operations of the late expedition. A description of the clothing worn by the travellers will also, no doubt, prove interesting.

Our travelling costume was somewhat different from that worn during the winter. The underclothing consisted of thick flannel. Over this were worn one or two flannel or check shirts, long sleeved woollen waistcoats, thick knitted guernseys, and duffle* trousers. All wore broad flannel belts, commonly called cholera belts, round their loins. Each person wore a suit of duck "over-alls," which acted as "snow repellers," and were found very useful. As an extra precaution against snow blindness, the men had some device painted on the backs of their duck jumpers in order to afford relief to the eye; the designs, being left entirely to their own imaginations, were more quaint than artistic. On our heads we had the woollen helmet caps so kindly given to us by her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie, and over these were

worn our thick seal-skin caps. Our feet were encased in one, or two, pairs of blanket wrappers, thick woollen hose reaching above the knees, and moccasins. Blanket wrappers were cut from the very best Hudson's Bay blanket, of about sixteen inches square, and were worn wrapped round the feet.

We slept in duffle sleeping bags, and our tent robes were made of the same material. Snow spectacles were invariably used. After their adoption we were comparatively exempt from that painful ailment, snow blindness, which renders all attacked so helpless. We occasionally suffered from it, but only, except in one or two instances, in a mild form. When camped for the night the "snow repellers" are taken off, duffle coats substituted, and the foot gear changed. This was the extent of our toilet.

The important duties of "cook" are equally shared by the whole sledge crew, each performing this office in turn for twenty-four hours. It is, during very cold weather, a most severe and unpleasant task, requiring great patience and powers of endurance.

The cook of the day has always to rise in the morning two hours before the rest of the party, and seldom gets into his bag until two or three hours after the others are comfortably settled; and this, it must be remembered, after a hard day's work. Gladly does he hand over his duties to his successor, happy in the assurance that his "turn" will not come round for another week. His duties commence at an early hour, when, after having lighted his spirit-lamp and converted sufficient snow or ice into water for the morning meal, he re-enters the tent, and, walking unconcernedly on the bodies of the sleepers, proceeds to brush from the top and sides of the tent the condensed moisture that has been accumulating during the night, and which falls in minute frozen particles on the coverlet. This operation being concluded, the coverlet is removed, well brushed, shaken, folded up, and placed on the sledge. In about two hours from the time the cook is first awakened, the cocoa is reported ready, when the remainder of the party are aroused. If the weather is very cold, breakfast is discussed in our bags, in which we all sit up, resembling, in our grey skull-caps and duffle coats, more a gathering of hospital patients than a band of strong robust men. The biscuit-bag is then laid in the middle of the tent; spoons, each man being provided with one, are produced, and the pannikins, containing each one pint of warm cocoa, are handed in. When this is finished the panni-

* Duffle is a thick woollen material resembling blanket or felt, and was used on Arctic service for the first time by the members of the late expedition.

kins are passed out again to the cook, who has in the meantime been preparing the pemican. So hard is this latter article frozen, that the pieces for use have to be chipped off with an axe before they can be put into the stewpan. While the cook's patience is being sorely taxed, and his fingers alternately burnt and frost-bitten in his endeavours to prepare the repast, prayers are read to those inside, foot-gear is changed, and the sleeping-bags rolled up. This operation of dressing and undressing, although entirely limited to the feet, is one of the most disagreeable duties connected with sledge travelling. The hose and blanket wrappers, although kept *inside* the sleeping-bags during the night, the wrappers being frequently tied round the knees to protect them from the cold, were frozen so hard in the morning that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be folded over the feet.

Not the least trying part is that of lacing or tying the stiffly frozen strings of our equally hard moccasins, with fingers either aching from cold or devoid of all sensation.

Immediately the pemican is consumed the orders are given to strike tent, pack sledge, and prepare to march. The drag-ropes are then manned, and with a "One, two, three, haul!" the sledge is started and the march commenced. Care must be taken to scrape the pannikins out with a knife before the refuse inside has time to freeze, otherwise it will be difficult to remove.

Water for washing purposes of any description, whilst sledging, is quite out of the question. Should the daily allowance of fuel be sufficient to enable the cook to make a little extra, it is equally shared amongst the men, but unless it is quickly used it is of little avail, so rapidly is it converted into ice, in spite of the water-bottles being kept inside the waistbands of the trousers! We, in consequence, continually suffered from an intolerable thirst, which could only be appeased at meal-times. The practice of quenching it by putting ice or snow into the mouth is a very dangerous one, and should never be permitted.

After marching for about five or six hours, a halt is called for lunch. This meal consists of four ounces of bacon, a little biscuit, and a pannikin of warm tea to each person.

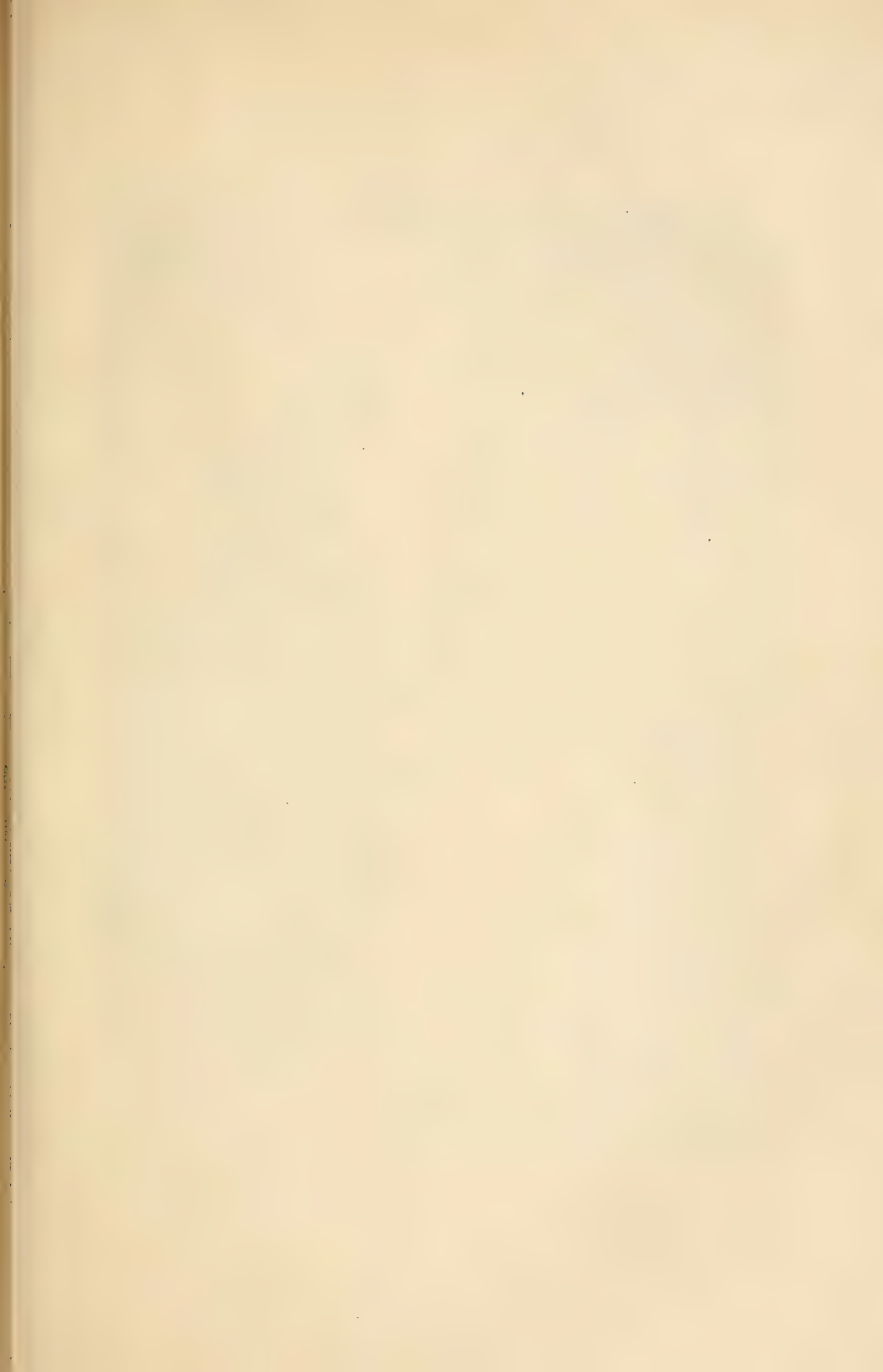
Although the most refreshing and enjoyable of all our meals, luncheon was, when there was much wind or the weather intensely cold, a very trying one. The halt is of necessity long. Frequently an hour or an

hour and a half elapses before the tea is reported ready, during which time the men are compelled to keep constantly on the move to avoid frost-bite. If we are not all suffering from the same cause, the antics of the different individuals in their efforts to keep their feet warm would undoubtedly provoke much laughter. One man sitting down, cross-legged like a Turk, is occupied in belabouring his feet with mittened hands, in his energetic endeavour to restore circulation; others are "marking time" at the double, or jumping up and down in a frantic manner; whilst another, unable any longer to endure the cold, commences furiously to kick the sledge or a hummock with both feet, like one bereft of his senses. Anxiously is the kettle watched, and many are the tender inquiries concerning the state of the water inside. "Does it boil?" is a question frequently asked, and, unless the cook is blessed with an amiable disposition, the perversity of the kettle is sufficient, at times, to drive him almost distracted. The old saw, "A watched pot never boils," was fully exemplified. At length, to the relief and delight of all, the announcement is made that the tea is ready, when all troubles are forgotten in the pleasure and enjoyment of a warm pannikin of tea. Sometimes little difficulties would crop up in consequence of the haste that had to be exercised in the preparation and discussion of this meal. These, although serious at the time, served afterwards to amuse, and were soon forgotten. On one occasion, the water having been boiled, and the cook having, as he thought, carefully added the tea and sugar, which were as carefully stirred up, the allowance of tea was served out and eagerly drank by the wearied sledgers, who were only too glad to receive anything warm. It was not until some time after the allowance had been consumed that the cook discovered he had omitted to put in the *tea*, and had served out simply a decoction of warm water and brown sugar! Sometimes the tea was made from salt-water ice, the cook having inadvertently mixed it before tasting the water!

Our bacon was as a rule frozen so hard as to be almost uneatable, and it was only by thawing it in our warm tea that it was rendered at all palatable.

The time for halting for the night varied considerably, but when the order was given it was always received with very great satisfaction, especially when a good day's work had been accomplished, with the prospect of fair travelling on the morrow.

(To be concluded in next number.)





"WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES."

WHY FRAU FROHMANN RAISED HER PRICES.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.—AND GOLD BECOMES CHEAP.

"BUT if there is more money, sir, that ought to make us all more comfortable." This was said by the Frau to Mr. Cartwright a few days after her return from Innsbruck, and was a reply to a statement made by him. She had listened to advice from Hoff the butcher, and now she was listening to advice from her guest. He had told her that these troubles of hers had come from the fact that gold had become more plentiful in the world than heretofore, or rather from that other fact that she had refused to accommodate herself to this increased plenty of gold. Then had come her very natural suggestion, "If there is more money that ought to make us all more comfortable."

"Not at all, Frau Frohmann."

"Well, sir!" Then she paused, not wishing to express an unrestrained praise of wealth, and so to appear too worldly-minded, but yet feeling that he certainly was wrong according to the clearly expressed opinion of the world.

"Not at all. Though you had your barn and your stores filled with gold, you could not make your guests comfortable with that. They could not eat it, nor drink it, nor sleep upon it, nor delight themselves with looking at it as we do at the waterfall, or at the mill up yonder."

"But I could buy all those things for them."

"Ah, if you could buy them! That's just the question. But if everybody had gold so common, if all the barns were full of it, then people would not care to take it for their meat and wine."

"It never can be like that, surely?"

"There is no knowing; probably not. But it is a question of degrees. When you have your hay-crop here very plentiful, don't you find that hay becomes cheap?"

"That's of course."

"And gold becomes cheap. You just think it over, and you'll find how it is. When hay is plentiful, you can't get so much for a load, because it becomes cheap. But you can feed more cows, and altogether you know that such plenty is a blessing. So it is with gold. When it is plentiful, you can't get so much meat for it as you used to do; but, as you can get the gold much easier, it will come to the same thing,—if you will swim

with the stream, as your friend in Innsbruck counselled you."

Then the Frau again considered, and again found that she could not accept this doctrine as bearing upon her own case. "I don't think it can be like that here, sir," she said.

"Why not here as well as elsewhere?"

"Because we never see a bit of gold from one year's end to the other. Barns full of it! Why, it's so precious that you English people, and the French, and the Americans, always change it for paper before you come here. If you mean that it is because bank-notes are so common——"

Then Mr. Cartwright scratched his head, feeling that there would be a difficulty in making the Frau understand the increased use of an article which, common as it had become in the great marts of the world, had not as yet made its way into her valley. "It is because bank-notes are less common." The Frau gazed at him steadfastly, trying to understand something about it. "You still use bank-notes at Innsbruck?"

"Nothing else," she said. "There is a little silver among the shops, but you never see a bit of gold."

"And at Munich?"

"At Munich they tell me the French pieces have become—well, not common, but not so very scarce."

"And at Dresden?"

"I do not know. Perhaps Dresden is the same."

"And at Paris?"

"Ah, Paris! Do they have gold there?"

"When I was young it was all silver at Paris. Gold is now as plentiful as blackberries. And at Berlin it is nearly the same. Just here, in Austria, you have not quite got through your difficulties."

"I think we are doing very well in Austria;—at any rate, in the Tyrol."

"Very well, Frau Frohmann; very well indeed. Pray do not suppose that I mean anything to the contrary. But though you haven't got into the way of using gold money yourself, the world all around you has done so; and, of course, if meat is dear at Munich because gold won't buy so much there as it used to do, meat will be dearer also at Innsbruck, even though you continue to pay for it with bank-notes."

"It is dearer, sir, no doubt," said the

Frau, shaking her head. She had endeavoured to contest that point gallantly, but had been beaten by the conduct of the two butchers. The higher prices of Hoff at Innsbruck had become at any rate better than the lower prices of that deceitful enemy at Brixen.

"It is dearer. For the world generally that may suffice. Your friend's doctrine is quite enough for the world at large. Swim with the stream. In buying and selling,—what we call trade,—things arrange themselves so subtly, that we are often driven to accept them without quite knowing why they are so. Then we can only swim with the stream. But, in this matter, if you want to find out the cause, if you cannot satisfy your mind without knowing why it is that you must pay more for everything, and must, therefore, charge more to other people, it is because the gold which your notes represent has become more common in the world during the last thirty years."

She did want to know. She was not satisfied to swim with the stream as Hoff had done, not caring to inquire, but simply feeling sure that as things were so, so they must be. That such changes should take place had gone much against the grain of her conservative nature. She, in her own mind, had attributed these pestilently increased expenses to elongated petticoats, French bonnets, swallow-tailed coats, and a taste for sour wine. She had imagined that Josephine Bull might have been contented with the old price for her eggs if she would also be contented with the old raiment and the old food. Grounding her resolutions on that belief, she had endeavoured not only to resist further changes, but even to go back to the good old times. But she now was quite aware that in doing so she had endeavoured to swim against the stream. Whether it ought to be so or not, she was not as yet quite sure, but she was becoming sure that such was the fact and that the fact was too strong for her to combat.

She did not at all like swimming with the stream. There was something conveyed by the idea which was repugnant to her sense of honour. Did it not mean that she was to increase her prices because other people increased theirs, whether it was wrong or right? She hated the doing of anything because other people did it. Was not that base propensity to imitation the cause of the long petticoats which all the girls were wearing? Was it not thus that all those vile changes were effected which she saw around her on

every side? Had it not been, her glory, her great resolve, to stand as fast as possible on the old ways? And now in her great attempt to do so, was she to be foiled thus easily?

It was clear to her that she must be foiled, if not in one way, then in another. She must either raise her prices, or else retire to Schwatz. She had been thoroughly beaten in her endeavour to make others carry on their trade in accordance with her theories. On every side she had been beaten. There was not a poor woman in the valley, not one of those who had been wont to be so submissive and gracious to her, who had not deserted her. A proposed reduction of two kreutzers on a dozen of eggs had changed the most constant of humble friends into the bitterest foes. Seppel would have gone through fire and water for her. Anything that a man's strength or courage could do, he would have done. But a threat of going back to the old wages had conquered even Seppel's gratitude. Concurrent testimony had convinced her that she must either yield—or go. But, when she came to think of it in her solitude, she did not wish to go. Schwatz! oh yes; it would be very well to have a quiet place ready chosen for retirement when retirement should be necessary. But what did retirement mean? Would it not be to her simply a beginning of dying? A man, or a woman, should retire when no longer able to do the work of the world. But who in all the world could keep the Brunnenthal Peacock as well as she? Was she fatigued with her kitchen, or worn out with the charge of her guests, or worried inwardly by the anxieties of her position? Not in the least, not at all, but for this later misfortune which had come upon her—a misfortune which she knew how to remedy at once if only she could bring herself to apply the remedy. The kaplan had indiscreetly suggested to her that as Malchen was about to marry and be taken away into the town, it would be a good thing that Peter should take a wife, so that there might be a future mistress of the establishment in readiness. The idea caused her to arm herself instantly with renewed self-assertion. So they were already preparing for her departure to Schwatz! It was thus she communed with herself. They had already made up their minds that she must succumb to these difficulties and go! The idea had come simply from the kaplan, without consultation with any one, but to the Frau it seemed as though the whole valley were already preparing for her departure.

No, she would not go! With her strength and her energy, why should she shut herself up as ready for death? She would not go to Schwatz yet awhile.

But if not, then she must raise her prices. To waste her substance, to expend the success of her life in entertaining folk gratis who, after all, would believe that they were paying for their entertainment, would be worse even than going to Schwatz. "I have been thinking over what you were telling me," she said to Mr. Cartwright about a week after their last interview, on the day before his departure from the valley.

"I hope you do not find I was wrong, Frau Frohmann."

"As for wrong and right, that is very difficult to get at in this wicked world."

"But one can acknowledge a necessity."

"That is where it is, sir. One can see what is necessary; but if one could only see that it were right also, one would be so much more comfortable."

"There are things so hard to be seen, my friend, that let us do what we will we cannot see clearly into the middle of them. Perhaps I could have explained to you better all this about the depreciation of money, and the nominal rise in the value of everything else, if I had understood it better myself."

"I am sure you understand all about it, —which a poor woman can't ever do."

"But this at any rate ought to give you confidence, that that which you purpose to do is being done by everybody around you. You were talking to me about the Weisses. Herr Weiss, I hear, had his salary raised last spring."

"Had he?" asked the Frau with energy and a little start. For this piece of news had not reached her before.

"Somebody was saying so the other day. No doubt it was found that he must be paid more because he had to pay more for everything he wanted. Therefore he ought to expect to have to pay you more."

This piece of information gave the Frau more comfort than anything she had yet heard. That gold should be common, what people call a drug in the market, did not come quite within the scope of her comprehension. Gold to her was gold, and a zwansiger a zwansiger. But if Herr Weiss got more for his services from the community, she ought to get more from him for her services. That did seem plain to her. But then her triumph in that direction was immediately diminished by a tender feeling as

to other customers. "But what of those poor Fraulein Tendels?" she said.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Cartwright. "There you come to fixed incomes."

"To what?"

"To people with fixed incomes. They must suffer, Frau Frohmann. There is an old saying that in making laws you cannot look after all the little things. The people who work and earn their living are the multitude, and to them these matters adjust themselves. The few who live upon what they have saved or others have saved for them must go to the wall." Neither did the Frau understand this; but she at once made up her mind that, however necessary it might be to raise her prices against the Weisses and the rest of the world, she would never raise them against those two poor desolate frauleins.

So Herr Weiss had had his salary raised, and had said nothing to her about it, no doubt prudently wishing to conceal the matter! He had said nothing to her about it, although he had talked to her about her own affairs, and had applauded her courage and her old conservatism in that she would not demand that extra zwansiger and a half! This hardened her heart so much that she felt she would have a pleasure in sending a circular to him as to the new tariff. He might come or let it alone, as he pleased. Certainly,—certainly he ought to have told her that his own salary had been increased!

But there was more to do than sending out the new circular to her customers. How was she to send a circular round the valley to the old women and the others concerned? How was she to make Seppel, and Anton, and Josephine Bull understand that they should be forgiven, and have their old prices and their increased wages, if they would come back to their allegiance, and never say a word again as to the sad affairs of the past summer? This circular must be of a nature very different from that which would serve for her customers. Thinking over it, she came to the opinion that Suse Krapp would be the best circular. A day or two after the Cartwrights were gone, she sent for Suse.

Suse was by no means a bad diplomat. When gaining her point she had no desire to triumph outwardly. When feeling herself a conqueror, she was quite ready to flatter the conquered one. She had never been more gracious, more submissive, or more ready to declare that in all matters the Frau's will was the law of the valley than now, when she was given to understand that

everything should be bought on the same terms as heretofore, that the dairy should be discontinued during the next season, and that the wild fruits of the woods and mountains should be made welcome at the Peacock as had heretofore always been the case.

"To-morrow will be the happiest day that ever was in the valley," said Suse in her enthusiasm. "And as for Seppel, he was telling me only yesterday that he would never be a happy man again till he could find himself once more at work in the old shed behind the chapel."

Then Suse was told that Seppel might come as soon as he pleased.

"He'll be there the morning after next if I'm a living woman," continued Suse energetically; and then she said another word, "Oh, meine liebe Frau Frohmann! it broke my heart when they told me you were going away."

"Going away!" said the Frau, as though she had been stung. "Who said that I was going away?"

"I did hear it."

"Psha! it was that stupid priest." She had never before been heard to say a word against the kaplan; but now she could hardly restrain herself. "Why should I go away?"

"No, indeed!"

"I am not thinking of going away. It would be a bad thing if I were to be driven out of my house by a little trouble as to the price of eggs and butter! No, Suse Krapp, I am not going away."

"It will be the best word we have all of us heard this many a day, Frau Frohmann. When it came to that, we were all as though we would have broken our hearts." Then she was sent away upon her mission, not, upon this occasion, without a full glass of kirschwasser.

On the very day following Seppel was back. There was nothing said between him and his mistress, but he waited about the front of the house till he had an opportunity of putting his hand up to his cap and smiling at her as she stood upon the doorstep. And then, before the week was over, all the old women and all the young girls were crowding round the place with little presents which, on this their first return to their allegiance, they brought to the Frau as peace-offerings.

The season was nearly over when she signified to Malchen her desire that Fritz Schlessen should come out to the valley. This she did with much good humour, explaining frankly that Fritz would have to

prepare the new circulars, and that she must discuss with him the nature of the altered propositions which were to be made to the public. Fritz of course came, and was closeted with her for a full hour, during which he absolutely prepared the document for the Innsbruck printer. It was a simple announcement that for the future the charge made at the Brunnenthal Peacock would be seven and a half zwansigers per head per day. It then went on to declare that, as heretofore, the Frau Frohmann would endeavour to give satisfaction to all those who would do her the honour of visiting her establishment. And instructions were given to Schlessen as to sending the circulars out to the public. "But whatever you do," said the Frau, "don't send one to those Tendel ladies."

And something else was settled at this conference. As soon as it was over Fritz Schlessen was encountered by Malchen, who on such occasions would never be far away. Though the spot on which they met was one which might not have been altogether secure from intrusive eyes, he took her fondly by the waist and whispered a word in her ear.

"And will that do?" asked Malchen anxiously; to which question his reply was made by a kiss. In that whisper he had conveyed to her the amount now fixed for the mitgift.

CHAPTER VIII.—IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ANY OF THEM.

AND so Frau Frohmann had raised her prices, and had acknowledged herself to all the world to have been beaten in her enterprise. There are, however, certain misfortunes which are infinitely worse in their anticipation than in their reality; and this, which had been looked forward to as a terrible humiliation, was soon found to be one of them. No note of triumph was sounded; none at least reached her ear. Indeed, it so fell out that those with whom she had quarrelled for a while seemed now to be more friendly with her than ever. Between her and Hoff things were so sweet that no mention was ever made of money. The meat was sent and the bills were paid with a reticence which almost implied that it was not trade, but an amiable giving and taking of the good things of the world. There had never been a word of explanation with Seppel; but he was late and early about the carts and the furniture, and innumerable little acts of kindness made their way up to the mother and her many children. Suse

and Josephine had never been so brisk, and the eggs had never been so fresh or the vegetables so good. Except from the working of her own mind, she received no wounds.

But the real commencement of the matter did not take place till the following summer,—the commencement as regarded the public. The circulars were sent out, but to such letters no answers are returned; and up to the following June the Frau was ignorant what effect the charge would have upon the coming of her customers. There were times at which she thought that her house would be left desolate, that the extra charge would turn away from her the hearts of her visitors, and that in this way she would be compelled to retire to Schwatz.

"Suppose they don't come at all," she said to Peter one day.

"That would be very bad," said Peter, who also had his fears in the same direction.

"Fritz Schlessen thinks it won't make any difference," said the Frau.

"A zwansiger and a half a day does make a difference to most men," replied Peter uncomfortably.

This was uncomfortable; but when Schlessen came out he raised her spirits.

"Perhaps old Weiss won't come," he said, "but then there will be plenty in his place. There are houses like the Peacock all over the country now, in the Engadine, and the Bregenz, and the Salzkammergut; and it seems to me the more they charge the fuller they are."

"But they are for the grand folk."

"For anybody that chooses. It has come to that, that the more money people are charged the better they like it. Money has become so plentiful with the rich, that they don't know what to do with it."

This was a repetition of Mr. Cartwright's barn full of gold. There was something in the assertion that money could be plentiful, in the idea that gold could be a drug, which savoured to her of innovation, and was therefore unpleasant. She still felt that the old times were good, and that no other times could be so good as the old times. But if the people would come and fill her house, and pay her the zwansiger and a half extra without grumbling, there would be some consolation in it.

Early in June Malchen made a call at the house of the Frauleins Tendel. Malchen at this time was known to all Innsbruck as the handsome Frau Schlessen who had been brought home in the winter to her husband's

house with so very comfortable a mitgift in her hand. That was now quite an old story, and there were people in the town who said that the young wife already knew quite as much about her husband's business as she had ever done about her mother's. But at this moment she was obeying one of her mother's commands.

"Mother hopes you are both coming out to the Brunnenthal this year," said Malchen. The elder fraulein shook her head sadly. "Because——" Then Malchen paused, and the younger of the two ladies shook her head. "Because you always have been there."

"Yes, we have."

"Mother means this. The change in the price won't have anything to do with you if you will come."

"We couldn't think of that, Malchen."

"Then mother will be very unhappy;—that's all. The new circular was not sent to you."

"Of course we heard of it."

"If you don't come mother will take it very bad." Then of course the ladies said they would come, and so that little difficulty was overcome.

This took place in June. But at that time the young wife was staying out in the valley with her mother, and had only gone into Innsbruck on a visit. She was with her mother preparing for the guests; but perhaps, as the Frau too often thought, preparing for guests who would never arrive. From day to day, however, there came letters bespeaking rooms as usual, and when the 21st of June came there was Herr Weiss with all his family.

She had taught herself to regard the coming of the Weisses as a kind of touchstone by which she might judge of the success of what she had done. If he remained away it would be because, in spite of the increase in his salary, he could not encounter the higher cost of this recreation for his wife and family. He was himself too fond of the good living of the Peacock not to come if he could afford it. But if he could not pay so much, then neither could others in his rank of life; and it would be sad indeed to the Frau if her house were to be closed to her neighbour Germans, even though she might succeed in filling it with foreigners from a distance. But now the Weisses had come, not having given their usual notice, but having sent a message for rooms only two days before their arrival. And at once there was a little sparring match between Herr Weiss and the Frau.

"I didn't suppose that there would be much trouble as to finding rooms," said Herr Weiss.

"Why shouldn't there be as much trouble as usual?" asked the Frau in return. She had felt that there was some slight in this arrival of the whole family without the usual preliminary inquiries,—as though there would never again be competition for rooms at the Peacock.

"Well, my friend, I suppose that that little letter which was sent about the country will make a difference?"

"That's as people like to take it. It hasn't made any difference with you, it seems."

"I had to think a good deal about it, Frau Frohmann; and I suppose we shall have to make our stay shorter. I own I am a little surprised to see the Tendel women here. A zwansiger and a half a day comes to a deal of money at the end of a month, when there are two or three."

"I am happy to think it won't hurt you, Herr Weiss, as you have had your salary raised."

"That is neither here nor there, Frau Frohmann," said the magistrate, almost with a touch of anger. All the world knew, or ought to know, how very insufficient was his stipend when compared with the invaluable public services which he rendered. Such at least was the light in which he looked at the question.

"At any rate," said the Frau as he stalked away, "the house is like to be as full as ever."

"I am glad to hear it. I am glad to hear it." These were his last words on the occasion. But before the day was over he told his wife that he thought the place was not as comfortable as usual, and that the Frau with her high prices was more upsetting than ever.

His wife, who took delight in being called Madame Weiss at Brixen, and who considered herself to be in some degree a lady of fashion, had nevertheless been very much disturbed in her mind by the increased prices, and had suggested that the place should be abandoned. A raising of prices was in her eyes extortion;—though a small raising of salary was simply justice, and, as she thought, inadequate justice. But the living at the Peacock was good. Nobody could deny that. And when a middle-aged man is taken away from the comforts of his home, how is he to console himself in the midst of his illeness unless he has a good dinner? Herr Weiss had therefore deter-

mined to endure the injury, and as usual to pass his holiday in the Brunnenenthal. But when Madame Weiss saw those two frauleins from Innsbruck in the house, whose means she knew down to the last kreutzer, and who certainly could not afford the increased demand, she thought that there must be something not apparent to view. Could it be possible that the Frau should be so unjust, so dishonest, so extortionist as to have different prices for different neighbours! That an Englishman, or even a German from Berlin, should be charged something extra, might not perhaps be unjust or extortionist. But among friends of the same district, to put a zwansiger and a half on to one and not to another seemed to Madame Weiss to be a sin for which there should be no pardon. "I am so glad to see you here," she said to the younger fraulein.

"That is so kind of you. But we always are here, you know."

"Yes;—yes. But I feared that perhaps—. I know that with us we had to think more than once about it before we could make up our minds to pay the increased charges. The 'magistrat' felt a little hurt about it." To this the fraulein at first answered nothing, thinking that perhaps she ought not to make public the special benevolence shown by the Frau to herself and her sister. "A zwansiger and a half each is a great deal of money to add on," said Madame Weiss.

"It is, indeed."

"We might have got it cheaper elsewhere. And then I thought that perhaps you might have done so too."

"She has made no increase to us," said the poor lady, who at last was forced to tell the truth, as by not doing so she would have been guilty of a direct falsehood in allowing it to be supposed that she and her sister paid the increased price.

"Soh—oh—oh!" exclaimed Madame Weiss, clasping her hands together and bobbing her head up and down. "Soh—oh—oh!" She had found it all out.

Then, shortly after that—the next day—there was an uncomfortable perturbation of affairs at the Peacock, which was not indeed known to all the guests, but which to those who heard it, or heard of it, seemed for the time to be very terrible. Madame Weiss and the Frau had—what is commonly called—a few words together.

"Frau Frohmann," said Madame Weiss, "I was quite astonished to hear from Agatha

Tendel that you were only charging them the old prices."

"Why shouldn't I charge them just what I please,—or nothing at all, if I pleased?" asked the Frau sharply.

"Of course you can. But I do think, among neighbours, there shouldn't be one price to one and one to another."

"Would it do you any good, Frau Weiss, if I were to charge those ladies more than they can pay? Does it do you any harm if they live here at a cheap rate?"

"Surely there should be one price—among neighbours!"

"Herr Weiss got my circular, no doubt. He knew. I don't suppose he wants to live here at a rate less than it costs me to keep him. You and he can do what you like about coming,—and you and he can do what you like about staying away. You knew my prices. I have not made any secret about the change. But as for interference between me and my other customers, it is what I won't put up with. So now you know all about it."

By the end of her speech the Frau had worked herself up into a grand passion, and spoke aloud, so that all near her heard her. Then there was a great commotion in the Peacock, and it was thought that the Weisses would go away. But they remained for their allotted time.

This was the only disturbance which took place, and it passed off altogether to the credit of the Frau. Something in a vague way came to be understood about fixed incomes;—so that Peter and Malchen, with the kaplan, even down to Seppel and Suse Krapp, were aware that the two frauleins ought not to be made to pay as much as the prosperous magistrate who had had his salary raised. And then it was quite understood that the difference made in favour of those two poor ladies was a kindness shown to them, and could not therefore be an injury to any one else.

Later in the year, when the establishment was full and everything was going on briskly, when the two puddings were at the very height of their glory, and the wild fruits were brought up on the supper-table in huge bowls, when the Brunnenthal was at its loveliest, and the Frau was appearing on holidays in her gayest costume, the Cartwrights returned to the valley. Of course they had ordered their rooms much

beforehand; and the Frau, trusting altogether to the wisdom of those counsels which she did not even yet quite understand, had kept her very best apartments for them. The greeting between them was most friendly,—the Frau condescending to put on something of her holiday costume to add honour to their arrival;—a thing which she had never been known to do before on behalf of any guests. Of course there was not then time for conversation; but a day or two had not passed before she made known to Mr. Cartwright her later experience. "The people have come, sir, just the same," she said.

"So I perceive."

"It don't seem to make any difference to any of them."

"I didn't think it would. And I don't suppose anybody has complained."

"Well;—there was a little said by one lady, Mr. Cartwright. But that was not because I charged her more, but because another old friend was allowed to pay less."

"She didn't do you any harm, I dare say."

"Harm;—oh dear no! She couldn't do me any harm if she tried. But I thought I'd tell you, sir, because you said it would be so. The people don't seem to think any more of seven zwansigers and a half than they do of six! It's very odd,—very odd indeed. I suppose it's all right, sir?" This she asked, still thinking that there must be something wrong in the world when so monstrous a condition of things seemed to prevail.

"They'd think a great deal of it if you charged them more than they believed sufficient to give you a fair profit for your outlay and trouble."

"How can they know anything about it, Mr. Cartwright?"

"Ah,—indeed. How do they? But they do. You and I, Frau Frohmann, must study these matters very closely before we can find out how they adjust themselves. But we may be sure of this, that the world will never complain of fair prices, will never long endure unfair prices, and will give no thanks at all to those who sell their goods at a loss."

The Frau curtsied and retired,—quite satisfied that she had done the right thing in raising her prices; but still feeling that she had many a struggle to make before she could understand the matter.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

BY PROFESSOR SIR WYVILLE THOMSON, F.R.S.

II.—ASCENSION.

ON the morning of the 27th March, 1876, we were close to the island of Ascension, and as we neared the land the weather became thick and heavy all round, and there was a very heavy rain-squall, which lasted some hours. It cleared off about noon, and the dark-red cones and craters of the lower part of the island were visible to the north-eastward. I was sitting writing below as we approached the land, and did not go on deck until we had cast anchor in eleven fathoms in Clarence Bay, off Tartar Stairs, the landing-pier of George Town. The sun was just setting, and the outlines and colouring had a most improbable effect; the near cones perfectly symmetrical and of a deep crimson; intermediate rough lava masses, like cinders seen through a huge magnifying glass, deep brown or pitch black; and in the middle Green Mountain, an irregular peak of grey trachite, the grey of the rock melting into the curious blue-green of the Australian foliage above.

Ascension is certainly a strange little place. It is purely volcanic, and though there is now no sign whatever of volcanic activity, the cones of tufa are so fresh, and so defined and vivid in their different shades of brown and red, and the lava-beds are so rugged, apparently utterly unaffected by atmospheric action, that the impression is irresistible that it is a lately-formed heap of cinders and ashes probably resting upon slumbering fires. The island is irregularly oval in form, about seven and a half miles long by six wide; the position of the central peak is latitude $7^{\circ} 56' 58''$ S., longitude $14^{\circ} 20'$ W.; it is directly in the path of the south-east trade, so that there is an exposed weather side with abrupt cliffs and precipices and unsafe landing, and a lee side where there is the settlement and anchorage. As in almost all these volcanic islands in the path of constant winds, during the periods of eruption the scorïæ and ashes have been driven to leeward of the centre of action, and have produced a bank which now forms good holding anchorage ground.

From the anchorage there is not a particle of vegetation to be seen, except the slight green tinge near the top of Green Mountain, about six miles distant; only a waste of lava and ashes, black, grey, and red, rising peak

after peak, and ridge after ridge, until the harsh outlines and abrupt alternations of colour become somewhat softened down and mellowed in the distance. The little town is placed on a dreary flat of cinders at the end of a valley which winds up between two great cones of red ashes, and eventually reaches the foot of Green Mountain.

There is a small fort mounting rather heavy guns, with a little pier beside it, where there is fair landing in moderate weather. There is, however, a large crane at the end of the pier, and a very slight shift of the trade wind makes it necessary to rig a chair, or a bight of a rope, as the case may be, on the chain and hoist up a new arrival. A neat little church is prominent in the middle of the town, and there is a good machine-shop, a water distillery in case of the supply on the island running short, a barrack for about a couple of hundred marines, a street of officers' quarters, neat little square houses with trim square gardens, and a full complement of ladies and healthy-looking children and showy sub-tropical flowers, a commodious hospital, and a large government store.

All day we could see little parties of marines and kroomen going to or returning from their work, or calling at certain hours at the store for rations to take home to their wives; and officers strolling about in their white tropical undress and "puggeries," or superintending fatigue parties at work on the roads or in the yard.

Everything trim and neat and precise, for Ascension in one curious respect stands alone among all the isles of the sea; it, or I suppose I should say "she," is in commission as one of her Majesty's ships, a tender to the *Flora*, the guard-ship at the Cape of Good Hope, and is at present under the genial and popular command of Captain East. All the inhabitants of the island are more or less in connection with the service, and a few years ago discipline was kept up as rigidly on shore as if the island had been in truth a ship on a foreign station; smoking was allowed only at certain hours of the day, and man-of-war routine was enforced not only upon the island staff, but upon strangers also. Of late years discipline seems to have been everywhere relaxed, and in the island of Ascension, as elsewhere, there is a great increase of commu-

nity of feeling and human sympathy throughout the different grades of the service. This depends doubtless greatly upon the personal equation of the commandant, but not entirely so; the old oppressive system under which Ascension, in common with many other ships, suffered some years ago could scarcely exist under present conditions.

Now apparently little is felt of unpleasant

restriction, although the island is under military law, and everything is done in order and at the sound of the bugle. Rations are served out of food and water to every family, so much a head, the amount varying with the supply. As the island is in no sense self-supporting, nearly everything being imported, provisions are only supplied to ships in case of necessity, and at almost prohibitory rates.



In Ascension.

At noon, instead of the town clock lagging out its twelve strokes, the workmen disperse to their mid-day spell to the sharp familiar sound of "eight bells."

The day before we arrived had been most exceptional in the experience of the station. Heavy rain had fallen, as it only knows in the tropics how to fall, for some hours continuously, too rapidly to be absorbed by the

porous ashes, which soon suck up any ordinary tropical shower, and the water had rushed down the valley and swept through the settlement, committing great havoc among their neatly-paved streets and squares. The torrent had rushed far out to sea, red with ashes, and had carried with it quantities of cinders and lumps of pumice, some of which were still floating about on the surface.

During our stay we had a pleasant excursion up to Green Mountain, where we stayed a day or two with Captain East. The road from the settlement is very good, winding up a gentle slope for the greater part of the way among the lava ridges. The whole of the lower part of the island is absolutely barren, a waste of stones with here and there a gnarled cactus stump and a few solanaceous and portulacaceous weeds, which afford scanty food to the guinea fowl, which, at first introduced from the Cape Verd Islands, have become rather numerous in the rocky valleys, and afford a good deal of very exciting, if rather break-neck, sport. The most useful wild plant is the cape gooseberry (a species of *Physalis*), which is very common, and yields an abundance of pleasant sub-acid berries. *Vinca rosea* has spread all about in its white and lilac varieties, and a tuft of its showy flowers is about the only relief to the general sterility. In a genial tropical climate, prevented from being insufferably hot and dry by the moisture-laden trade, and with a soil rich from the decomposition of volcanic materials, it is wonderful what a tendency to vegetation there is.

The beds are so porous that the unfrequent rain dries off at once, but even the slightest shower brings into transient blossom and beauty some little parched-up mummy of a plant in every crevice. If they could only irrigate bit by bit, for a few years, till enough of vegetable soil had been accumulated to make the surface a little more compact and retentive, I am sure the wilderness would soon blossom like the rose. Natural causes will carry this out in time, and no doubt some of Captain East's remote successors in office a few centuries hence will be pruning their vines on the slopes of Cross Hill.

For the last mile the road zigzags up the steep slope of Green Mountain, and the whole character of the scenery suddenly changes. The clouds, driven before the south-east trades, gather and linger about the top of the mountain, and, besides a frequent most refreshing mist, a reasonable amount of rain falls, not only enough to supply the requirements of the little colony on the mountain, but enough, except in exceptionally dry weather, to supply George Town also, whither it is conveyed from Dampier springs and other sources in iron pipes to a reservoir.

An area on the top of the mountain of between four and five thousand acres thus forms an oasis of the most delicious verdure in the middle of the desert, with a charming

climate, the thermometer ranging from about 62° to 82° F.

Like Tristan d'Acunha, Ascension was first formally occupied by Great Britain as a military station in 1815, during the confinement of the Emperor Napoleon in St. Helena. After the death of Napoleon it was determined by the Admiralty to make Ascension a depôt for the refreshment of the African Squadron, and a detachment of marines relieved the garrison in 1822.

The climate of Ascension is wonderfully healthy. With pure clear air, an equable temperature, and a perfectly dry soil, without anything like a swamp or marsh, and with no decaying vegetation, there seem to be none of the usual endemic diseases, and patients suffering from the terrible marsh fevers of the African coast pick up rapidly the moment they are landed.

For many years the chief function of Ascension was that of a sanatorium, the hospital below being filled with fever cases landed from the African ships, which were removed as soon as possible to a charming convalescent hospital on Green Mountain. On one occasion the island paid dearly for its benevolence. In the year 1823 a virulent fever was unfortunately introduced by H.M.S. *Bann*, which carried off nearly half the population.

Of late years, for various reasons, fever has become of so much less frequent occurrence on the African station, that the hospitals of Ascension are usually nearly empty. The demand for fresh provisions is, however, an increasing one, and great care is bestowed on the cultivation of the garden and farm on Green Mountain.

On a little plateau a few hundred feet below the peak, there is a small barrack with a mess-room, and near it several neat detached houses with gardens, occupied by married officers and their families, and the stables and farm buildings.

The large farm-garden—for only a few vegetables and fruits are cultivated, and these in large quantities, for the supply of the station and passing ships—is over the ridge. Sheep thrive fairly on the shoulder of the mountain, which is covered with a fine smooth sward, and planted with sheltering belts and clumps of trees—chiefly introduced from Australia, *Eucalyptus* and *Acacia melanoxylon* occupying prominent places—almost like an English park. I do not know a more giddy walk anywhere than round the peak; from the considerable elevation and the small extent of the island, the descent,

especially on the south side, looks almost precipitous, down to the great rhythmic blue rollers breaking in cataracts of foam upon the cliffs beneath, and as the wind is always blowing sufficiently hard to make one feel a little unsteady, it takes some little time to get sufficiently accustomed to the conditions to enjoy the view, which is certainly magnificent. The whole island, such as it is, lies at your feet like a strangely exaggerated and unskillfully coloured contour map, the great chasms and crater-valleys even more weird and desolate, looking at them from above; and the wide ocean, of the deepest blue, flecked with white by the trade-wind, stretching round beyond to meet the sky in an unbroken and solitary circle.

The great curiosity of Ascension is "Wide-awake Fair," and although we have seen many such fairs, perhaps even more wonderful, during the voyage, they are always objects of renewed interest. From Green Mountain or any of the higher peaks, one can see, lying towards the shore to the right of the road from the settlement, a greyish white patch some square miles in extent. This is a breeding-place of *Sterna fuliginosa*, called there the "wide-awake." The birds are in millions, darkening the air when they are disturbed like smoke; the eggs are excellent, somewhat like a plover's egg in flavour. Ten thousand dozen are sometimes gathered in the breeding season in a single week, and, as they are nearly as large as hens' eggs, they are of some consideration, even as an article of food.

There are at least four other species of sea-birds abundant on the island: the frigate-bird (*Tachypetes aquila*), which causes great havoc among the young turtles as they are escaping from their nests and going down the beach to the sea; two species of *Sula*, at least two petrels, and the pretty tropic bird, *Phaethon aethereus*, which here, as apparently all through the Atlantic, has the tail-feathers pure white. Several of these birds breed upon an outlying islet called Boatswain-bird Island.

Between Christmas and midsummer, Ascension is constantly visited, for the purpose of breeding, by the common green turtle, *Chelone midas*. In that time each female is supposed to make three or four nests. The beaches in some of the bays, particularly on the west side of the island, are composed of a rough calcareous sand, made up entirely of small, smooth, rounded pieces of shell. The female turtle scrambles

about one hundred yards or so above high-water mark, where she digs a pit eight or ten feet across by a foot or two deep, and buries in it fifty or sixty eggs, which she carefully covers over with sand. She then returns to the water till another batch of eggs is ready, when she repeats the process in another place. The young come out of the egg in about a couple of months, and, scrambling through the sand, make their way at once to the water. The females are taken by the usual operation of "turning" as they are going back to the sea, and are placed in ponds into which the tide flows, below the fort of George Town. There are always a large number of the strange-looking creatures in the ponds, whence they are regularly supplied to passing men-of-war. No male turtles are ever seen. The weight of a good-sized turtle is from four to five hundred-weight. I do not think they are by any means so delicate for table use as the much smaller ones in the West Indies.

Fish are abundant round the island, and of many kinds—mullet, rock-cod, cavallos, and others. They are sufficiently good, for tropical fish, but of little account to those accustomed to the northern turbot and had-dock.

The wild quadrupeds and decapods, which may be here classed together as their habits and propensities are very similar, are rats and land-crabs, both doing a great deal of damage in the gardens by destroying the roots of vegetables and fruit-trees. The rats kept out of the way during the day, but we often saw the crabs, and we were told to knock them on the head (or whatever answers that purpose) when we fell in with them.

I am almost disappointed that we did not see the "rollers," although, for many reasons, their occurring just at that time would have been very inconvenient. It must be a wonderful phenomenon—an enormously heavy swell arising in a perfectly calm sea, without any apparent cause, and breaking against the leeward coast of the island with almost irresistible fury. There was a slight threatening of something of the kind as we embarked, with more than usual difficulty, at Tartar Stairs on the 2nd of April, and bade farewell to Captain East and his model colony, thinking how comparatively easy it was to make a little corner of the world tidy and comfortable, and in every way respectable, if it were not expected to be self-supporting.

OUR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

PART IV. (*conclusion*).

A SUITABLE site having been selected, the tent is pitched, the outside being banked up with snow to the height of about two feet. The tent robes, knapsacks, and sleeping bags, are passed in and deposited in their respective places. The cook in the mean time is busily engaged in the necessary preparations for supper. Immediately the tent is ready, the men enter, shift their foot gear, and struggle into their half-frozen bags, their toes and feet having previously been examined for the detection of frost-bites; should any be discovered, circulation is restored as speedily as possible and the injured part dressed. As a rule the moccasins, hose, and blanket wrappers are so firmly frozen together that they are with difficulty separated, and are pulled off the feet as *one* article of clothing.

It was amusing to witness the frantic exertions made by some in their efforts to put on the duffle coats. So stiff and hard were they frozen, that the operation was an intensely aggravating one, and when accomplished, so helpless were the men, until the heat from their bodies had rendered the coats supple, that they were with a great deal of truth likened to "strait jackets." When the men are comfortably ensconced in their bags, supper, consisting of tea and pemican is served; after which, pipes are lighted, conversation ensues, and the allowance of grog is served out. Songs will sometimes be called for, or perhaps a book will be read aloud; but whatever amusement is resorted to for the purpose of enjoying the half hour after supper, whether it is reading, singing, or yarning, all are cheerful, contented, and happy.

Home is a great topic of conversation, and what each one intends doing when he returns to England is freely discussed.

This period of the day, when the temperature is not too low, is undoubtedly the most pleasing and comfortable part of the twenty-four hours.

Before composing ourselves to sleep, the cook, having made the necessary preparations for the morning's breakfast, passes in our coverlet. It is impossible for those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of Arctic sledge travelling, to conceive what this coverlet is like when handed in. It resembles wood, or sheet iron, more than an

article of woollen material. With difficulty it is unfolded, when it stands up in the centre like a second tent, and not all the beating with which it is assailed will knock it into shape: this is only regained when the heat emanating from our bodies has sufficiently thawed it, and it then becomes a "wet blanket" indeed.

It was a strange farewell that was taken on that cold day on the rugged ice-floe, amidst bristling hummocks and heaped-up snow-drifts, as one division of sledges turned to the westward, and the other pursued its course northward, to unknown difficulties and hoped-for discoveries.

Brief was the parting, but sincere were the heart-felt wishes for each other's success.

Hearty British cheers resounded in the icy wilderness as we bade adieu to our fellow-travellers, the echoes from which had scarcely died away before their forms vanished from our view in the thick driving snow that shrouded in mist the surrounding objects. It was no time for reflection; for now all our energies, both mental and physical, had to be devoted to the furtherance of the great work with which we were entrusted. Resolutely did the men turn to their drag-ropes, and with light and willing hearts commence their toilsome advance.

The serious obstacles that so persistently impeded the progress of the northern division were immediately encountered. To make any advance it was necessary to organize a strong party of roadmakers, whose duty was to construct a road, with pickaxes and shovels, through broad fringes of heavy squeezed-up hummocks, that invariably surrounded the different ice-floes. Along this road, when completed, the three sledges were dragged one at a time. Amongst the hummocks the snow lay very deep, often up to the men's waists, and sometimes of such a depth that it was impossible to advance before a passage was cleared with shovels. The floes, although heavy, were never of any great extent.

A terrible conflict appeared to have been fought between the ponderous masses of ice over which we travelled, that had so shattered and split them up as to give one the idea of a tempestuous broken sea suddenly frozen.

Vainly did we attempt to console ourselves with the idea that this irregular and broken-up sea of ice was only caused by our proximity to the land, and that as we advanced in a northerly direction we should meet with long smooth level floes, over which we should be able to make up for the time lost whilst struggling through the heaped-up masses of hummocks that we were then encountering.

Our hopes proved delusive. Instead of the floes increasing in size and getting more level, the reverse was the case; hummocks varying from fifteen to fifty feet in height, extending in broad belts or fringes from twenty yards to half a mile in breadth, were met; the few floes fallen in with being small, though heavy, and presenting an uneven surface. Road-making became a work of daily occurrence. Occasionally the sledges would have to be unpacked and considerably lightened before they could be dragged through the deep soft snow. So thick was the snow that great rents and fissures in the ice were treacherously concealed by it, and only discovered by some unfortunate man breaking through and almost disappearing.

With such difficulties to contend with, the daily rate of progress was distressingly slow; but although the actual distance accomplished during the day would only be from a mile and a half to two miles, so often had the same road to be traversed by the entire party, that a distance of ten, twelve, and fifteen miles was usually that estimated at the conclusion of a day's journey.

Sometimes a gale of wind would render travelling totally out of the question. Nothing more wretched can be imagined than a forced detention on one of these occasions. Unable to stir outside the tent on account of the dense snow-drift that is whirling around; too cold to read or even to sit up in one's bag for the sake of conversation; tent robes frozen so hard that no warmth can be derived from them,—a combination of these evils renders the lot of those who suffer from them one indeed of abject misery. Frequently, when the gale subsides, is the drift found piled more than half-way up the sides of the tent, whilst the sledge is altogether buried beneath an enormous heap of snow.

But as a contrast to this, the bright sunny days, lighting up the snowy world that surrounded us, dispelled all thoughts of these discomforts, and the present and the future alone occupied our minds. On such days, so highly crystallized was the surface snow, that it sparkled and glittered with the most brilliant

iridescent colours. The ground on which we walked appeared to be strewn with bright and lustrous gems; diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, being the most prominent. It was, indeed, a fairy-like picture, but how strangely at variance with this scene of enchantment were the dirty, rough-clad, and weather-beaten travellers that formed the chief feature of the lovely scene! With faces scarified by the combined action of sun and frost and black with smoke, with the tips of their fingers senseless from repeated frost-bites, with sore shoulders and aching limbs, the wearied sledgers pursued their way, indifferent to the beauties that surrounded them or to the discomforts they encountered.

Nothing occurred to break the stillness. No sound broke the intense solitude. No signs of life were met with, save the solitary track of a little lemming, seen about three miles from the shore, and the footprints of some poor wandering hare that had strayed at least twenty miles from the land only to die of starvation and exhaustion amid this desolate frozen waste.

The little animal first named, called by naturalists the *Myodes lemmus*, is the most diminutive, yet the most common, of all quadrupeds in the Arctic Regions.

In size and appearance it resembles something between a mouse and a mole. They are extremely pugnacious, and often attract attention, when they would otherwise be unobserved, by their shrill cries of rage at the approach of any one. They hibernate in burrows under the snow, and live during the summer on the scant vegetation of the climate.

Great as were the natural difficulties to be combated by the explorers, yet another and a more terrible one rose up against them. Scurvy, that fearful and wasting disease, so dreaded by our mariners of old, appeared, and gradually, but surely, laid its dread hand upon the men, completely prostrating and rendering them utterly helpless. The poor fellows were assailed one by one, but they gallantly resisted the insidious attacks of their terrible foe, until flesh and bone refused, however much the mind was inclined, to proceed any further, and they fell on the snow, requesting to be left there to die rather than be a hindrance or a trouble to their comrades. Nobly did these brave men battle with this fell disease, struggling on manfully, and keeping on their feet, until pain and weakness alike compelled them to submit to being carried on the sledges.

On the thirty-fourth day after leaving the

ship, the northern division were dragging five disabled and helpless men on their sledges! The heavier of the two boats had long ere this been abandoned, but the extra weight to be carried and the diminution in the strength of the party fully counteracted the benefit that would otherwise have been gained by this step.

The temperature, too, remained remarkably low; the thermometer never rose above zero until the very last days of April. Even in the middle of May the temperature was frequently as low as 17° below zero.

The monotony of the travelling was indescribable; day after day was the same, each one the counterpart of the preceding, and no change of scenery, nothing but hummocks and snow-drifts, snow-drifts and hummocks. At length on the 12th of May the party arrived at a perfect labyrinth of squeezed-up hummocks, an irregular chaotic sea of ice, travelling over which would entail great hardships and meagre results. This being the fortieth day out, and having only thirty days' provisions remaining on the sledges, it was resolved to return. But in order to ensure being within four hundred miles of the North Pole, the party, leaving their sledges and the sick, who were comfortably settled inside the tents, proceeded to push their way over hummocks and through deep snow-drifts to the northward. After more than two hours' walking, in which time, however, barely more than a mile was accomplished, a halt was called shortly before noon. The artificial horizon was set up, and the flags and sledge standards, brought for the especial purpose, displayed. A good meridian altitude was obtained, and the latitude $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$, or three hundred and ninety-nine and a half miles from the North Pole announced!

Three cheers were called for and given by the party, then all sang the "Union Jack of Old England," the "Grand Palæocrystic Sledging Chorus," winding up, like loyal subjects as they were, with "God save the Queen."

What a scene surrounded this little band of men that had penetrated further north than the foot of man had yet trodden! Surely Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," must have been depicting the veritable scene when he said,—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."

In spite, however, of these surroundings, suggesting everything that was dreary and desolate, mirth and happiness seemed to reign paramount amongst them. Perhaps

there is something in the idea of being where no other man had ever been, or of being one of a party that had planted the British colours in a higher northern latitude than any human being had hitherto reached, that produced such feelings. Whatever it was, it was shared in by all; even the sick, prostrate as they were, participated in the general feeling. Their toilsome journey, they knew, had terminated. Every day would bring them nearer to their ship and to those supplies that were necessary to restore them once again to health and vigour. Long will that 12th of May be remembered by the little party which on that day succeeded in unfurling the Union Jack on the most northern part of our globe yet reached by man.

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, was the determination arrived at that further progress northwards was out of the question. Still they had the consolation of knowing and feeling, that the motto engraved on their flag-staff:

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

had been fully carried out by each individual member of the party. They felt that their want of any very great success could not be attributed to a lack either of energy or perseverance. With five of their little force disabled, and as many more showing decided scorbutic symptoms, prudence counselled a return, however much inclination might have prompted an advance. It was a bitter ending to all their aspirations, compensated, however, to a certain degree, by the fact that they were homeward bound.

Day by day did their strength diminish. Gradually, but surely, did each and every one feel the cruel grasp of the disease, as they struggled manfully on, dragging their poor helpless companions, in spite of racking pains and aching limbs. Although themselves attacked by the dreadful malady, the men who were still able to work forgot their own sufferings in their endeavours to ameliorate those of their more helpless comrades. Unmindful of their own miserable plight whilst performing the tender and soothing offices of nurses to others, they proved themselves to be worthy followers of those men who fell fighting by the side of Nelson, or who patiently laid down their lives with Franklin. Surely the late enterprise has proved, beyond a doubt, that the seamen and marines of our navy have in no way deteriorated since those days. This, in itself, is not one of the least important results obtained by the recent expedition.

But to return to our sledge travellers. Slowly and wearily was the homeward march resumed. Often was the same road traversed, as the sledges were dragged singly along. It was most fortunate that they were able to adhere to the road constructed during the outward journey; should they by ill luck wander away from and lose it, they knew their chances of returning safely would be poor indeed! Snow fell heavily the greater part of the time, and fogs and gales of wind had to be endured; rest there was none; onward, was the order of the day. The temperature had reached a more comfortable height, although during the entire month of May it never rose above the freezing point. Frost-bites were now no longer dreaded, in fact, they had become things of the past.

As the malady gradually assumed the mastery over the party, so did the appetites decrease, until it was with the greatest difficulty that any could be induced to eat at all. Instead of each man consuming one pound of pemican per diem, the same quantity sufficed for the entire party in one tent; occasionally even this was not all consumed. Hunger was never felt, but aching bones and sleepless restless nights formed the general causes of complaint. Complaint, however, is not the correct term to use, for more uncomplaining and enduring men it would be difficult to find.

Before many days had elapsed from the time of commencing the homeward journey, it became only too painfully evident that, to ensure reaching the land alive, the sledges must be considerably lightened to admit of a more rapid advance. To do so it was necessary to abandon the remaining boat; but this was decided on only after very serious and mature deliberation; it was a *dernier ressort*; a choice of the lesser of two evils. Should a disruption of the pack occur, and already ominous signs of such an event had been observed, without a boat the party would indeed be placed in a helpless position; but, again, should the boat be retained, the weights to be dragged by the debilitated and weakened crew would be so excessive as to preclude all possibility of reaching the land before the provisions were expended; they would thus be reduced to the verge of starvation. Again, it was of the utmost importance that dispatch should be exerted in reaching the ship and placing the sick under medical treatment, the disease extending so rapidly as to produce a marked change for the worse every day. The boat,

therefore, and all unnecessary weights, were abandoned. Still, so few were left able to work, that they were actually dragging a greater weight per man than they did when leaving the ship. Cheerfully did they "buckle" to their work, joking each other as they hobbled along. Their lameness went by the name of "the Marco Polo limp," which they said would be introduced by them into England, and become the fashionable gait. The disease itself was called "the Joseph Henry mange."

Nothing appeared to subdue the spirits or the courage of these brave fellows. Orders were always executed with the greatest willingness and good humour, and with as much alacrity as they were capable of evincing.

On the 28th of May, great excitement was caused by the appearance of a little snow bunting, that fluttered about amongst the hummocks, uttering its, to us, sweet and pleasant chirp. No wonder this little warbler was such an object of interest: it was the first bird we had seen for nine long months. Even the invalids on the sledges requested they might have their faces uncovered so as to both see and hear the little friend that had suddenly appeared amongst us, as it were a messenger, to welcome our party back to life and friends. Anxiously was it regarded and long was it watched as it flew towards the land, to which we were now slowly approaching.

Many a silent prayer was offered up to Him to protect and watch over us, when large cracks were observed between the floes—showing only too plainly that in a very brief time, perhaps only a few days, the disruption we so dreaded would take place—and to grant us strength to drag our poor helpless companions to a place of safety. In the words of one of those who, left on board the *Alert*, were anxiously looking forward to our return,—

"He heard their prayer; He made them strong,
He bore their stalwart limbs along;
Planted their sturdy footsteps sure;
Gave them courage to endure;
Taught them, too, for His dear sake,
Many a sacrifice to make,—
By many a tender woman's deed
To aid a brother in his need."

On the 5th of June, after an absence of two months, the party once more set their feet on *terra firma*.

The dépôt of provisions established near Cape Joseph Henry for their use was found intact; but something more than provisions alone was now needed for the safety of the party.

So rapid had been the encroachments of the disease that immediate succour was necessary for their salvation. At the rate of progress that they were then making, it would take them three weeks to reach their ship, although only forty miles distant. The few who were able and strong enough to drag the sledges would barely last as many days. It therefore became absolutely necessary that assistance should be speedily obtained. To procure it, one was ready and willing to set out on this lonely and solitary mission, with the full confidence of being able to accomplish what he had undertaken.

On the 7th of June this officer started on his arduous march for the *Alert*. The God-speeds uttered by those for whose succour he was about to undertake a long and

hazardous walk were deep and heartfelt, and his retreating form was anxiously watched until gradually lost sight of amidst the interminable icy sea. Although the loss of one strong man from the party was seriously felt, still the knowledge that active steps had been taken to procure aid was sufficient to compensate for this reduction from their strength. They persevered at the drag-ropes, resolutely and with renewed hopes. Many a wistful glance was directed towards the south, in the faint hope of seeing the approach of that succour they were well aware must arrive to ensure their safety.

But on the day following the departure of the officer, sadness and despondency prevailed amongst the little band. One of their number had received that summons to which



Musk Oxen.

all must at some time attend, and had been called to his long account. This was a fearful and unexpected blow to many, who regarded themselves as being in a more critical and precarious condition than that of their dear comrade just departed.

Sad and mournful indeed was the small procession that wended its way slowly to the new-made grave, dug out of a frozen soil of snow and ice; and there, with the tears trickling down their weather-beaten and begrimed faces, with their hearts so full as to choke all utterance, they laid the remains of their late fellow-sufferer in his last icy resting-place.

A rude cross, improvised out of the rough materials that their own equipment supplied, with a pencilled inscription, marks the lone

and drear spot in that far-off icy desert where rests our comrade in his long sleep that knows no waking.

The order to renew the march was gladly received, every one being desirous of quitting a place so fraught with sad and melancholy associations.

The late mournful event had produced a despondency in that little band to which they had hitherto been strangers. One and all felt and knew that assistance, to be of any avail, must arrive speedily. They felt more their own weakness and helplessness, and dreaded a recurrence of what had just taken place. The journey was silently and wearily resumed; only five men and one officer were capable of dragging the sledges, still heavily laden with their more helpless

comrades. On the day following that on which the funeral had taken place, shortly after the march had been commenced, a moving object was suddenly seen amidst the hummocks to the southward. With what intense anxiety this object was regarded is beyond description. Gradually it emerged from the hummocks, a hearty cheer put an end to a suspense that was almost agonizing, as a dog-sledge, with three men, was seen to be approaching. A cheer in return was attempted, but so full were the hearts of all that it resembled more a wail than a cheer. They felt they were saved, and a feeling of thankfulness and gratitude was uppermost in their minds as they received a warm and hearty welcome from those who had hurried out to their relief the moment intelligence of

their distress had reached them. A reaction appeared to take place. Those who a few short moments before were in the lowest depths of despondency appeared now in the most exuberant spirits. Pain was disregarded and hardships were forgotten as numerous and varied questions were asked and answered.

On the day following, another and a larger relief party came to their assistance; and on the 14th of June, seventy-two days after their departure from the *Alert*, the northern division arrived alongside their ship.

What a contrast to their start did the return afford! Then, on that bright April morning, all were in the highest spirits, cheerful and enthusiastic, looking forward with confidence to a comparatively success-



Lemmings.

ful issue to their undertaking—a fine, strong, and resolute band.

Alas! how different was the return! Out of that party of fifteen men, one had gone to his long home, eleven others carried alongside the ship on sledges dragged by a party despatched to their relief, and only the remaining three capable of dragging the sledge, and they scarcely able to move one leg before the other. It was indeed a sad and terrible calamity with which they had been afflicted, totally unexpected, and unparalleled in the annals of Arctic sledging experiences. The sufferings of the two other extended sledge parties were simply a repetition of those of their comrades engaged in the northern division, and need not be further alluded to. Enough has been said

on this matter to give some faint idea of what our “sledging life in the Arctic Regions” was like.

The anxiety that was felt on board the ships until all the sledging parties had returned was very great. Indeed, their lot was hardly more enviable than that of the travellers.

It is a curious fact connected with those who were for a long period absent from their ship, that the hair on their faces was bleached nearly white. The loss of colour was gradual, and although noticed was never alluded to, each one imagining that his companions' hair was turning grey from the effects of hardship and anxiety. It was only after their return to the ship that those possessing beards and mustaches discovered the

change of hue in their own hair. The colour gradually returned in about three or four weeks.

The good ship *Alert* was now converted into a regular hospital, and might almost be said to be solely in charge of the medical authorities, for those who were not actually under treatment were placed at the disposal of the doctor to act as nurses, cooks, or attendants. Unremitting were they in their duties and attentions, and it is entirely due to the patient and unceasing watchfulness of the medical staff that we owe the complete recovery of the sick.

Fresh provisions being an indispensable item towards the attainment of this object, shooting parties were organized amongst the officers for this purpose, and the whole country for a radius of many miles well scoured in search of game.

This service was carried out with such energy, that a fresh meat meal was issued daily to the sick.

Six musk oxen, many geese, a few hares, and some seals were obtained. Everything possessing life was shot, and consigned to the "pot." Nothing escaped our eager sportsmen, who had for their share all the foxes and owls that they succeeded in shooting, which they devoured with avidity and pronounced delicious.

Mustard-and-ress was raised in sufficient quantities on board to serve out periodically a small allowance to the sick. Like the hair on our faces, it grew white and blanched, totally devoid of all green colouring. By the time the snow had disappeared from the valleys and sides of the hills, there were a sufficient number of convalescents on the list who were able to go on shore to gather sorrel, often returning with large quantities.

Meanwhile active preparations were being made for the purpose of releasing the ship from her icy bondage.

All the stores and provisions were re-embarked, instruments brought on board and carefully put away, boats hoisted up, the screw lowered, and the engines reported in good working order.

By means of powder we succeeded in blasting a passage, from the position in which we had been imprisoned for eleven long months, to a channel of water immediately outside our friendly floe-bergs.

Great was the excitement on board when on the morning of the 31st of July orders were given to raise steam with all dispatch. A fresh south-westerly wind had blown the ice off the shore, leaving a clear channel of

water extending as far as could be seen to the southward. By seven A.M. the ship was free and afloat, and at eight o'clock the colours were hoisted; and we succeeded without much difficulty in steaming clear of the prison that had so securely, and so long, held us in its icy fetters.

Who can describe the relief experienced by all, on hearing again the long-silent throbbing of the engines, and feeling the ship in motion?

No pang of regret was felt at leaving that barren sterile coast off which we had passed so many days, yet we could not but be grateful to the kind floe-bergs which had during that time protected us from the merciless ice.

Short-lived, however, was the feeling of delight and relief in being once more exposed to the vicissitudes of ice navigation. A few short hours demonstrated most clearly the capriciousness of our implacable enemy.

Ice of a very heavy description off Cape Union, for a time, completely obstructed further advance.

Excessive caution had to be exercised whilst situated amongst these ponderous floes;

"For ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

Patience, combined with perseverance, were essential virtues in order to ensure a safe deliverance from our unwieldy foes.

A constant and vigilant watch had to be kept on the drifting pack, and the ship moved from time to time to avoid a "nip." We frequently observed a heavy floe coming into contact with the large grounded floe-bergs that lined the coast, forcing them over or crumbling them into small and shapeless fragments, clearly illustrating our own fate, should we be so unfortunate as to be caught between the two.

The order, "Up screw and rudder!" was given and carried out several times every day. Preparations, as on the outward journey, were made for abandoning the ship, and everything was in readiness that could possibly be foreseen in the event of a catastrophe of any description.

It was remarkable the cool and *nonchalant* way in which every one spoke of the loss of his home, and the prospect of being cast on the ice with little warning.

The *Discovery* being within some forty miles might account for the light manner in which such a calamity was regarded; but it was impossible to disguise the fact that the loss of our good ship would be a very serious, not to say uncomfortable, event.

On the 7th and 8th of August the ship was subjected to some very severe and heavy nips. On the latter day a large floe-berg, being driven into contact with the vessel, forced her on shore, lifting her stern bodily out of the water to the height of about five feet. The noise of the cracking beams and the groaning of the timbers were sounds that few who have heard them will ever forget. To those below, the crumbling of the pitch in the deck seams sounded like a shower of hail beating on the upper deck. Most fortunately, the floe-berg was heavy, and therefore grounded before it had time to cause the destruction of the vessel.

Our position was by no means a pleasing one. The spirits of the desponding sank still lower. An unusual pressure from the pack, caused by spring tides or otherwise, must inevitably crush the ship. There was apparently no escape, as, from our experience of the preceding year, we had cause to believe that when once the large floe-bergs grounded along the coast they remained immovable during the whole winter. The only course open to us then, was to reduce the huge mass of ice by which we were imprisoned, so as to lighten it sufficiently to float and drift away at high tide.

This was no sooner resolved on than every working man in the ship, irrespective of rank or station, was busily engaged with pick and chisel in demolishing the obstruction. On the third day so much had been removed, that by the judicious explosion of a heavy charge of powder, immediately alongside the berg, it floated away at high water and released the ship.

On the following evening, we had the very great satisfaction of dropping anchor alongside our consort in Discovery Bay, having been separated from her for nearly twelve months.

An interchange of visitors immediately took place, and the close and long friendship that existed between many was again renewed. Local news, for want of more important intelligence, was fully and freely discussed, and the routine of the winter and the proceedings of the sledge parties were topics of interesting and voluble conversation.

So packed and impenetrable was the ice, that, although several unsuccessful attempts were made to push on, it was not until the 20th that anything like an advance could be made.

On that day, by dint of boring and charging, during which we received some heavy blows, we succeeded in forcing a passage

through the ice in Lady Franklin Straits, and into a broad stream of water extending along the coast to the southward, in which the two ships made good progress.

On the day following, however, so uncertain is navigation in the icy seas, we were compelled to seek refuge from the pack inside a land-locked and apparently well-protected and secure harbour. How deceitful was its appearance of safety! Hardly an hour had elapsed from entering this sheltered retreat, before the *Alert* was severely nipped by a heavy floe and forced on shore. For many hours she remained in a very critical position, as the tide receding left her completely high and dry, and listed over at an angle of 25°.

Strenuous efforts were at once made to lighten and float the ship, and with such good-will and hearty co-operation did all work, that we had the satisfaction of seeing our good ship afloat, and ready to proceed, in about fifteen hours from the time of the accident taking place.

From this time, until the 9th of September, we were engaged in a continual struggle with the ice—frequently detained for many hours, and rarely making more than a few hundred yards during the day. The fast forming ice reminded us unpleasantly of the near approach of winter, whilst the land had already assumed its wintry covering of snow. The newly-formed ice gluing or cementing the broken fragments of floes together, created such an impediment to our advance, that we were on several occasions compelled to relinquish all attempts of penetrating further, and with heavy hearts secure the ships until more favourable opportunities would occur.

It was with no small amount of satisfaction and thankfulness that we eventually emerged from the cold grim clutches that seemed only too anxious and ready to detain us for another winter in the realms of the dreaded Ice-king, and to feel the ships rise and fall once more on the bosom of an undoubted ocean swell. A still greater pleasure was that of receiving and reading late letters from home, to which we had been so long strangers.

Many were the heart-felt expressions of gratitude that rose to the lips of the joyful recipients of home news, towards that gallant officer and friend who had so kindly, so perseveringly, and so generously, in spite of many dangers and difficulties, succeeded in depositing their letters in such a spot as to render their getting them a certainty. Other letters had been left for us on Littleton

Island, but the state of the weather was considered such as to make it injudicious to proceed in search of them. As our arrival in England was only a matter of a few weeks' delay, although we regretted losing our letters, we consoled ourselves with the hope of soon being with the writers themselves.

Experiencing a rough and tempestuous passage across the Atlantic, during which the two ships were separated, they arrived on Sunday, the 29th of October, in the harbour of Queenstown, where they received that warm welcome and hearty hospitality for which that port is so justly celebrated.

This brings to a conclusion my brief account of "Our Life in the Arctic Regions." If I have failed to create that interest in my readers which the subject deserves, my want of success must be attributed partly to the necessary abridgment of a really inexhaustible subject, and partly to my own inability

to depict vividly and graphically the interesting incidents connected with the late expedition.

If I have dwelt rather largely upon the hardships entailed on those who were engaged in the sledging operations, it is because I thought, without them, any description of "Our Life" would be incomplete.

It has been done, therefore, to render the account in its various details more strictly accurate.

As stated at the commencement of this article, all allusions to the results of the expedition have been carefully avoided.

My object has been simply to describe our mode and manners of living, and how we employed ourselves on all occasions.

My readers must not, therefore, suppose that the sufferings endured by the sledge travellers were not fully compensated for by the results that have been obtained.

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THE WORLD.

WE live in days of continual discovery in every direction; discovery, not only of unknown parts of the earth, or of new wonders in the workings of nature, but also of many a long-lost link in the history of mankind. The earnest and persevering researches of men of great learning and ability have been rewarded by their finding keys which open to us unknown languages, unfolding many secrets of the ancient world, casting light upon dark pages of its history, and bringing before us vividly, not only the works and customs, but the thoughts and feelings, the longings and hopes, of the men who trod our earth in ages past.

Amongst the subjects of study and research, religion is one to which some of the foremost of scholars and discoverers have devoted themselves, and it is the one which seems to me to possess the deepest interest. For religion, taken in its highest and truest sense, consists not in ceremonies and mythologies; it is the tie which binds the spirit of man to that which he feels to be beyond him, yet a living presence; above, and yet within him. Man finds himself surrounded by a universe full of wonders and mysteries, some beautiful, some glorious yet awful, some simply terrible, and his nature forces him to seek a maker and a governor thereof. Moreover he feels within himself a world of thoughts, longings, fears, conflicts, hopes, and visions, quite as wonderful and mys-

terious; and he is driven by an unconquerable yearning to seek a source for these also. If even he should look little into these things when in youth, or health, or happiness, yet let him be closely touched by any of the painful mysteries of his being which he cannot solve—suffering, grief, death—then his spirit must strive to find and commune with a Spirit greater than himself.

Nor is this all. He yearns to find, not only the Great Spirit, but the Good Spirit, the source of all goodness. For the very essence of religion is the love of, and the striving after, goodness. Endowed with the power of discerning between the good and the evil, man has an innate reverence for the good, even though, and even when, he yields himself to the evil. And the more true his sense of religion is, the higher is his standard of goodness. Unhappily, the name of religion has been too often made the basis of frightful systems of vice; but these have been produced, not by the true living element of religion, but by its decay, and by the falsehoods which have overgrown it. And wherever earnest truth-seeking minds have sought to reform such a state of decay, they have returned to the principle universally recognised by the human conscience, that true religion and goodness are inseparably linked together.

Religion then, in some form, is a necessity to man as man; and history and experience

seem to prove that as it arises from a need and a longing implanted in his soul, and not to be rooted thence, so it is the influence which works most strongly upon him, both individually and socially. So great is its power over man, as a single separate being, that in all ages there have been those who have felt that their religion—their belief in some spiritual Truth above and yet within them—was more precious to them than all else; that to it they could sacrifice possessions, comforts, home, friends, life itself; that they could bear solitude, ignominy, persecution, and feel that they kept the best thing of all.

Nor has religion less power over man socially. It is the root which gives life, strength, and stability to all the ties which bind human beings to each other. The relations between kindred, between fellow-citizens, between fellow-countrymen, owe their force and sacredness to the uniting and binding influence of religion, and would be broken up were that influence wholly withdrawn. For the virtues which constitute true family life, and true national life, are founded on a religious principle, and decay when that principle is degraded. Civilisation will not supply its place. The most dreary and fearful times of corruption and despair have been times when men, though living amidst the refinements and luxuries of art and civilisation, have grown to think all religion a lie. Such a period there was during the worst days of the Roman Empire, and again in Italy before the Reformation. The one instance of later times when men have deliberately cast off all religion was the French Revolution; and what was the result? A chaos of crime and horror, a "reign of terror," in which men and women seemed transformed into worse than wild beasts.

In seeking to trace with truth the influence of religion upon mankind, we can do nothing without turning to records of the past, for the present is inseparably bound up with the past. Every nation of any culture bears the stamp of the religion of its past on its customs, institutions, laws, works of art, and above all on its literature. And it is with regard to this that great modern scholars have made such valuable discoveries. Where less than a hundred years ago all was to us darkness and silence, they have brought to light the sacred writings of generations of men who lived thousands of years ago. We can read with our own eyes, and compare with our own feelings, the deepest thoughts and highest cravings which worked in men of

widely-different races long before any period of authentic history. And there are few now who will think this useless and uninteresting. Everything is of value which tends to draw us more closely to our kind. We are only too apt to feel ourselves entirely separate from nations whose customs, and languages, and feelings seem different from our own. But when across the wide gulf of ages we hear, however faintly, the voices of those who, in the early days of the world, were searching after light, and truth, and holiness, it ought to make us realise more strongly that we are all of one human family, that there is but one Father of the spirits of all flesh. Surrounded as we are from infancy with Christian influences which have for generations penetrated the feelings and customs of our ancestors, it is hard for us to throw ourselves into the feelings of the ancient heathen. Only those, perhaps, can do so vividly who feel keenly the mystery and awfulness of life, who look into the soundless depths before and behind them, who are filled with searchings of spirit about all things, who know something of what doubt and despair are. For such it is impossible to be indifferent about the religions which have been the only source of comfort and light to millions of men and women amidst their sufferings and searchings, their fears, and their dim hopes. We might care little for the thoughts of an old inhabitant of India, or Persia, or Egypt, if we thought that his existence had passed away for ever; but if it is our belief that every human spirit which has ever lived on earth is living still, and that we personally may in the future life meet and commune with that same ancient Hindoo, or Persian, or Egyptian, how much is this belief realised and intensified by knowing their most sacred feelings, and finding in them the chords to which our own most sacred feelings will vibrate!

One of the most striking forms which history offers to us of the influence of religion, is the impression which one man, by his strong belief, or fervent piety, or intense zeal, can make upon thousands of his fellow-men. One individual man has often been the centre of a spreading wave of thought and action which has extended over immense tracts of the earth and throughout ages of time. And even when men have drifted apart in belief and practice from the founder of their religion, they still honour his memory. The Zoroastrian religion is believed, and Buddhism is known, to have owed its rise to a single great reformer. Mahomet was the

source of the enormous religious movement that bears his name. And the sacred records of the one revealed religion show us how frequently there was given to one man a fuller knowledge of light and truth, which he was to sow abroad among other men. Who can read the Bible without perceiving how strongly Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, stand forth as the central points of vast circles of influence? Is not the "father of the faithful" the sort of human starting-point of their religion alike to Jews, Christians, and Mahometans? And the same powerful tendency of personal influence may be traced among Christian nations up to the present day. This immense religious influence of single minds may have brought much error, much evil with it, but it must also have brought good. No form of religion which has taken a firm hold upon thousands of human beings, can have been wholly evil and false. And often it has been the honest and noble effort of men who have felt the wickedness, corruption, and falsehood which had overgrown other systems, who have eagerly sought to reform them, who have upheld the good, and stood out against the evil. All good must come from God; and wherever we find men seeking and doing that which is good according to the light within them, there we are sure that they were enlightened by a spark of true religion, however faint, and however much mingled with errors and defects. Who can read of such men as Socrates, as Confucius, as the gentle Gautama Buddha, who taught forgiveness of injuries as a necessary virtue, and not feel that the Spirit of God was working in them for good? "In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

Next in importance to the living influence of men upon men, is the influence of sacred writings. The loftiest imaginations, the noblest feelings, the highest aspirations of a people are gathered together in the most impressive and durable form in their religious poetry. This speaks in the same solemn and moving words to men from generation to generation, giving expression to their own half-formed or unspoken thoughts, urging them to noble deeds, arousing all that is highest and best in them. Even in the little we know of the Vedic and Zoroastrian hymns, of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," of the Buddhist hymns, we can perceive something of the immense power they must have had upon the minds of men. And though the Greeks had not ancient sacred

books like these, yet the poets gave utterance in their magnificent tragedies to the nation's highest religious feelings. Christians of all ages have in sacred song poured forth their most fervent prayers and their most triumphant notes of praise. And who can measure the influence of the immortal Hebrew poetry, the psalms and prophecies, which have become as much the inheritance of every Christian as of the Jew?

Differences great and manifold there have been and are, nations varying as much as individuals in their dispositions, ideas, and phases of thought. One race may have a strong leaning to the emotional side of religion, another to the reasoning side. One race is practical, seeks in religion chiefly that which deals with the present life, and shows its faith more in deed than in thought; another is imaginative, ascetic, contemplative, searching into hidden mysteries. But beneath all these conflicting differences there are traces of elements of religion common to all races. Far behind the Polytheism, Pantheism, and even apparent Atheism of nations, we find the idea of one God, dim and vague, and almost lost at times; but at others breaking forth with a bright gleam amid the darkness. We find it overgrown by nature-worship, animal-worship, demon-worship, by idolatry, by priestcraft, by horrible superstitions, and degrading mythologies, yet reviving again in higher minds, and always bringing good with it. And this belief in one living God, after which other nations have dimly felt, was the first and greatest commandment delivered to the Hebrew nation, and had been held by all true worshippers from Abraham, to whom it was "counted for righteousness." Mahometanism stands on a different footing from all heathen religions. Whatever may be thought of Mahomet in other respects, he did, amidst rank idolatry and a most debased Christianity, proclaim the belief in the living God, and this formed the strength of his appeal to human religious instincts.

After this first element of religion, the idea of a God, there are other ideas almost universal among mankind. The conflict in the world and in the soul of man between good and evil has given rise to the general sense that an evil principle must exist; and it is remarkable that the worship, or myth, or symbolism of the serpent has always been connected with the idea of an evil principle. In some cases the power of evil has been supposed to be equal with the power of good, and among degraded races has sometimes been almost the sole object of worship; but

generally it has been the instinctive hope of mankind that good would be finally supreme. This feeling is markedly shown in the Greek tragedies, whose constant refrain is

"Sing sorrow, sing sorrow, yet triumph the good ;"

perhaps even more so in the old Scandinavian mythology, where, after the final conflict between the good and evil powers, and the destruction of all things in the "twilight of the gods," a new earth arises, fresh, and free from sin, and inhabited only by the good.

The belief in an originally high and now fallen state of man has been a general religious idea, and closely joined to this the hope of restoration. This sense of sin and misery, and this hope of future deliverance, have culminated in two prominent features, —the need of sacrifice, and a human ideal. Sacrifice, as connected with the sinfulness of human nature, has been a most powerful religious instinct with mankind. Its results have been various ; it has been degraded into mere abject propitiation of dreaded spiritual agents, into horrible sanguinary rites with human victims ; it has produced almost inconceivable asceticism and self-torture ; it has been elevated into the noblest devotion of self to the Divine Will.

The instinctive longing and looking of mankind for a human deliverer and perfect example may have led to hero-worship, demigod-worship, anthropomorphism ; but it kept hope alive in the hearts of suffering nations, and was a well-spring of noble deeds and devoted lives. Connected with this hope was the mysterious myth of a slain god who yet lived again, common to so many nations. The Osiris of Egypt, the Krishna of the Hindoos, the many incarnations of Buddha, the Orphic Dionysus, the Baldur of the Scandinavians, and other less well-known forms of the same idea, seem all to have been expressions of this yearning after a human ideal. They were also connected with a belief in a future life. Some idea of the immortality of the soul has been almost universal. It has shown itself in the worship of the dead, in the theory of transmigration, in countless dreams and imaginations. Man has felt that his sense of justice, his affections, his highest cravings, would be utterly unsatisfied if this life were all. A future life has been the object of his greatest dread and of his most fervent longings. It may have been degraded into an idea of mere sensuous enjoyment, but it has also been raised into the noblest vision of union with that which is divine.

Can this subject be better closed than by a few words on the influence of the Christian religion ? We believe that in the gospel of Christ alone do all the religious instincts of mankind find their full answer. The wheat is separated from the chaff, and all that is good is purified, elevated, sanctified. The One Living God of the gospel is not a distant Creator, not a hard immovable Fate, not a mere pervading Essence, but the Eternal Father of His human children. The mysteries of sin and death are not explained, but it is proclaimed that the gift of God is victory and eternal life, and that in the new heaven and new earth "there shall be no more curse." The sinful and miserable state of man is not denied, but he is offered redemption from the bondage of sin, he is shown the living way to a sure hope of restoration, and he is promised an ever-abiding Comforter in the Spirit of Truth. His sense of the need of sacrifice is justified by the one great sacrifice of the Son of God, and by the teaching that the Christian should follow his Master in the sacrifice of his own will to that of his Heavenly Father. The longing for a human ideal and deliverer is fulfilled in the perfect Son of Man, the "Desire of nations," who came to reveal "the thoughts of many hearts," to be "the firstborn among many brethren." The hope of immortality is flooded with light and life through Him by whom "death is swallowed up in victory." The vision of a Paradise is sanctioned and made into a home by the promise of a "Father's house" prepared for us, of a heavenly city where we shall "ever be with the Lord," and where "we shall be like Him."

Amidst all rejoicings, the keynote of all other religions was sadness over the vanity of all things human. Amidst all sufferings, the keynote of Christianity is joy and triumph. "If God be for us, who can be against us ?" "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." It is true that we are subject to the same passions and weaknesses as other men ; the same temptations in varied forms beset us. Life and death, sin and suffering, are still shrouded in mystery, which we are nowhere promised shall ever be solved in this life ; we only "know in part," we "see darkly." There are griefs and mysteries which cast a shadow even into the life beyond. But we are bidden to trust ourselves and all things to our God and Father,

"Whose Nature and Whose Name is Love."

CECILIA LUSHINGTON.

HINDOO HOROSCOPES.

AMONG people who believe so firmly in destiny as do the Hindoos, it is only natural that anxious efforts should be made to penetrate the veil that is hung before the future, and that this anxiety, like every other weakness of human nature, should be turned to profitable account by those who traffic in the hopes or fears of the credulous. Astrology, palmistry, and other pretended sciences of prognostication are accordingly still held in great repute in the East, and exercise a very considerable influence upon the lives of the Hindoo masses. When any work of importance is to be done, the first care of the devout Hindoo is of course to find out a lucky day for making a beginning; and if he is not satisfied with the information which his almanac gives him he consults an astrologer, and has the will of heaven, as set forth in the stars, duly explained to him. All the chief events in a Hindoo's life are more or less affected by this belief, and the astrologer consequently becomes a necessary person in native society, and his pains are generally well paid. The drawing up of horoscopes is one of the most profitable branches of an astrologer's practice, and as every Hindoo who is not born in extreme poverty has a horoscope cast, the village astrologer's means of livelihood are as certain as those of his neighbours the *kobiraj*, or quack doctor, and the *guru-mahasaya*, or hedge schoolmaster.

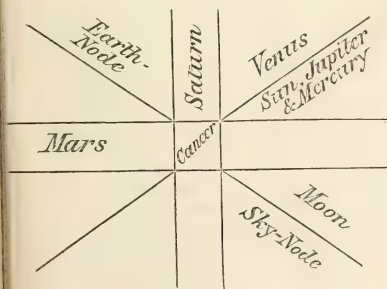
On the sixth night after a child's birth, Vidhata Purusha, the creator of man, is supposed to write its fate upon its forehead in words which are invisible to mortal eye, and which can never be effaced. The next step is to discover what the stars have in store for the infant, and the astrologer is then called in. If the child be a girl, the parents probably may not be at the expense of having a horoscope cast, for daughters are seldom welcome guests in a Hindoo family, as they cannot perpetuate the ancestral name, and as their marriage must entail the payment of a heavy dowry, while an unwedded girl is accounted a reproach to her relatives. But in the case of a boy, parents will pay heavy fees to have his nativity carefully calculated, and the *ganatkara*, or calculator, is feasted and bribed to make the horoscope as favourable as possible, as if he could exercise any control over the position of the planets. If the father is backward in performing this duty, the

astrologer will likely wait upon him and drive a bargain for the calculation of a horoscope. When he has received the exact date of the birth, the astrologer repairs to his dwelling, and having made the necessary observations and calculations, proceeds to draw out the document. The horoscope is written on palm-leaf or on paper; never, so far as we are aware, on parchment, to which the Hindoos would naturally object as being the skin of a dead animal. The fate of the child is forecast up to the age of a hundred, although no guarantee is given that he will reach that, or any, age. For each year the positions of the stars which regulate the child's fortunes are indicated on the horoscope, and the inferences drawn from them are duly set down. These inferences are generally couched in obscure and general formulæ, so that the credit of the *ganatkara* will be preserved whether they are verified or not. *Dhana*, or "increase," and *phanda*, or "misfortune," are two of the words most commonly employed by the astrologer in indicating what the years are to bring forth; and he knows enough of the chequered character of human life to ring a judicious change upon the two terms. When conjunctions of particular stars threaten calamity, a warning is inserted, and sometimes a brief counsel is given as to what ought to be done or avoided. As the whole of the horoscope is written in Sanscrit, a language utterly unintelligible to nine-tenths of the Hindoos, the astrologer has to explain it to the parents. *Shani*, or Saturn, is a planet which is believed to exercise a most adverse influence upon the affairs of men, and the frequent appearance of its sign in a horoscope is a source of great anxiety. "To fall upon Shani," or "to put one's hand upon the hood of a snake," are interchangeable proverbs when a man is spoken of as rushing upon calamity through obstinacy or inconsiderateness. A person born while Saturn is in the ninth stellar mansion is doomed to a life of ill-luck and misfortune, and at such a time only sheer necessity will make the superstitious Hindoo commence any work which he wishes to bring to a successful termination.

The horoscope is preserved among the most precious papers of the family, and is regularly referred to in times of sickness, or when any event of importance seems likely to influence the career of the person for whom it has been cast. In addition to the

superstitious interest which attaches to it, the document possesses a legal value. It answers for the baptismal certificate to the Hindoo, and is generally admitted by the law courts as sufficient evidence when proof of age is required. But like all legal documents, horoscopes are liable to be tampered with when a fraudulent end is to be gained; and in the matriculation examinations for the Indian Universities, and even in the competition for the Indian Civil Service, examiners have been imposed upon by sham horoscopes. The following two specimens of native horoscopes will give a good idea of how these documents may be tampered with. They were put into a Mofussil court as evidences of age in a case in which a father sought to oppose his daughter's marriage, nominally on account of her youth, but really to save him from having to divide his first wife's estate, half of which would have gone to the girl on her marriage. The father accordingly swore that his daughter was under sixteen years of age, and forbade the issue of a marriage certificate by the district registrar on that ground. The case went into court, and two horoscopes were put in, one by the girl's grandmother, which had never left her hands, and another by the father, to the genuineness of which he was also prepared to make oath. In the father's horoscope the date of the girl's birth was noted in English, a circumstance so unusual that it excited the suspicions of the judge, who soon discovered the paper to be a forgery. Here are translations of the two horoscopes :—

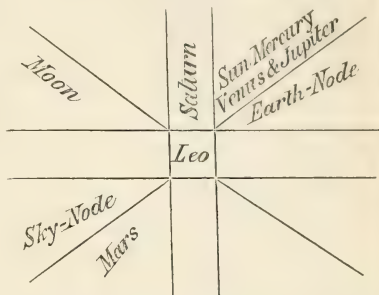
The Genuine Horoscope.



"Girl, born $6\frac{1}{4}$ after dawn on Monday, 11th day of the waning moon of the month of Bysack (from 12th May to 11th June), in the year of King Saka 1780. Very favourable during the first six years and three months; thence the earth becoming the

ruling planet for seven years, the subject of the horoscope will be troubled with worm complaints. The complexion of the body will be beautiful; fortunate in journeys; stout; moles on the back, face, and side; liberal; adversity and prosperity equally balanced; rich; the middle and last periods of life happy."

The Spurious Horoscope.



"Girl, born twenty-eight hours after night-fall on Sunday, the 4th day of the waning moon of the month of Esala (from 12th July to 11th August), in the year of King Saka 1782 (that is to say, on Sunday, the 5th August, 1860)."

The suspicious horoscope contained no prognostications, and the fact that the dates are not computed by the ordinary Hindoo chronology is due to the parties being Singhalese Buddhists.

The prognostications in a horoscope naturally exercise a considerable influence upon the life of its subject. Instances are very common of Hindoos making away with themselves rather than face the calamities with which the stars have threatened them. Ward, the Serampore missionary, mentions that his pundit, a high caste Brahmin, used always to express great thankfulness that his nativity had never been cast, as he had in consequence been saved from many forebodings of evil. Although the predictions of the horoscope should prove to be false, and an epoch which had been set down as calamitous turn out a season of prosperity, the faith of the subject generally remains unshaken. We remember a venerable Brahmin pundit who had been a teacher in Lord Wellesley's college of Fort William, and whose horoscope indicated that he was to die in his eightieth year, which came round six or seven years ago. The worthy man set his house in order, and waited for the end

with the composure and resignation which spring from the consciousness of a well-spent life ; but his eighty-first birthday came and went, leaving him in excellent health and in full possession of his faculties. But still his belief in the influence of the stars remained unshaken, and he seemed on the whole rather disappointed that he had survived to give a handle to scepticism. Such discrepancies are set down to errors of calculation ; but the prognostications are for the most part expressed in such vague and ambiguous language that an astrologer can always defend himself by explaining away a mistake when it is laid to his charge. A more hazardous part of the *ganatkara's* profession is when he is required to practise divination regarding the whereabouts of stolen property. The author of that excellent picture of native life, "Govinda Samanta," tells a good story of the difficulty an astrologer experiences under such circumstances in keeping on the safe side. Two strangers came to a village astrologer to inquire regarding the loss of a cow that had strayed or been stolen. The *ganatkara*, deceived by their appearance, which was above that of ordinary peasants, imagined that the lost property must be some article of jewellery—a gold chain, perhaps, or a diamond ring. After he had traced the usual figures on the floor and muttered some unmeaning charms, he turned to the strangers and said, "You have lost a substance, a substance ; of a metallic nature, of

a metallic nature ; gold, gold, gold ; diamond, diamond, diamond ; yes, it is a gold ring, diamond-set. It is wrapped up in a piece of cloth in the eaves of the cottage-thatch of your maid-servant." "But," said the strangers, laughing outright at his mistake, "it is one of our best cows that we have lost!" "Of course it is a cow," readily replied the astrologer ; "I see I have made a mistake in a figure. A cow it is, and you will find the animal in the house of your maid-servant."

The principles of judicial astrology have been laid down with great minuteness by the Hindoo writers on astronomy, and several treatises on this subject are among the oldest extant writings. The profession of the *ganatkara* is not, however, held in much esteem, and the people who follow it seldom have a knowledge of their subject deeper than the mechanical ability to make the calculations necessary for drawing up a horoscope. The more skilful among them make almanacs, which, in addition to the information usually given regarding the sun, moon, planets, and eclipses, specify the days that are favourable or unfavourable for particular undertakings. The Hindoo almanacs have always been noted for the exactness of their calculations, in spite of the clumsy formulæ by which they are made, the absence of tables, and their ignorance of the principles of spherical trigonometry, which is of so much assistance to the European astronomer.

ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE.

THE LEGEND OF LOCH UISK IN THE ISLAND OF MULL.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

YON vale among the mountains,
 So sheltered from the sea,
 That lake that lies so lonely,
 Shall tell their tale to thee :
 Here stood a stately convent
 Where now the waters sleep,
 Here rose a sweeter music
 Than comes from yonder deep.
 Above the holy building
 The summer cloud would rest
 To listen to the echoes
 Of hymns to God addressed ;
 For the hills took up the chanting,
 And from their emerald wall
 The sounds they loved would, lingering,
 In fainter accents fall.

Hard by, beside a streamlet
 Fast flowing from a well,
 A nun in long past ages
 Had built her sainted cell.
 To her in dreams 'twas given,
 As sacred task and charge,
 To keep as first she found it
 The bright spring's mossy marge.
 "Peace shall, with joys attendant,
 For ever here abide,
 While reverently and faithfully
 Ye guard its taintless tide."

And when she knew her spirit
 Was summoned to its rest,

To all around her gathered
 She gave that high behest ;
 And many followed after
 To seek the life she chose,
 Till, like a flower, in glory
 The cloistered convent rose.

Through Scotland's times of bloodshed,
 Of foray, feud, and raid,
 Their home became the haven
 Where storm and strife were stayed.
 Men blessed each dark-robed sister,
 And thought an Angel trod
 Where walked in love and meekness
 A lowly maid of God.

Right happy were they, lighting
 With love those days of doom ;
 For heart need ne'er be darkened
 By any garment's gloom.
 While life was pure there never
 Was wish in thought to gain
 That world where far behind them
 The Black Nuns left their pain ;
 And time but flew too quickly
 O'er that friend-circle small,
 Where each one loved her neighbour,
 And God was loved of all.

Still from its beauteous chalice
 That well's unceasing store
 Poured forth, through whispering channels,
 The crystal load it bore.
 Faith seemed to bring the fountain
 To seek the light of day ;
 Hope made it bright ; Obedience
 Sought out its gentle way.

Full many a gorgeous summer
 Woke heather into bloom,
 And oft cold stars in winter
 Looked on a sister's tomb,
 Before the joy had withered
 That virtue once had nursed ;
 Before their lord and master
 Grew love for things accursed.
 Lo ! then the stream, neglected,
 Forsook its wonted way ;
 In stagnant pools, dark-tainted,
 Its wandering waters lay,
 Where, choked by moorland ridges,
 Black with the growth of peat,
 Beneath the quaking surface
 The fetid floods would meet,

Till rising, spreading ever,
 Above the chalice green
 Of that fair well, they covered
 The place where it had been.

And near the careless convent,
 Within the hills' deep shade,
 The fate that works in silence
 A lake had slowly made.
 As evil knows not halting
 When passions strongly flow,
 So year by year did deeper
 Those threatening waters grow ;
 Till on an awful midnight,
 When through the windows flamed
 Bright lamps, and songs unholy
 The vesper hour had shamed,
 And wanton sin dishonoured
 The time Christ's birth had crowned,
 They burst their banks in darkness,
 And with their raging sound
 The rocks of all the valley
 Rang for a few hours' space :
 Then this wide loch at morning
 Reflected Heaven's face.

No voice is ever heard there :
 Around the wild deer feed,
 And winds sigh loud in autumn
 Through copse and rush and reed.
 Men say, in nights of darkness
 They pass the water's verge
 And hear, 'mid sounds of revel,
 The "Miserere's" dirge ;
 That faintly, strangely, ever,
 Upon the loch's dark breast,
 Beneath, above, around it,
 Shine lights that will not rest.
 Of all such ghastly phantoms
 Bred of the night and fear,
 By hope of our salvation,
 None meet the daylight clear.
 The blue sky's tender beauties
 Upon those strong floods shine,
 As God's eternal mercy
 Dwells with His might divine.

The swallow, swiftly passing,
 Flies low to kiss the wave
 As it ripples gently over
 Some pure saint's holy grave ;
 And the hunter's eyes discover,
 When the water's clear and still,
 The walls of that proud convent
 Where God hath worked His will.



CHRISTIAN WORK IN BRISTOL.

BRISTOL has been aptly called a "city of churches and charities." Were one prone to find analogies, the expression might be suggestive. Just as St. Mary Redcliffe, St. Stephen's, the Temple, St. James's, and the Cathedral challenge the gaze of all visitors, to the comparative neglect of St. Werburgh's and St. Peter's, with their quaint attractions and associations, not to speak of retiring chapels like that of Highbury, with its martyr memories, and Bethesda, with its peculiar present-day interests; so the Colston Charities and the Ashley Down Orphanages at once fill and take possession of the mind when Bristol charities are spoken of. But to any person really interested in social experiments, and anxious to profit by the earnest endeavours of others, the richest study will be found, we venture to say, among the works that are less celebrated. And this in some degree simply because they are less celebrated. Every one knows how multitudes of children have been educated under the Colston endowments; and how George Müller has reared and kept up palatial structures for his ever-increasing family of orphans, by ways which the world knows not of, or is apt to discredit. The knowledge so widely disseminated of such a work as Müller's, is, however, one that cannot often be practically followed. To do Müller's work in Müller's spirit, a prime requisite is that he be not imitated. He himself was without a model; and so must his true successors be. We leave Ashley Down out of account on this occasion. Our purpose now is to sketch hurriedly some of the less known but still characteristic work being done in the "city of churches and charities," not without hope that many of the points suggested may be found of use to those labouring in other parts.

Prevention, it is said, is better than cure. Considering the currency and acceptance of the saw, it is wonderful how little it is followed out in practice. One of the most marked features of the Bristol Charities that we are to glance at, is the prominence given to this much-neglected maxim. It may be said indeed that all Miss Carpenter's work has been inspired by this idea from the first. A unity in its various branches is discovered at once when they are thus viewed. The Ragged School and Industrial School at Lewin's Mead, the Day Industrial Feeding School and Home to which the former have given place, Park Row Industrial School, and Red Lodge Reformatory, all gain in interest and im-

portance when looked at in this way. They are really branches of a preventive system, which would have been more extensive had the public of Bristol and the country been as fully alive to their own interests five-and-thirty years ago as we believe that they are now. It was in 1834 that Miss Carpenter's attention was first seriously directed to the condition of the very poor in her native city. For some years, though she persevered in visiting and in making herself familiarly acquainted with the real position of matters, nothing effective was accomplished until 1839, when a domestic mission was started. Ill health unfortunately came in at a critical point to interrupt her work. It was not till 1846 that the mission was resumed, when her experience had led her to see that the chief hope lay with the rising generation, and that a ragged school was likely to prove the best preventive. The Ragged School at Lewin's Mead—then a very low and densely-populated part of the city—was the result. It began in the humblest way. She had only five boys at the opening, but it grew rapidly and secured public favour; leading in the course of years to a remarkable reform in that quarter of Bristol. In the meantime Miss Carpenter was engaged in the studies and efforts which issued in the establishment of the Reformatory Schools for Boys at Ringwood, and for girls at the Red Lodge. Lewin's Mead, however, was not forgotten. The number of boys and girls of all ages that were to be found running about the streets—some of whom had already been in prison for acts of petty theft—led to the establishment of the Industrial School there. "Such children could not desire to be admitted into the ordinary schools, nor would they have been admitted had they desired to be so, on account of their undisciplined, rough habits, and their dirty, ragged clothing. The school continued to be confined to this class of children for some years, and the committee had the satisfaction of knowing that many of them became respectable men and women, bringing up their children in an orderly manner. The Bridewell no longer swarmed with children as before." The more experience Miss Carpenter gained, the more convinced she became that it was mainly to the children that philanthropic influences should be directed. In 1854, therefore, a "children's agent" was commissioned to penetrate into the most loathsome dwellings, and to bring the children to school. Not unfrequently

they were found so dirty and unclothed that they could not be taken through the streets. Various circumstances by-and-by arose to make it needful to remove the schools from Lewin's Mead, and suitable quarters were found at St. James's Back. While special difficulties involved in the work were still being contended with, the school-board system began; but Miss Carpenter and her friends found that the most destitute and neglected children were not reached by that system. As the life on the streets was the one thing from which the children should be withdrawn, it was found that a new plan must be adopted to produce any effect. They must be kept the greater part of the day on the school premises; an extensive playground must be provided, as well as easy industrial work. It thus became necessary to wash the children, to supply some articles of clothing for the half nude, and to feed them. In order to secure the right class of children, Mr. Grant, the superintendent, was directed to admit new children only temporarily till their cases had been considered by the School Board, which should then pay the ordinary school-fee for them. A most striking sight is the gathering at St. James's Back. In one room we find a mixed assemblage of boys and girls getting a lesson in reading. The stunted frames, the pale faces, the recently-diseased and shock heads, all tell the old tale of parental neglect. Yet one can easily detect the traces of the school influence. The faces at least are clean and shining, and the dirtiest are for the nonce clad in tidy upper garments. In spite of the general mental dullness of the class, it is astonishing to notice the progress that some of the children have made. We now step into another room to find a band of yet younger children all busily at work. Some are sorting out wool by the colours; some are cutting down rags into the minutest fragments; while others, with deft little fingers, are teasing it down and mixing it with hair for chair-stuffing. Passing through to the back, we find a party of older boys busy at the wash-tub, and another in a shed engaged in wood-chopping. Returning, we enter a room where a number of very little girls are engaged in piecing and repairing old garments of various kinds and make. On asking more particularly about this industry, we are told that the committee had often felt it difficult to repress their desire to put some decent clothing on the children instead of their rags; but that, as this would in many ways have an injurious

effect, they compromise the matter by accepting, from friends of the school, bundles of old clothes, which are here repaired and set in order. The rest of the information on this head puzzled us, for it was added, "and the children buy them." As these mites look unlikely in the most trifling commercial transactions, an expression of surprise on our part brought the further welcome information that the "marks received for good conduct furnish the price for these articles."

The average number of children on the books is one hundred and eight. This number might have been doubled, for the school is in high favour, and not solely for the food given, but the superintendent has rigorously carried out the instructions not to admit any who could by any possibility attend another school. We were not surprised to learn that soon the health of the children greatly improved. And we must not forget to add that this school is but the feeder to a more independent institution—a *Boys' Home*—into which those are drafted who are able to maintain and clothe themselves. Boys who have been found in distress and homeless enter a safe haven here; some who are now paying 1s. a week for lodging had never before slept in a bed! A few who had even been taken before the magistrates, with a view to being sentenced to a certified industrial school, were sent here instead, and have done well—a practical commentary on the over-magisterial view, as well as another tribute to the wisely-applied preventive doctrine, which is very welcome. At present, when the difficulty of dealing with a certain class of children who cannot be received in the ordinary board schools is being felt and debated in many places, may not a leaf be taken from Miss Carpenter's experience for the adaptation of existing ragged schools to this purpose?

From St. James's Back we went to Red Lodge, to see there the most admirable application of the reformatory principle. All seems airy, light, and cheerful, and the quiet contented appearance of the inmates, as they go about their work, corresponds. In the sewing department we saw some very beautiful work, and were much impressed by all that Miss Squire had to show us. The house is itself homely—the furthest possible remove from the uniform barrack-looking style. It is an old family mansion, and abounds in interesting work; the oak carving in the room which is used as a chapel being at once elaborate and simple. We can well believe

what we were told, that the meeting for divine service with Miss Carpenter in this room at regular times has a remarkably subduing and stimulating influence on the girls. We were much impressed by accounts of the efforts that the girls make for others—in many cases willingly working for extra hours—and of the effect that the keeping of the anniversaries of their departed companions has upon them. Park Row Certified Industrial School is but a few steps off, and we now look in there. It is, like the Red Lodge, a private house skilfully adapted to the purpose; about eighty boys are detained in it. Here we saw many tokens of good management. All were busy and seemed active and cheerful, though, as in all such gatherings, there are a large proportion who are weak physically, and are able only for the lightest work. In this matter the arrangements and adaptations are clearly the result of much experience and thought. Many of the boys come in utterly ignorant and unable to do any work, but the regular ways of the house soon have their own effect, even on the worst; and before long they are proud of their achievements over primers, or at gardening, baking, wood chopping, tailoring, carpentering, or other handicraft. The proportion of the boys who lapse in after years is remarkably small; Park Row being able to return ninety-one per cent. as “known to be doing well,” while the average for all the industrial schools of the country is about seventy-two per cent. It is only when we realise that these boys, who look so healthy and orderly, with very few exceptions, have been saved from the treadmill, and from its almost invariable consequence, a confirmed course of vice and crime, that we can estimate the value of the work that has been done and is now being done at Park Row.

Of all the institutions which Miss Carpenter has been so largely instrumental in founding, of two only does she now, owing to years and infirmities, preserve a special share in the direction; these are the Industrial Day School and Home at St. James's Back and the Red Lodge Reformatory.

Another institution of a special kind on account of its preventive character is the Bristol Preventive Mission for Young Girls, at the Royal Fort, St. Michael's Hill. This institution sprang out of the work of the Bristol Female Mission Society, whose agents were often filled with dismay at the number of young girls who, through bad parents, destitution, and idleness, were placed in circumstances of irresistible temptation. They

felt, as they laboured to reclaim those who had sunk in further degradation, that there was growing up around them a generation surely training for a similar life. The committee were therefore led to enter solemnly on the field of preventive labour, “not contemplating the possibility of stopping short till there should be ensured to every girl in Bristol the opportunity of honest employment, and deliverance from those dangers which belong to degrading associations and compulsory idleness.” It was therefore resolved, in the year 1860, to open a Home and to start a free Registry Office. In the Home, now situated in a quaint old-fashioned house on St. Michael's Hill, over forty girls are trained to domestic service, while the registry has been largely patronised. The question of how we may best relieve the children of the poor *without pauperising them* was one which was very carefully considered by the committee. In many cases it was felt that the wife must share the fate of the husband, while yet it was not impossible to save the children. The rules, though not over rigidly framed, have these two points specially in view. At the moment of entrance the parents must sign a paper relinquishing all claim over the girl or her future earnings, and they must bring her with a tidy dress. They are thus, of course, saved the expense of the girl's maintenance, as the Home is free to all Bristol girls over twelve years of age, but *per contra*, they relinquish all share of what she may gain. Those who enter are trained for some months in the various departments of a servant's duties, in laundry, kitchen, and housemaid's work, and also receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Recently it has been deemed advisable to send the younger girls to a neighbouring school in the mornings. After they have completed their training a place is found for them in some small and respectable household, where they are still looked after by the members of the mission. One very good plan in the preliminary training is, that “some time before the girls are regularly settled” they are engaged through the day in working out, returning to the Home to sleep, by which means the managers can form an opinion of the stability and principle of each one, and are thus aided in fixing on suitable places. When once the girl is settled in her place, her name is transferred to the books of the Free Registry Office. From that centre she is visited in her place every month, her wages spent for her in clothing, which is prepared at the office at less than cost price, and a

small bonus is also added to her wages by the mission. Should she fail in service, no return to her home, if a bad one, is needed; she is received into Free Lodgings, where, however, to avoid making her too dependent, she is required out of her wages in hand to supply herself with food. A new place is found for her, and the same watchful care is bestowed on her as before. To give an idea of the amount of work done in this way we may mention that in 1875 three hundred and forty-four were provided with places; thirteen, after being received into the Preventive Home, returned to their own homes at their own desire; four were dismissed; two were transferred to other institutions; sixty-three remained in the Home or on the books of the Office, to be placed out in service when ready. The total number of girls benefited in the year 1875 was four hundred and seven.

Another feature should not be forgotten. The Home receives a few girls from a distance at the rate of 3s. 6d. weekly. These are generally just the sort of girls, whom, did they live in Bristol, it would be advisable to transfer to another place, from amid bad influences. Most of those sent to the Home from different parts of the kingdom are now doing well in service in Bristol.

The expenses of the Home and Office are regulated by the strictest economy. The total cost of food for each inmate, taking a common average for girls and matrons, is about 3s. 5d. weekly. There are two matrons, the teaching of the girls and other work being undertaken by the members of the committee in turn.

We were extremely pleased by the aspect of homeliness and freedom that prevailed. There was nothing of the public charity aspect at the Royal Fort. The girls wore no uniform, nor have they the look of being pursued by an iron system of hours and rules. The feeling of variety and cheerful companionship evidently obtains; and this is no doubt greatly aided by the mode adopted of teaching the girls by various ladies in turn. The volume of letters sent to the matrons by their erewhile charges is very pleasant to read, as showing what could be done, were this system of prevention well and prudently applied on a wide scale and in many large towns. By this we do not mean the foundation of great institutions, but the multiplication of little Homes like this one at all the great centres in our larger cities. Miss Younghusband is quite right when she says, "The Bristol Preventive Home offers one

solution to some social difficulties. It opens out one way, at all events, by which the children of degraded parents can be permanently benefited without affording any encouragement to vice or idleness. Except during their short stay in the Home, the girls earn their living by their own exertions; and at the same time the parents are not allowed to gain any advantage from their work or its wages, while they have also to forego all claim to interfere in the arrangements made for their children. They cannot in any way feel that their neglect of duty has been an advantage either to themselves or their children, who simply receive the protection and guardianship which their parents ought to have given them, and which can now be afforded by voluntary aid alone; for as none of these girls have been convicted of any crime, the State cannot interfere on their behalf. If we consider the far-reaching influence of the Preventive Mission, and the fact that the girls rescued by it will be the mothers of the coming generation, we shall feel that such an organization is well worthy of the demands upon time, faith, and patience which it involves, and be more and more persuaded of the imperative call for some similar institution in each of our large cities." . . .

"As a contrast to this happy and useful life, let us glance at the dark side of the question, and consider for a moment what would have been the fate of almost all of these girls if there had been no helping hand to save them from ruin. The greater number of them would not have had a chance of living a respectable life; one girl who is now doing remarkably well in service had been frequently seen tipsy in the streets before coming to the Home at the age of twelve and a half, and this is but one instance of what these poor girls are saved from. Is it not better, even as a simple question of political economy, to step in at the right moment, and by the expenditure of a little time, a little money, and a great deal of loving care and effort, prevent the evil, rather than to wait till all bad habits have been strengthened by long indulgence, and then endeavour, by years of costly reformatory and prison discipline, to find a cure for it?"

Another institution which much interested us in Bristol was the Nurses' Training Institution, which has been in existence for about fifteen years. In a quiet, unostentatious manner it has done a great deal of work, and well deserves to be extended. In some respects the rules resemble those of the National and Metropolitan Nursery Institu-

tion, in others not. Each pupil must pay an entrance fee of £2, and if she leave before the expiry of her trial month, only £1 is returned to her. Nine months must be spent in training in an Hospital; the rest of the time (three years) in attendance upon the sick (rich or poor). The pupils are allowed a gratuity of £2 at the end of each quarter during their first year of training; after that wages is paid. There are at present fifteen nurses and one pupil on the home staff. We were particularly struck by the arrangement which exists, by which the nurse amongst the poorer class, or "parish nurse," receives from the Lady Superintendent a certain amount of bed linen and blankets for which she is responsible. In cases of great deprivation, where nursing would be useless without such aids as these, she is authorised to lend such articles, and a certain allowance is made to her for washing. She is not allowed to receive any gratuity. The Society has now nurses in six parishes; and all the incumbents speak in the strongest terms of the value of the work, and express their earnest desire that it should be continued.

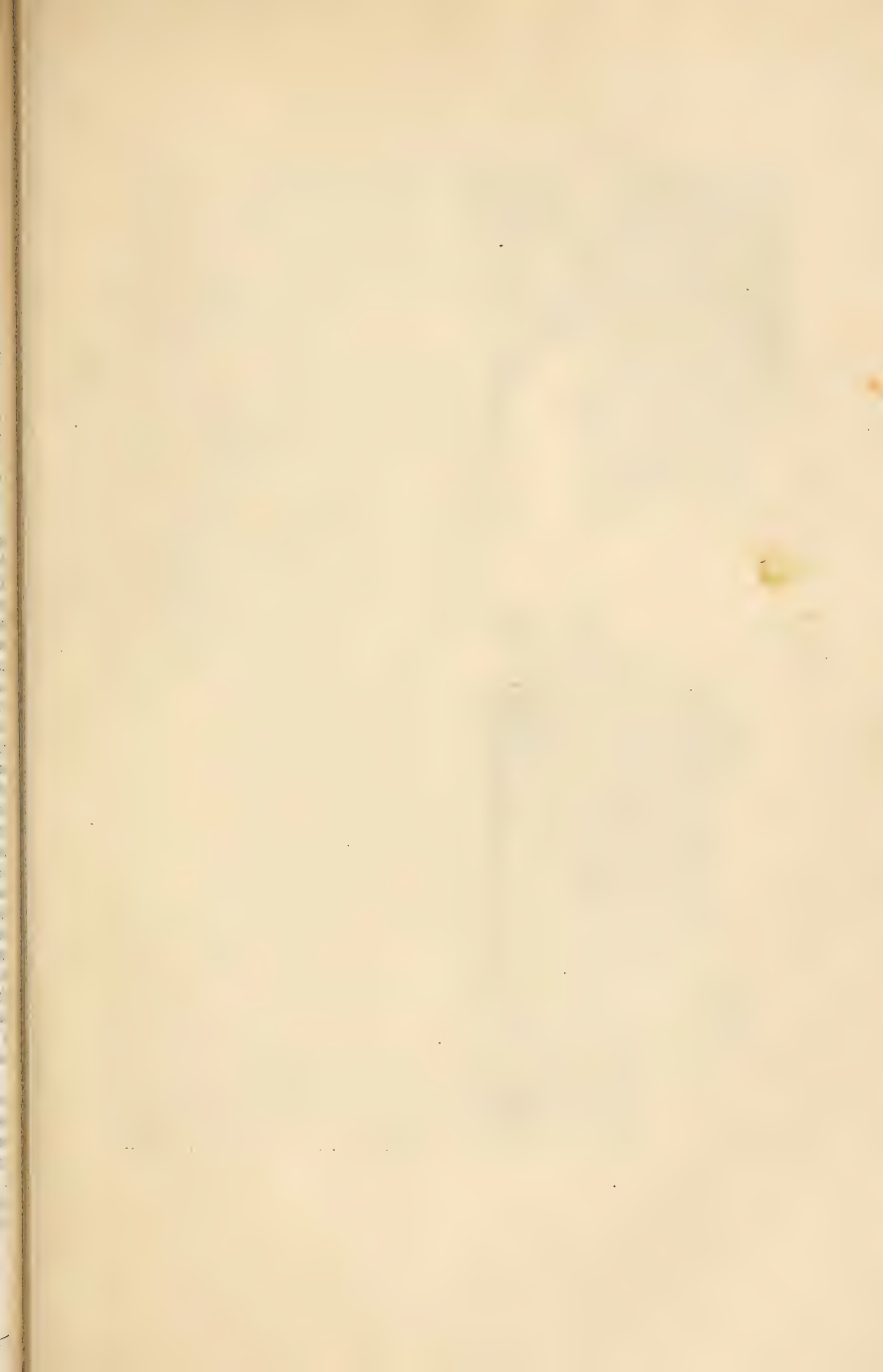
As preventive agencies, we were also particularly interested in the Sailors' Home and the Training-ship *Formidable*. Bristol used in old times to be a port of which the respectable mariner was afraid. It was vicious, drunken, and offered temptations that were almost irresistible. To be convinced of the great changes which have been effected in these respects, one has only to walk through the Sailors' Home which was established in 1852, to inspect the Bethel Ship, or to attend divine service on board. There one will see the sturdy tars muster till they actually fill the ship—till, in spite of the alterations and extensions made only a few years ago, "the place has again become too strait." The ship accommodates about eight hundred persons, and it is truly striking to see the earnest and devout aspect which that congregation presents. Temperance meetings are also held frequently, at which many men, seeing the countenance they will receive from others, give practical guarantees for a new life of sobriety and godliness.

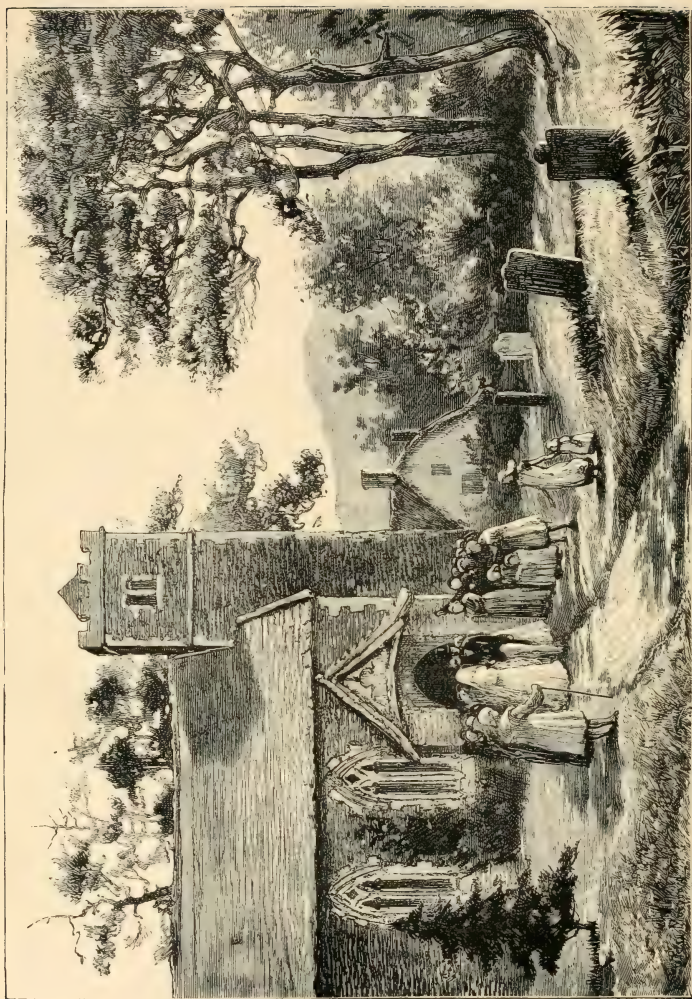
In the Sailors' Home, as at other Sailors' Homes, men of all nationalities are to be seen. Here all are sober and well-conducted. The first thing that is done generally is to commit the care of the money just drawn to Captain Hutchins or his deputy, and then the men

enjoy a period of rest. Innocent pastimes are afforded them—draughts and bagatelle—but all betting is prohibited. There is a good reading-room, and the bedrooms are better fitted up than in several Sailors' Homes we have seen. The number admitted has somewhat decreased during the few years past, but this is accounted for by the fact that the trade of the port is now to a great extent carried on in large steamers and foreign vessels, the men in both cases always living on board their ships when in harbour. The number admitted in 1875 was 1,559, against 1,908 for the year 1874. Of this number 67 were destitute, 107 shipwrecked, and 29 were apprentices. Out of 1,559, the pill agent brought home 725. The deposits during the year amounted to the sum of £5,193, and the voluntary contributions paid by shipping entering the port during the year amounted to £180 16s. 7d.

The Training-ship *Formidable*, which was started in 1869, for training homeless and destitute boys for the merchant service or the navy, has, during later years, had an average of three hundred and fifty boys on board. Some of these boys hail from London and from other towns, Bristol itself supplying only a small proportion of the complement. The ship had in 1875-6 supplied some sixty-seven boys to merchant service and eight to the royal navy, two had returned to their friends, two had gone into the army, and one had been drowned. The conduct of the ship, so far as we could judge, was excellent. The boys appeared in capital health and spirits, and went through their practice with spirit. The school is well sustained, and the trades of carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers are as efficiently taught as well could be. A little tender-ship, *Polly*, has aided the elder boys much in seamanship, as they have taken repeated trips in her to Devonport and elsewhere. It is pleasant to see in the last report that "something like three hundred and fifty lads have been placed out in honourable and useful professions, and are nearly all now doing well."

From this slight glance at some sections of Christian work in Bristol, we think it will be seen that, if Bristol can still learn something from other places, other places may, in some things, take a lesson from her. It was with a view to facilitating this mutually advantageous process that we undertook the writing of this paper.





"DORIS BARUGH."

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DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ANSWER.



M R. BURNESTON had left his horse at the vicarage while he went across the field to Church Farm.

He could hardly have told why he did this; he had

made up his mind to ask Doris to be his wife, let her father's answer be what it would, and yet he had hesitated to show this determination beforehand; as we have seen, he had not begun, by saying he was on his way to Steersley.

The vicar had been out, and Mr. Burneston met him at the gate where the gardener's boy Joshua was holding the squire's horse. Mr. Spencer's rosy face and bright eyes twinkled at the sight of his "young friend," as he generally called Philip Burneston.

"Coming in for a chat, I hope. No worries, eh? Ralph all right? That's well; come along." Without waiting for any answer, he turned into the vicarage garden. Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

"Look here, Spencer," he said, "I can't come in, you must let me off to-day. I—I am rather hurried. I'm going to Steersley on business."

The vicar wheeled round; he was short and square in figure, with a broad, flat, kindly face and humorous mouth; he laid his finger on the lappel of Burneston's coat and screwed up his eyes.

"Business that won't keep, eh, Phil? Well, you know best, but there is a proverb which says, 'Look before you leap.'"

XVIII—23

"What *do* you mean?" But the vicar, frightened at his own indiscretion, had turned away and retreated into his house.

The squire muttered a strong-sounding word, and that was all; he did not even thank Joshua but flung him some pennies, and rode away as fast as he could.

The keen east wind had so dried the soil that the dust followed him in a cloud. Perhaps there was a likeness between it and the hazy tumult of his thoughts.

"I don't know what all this means," he said angrily. "What can Spencer have heard unless Raine spoke to him? It's not like Gilbert, though," he rode on thinking; "but it was not like him to come all the way from Austin's End, as he did the other day. No," he said angrily, "they all mean well, but have made a great mistake; they treat me as if they thought I was like Ralph, still a school-boy." Ralph—that was really the thorn that lay beneath all this irritation.

Mr. Burneston did not care for the opinion of the little world of Burneston, or for the more general disapproval of his friends; but he shrank with the shyness of a girl or a boy from the disapprobation of this lad of fifteen.

"So like his mother, too, in all his notions. I must write to him fully to-night, it's only fair; he will be none the worse for my marriage. I shall probably save money by living quietly at home."

A picture rose, self-created, to his view which made him laugh at these pricking doubts. Ralph, and all possible annoyance connected with him, faded before the image of Doris and the home she would make for him. It was not only her beauty that filled this man's mind; there was a sweetness of subdued manner, a gentle calmness, very restful when contrasted with the frivolous, exacting nature of the woman who to him had been as wives are apt, however wrongly, to be, to their husbands, a representative type of womankind.

"Doris is perfect now," his thoughts ran; "but there is so much in her to develop that there is no saying how grand a character she may become."

He did not want to depend on his wife for guidance or even counsel; he liked, after the fashion of one who had been an only child, to be left alone and neither teased nor thwarted; but he did not care to be bur-

dened with the weaknesses or indecisions of another mind, and it seemed to him that a very happy and free life lay before him.

Just as he rode into Steersley flushed with joyful anticipation the old flat face and screwed up eyes of the vicar came back with his warning.

"Look before you leap." Mr. Burneston's lip curled as he smiled; "Yes, look when there is fear of a pitfall, or any kind of treachery. I may fall utterly because there is just the possibility that—that Doris cares for some one else; but failing that, I am taking no blind leap."

He felt anxious till he reached the cottage gate lest Doris should be absent, but as he dismounted and told the boy who seemed to be waiting for him, so ready was he in his appearance, to take his horse to the Black Eagle, he heard the sound of music coming from the cottage.

He had long ago given up asking for Mrs. Barugh. His visits were ostensibly paid to George, and the little maid had got into the way of throwing open the "drawing-room" door and leaving him to announce himself, or if George was out she told the visitor so without any asking.

Mr. Burneston went in eagerly. Doris was rising from the piano, and without looking round he saw that George was absent.

It was the first time they had been alone since the meeting in Steersdale, and Doris was instantly conscious of a change in Mr. Burneston's manner, he seemed so much younger and more impulsive. She looked at him with a puzzled face, and he saw it and went back to his usual reserve.

"I saw your father at the farm just now, he is quite well," he said, "and the sick cow is better."

Her eyes brightened as she looked at him.

"How sympathetic she is!" he thought, while Doris was merely rejoicing that this change would ensure her father's Sunday visit; for this had become doubly precious since her disagreement with George.

Before she could answer, her brother's halting step came across the passage, and he was in the room shaking hands with Mr. Burneston.

In Mr. Burneston's absence Doris could think of so much to say to him, but to-day his altered manner had made her shy, and she felt a sense of relief when George came in; while her companion experienced a sudden and quite new antipathy to his future brother-in-law. How broadly George still talked, spite of the advantages he had had! and a

slight shiver passed through Mr. Burneston. "There is nothing so catching as a bad way of speaking," he thought, and he resolved that Doris should not be exposed to this association longer than could be helped.

George was less cordial than usual. This was the first time the squire's visits had been paid so near together, and it seemed to him that it was his duty to put them on a different footing. Love had sharpened George's eyes, and he, too, saw a marked change in the visitor. There was a flutter and eagerness in his manner that surprised the lad, accustomed to look up to his friend with a kind of loving reverence.

The talk flagged; the chief speakers, the squire and George, were each thinking how they could best say their say. Mr. Burneston wanted to be rid of George, and George of Doris.

But the older man's impatience mastered all restraint—moreover, he still considered George as only a boy.

"George," he smiled, "I want to say a few words to your sister; go in the next room till I come to you, there's a good fellow."

George flushed scarlet. Doris was stooping down looking out a piece of music for Mr. Burneston, and she did not hear distinctly. When she turned round George stood close by the squire, and was speaking almost in a whisper. She could not hear what he said, but she thought he looked angry.

"I mun speak to yey, sir, before yey speaks to Doris," George was saying. Mr. Burneston hesitated a minute; but the determined manner of the lad impressed him. "I'll come back," he said to Doris, and he led the way into the room opposite.

"Maister Burneston," George began, and then he turned and closed the door.

The squire had been so completely taken by surprise that he had acted on impulse. As recollection came back, anger came too. He looked sternly at the tall, pale youth; but the pleading earnestness of those honest brown eyes kept him silent.

"Maybe, it's again all manners, what I've gotten to say, Maister Burneston; but I cannot put manners before duty." He paused to choose the least offensive way of framing his speech, for he shrank from paining his friend. "Donnut yey think 'at yur visits is bad for Doris? I means," he added hurriedly, "'at they spoils the rest o' her life for her?"

As he went on his voice had grown less and less assured, the words sounded to his sensitive notions so ungrateful.

He looked timidly at Mr. Burneston, and

to his surprise the stern look had changed to one full of radiant happiness.

"Perhaps they do, and if you are right, my dear boy, I had better take care of her for the rest of her life, I think."

George looked stupefied.

"I donnut see your meanin'," he said.

"Well, my boy," Mr. Burneston was now excited out of his usual reticence. "I have had a talk with your father to-day, and I told him I was going to speak to Doris, and—and," then the certainty of hope that George's words had given him conquered his reluctance, and he added, "I am going to ask her to be my wife."

George turned an ashy whiteness, and then he flushed up all over his face.

"Then yey'll be doin' us all a great wrang, an' yersel and Maister Ralph a greater. Let us keep to oursels, Maister Burneston," the lad raised his head till he looked as tall as his father. "I's sear gude nivvers com of a weddin' 'at warn't a match."

Mr. Burneston smiled, the lad's sturdiness amused him.

"Well, my boy, you are hardly of an age to judge," he said. "Now if that is what you had to say, I will go back to your sister."

But George stepped forward.

"Nay, sir, nay, do leave t' lass quiet. She's happy enough, an' if she sees you less oft, she'll maybe think more o' her own. I donnut say I can talk tiv her the same as you, bud if she has only me she'll learn to be content."

"This is nonsense, I can't listen to you any longer." Mr. Burneston's impatience rose. "I tell you I have spoken to your father—you really must not interfere in what you cannot judge about, though"—he spoke more gently—"if I did not hope to marry your sister, you would of course be perfectly right in all you say."

George laid one hand on the squire's arm, and the other on the door-handle.

"That donnut change nowt," he was almost panting with excitement; it seemed to him that the squire was going to do wrong, and that he was bound to prevent it. "I means this. God has made men and women and placed them in different states of life. Ay, and set up landmarks, such as speech, and dress, and looks, too, for that matter, atween them, and if we's to take these things to wersels and break 'em up here and down there, mebbe we's all end in more of a maunge than t' Tower of Babel."

"Well, look here," Mr. Burneston's laughing manner jarred the lad's earnestness; "in

theory you are perfectly right; this is a practical question, and I have no time really for theories to-day."

He motioned for George to open the door, but the lad would not do this; he withdrew his hand from it, and walked proudly and sorrowfully to the window.

"I've been as blind as any mole," he thought. "Diz mother ken what's doin'?"

Mr. Burneston walked quickly into the next room.

Doris had felt puzzled by what had happened; but there was so much reserve between her and George that she could not guess at what he might have to say to Mr. Burneston. She only wondered that he had not come back with the squire.

Mr. Burneston walked up to where she sat with a book, and placed himself on a chair beside her.

"Doris," it was the first time he had called her so, and her colour rose in a pink flush that made her lovelier than ever. "Do you recollect the day I met you in Steersdale?"

"Yes," the question was a relief, she looked up as she answered, and saw the strange agitated expression of his face, and the trouble which that talk in Steersdale had created, came back.

"Well, then you promised to look on me as a friend. Now, my child, I want you to have complete trust in me—a friend, you know, is always trusted."

Doris was getting bewildered, it seemed as if she were being accused of deceit.

"I have always trusted you," she said proudly.

"Ah, but I want a still deeper trust, I want you to tell me—even if I seem very bold in asking—whether, Doris, you have"—he hesitated, spite of all, he so dreaded her answer that he lingered as long as he could—"ever had a dearer friend."

She grew lovelier while he spoke, for the pink flush deepened with wounded pride, and also with disappointment. Instinct told her the real meaning of his question, and she had looked on Mr. Burneston as faultless with regard to delicacy: what right had he to try and force a confidence of this kind? "If I had had any love nonsense," she thought, "does he really suppose me weak and silly enough to talk about it?"

She raised her head slightly, but she did not look at him as she answered,—

"I have never had *any* other friend," with emphasis, "but the Miss Masham I have spoken to you of, my school-fellow."

"Well, then,"—he was glad to have made

her angry; any mood seemed easier than her usual calm, smiling reserve—"I want you to let me be your very dearest friend, much dearer"—his voice grew very tenderly earnest—"than your friend Rika. Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than any one else?"

She had raised her eyes in sudden wonder, but they fell quickly, for his eyes told the story that a woman cannot mistake when it is a true one; her heart fluttered in her bosom like some little startled bird, and her breath came and went quickly.

"Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than your dearest friend?" he said softly; but though he was so near her he did not even take her hand in his; he felt that this was not the confusion of surprised love, and that the answer he waited for was more than doubtful.

Slowly the eyelids rose, and those wonderful far-off gazing eyes gave him a timid, wavering glance.

"I do not know," Doris said gently, "I like you more than I can tell."

Her hands lay in her lap, he lifted one of them to his lips.

"I am satisfied," he said. "Doris, will you say you like me well enough to be with me always, and be my wife?"

He still held her hand, but his clasp tightened as he waited breathlessly.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come. At last she gave a little nervous smile.

"If you let go my hand I can tell you better," then as he released it she drew a deep breath.

"I had better tell you all the truth; if it is ungrateful, and not what I ought to say, you are so good that you will forgive me—" she stopped.

"Yes—yes," he said, "go on."

"To be your wife and to be always away from what I shrink from in life, is too great happiness to think of; but then, I know that you have a right to expect I should only think of you, and it would not be honest to say that I can do this." She clasped both her hands with the effort these words cost her.

There was a little silence. She had confessed more than he had hoped for, but there was a feeling of disappointment.

"You are so young," he said presently; "your own feelings are scarcely known to you; if you are always happy with me, if you are not conscious of liking any one better, it is quite possible that you do love me without knowing it—"

Then his feelings broke through the tight rein he had laid on them.

"My darling, I will not ask you to say more now," he said, "you must be my wife. I will soon teach you to love me."

Doris did not feel sure whether she had consented; but when the squire put his arm round her and kissed her blushing cheek, she wished he had not spoken.

"A friend is nicer than a lover," the girl thought.

CHAPTER XV.—AN APPEAL.

JOHN BARUGH came over the morning after Mr. Burneston's visit. Dorothy met him at the door, and in the excess of her joy at what had happened, put both arms round his neck and kissed him heartily. John pushed her away.

"Theer, theer, missus, 'at 'll deca—wheear's mah lass—wheear's Doris?" He looked sad and determined, and Dorothy's anger at his repulse melted into fear.

"She's there, dear," she said, and she opened the parlour door.

John took the door-handle and pushed her on one side.

"Ah'll speak te thoo presentlys," he said sternly. "Ah mun bide alecan wi' Doris."

He walked up to his daughter, kissed her, and then sat down.

He did not look at her; he kept his eyes away, as if he were debating what to say.

Doris had rarely felt so nervous; ever since Mr. Burneston rode away the day before she had been dreading this interview, although she could have given no more definite cause for her dread than most girls in the same position.

But this silence oppressed her; it was so different to her father's joyful, almost boisterous greetings.

"How's the cow, father?" she said shyly.

"Deng t' coo." Then checking himself, he looked up at his daughter and smiled. "Ah's a rough chap when ah's freated, an' Ah's yamost oot 'at yed aat 't news Ah's getten about'wards yey, Doris. Waat hev yey seh'd tuv t' squire?"

Doris had grown very rosy while her father spoke; it seemed to her that he was blaming her for Mr. Burneston's proposal.

"Mr. Burneston came yesterday," she said simply, "and asked me to be his wife."

"Geh on," said John hoarsely. "Ah knaws thaat."

The girl hesitated; she could not say she loved Mr. Burneston, and she could not tell her father that she was willing to marry the squire because she shrank from her home life.

John groaned.

"Yey hev sehnd yey wad wed him?"

"I suppose so," she said, for, indeed, under this direct questioning it seemed to Doris that she had given no absolute consent to marry, though both Mr. Burneston and her mother evidently regarded the matter as settled.

It seemed to John Barugh as if his heart must choke him; it was like to burst with the violence of the struggle within. Love and anger and pride, too, were wrenching the strong man this way and that, till he could hardly bear the suspense.

He rose up slowly, and moving across to where the girl sate he laid one hand on her soft, smoothly waving hair.

"Mah lass," he said gently, "Ah've nivver telled yee, an' mebbe Ah's been wrang, bud Ah's nae gleg at speakin' o' mysen." He paused a moment. "Yey's mair te mey, Doris, dhen mah ain life. Mebbe yey've thowt Ah waaz a careless fayther to suffer ye te bide sae lang fra t' yam. Ye deeadn't ken, lass, how Ah've longed efter mah bairn,—mah heart wur reet sair a' t' tahme. An' noo Ah've gotten her, Ah'd cut off mah reet hand, lass, gin t' wad gi 'yey mair joy i' yur life. Noo tell mey, lass, tell yer fayther, wheea hev nae secrets fra yee—diz yon man luov yee mich as thaaf?"

Doris had trembled while he spoke; this betrayal of strong feeling stirred her, though at the time it did not touch her deeply.

She moved her head from under his hand and held up her face to be kissed; but John was too overwrought to notice this.

"You are very good to me, father," she said—"very, very kind; but are you vexed about this?"

John turned away.

"That's not the wod, lass; tell mah ye luves t' squire better dhen fayther, ur mother, ur George, an' Ah'll gi' yee tiv him; thof yee hev knawd him bud three ur four weeks," he added sadly.

This was the first glimmer that had come to Doris of her father's power to forbid her marriage, and her sense of justice rose against what seemed to her to be tyranny. She forgot her father's sorrow.

"I cannot marry against your wish; but I think Mr. Burneston will make me very happy," she said quietly, but with a coldness that struck him like a knife; "and if you wish for my happiness, father, you had better let us marry."

He was still turned away from her; she could not see the anguish in his eyes, the

rigid pressure of his lips one against another, the clasp of his strong hand, and yet the sympathy that had bound this father and daughter so firmly together had not quite lost its power in Doris's own heart; something warned her that her father's silence was unnatural.

She went up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Father," she said gently, "tell me; don't you want me to marry Mr. Burneston?"

He turned round quickly, his deep-set eyes lightened down on her from under the heavy red brows, and the light shining through his hair and beard seemed to circle his head with a glory.

"God help yee, bairn! Yee gaums nowt"—he drew a deep breath—"nowt o' whaat Ah's feelin'. An' waat fer sud ye? Deead Ah ivver say ye neea, lass? Waat fur sud Ah freecat gin yey'se happy? 'At's waat Ah's com fer tu mak seear o'. Ah'll gang back to Burneston noo."

Dorothy waited and waited; she did not dare to interrupt the talk between father and daughter. It was a relief when Doris came to find her with the tidings that the farmer had gone back to Church Farm.

"And what does father say, Doris?"

"He's very kind," said Doris; but she turned away and went to her own room to write to her friend Rika.

LETTER FROM DORIS BARUGH TO FREDERIKA MASHAM.

"MY DEAR RIKA,—When I wrote to you a week ago I did not guess at the news I am now going to give you. I have spoken to you of my brother's kind friend, Mr. Burneston. Only yesterday he came here and asked me to be his wife. This will surprise you; but it surprised me, too, very much. I believe we are to be married in a few weeks. I wanted you to have come and stayed with us first, but now, perhaps, you will be so very kind as to come and be my only bridesmaid. We are to be married at Burneston church, and then Mr. Burneston is going to take me to France and other foreign places. So, dear Rika, if you can come soon I shall be very glad, and then we can have a little time together. Miss Phillimore is to get all my things; but Mr. Burneston does not wish her to be at the wedding; only you and my own people, and his son, perhaps.

"Dear Rika, it is all like a dream, and this is a rambling letter; but I feel so queer and altered that I sometimes doubt if I really

am myself, or whether Dame Wrigley has not bewitched me as well as the cows.

"It is not all happiness. It is very sad to see my dear father; I have only seen him once since, and he cannot bear to give me up. I did not guess he was so fond of me, and I fear we shall meet so seldom—I do not like to think of this. He is going to leave Burneston almost directly. I have told you that is the place where we really live. This is merely a temporary house, and I believe my father is looking after a farm somewhere near the sea; but I suppose gain in life must always bring loss of some kind with it, and I am sure of being satisfied with my new life. Do come as soon as you can; I have so much to talk to you about, and believe me

"Your affectionate friend,

"DORIS BARUGH."

In a few days came Miss Masham's answer.

FROM FREDERIKA MASHAM TO DORIS BARUGH.

"I am so glad, but I never was so surprised, to think of Doris, that chilly lily which turned up its lovely nose at 'love nonsense' generally, having actually condescended to tell a man she will marry him! After this, if clouds fall and pigs whistle, I shall be calm and unsurprised. And the squire is the man—that grand Mr. Burneston, of Burneston Hall! Oh, my Doris! hast thou, then, been a princess in disguise, a goose girl, who is now restored to her rightful rights?

"Will I be your only bridesmaid? I should rather think I would. I am in a perfect whirl of excitement, to think of seeing you and that darling of a poor George so soon, and the new husband—oh, I beg pardon, I mean lover. Only I am frightfully angry with you. You never even tell me his Christian name; you never say 'darling Jack' or Tom or Harry—just 'Mr. Burneston,' quite calmly, as if he were your grandfather. Is he much older than you, Doris, my love? Well, you have such a steady little head, that you will want a husband older than yourself, and I think it must be much nicer. How wonderfully good and unselfish you are! Now if I loved any one, I should rave about him, because I should be able to think and talk of no one else. Still, you might have given me a glimpse of the creature, just to let me see if I had the least chance of tormenting him. What a stiff, proper letter I am writing! I believe I have a vague fear that darling B. (perhaps his name is Benjamin—only think of my Doris turning into Mrs. B. B.!) looks

over your shoulder while you read. Now don't let him see this, and I'll tell you what happened when I read your letter.

"It was breakfast-time, and I went quite off. I jumped up and cried out, 'Hooroor—hooroor—hooroor!' and all the boys followed suit, they always do, you know; they say I waved my cup round my head, and little Jemmy said, 'Is de house on fire?' and papa put on his spectacles and looked at me in a comic way he has sometimes.

"'Anything very special, Frederika?' he said. I sat down: 'Doris is going to be married, papa, and you must excuse everything,' so you see you are responsible for my behaviour. I suppose, as the wedding is so quiet, a plain gown, &c., will do best, but mamma will see to all that, she is so good. You can say, if you like, how you wish me to be dressed. I am actually bursting till I get to Steersley—how we will talk! George won't mind, I suppose. With fondest wishes for your happiness, your own "RIKA."

"Where is George, mother?" Doris looked up from her letter, "I haven't seen him this morning, and I want to tell him Rika is coming."

"He's gone to breakfast with the rector, my dear—he and Mr. Hawby seems main fond o' one another—he's a nice old gentleman, Doris. I wish he was going to marry you."

"Do you?" said the girl, absently, "is not one clergyman the same as another? We could certainly have been married here, but Mr. Burneston does not wish it."

"Of course not; why, my dear, it would never have done: it would have looked so bad; it would have seemed as if he was ashamed of what he was doing, and of you too." Doris blushed with vexation. "If you had never lived at Church Farm, it would have been different. My word, child, Mrs. Emmett's face will be a sight to see, and Rose, too. I wonder what they're saying about it all. I'd like to know, rarely. Eh! Mr. Burneston 'll have to get a new housekeeper."

Mrs. Barugh checked herself and gave a little frightened look at her daughter's vexed face.

"Please don't talk so, mother, I don't like to see you proud of what is a trouble to me."

"A trouble! what do you mean, child? your marriage a trouble! My word, you're talking nonsense, Doris."

"No, mother, I'm sure I'm right, and father thinks so too, I know, though he's sorry to lose me. I am glad to marry Mr.

Burneston, and proud, too, that he should wish to marry me, and I like him; but I'm troubled. I mean because this marriage will make some people vexed and unhappy, and that is why I wanted less hurry about it."

Mrs. Barugh always got fretted in an argument with her calm, clever daughter. Doris was sure to get the best of it, and was, her mother knew, usually right. But she had some strange crotchets, Dorothy thought, and with all her loftiness, in some ways a great want of proper pride.

"Gracious me! That's what I call folly, child. Why ever should you and Mr. Burneston dilly dally over your happiness, just because a strong-willed selfish boy of fifteen chooses to object? for I'll lay that's what your 'some people' means."

Doris frowned yet more decidedly, and pressed her lips together to control her vexation.

"Please don't say 'I'll lay,' mother, and I don't think you are quite fair to Ralph Burneston. Suppose father were left alone, don't you think George would be vexed if he wanted to marry a girl out of the village?"

Mrs. Barugh had seized a lilac cap-string with each hand while her daughter spoke, and she held them at some distance apart while she answered,—

"My goodness, Doris, you do say the oddest things. Fancy your comparing your brother George with that self-willed, giving-himself-airs, young Ralph Burneston, and then to liken yourself to Rose Duncombe or one of these Steersley lasses! You take my breath away, and that's a fact. Mr. Burneston knows what he's about, and he's quite in the right to pay no heed to his son's objections, that's to say if he really does object."

"Well, mother, how about George? Is he self-willed and selfish?"

Doris looked half archly, half sadly at her mother, and Mrs. Barugh's delicate face puckered and quivered. It was as much as she could do not to cry at the remembrance of what had followed Mr. Burneston's proposal. In the very moment of her triumph, when Mr. Burneston had come into the kitchen after her, and had shaken her by both hands in the fulness of his joy, and thanked her for giving him such a treasure, in that sublimest moment of her life, when everything looked radiant with glory, George had suddenly come to her, as she stood a moment before she sought Doris, looking after the squire as he rode away.

"Mother," the lad spoke in bitter sorrow, "donnut look for joy or blessin' in this

matter, gude will not come on it—only sorrow."

"Hush, George," she had said, "oh, fie for shame!" But the lad had retreated to his own room, and next morning had come her husband's rude, strange behaviour: "not to say one word after he had seen Doris, and to go off again without giving any reason. As sulky and dogged as you please," Dorothy had said pettishly to herself; "bother the men, they're all alike."

It was really too bad that neither husband nor son should wish her joy on this great and triumphant event, which she felt she had helped to produce.

But during the afternoon a hamperful of flowers had come for her from Burneston Hall, with a little parcel for Doris, and the setting out her flowers had filled Mrs. Barugh with a happy fluttered excitement. She was disappointed to find that the parcel only contained a letter, but somehow a throng of busy thoughts and plans, and the golden future shining out more and more distinctly as a background to her daughter's loveliness, had made her shake off these vexations.

And now Doris herself had recalled them. It was too bad; between them they had managed to trouble all her joy.

"I must give George a talking to," she said, in answer to her daughter's question.

She resented the cold indifference which George had shown, and yet she could not bear to blame him to his sister, come what might. Her boy was more to her than Doris ever could be.

Doris smiled, but she felt proud and bitter.

"You had better leave him alone, mother. He thinks I ought to have said 'No.' He has scarcely spoken to me since; so it is plain you and he do not look at this matter from the same point of view."

It was harder than ever to blame Doris now that she would so soon be a real lady; not only a lady in her mother's eyes, but an unmistakable lady in the eyes of the whole world; for Dorothy even then held the creed so popular nowadays, that a lady is made by her dress and her house, her establishment, &c., far more than by her breeding; but her restless nature could not be content without an attempt to justify George.

"Ah, it's all very well for those who have got all they want to take no account of those that haven't, but, Doris, it wouldn't be natural if the poor lad wasn't sad; he may be nothing to you, but of course you're a great deal to him; and no girl's the same to her brother after she's married."

"No, I suppose not," said Doris, drily. It seemed to her scarcely possible that George could ever feel himself Mr. Burneston's equal. "But, mother, you mistake if you think I have ever been much to George; he thinks far more of Rose than he does of me."

Mrs. Barugh put her hand up to her forehead. "Oh, dear, why do you put that in my head, child? And when you are gone, there'll be no hindrance; that girl'll be always after him."

"I don't know about that," said Doris, quietly; "at present I think the love is all on George's side."

CHAPTER XVI.—HEARTBURNING.

"I CANNOT see it," George was saying. "Ye may be reet, sir, but it goes agin me to think ye are."

The clergyman sat smiling kindly at his young friend. He had just led the way into his library—a favourite haunt of George's, and even now, though at Mr. Hawnby's request the lad sat down, his eyes roved greedily over the brown leather and stone-coloured paper backs of the precious books that covered the walls.

"Well, George, put it in this way; suppose, when you are older, you feel an affection for some young woman not quite of your own level; will you think it right if she gives you up because of this? But yours, of course, can hardly be a parallel case, because your parents have to be considered."

George's fiery redness made the vicar hesitate.

"Yes," the lad said thoughtfully, "when a lad has a father and mother like mine is, he's bound to study 'em afore his own likins', an' maybe it's feelin' that 'at makes me so hard on Doris. If I saw 'at my marryin' wad gi' father or mother a sore heart, I'd not do't."

"That's well said; but still you forget another point; you say that your sister's affections are not warmly engaged, but you seem to forget Mr. Burneston's feelings. Surely he must love your sister very much indeed."

George struck his fist on the leather-covered table.

"And that's what I cannot make myself believe. He hesn't seen eneaf on her to know if she's fit for him. Maybe he sees 'at this skeealin' played the mischief wi' her life, and he's taken pity on her; if I were sear o' that"—he stood upright, warming with his subject—"I'd nivver let him within t' door. Ah, ye looks startled, Mr. Hawnby, and maybe ye thinks I'm a soary brother, but

I cannut stan' by and see my sister married fer charity."

Mr. Hawnby had sat resting his head on his hand; as George spoke he laid his fingers across his own mouth, it was so difficult not to laugh outright at this suggestion.

"No fear of that, my boy," he said kindly, "you must try and remember that your sister is a very beautiful and gifted young woman, and from the little I have seen of her I should say that in outward manner she is very well fitted for her change of position; but though I cannot do as you wish with regard to your mother, I will tell you, because I see that you wish for my real opinion, that in point of fact, I entirely disapprove of unequal marriages; they must breed strife somewhere, and they tend to disorder in many ways, and strife and disorder in a family"—he smiled—"are, I suppose, great foes to godliness, eh, George?"

"Oh, sir," George's brown eyes were full of beseeching earnestness, "say all that to mother, please do, sir; ye hardly know t' good 't would do her. Yer sermons have stirred her wonderful; they're another sort to our parson's. I don't mean a word o' blame, sir, again Mr. Spencer, but when t' parson's so keen for huntin' and shootin' and ferretin' and the like, ther's nae use in lookin' for work in his sermons, it seems to me they comes last wi' Maister Spencer."

Mr. Hawnby laughed.

"You young people are very severe critics; you'll be telling me next how long a sermon ought to take to write, eh, George?"

"No, sir"—the lad blushed, but he spoke reverently—"I hope I'll not venture to find fault wi' you—it's for mother's sake I axes ye to speak to her; this marriage seems to hev turned her upside down."

"I really cannot interfere," the rector said; "if your father asked me I should hesitate, because really there seems no ground to go on, but I tell you again that a brother has no authority whatever; you have really no right to give your opinion."

"Well, good-bye, sir," George spoke wearily, "it's the first time I ever found I couldn't see things as you does, an' I cannut—an' if I feels a thing's wrang, well then I feels it a duty to say so."

"Good-bye, my boy; I think you are wrong; remember the old saw, 'Least said, soonest mended.' Now I am due at a parish meeting."

George limped home in a discontented mood. His will asserted itself strongly against this marriage, and he had been so

accustomed to see his advice taken by both parents, that he could scarcely believe they would not end by following it in this instance. His mother's submission to his guidance had been so implicit that it seemed to him, as he had said to Mr. Hawnbly, as if her daughter's engagement had turned her upside down. It was a great pity that the rector refused to interfere.

As he went slowly home he thought over Mr. Hawnbly's words.

"If he'd ha' known all," he said sorrowfully, "he'd say that there warn't t' reet

feelins atween Doris an' me. Maybe I'm at fault too; there mun be two to make a quarrel, and maybe it'd be reeter an' more like a brother's part to speak out tiv her like a man, isted of hodin' my tongue like a sulky cur. If I could gain Doris, mother wad see it t' same way: as to father, he's crazed about her doin' it."

As he reached the cottage, he saw his sister at the gate. She was dressed for walking, and it seemed to the lad that here was his opportunity made for him.

He nodded to her, and then turned and



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walked beside her without a word. "I have a letter from Rika," she said; "she says she'll come, George." He made no answer, and she went on beside the beck, and through the white swing gate, which George held open for her.

They were quite alone here, the hedge on one side screening them from the road, and the high green sloping meadow on the other securing them from any sudden interruption. Doris was annoyed by her brother's silence.

"What's the matter, George?" she said.

"Doris!" he spoke abruptly; "maybe I've not been quite as ye might ha' thowt I

should ha' bin in all this, an' I'll tell ye the reason fer't, lass. I cannot speak again my conscience an' say I wishes yey joy when I thinks ye'se doing wrang."

"I know you think so, but I cannot help that."

"Yey thinks I say this because of the space atween ye an' Mr. Burneston, but it is nut fer that alone. Yey does not love t' squire as a lass sud love afore she weds, Doris, an' I'm feared yer's weddin' fer t' sake of bein' a great lady, and that'll nivvers bring a blessin'."

Doris kept silent, she was angry, but she told herself that in this short time of her home life she ought to be kind to her family.

George was surprised when she looked smilingly at him.

"If I say what I think," she laughed, "I should say it is not your business; but I want you to be reasonable, and therefore I will be quite open with you. You are right. I do not love Mr. Burneston"—she blushed till George thought her colour was as lovely as Rose's—"as much as I should do if I had known him longer. I was taken by surprise. I should have preferred things to have come more gently and naturally, but I see this would be selfish—at least, Mr. Burneston has made me see it. He says, as father has decided to leave the Church Farm, any delay would be unsettling and unprofitable, and that therefore the sooner we are married the better for father; but, indeed, dear," she said, more warmly, "if you are thinking of my happiness, you need not trouble. I shall be very, very happy."

George was puzzled. Unconsciously, Doris had shielded herself against his arguments, but he had one keen arrow left.

"I do not think of you only; father's main troubled, I've sear; if not, then what fer didn't he cum over? Yey didn't ken the store he sets by yey, Doris."

Her eyes glistened, and there were tears on the long dark eye-lashes.

"I think I do," she said abruptly, "and that is another reason why I wish it were less hurried; it seems as if father and I had had so little time together."

"Waat fur donnut ye go an' bide wi' 'im at t' farm?" he asked abruptly.

Doris looked troubled.

"One or two things prevent that," she said; "I could not go without mother just now, we have so much to see about together, and it is more convenient in many ways to be here. I hope father will come again soon. I shall write and tell him how much I want him."

"It fair caps mey, it diz," said George emphatically, "I cannot see it plain, ye says ye loves father best, ye freeats fer his company, and yet ye can leave 'im for t' rest o' his life fer a husband whilk is a'most a stranger t' yey."

Doris walked on silently. George's way of putting the question was startling, and carried her on to a side of the future which, in the short time she had had for contem-

plation, she had not yet seen. As she thought of her father in that brief interview her heart went out after him, and she resolved not only that she would write, but that the warmth of her letter should atone for the coldness which she felt she had shown at their last meeting.

Should she come to love Mr. Burneston as well as the tall kind-eyed father who loved her so dearly—the only being who had ever really stirred her heart with warm affection? But the question did not touch her as deeply as it would have touched either a different nature, or a mind that had been accustomed to meditate on love.

Doris had never read novels, and love, on the woman's side at least, did not seem the necessity which it is to some minds even in early childhood. Till her engagement the desire of being loved even had not shaped itself. With Doris there had lain dormant the stronger craving which Mr. Burneston's avowal had awakened, though doubtless this had been roused to semi-consciousness by the homage paid her during school life.

The glimpse she had now got of the poignant life-long sorrow she was going to cause her father, and also of the wrench the separation—for she was open-eyed to that necessity—must cause her, departed again as if she had shut out a cold wintry sky with a glowing curtain on which a blaze of warm light revealed the marvellous hues, and calm came back to her.

"You must not make any mistake," she said in a firm decided voice that told George their moment of confidence had ended. "I did not say I should not love Mr. Burneston as a wife should love her husband. I do not like to own, even to you, that at first it is different, but I want to be quite open with you. As to father, it seems to me that the question lies between ourselves. He would wish me to marry some one some day and to be very happy; so it is chiefly the hurry that really grieves him now, and I must do all I can to make up to him for that. Do not let us quarrel, George." It seemed to her that she should not often again have one of these usually dreaded lectures from her brother, and she resolved to struggle against the hardness his rebukes created. "I learned one thing at school that home-life does not teach—people cannot all see things with the same eyes; but it does not follow that those who disagree with us are quite wrong."

George felt worsted and strangely ungracious.

"Well," he said, "I give up, yey must ha' yur will, bud I donnut see that yey's reet, Doris."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE EVENING BEFORE.

PERHAPS if we all knew how our words and actions affect others, we should become changed beings, always supposing that we have feelings tender enough to care for the pain or pleasure felt by any but ourselves, and yet, perhaps, what is called our well-being and well-doing in life might be seriously hindered if this were our standard of action.

Perhaps if Doris had seen her father read her letter—with hungry eyes, over which presently he drew his broad fingers as if some mist obscured them—perhaps, I say, if she could have seen the transport of joy, the healing of sorely wounded love that her few loving sentences gave him, she might have asked herself whether she should not pause and stay a while with this fond father, while she learned to love the man for whom she was sacrificing him.

John did not write her an answer. As I have said, he seldom communed with himself except on farming points; but that night when he went to bed he took down his Bible and read, and then he prayed long and earnestly for strength against himself.

Two days after this he met Mr. Burneston. John was glad that they were beyond the church and out of the view of either the old sexton or Rose; he shrank from both of them, and dreaded the moment when the news should find its way to the village. Both John and the squire were on horseback, the latter was on his way to Steersley.

They had not met since the day of the proposal, and Mr. Burneston was surprised when the farmer reined up his horse and held out his hand.

"Ye mun gi' mah love to Doris, and yey can seh, Ah'll bide wi' her fra Saturday till Tuesday, an' we'll hev a rare walk or tweea—she an' mey aleean thegither."

"I'll tell her. Any message to Mrs. Barugh?" The squire was pleased that John had grown reconciled.

John looked stern and shook his head, then nodding to Mr. Burneston, he rode home. Yes, he would go and see Doris now that he could tell her he wished her to be happy in her own way, and he hoped Mr. Burneston would take his hint and leave him alone with his daughter.

The days sped with amazing quickness—days are apt to be winged before a wedding. John Barugh paid more than one visit to

Steersley, and each time the squire, prompted by Doris, kept away from the cottage.

But the farmer did not soften towards his wife; indeed, he spoke very little to any one but Doris.

Two days before the wedding he was to take his last leave of her, but, instead, he hurried to the door where George stood looking at his father's horse which a boy had just brought round.

"Wounut ye bid them farewell?" the lad said.

"Neea, neea." John spoke hoarsely. "Whisht, lad," and he moved quietly along the path lest the sound of his footsteps should bring Doris to the window.

"Ah wadn't bring a tear to her een gin Ah cud keep 'em dry," he said as he rode away; he had stifled the longing he felt to hold his darling to his heart, and tell her even then that he could not yield her up.

Doris had had one great disappointment. It had been settled that Rika was to arrive a week beforehand; but on the day she was expected came a letter from Mr. Masham, saying that his wife had been taken suddenly ill, and that his daughter could not be spared at present. "If a favourable change takes place, Rika shall go to you."

Mrs. Barugh had been much discomfited by this. She had engaged a bed for George at the inn, and had spent care and time, which she could ill spare, in the midst of her preparations, in arranging the lad's room for the visitor, and, besides this, what would Doris do for a bridesmaid?

She looked timidly at her daughter, who sat with troubled face re-reading the letter.

"I suppose you wouldn't like me to ask Rose Duncombe?" Dorothy said. "I could see that she was properly dressed, and I know it would please George."

Doris raised her head haughtily.

"It could not be thought of, mother. I shall have you and my father. It is a pity, of course, but it cannot be helped."

Still it seemed to depress her, and when Mr. Burneston came he reproached her for caring more for Rika than for him. "You have grown quite pale about it," he said laughingly, when he bade her good-bye for the last time before his wedding day.

He was not to go over to Steersley the actual day before the event; he and John Barugh would have business to transact, both respecting the settlement which Mr. Burneston had made on Doris, and also in regard to Church Farm—also Ralph was to arrive at the Hall.

Only her mother and George saw the sudden surprise in Doris's face when, next morning, a letter came from Rika herself, announcing her arrival for six o'clock that very evening. The letter ended with "I wish I could fly to you."

The excitement and flurry of Dorothy bewildered both her children, and made George, as he expressed it, "fair fractious."

"Sit ye doon, mother," he said, "ye'll worrit Doris past bearin', let alone yursel'; t' room 's fettle'd, an' ye can gi' t' lady summat to her tea, an' what more fuss hev yey need for?"

By tea-time Mrs. Barugh had tired herself out, not only by fussing up and down stairs, but by a perpetual flow of unmeaning talk, of which Doris took no notice. It seemed to her that her mother was the only member of her family who really rejoiced at her marriage, and yet she could not feel grateful for this sympathy. She shrank so painfully from the undisguised triumph which her mother felt in her coming elevation.

George had driven to the station, some miles distant, to fetch Miss Masham, and the mother and daughters sat expecting the visitor.

Doris was dressed as usual in a soft fawn-coloured woollen gown, her large falling collar fastened at her throat by a handsome gold brooch—a gift from Mr. Burneston. She wore her soft thick hair smoothly now, though it rippled into exquisite curves on the creamy temples and above the delicate ears; and as she sat thinking she leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands.

As they lay in her lap, twisting round and round her finger a splendid diamond ring, also a gift from her lover, her mother gazed at her admiringly.

"My word, Doris, this white gown will suit you beautifully, and the bonnet's only fit to go under a glass case. Miss Phillimore's got rare good taste."

"I don't know," Doris said languidly; "I think a lace bonnet is rather fine. I should have liked a simpler one. The one I'm to travel in would have done."

"My dear!"—then seeing a frown gathering, she remembered that this being the last evening, she was bound not to thwart her daughter. "Only to think," she went on, "that it's scarcely more than two months since George and I were sitting expecting you and father from London. My gracious! it seems nearer a year."

Yes, it was little over two months, and yet Doris seemed to have lived more than one new life in the interval. It was a

pleasant distraction to go again back to that first arrival, and see how utterly unlooked for had been such a solution of her puzzle about the future. It was a relief from the day's worry to do this, for this day had not been a happy one to Doris.

Her father's abrupt departure had disappointed her. Several words which she had tried to say, and which she had always failed to utter, she felt she could have spoken in a last parting, for she had not fathomed the real reason of his going away.

"Father's like me in some ways," she said; "he hates any nonsense or fuss, and I dare say he felt awkward. It is very nice to see him so reconciled to my marriage." And yet there was a sense of weight and depression at the thought that she should not see him again till he stood beside her in church to give her to her husband.

It had been decided by Doris herself that she should not return to Church Farm. John Barugh had engaged the best fly and the best pair of horses that the Black Eagle boasted to convey the party from the cottage to Burneston church. Mr. Burneston had feared the long drive for Doris, but she had pleaded earnestly for this arrangement. Then Mr. Spencer was to give them lunch at the vicarage, whence the newly-married pair would start for London.

All this had been settled days ago—it was another perplexity that troubled the girl. After the first disappointment about Rika it had been a relief that her friend was not coming. Doris's independence had been far easier to practice at Pelican House, where her own appearance and her own manners gave the lie to any surmises about her origin. It would be different at Steersley beside her father and mother, and in the cheaply-fitted little rooms which the nameless attempt to disguise realities with smart rubbish stamped with vulgarity. For a few moments the prospect of seeing her friend, of having some one beside her in this trying time to whom she could speak with a certainty of being understood, was inexpressibly grateful, and her eyes and cheeks glowed with pleasure as she read out the news. But now she shivered as she sat anticipating the first meeting between Rika and her mother. She knew Rika's keen sense of humour, and she seemed to hear beforehand her mother's elaborate greeting and her apologies for all she had tried so hard to make what she considered as it should be. She was angry with herself for the feeling, but it would come.

Like many another proud nature, Doris

shrank keenly from ridicule, and she became unjust to her mother's good qualities in her sensitive dread of her absurdities.

"If she had not come now," she repeated to herself, "Rika need never have seen father or mother either."

She had forgotten her visions about George, but the sound of wheels roused her, and there was her brother at the gate laughing and helping out Rika, with whom he seemed already quite at ease.

About the same time the young squire, as Ralph was called, had reached the Hall.

It was nearly a year since he had been at home, for his father had taken him abroad during his summer holidays, and he had shot up so wonderfully that the servants were astonished at his appearance.

"He's a grown man; he's too awd to hev a yung lass set ower him." Benjamin Hazelgrave had kept "a quiet tongue in his head" since the marriage had been announced, but he could not forbear saying this to his wife.

She only shook her head ominously; indeed, so powerful was Mrs. Emmett's influence that you might have thought from the demeanour of the household that its head was going to assist at a funeral next day; only, as Mr. Burneston had been liberal in gifts of gowns and ribbons and other wedding garments, a certain amount of pleasant anticipation pervaded the servants' hall, which did not reach to the housekeeper's room, and caused much speculation as to the chances of a fine day.

Meantime Mr. Burneston was giving his son an affectionate welcome, which that young gentleman received with careless loftiness.

Ralph had told his father in writing that he considered he was going to do a very foolish thing; and it really seemed to the boy that if his father could bring himself to marry a farmer's daughter he must lose caste by doing so.

At first the young fellow had told Gilbert Raine he should not be present at the wedding; but when his father's summons came he did not feel courageous enough to refuse obedience. There was, too, a certain honour and glory in the idea of being the important person of the day, for it seemed to Ralph that, of course, a farmer's daughter would be extremely shy of him, and very desirous of his good opinion.

He was quite as tall as his father now, and singularly like him, only handsomer; his blue eyes were larger and brighter, and his

auburn hair clustered round his forehead in crisp waves. He had his mother's delicate features and small chin, but there was about him the graceful dignity and charming frankness of manner which won hearts in his father.

Mr. Burneston's eyes glistened as he looked at his son; he felt proud of him.

"You are growing very fast, Ralph. I suppose you get plenty of exercise with the boats, eh?"

"Oh, yes, as much as I want." Ralph stretched out his legs. "I'm rather a swell oar now, but it was too much fag in hot weather. Where are you going, father?" he added in a patronising tone.

Mr. Burneston winced and was amused both at once; but he felt very much for the boy, and considered that allowance must be made for him.

"To Paris first, I think, and then to the Tyrol, which"—here he hesitated for a name, and then added—"my future wife particularly wishes to see."

"Ah," said Ralph languidly, as if to express, "Pray don't suppose I take the slightest interest in that individual."

Before dinner was well over, Mr. Burneston was wanted for various directions, and soon after Ralph proposed a game at billiards, and there was no more talk of the morrow's business between the father and son that evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE WEDDING DAY.

ALL the fears and prognostications about colds and all the preparations in the way of wraps had been thrown away.

This October morning was as full of genial warmth and of bright sunshine as it could well be, spite of the northern climate.

"It is a capital thing, Doris darling, it's so warm and beautiful," Rika said at breakfast. "Even you would not look an angel with a red nose, and you will look angelic to-day."

Dorothy was delighted with her visitor, and quite forgot her elaborately prepared speeches in the heartiness of Rika's manner.

They dressed Doris between them, and pronounced her perfect, and then arranged themselves.

Mrs. Barugh's costume had been chosen by Miss Phillimore, and she looked so pretty and refined in her soft coloured lavender bonnet and tulle trimmings that Doris felt rejoiced.

"How very well you look, mother!" she said affectionately.

The tears were in poor Dorothy's eyes as she returned her daughter's kiss.

"I'm so glad. So long as you're not

ashamed of your mother, my dear, it's all right," she said with a simplicity that touched her daughter with remorse.

"Ashamed of you?—oh, mother!" But she flushed deeply as she kissed her again.

She clung to her mother this morning. She felt that she had never loved her so well, and she felt that she had been unjust and exacting. Real feeling had got uppermost with Mrs. Barugh, and she was too simple and quiet when with her daughter to be ridiculous.

Besides this, Dorothy had found a readily amused listener; she got rid of her absurdities on Rika.

"I must go and see after Miss Masham, dear," she said. "Maybe she'll want a finishing touch."

But Rika was quite ready. She wore a dark faded-leaf silk dress and a lemon-coloured drawn crape bonnet, which suited her clear, dark skin.

"My word! you do look nice, Miss Masham; I'm sure you do! But if I may put a pin"—careful Dorothy's neat eyes saw at once that the round cape reaching to the waist, which finished the dress, hung a quarter of an inch lower on one side than on the other—"how do you think I look?" turning and arranging herself as she spoke—"and I'm that nervous, Miss Masham, you might blow me over. You see, it is *such* an event; and that old goose of a clerk—ah, you don't know him, but it's Joseph Sunley, you'll see him by-and-by—he's been and told my husband the proper thing for the bride's father is a large white flower—and he's going to get him a white dahlia. If you'll believe me, Miss Masham, I made Mr. Barugh a proper favour of white satin ribbon—lovely London ribbon. I feel ready to faint at the notion of seeing John coming up the aisle in a white dahlia. It's well and good for horses' ears; but the bride's father, more especially a fine man like my husband, should not be decorated like a—a quadruped."

She wiped her eyes, for she was really crying with vexation.

"Never mind," said Rika, with a hearty laugh, "I know what Mr. Barugh looks like, and I don't think even a white dahlia can spoil him."

"You're very kind, my dear, but still Mr. Burneston's father-in-law should be very careful of the figure he makes."

But there was no more time for talking. First a cart had to be dispatched to the vicarage with Doris's luggage, and then the bride had to be carefully stowed away in

the fly from the Black Eagle amid a crowd of gaping Steersley folk. Mrs. Byland was not there; she had prevailed on her husband to drive her over to Burneston an hour ago, and she was now standing amid a throng, consisting of all the population that could leave their houses, awaiting the "weddiners."

In front of the porch, in a new hat, a chocolate-coloured coat and brass buttons, and pale salmon-coloured trousers, stood Joseph Sunley, an enormous white dahlia fixed on the lapel of his coat.

Many earnest petitions, and many sugared whispered entreaties had been addressed to him, and had been alike refused. "Ah, mun steek t' door whiles t' bride hes comed," was his constant answer. No one but himself knew that very early that morning he had let in one pretty though stormy-faced damsel filled with envy and anger and others of the seven deadly sins, and had carefully ensconced the said damsel, yclept Rose Duncombe, in a corner where, if she kept still, she was safe not to be seen.

There was plenty of joking among the expectant crowd, somewhat kept in check by the presence of a group at the churchyard gate—a group headed by Mrs. Emmett and Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrave, who stood waiting their master's arrival with the intention of following close on his heels down the gravelled path leading to the old gabled porch. At length there was a murmur, first low, then increasing, and then ending in a note of decided disapprobation.

"Zoonds!" "Zookerins!" "Mercy!" "Zolch!" "Dash mey!" from Ephraim Crewe, and other expressive forms of wonder and blame from other by-standers.

"Dhey've ganged thra t' lahtle door!" and a groan succeeded. Then there came a gloomy silence.

It was plainly thought that the squire feared to face his people. But in another minute there rose a loud Hurrah! so boisterous and prolonged that it might have been heard at the Hall itself, only that the Hall had been entirely deserted, and left to the charge of Ephraim Crewe's grandmother, a deaf decrepit old woman.

First a rumour had spread that the vicar, Mr. Burneston, and John Barugh had come into the churchyard by the vicarage gate in the corner of the glebe field, and had gone into church through the little vestry door.

The next moment, the tall stalwart red-whiskered man and the slenderer squire turned the corner by the tower, and came in full view of the crowded rows on each side

of the gravel walk leading from the gate to the old gabled porch. John Barugh's pale grey trousers, buff satin waistcoat, and an enormous white flower in his coat, gave him a bridal appearance.

A passage was cleared for them to pass into the porch while the cheers continued lustily. The squire responded to these welcomes by several smiling bows, while the tall farmer looked on with a grim smile.

"His missis hes rigged him out as fine as a fiddle," Hezekiah Byland whispered to his wife.

"Whisht, Hezekiah!" Peggy, resplendent in a blue bonnet and a scarlet shawl, nudged him with her elbow, and glanced at Mrs. Emmett, who stood in sullen silence beside the gate. There was an ominous frown on the housekeeper's face. This unceremonious arrival of the bridegroom had completely upset her programme; it seemed to her that the first blow had been already struck at her authority.

Murmurs spread along the closely-ranged rows of expectants.

"Sheea taks her ain tahme!"

"Sheea bides ower lang!"

"Woonkers! Sheea's deen' t' laady aforehand!"

Even Joseph Sunley muttered to himself, "Shea'll nivvers keep 'im waitin'."

"Sheea bides ower lang," said Ephraim Crewe, a sworn adherent of the housekeeper's; "bud dhey'll be as proud as owd Soss is o' his tail."

Another burst of cheering brought John Barugh and the squire to the door again; the crowd round the gate swayed, and then opened, and a tall slim youth walked down the gravel path, bowing to the villagers first on one side, then on the other, with a gracious sweetness which made his striking likeness to his father yet more apparent.

"Hurrah fer t' yung squire!" sounded lustily from the crowd, and then Ralph Burneston also disappeared into the church.

"It's hard on t' poor lad, t' varra marro' o' his fayther." This was said by Mrs. Crewe, senior, also resplendent in a scarlet shawl. She wore on her head a large Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed outside with yellow ribbon and a large pink cambric rose, while her rosy face was set off by an abundance of pink satin bows in a blonde cap underneath.

A thin, sharp-faced woman standing next her looked up at stolid, fleshy Mrs. Crewe.

"Laws, neeaghber," she smiled with some contempt, "wheear's t' use o' makin' mouths at waat's seear an' certain? Ah knawed fower weeks sin 'at ther war a weddin' to-

ward. Ah's trupp'd twa tahmes oop steers, an' Sukey hes seed fower craws ivvery tahme sheea's bin i' t' croft."

Mrs. Crewe was stolid, but she was also shrewd, and she eyed her next neighbour with some curiosity. It showed which way the wind blew at the vicarage, she thought, when the parson's housekeeper did not disapprove this marriage.

"Hev yey see t' lass, Missis Riccall?" she asked with some scorn.

"Neea, nut Ah! Sheea's bin at t' streeat at Lunnon whiles sin sheea waaz a lahle lass, afore Ah cam to t' Parsonage; she mun be bonny noo."

"Sheea'll be faded and set oop lahke her mudher," said Mrs. Crewe; "t' fayther's honest an' plain, an' seaa's t' lad, bud Ah cannut abide t' missis. She's crammed wiv fads an' fancies. An' noo sheea'll be fair brasted wiv pride."

Mrs. Byland had been listening eagerly to this talk, and she would have joined in at once, but Hezekiah kept her hand tightly tucked under his arm; he did not want his wife to attract the notice of his elderly cousin. But now he turned to speak to Ephraim Crewe, and Peggy got free and pushed herself close to the two talkers.

"Ah's seen t' bride," she said with importance. "Many's t' tahme, an' shea's a lady ivvery bit uv her, shea'll mak a reet guid missis fer yur maister, thof he's a bit awd for t' lahkes o' her: gin sheea'd waited a while sheea'd hev suited rarely wiv t' young maister."

Mrs. Crewe raised her head with a look of contemptuous inquiry.

"Eh bud yeh iz a stranger, Ah s'pose," she said. "Maister Ralph's nut gane sixteen, an' he'll wed wiv a real lady, neane o' yur maakbelieves."

This time there was no mistaking the sound of wheels, and the squire and John Barugh both appeared at the church door. They went up to the gate, and the farmer handed out his daughter, and as Doris walked slowly, but with easy dignity, beside him the burst of admiration was irrepressible. The effect on Faith Emmett was almost maddening. Her yellow eyes blazed for an instant, and then she resolutely closed them and shut out the vision of exceeding loveliness which she felt must be all-powerful before the chorus of admiring wonder met her ears.

Poor Dorothy! she need not have spent so much anxious care and pains on her own adornment. Scarcely any one had time to look at her as she followed on the squire's arm, while George conducted Miss Masham. Every eye was strained for a last look at the

fair graceful girl with those liquid far-seeing eyes and a head placed "on her shoollthers," as Benjamin Hazelgrave whispered to his wife, "lahke a queen's."

Faith heard the whisper as she walked into church, and she cursed the marriage with all her heart and soul.

A buzz of admiration went with the crowd as it followed, all but some boys and girls, who took advantage of the general gathering within the building to play hide and seek and leap-frog, and various forbidden games within the churchyard.

But these pastimes were soon interrupted; first one and then another of the gazers came out into the porch, anxious to secure a place for a good view of the return procession.

Mrs. Duncombe and Mrs. Crewe found themselves side by side, and the deaf woman's broad unmeaning face was full of delight.

"Eh, neeaghber; wheea can seh t' squire hesn't made a guid choice. Deead yey ivver see t' lahke o' sik a bonny face? Mah wod! sheea is thaat."

Mrs. Crewe looked down repressively. It behoved the wife of a well-to-do farmer to keep up her dignity with a "puir awd boddy 'at hed jist eneaf to live by."

"Sheea's weel eneaf, bud luks is nut ivverthing, Missis Duncombe, an' fahne featherns maks fahne bods. Yey mun yaalays mind 'at foalks is strangers at Burneston. Wer kens nowt about 'em wersels. Mah lad Ephraim disn't set mich store by t' farmin 'at gaus on yon."

She nodded her head towards the gabled farmhouse which showed plainly among the scanty-leaved trees, and then she drew her stiff skirts closer, so as to make room for Ephraim, who just then issued from the porch. But Joseph Sunley came out hastily after him, and began to clear a free passage.

"Gae awa, yeh lahtle ragils, Ah'll nut hev yey rampin' an' reein' whiles t' squire an his lady coms oop t' walk."

As he spoke the congregation poured suddenly out of church, having been taken by surprise by the quick proceedings in the vestry; and before the two rows had again arranged themselves between the porch and the gate, appeared Mr. Burneston and his bride. She looked far more beautiful now, there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and a calm bright look which spoke of secure peace.

Faith Emmett, Mrs. Crewe, and a few of their cronies sneered inwardly or muttered depreciation, but the village as a whole was taken by a *coup-de-main*, and there rose up a deafening cheer. Even Ephraim forgot his

allegiance to the housekeeper as he turned a glowing face to his mother.

"Aay maari! sheea's a beauty, an' sheea moves lahke a queen."

Even Mrs. Barugh's bonnet and general appearance met with favour, and the cheers continued as the procession returned to the gate in the same order, except that Ralph Burneston stepped quietly before George and offered his arm to Rica Masham.

The bells pealed out merrily as the Hall carriage, with Mr. Burneston and Doris, drove rapidly away to the vicarage.

About an hour later the throng had reassembled at the vicarage gates to see the departure of the newly-married pair. On the previous day Mr. Sunley and Will Slater, or Slaater, as he called himself, the gardener at the Hall, had had a consultation, and it had been decided that the path leading to the carriage should be strewn with flowers.

"Wey'll hev yur lahtle lass Mary Anne Slaater," Sunley had said, "an' mah ain grandowter Prudence; they twae sal stan again t' gatepost an' fling t' blossoms efter whiles dhey rides away."

And now Will Slater was diligently strewing the gravel with white dahlias and chrysanthemums. Joseph Sunley standing over him and pompously advising him now and then.

"Noo gang te t' gate, honies," he said to the two pretty children who stood shyly eager beside him, each with a basket of flowers, "an fling 'em wiv a will."

Another burst of cheering announced that Mr. and Mrs. Burneston had appeared at the door, and as the squire, after putting his wife in the carriage, turned round to speak a hearty farewell, the little lasses, true to their instructions, sent a couple of dahlias at him with such determined good-will, that if he had not ducked his head they would have hit him hard in the face.

There was a burst of hearty laughter, and the two pretty little maids looked shamefaced and discomfited till Mr. Burneston stooped down, and patting them on the cheek while he picked up the flowers, said he would give them to Mrs. Burneston as a keepsake.

While the rest of the party were still looking after the carriage, Ralph turned to Rica Masham, to whom he had talked exclusively during the wedding breakfast.

"Do you know who that very pretty girl is who stood peeping over the edge of a pew near the vestry? I have been looking at every face in the crowd, but I can't find hers anywhere."

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

IV.—THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE story of the Isles of the Pacific receives not less illustration from the examination of their birds than does that of the Isles of the Indian Ocean. Vast as is the area of the Pacific, there is, with one exception, that of the Galapagos, a homogeneity in the general character of its bird-life, and a distinctness withal in the different groups, which separate them clearly from each other, and still more widely from the islands of the Indian Ocean. Nor, although this line of demarcation between the two oceans be apparently arbitrary, yet, so far as regards the forms of insular life, is it other than exact, accurate, and sharply defined. If we glance at a map of the vast insular region to the south-east of Asia, there is nowhere any visible geographical break from Malacca to Tasmania. One close chain of islands links Australia to Asia.

But let us examine the teeming bird-life of that exuberant region, and ornithology supplies us with a dividing line, which seems to indicate a geologic separation of infinite antiquity. A string of islands runs east of Java to New Guinea, never more than a few miles apart, apparently all of a similar character. There is no special feature to distinguish one channel from another. Yet between two of these islands, the observant eye of Mr. A. R. Wallace, who stands at the head of all naturalists in scientific exploration, has detected the line which separates India and Australia. The channel between the small islands of Bali and Lombok is not more than fifteen miles wide, but west of it all life is, speaking generally, Indian in its character; east of it, all is Australian. From the Himalayas to Bali, there is no break, only a gradual local variation in the animals, birds, reptiles, insects, and molluscs. In Lombok the naturalist finds himself in a new world. This line of demarcation, now familiar to all students of the subject as "Wallace's line," can be traced with more or less precision separating two entirely distinct portions of the earth's surface. From Bali it runs northwards through the straits of Macassar, dividing Borneo from Celebes, then trending eastward, it passes between the Philippine Islands on the north, and Sanguir to the south, and further onward embraces the Pelew Islands

and the Ladrões in the Australian area, leaving Japan in the old world, or Palearctic region; and of course embracing the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific area, which (speaking as a naturalist) does not comprise the Loo-choo Islands nor the Aleutian. South-westward from Bali the line runs down beyond the west of Australia, where there are no islands till we reach the Mascarenes, and then, sweeping southward, it includes New Zealand, the Chatham Islands, and all the Oceanic groups in the South Pacific, excepting the Galapagos, which are American in their affinities.

But what are the features which determine "Wallace's line"? To speak of the great families of birds only, on the one side, the Indian, are the vultures, the pheasants, the barbets, the bulbuls, and the true finches, with all their innumerable species. In fact, of the pheasant, barbets, and bulbuls, the Indian region may be said to be the home. Not one of them is found on the other side of the line. Then the thrushes and the warblers (*sylviade*), so endless in variety, and so numerous in individuals in the old world—of these but a few straggling species cross the line. Most striking of all, the woodpeckers, of which there are over three hundred species, are absolutely unknown in the Australian region, excepting that some four or five species just cross the boundary, and are found here and there in Lombok, Celebes, and Moluccas, but not one in Australia or the Pacific. So much for the great bird-families conspicuous for their absence.

Still more remarkable are the new and unwonted forms to which we are introduced across the line. They differ infinitely more from the feathered inhabitants of any other part of the world, than the birds of the rest of the world do among themselves. The honeysuckers, a family of birds remarkable for its structural peculiarities, having a brush at the end of its tongue, with which it sweeps up the nectar of flowers, and abounding in genera and species (no less than one hundred and thirty species are already known), is never found out of this Pacific area (if we except one species which does cross from Lombok to Bali), but is represented by numerous varieties in every, even the remotest, corner

of that vast space. Other great families are only feebly developed outside the Australian region, but are most characteristic in it. Such are the moreporks (*Podargus*), the flower-peckers (*Dicaeum*), the caterpillar eaters (*Campephaga*), the swallow flycatchers (*Artamus*), and especially the thick-headed shrikes (*Pachycephala*). Of birds of universal distribution, the kingfishers and the pigeons are here found in a variety of species and a gorgeousness of plumage elsewhere unrivalled. But none of these are so strangely diverse from all others as are the ostrich-like emeus of Australia, the wingless rails, the resplendent rifle-birds, the gorgeous birds of paradise of Papua, bower-birds, lyre-birds, and most of all, the weird-like kiwi or *Apteryx* and the recently exterminated colossal moas (*Dinornis*) of New Zealand.

What is the story of the isles which all this tells? Why, without any sudden change of climate, with no perceptible difference in geologic character, should that line of Wallace prove a great barrier, which these birds pass neither one way nor the other? It cannot be want of power of flight, for all, excepting the brevipennant or wingless species, cross infinitely wider expanses of water elsewhere. It tells us, surely, that the Australian region is no mere prolongation of Eastern Asia, but that, while there has been, whatever may have been from time to time the oscillations, upheavals, or depressions of the earth's surface, more or less communication between the whole Indian region as far as Bali, from a period infinitely more remote, the sea has ever flowed between that island and Lombok, and no upheaval has ever united them; that the fissure between them is one that has probably existed ever since the crust of the earth first solidified. If, as in the course of these papers we shall endeavour to show, the bird-life of these islands is really the most antique on the face of the earth, it seems difficult indeed to avoid this conclusion, or not to admit that here ornithology actually demonstrates a great geological fact, which neither the composition of the rocks nor any palaeontological traces could have suggested.

When we proceed to classify and group the birds of these islands, scattered over one-third of the earth's surface, we find differences so great and so marked that we are led to suggest that the Pacific region is but a comprehensive term for various areas not less distinct than the other natural regions of the globe. We may fairly count six such

distinct areas of insular bird-life, varying from the oldest to the most recent, structurally considered, of the island bird faunas. Standing out distinctly from all others, the most peculiar and the oldest in the world, is the most recent of England's great colonies, New Zealand, with the Chatham and Auckland Isles, Lord Howe's, Norfolk, and Philip Islands. Second, but zoologically far more modern, is Australia, with its satellite, Tasmania. Third in antiquity we may place the Papuan region, New Guinea, with Timor, Celebes, Moluccas, and their numerous dependant islands. Fourth appear to rank the Sandwich Islands. Fifth, by far the widest in area, the Polynesian Archipelago, with countless islets, scattered over ninety degrees of longitude and forty of latitude, from the Pelew Islands to Easter Island. Lastly we have the most modern of all, the Galapagos, which might, perhaps, be more justly treated as an outlier of South America, but the exceptional natural history of which casts much light on the variation and specialisation of species.

The Galapagos Islands, lying just under the equator, six hundred miles westward of South America, are a striking contrast in their general character and appearance to other tropical islands. Spread over a space of two hundred miles from north to south, and one hundred and eighty from east to west, they are wholly volcanic. On many of them the volcanoes are still active, and one crater attains a height of four thousand seven hundred feet. The streams of lava have sometimes so heated the water as to compel ships to run from their anchorage, where they found a sea temperature of 150° and the atmosphere 147° . Notwithstanding these occasional irregularities, the temperature is usually moderate for an equatorial region, for the Galapagos are struck by the polar current from the south. From the same cause, probably, there is a total absence of the coralline insects, so universal elsewhere round the Pacific Islands.

But even this is scarcely enough to account for the strange barrenness, the meagreness of vegetation, its stunted growth, for the most part wretched little weeds, more becoming an arctic than an equatorial flora, and for the abnormal absence of brilliant colours, both in animal and vegetable life. The largest island of the group, Albemarle, eighty miles in length and in one part fifty miles wide, is, excepting on its southern side, miserably barren, covered with immense streams of black naked lava, and studded with craters. The island of

Narborough seems even more repulsive, its only signs of life being a few mangrove-trees near the shore. Mr. Darwin has remarked that probably there is not within the whole range of the tropics another region so sterile. Yet there is no lack of moisture. Although rain falls plentifully but at one season, the clouds generally hang low and the hills are well clothed with verdure.

Again, had we any reason to believe the islands to be geologically recent, it might be supposed that stragglers from the neighbouring continent had not yet had time to settle and extend themselves. But the whole appearance of the rocks forbids this. There are few volcanic regions whose cliffs indicate a greater antiquity, in the different strata of lava currents to be traced in their sections, and the evident length of time which must have elapsed between the various torrents. From the whole structure of the islands, from the depth of the oceanic depression between them and South America, it is impossible to hold that they have ever had any closer connection with South America than they have at present. They rise from an area of depression beyond that great axis of elevation, the Andes chain, which has probably been such an axis ever since the earth solidified and assumed its present shape—the complement, in fact, of the Pacific area of depression.

Yet these dreary and unattractive cinder heaps are, both in their plants and their animals, a little world by itself. They have nothing in common with any other Pacific island. In examining their living inhabitants we have the satisfaction of believing that, unlike the case of the Mascarenes, though man has begun the work of destruction, he has in no case, as yet, accomplished that of extermination. Though the trees be stunted, the plants mean, and the birds sombre, they are not the relics of a more abundant flora and fauna. The forbidding appearance of the land discouraged any early attempts at colonisation, though the group was known about the middle of the sixteenth century. But they were found a very convenient rendezvous and watering place by the English buccaneers, who would seem to have been almost their only visitors for about a century and a half. In this capacity Dampier visited and described them in 1684.

The most valued and famous product of the islands were then, as still, the gigantic tortoises or land turtles, once found in incredible plenty, but now rapidly becoming extinct, partly from the wholesale destruc-

tion for sea store during two centuries, first by buccaneers and then by whalers. In many of the isles not a tortoise is left, but in others there are still a few of these huge Chelonians, weighing sometimes two hundred and fifty pounds, and some of them requiring the united efforts of six or eight men to lift them. As they creep along at the rate of six yards a minute or four miles a day, taking no notice of the human intruder beyond drawing in their heads with a low hiss, they recall some ungainly monster of the old reptilian age, which has escaped destruction in this hidden nook, and survives to tell of what sort were once the lords of creation. It is curious that, while it is threatened with extermination in its native haunts, this tortoise has been transplanted by whalers to various other parts of the globe, and is now found in India and elsewhere.

As in Mauritius, it is not so much the active agency of man, but the turning loose of pigs, which forebodes the early extermination of the native fauna. Here, as elsewhere, pigs have become wild, and thousands upon thousands of the eggs and young of the great tortoise are annually devoured by them. Pigs, asses, goats, and cattle have all been turned out, and, taking to the hills and woods of the more fertile islands, have multiplied exceedingly. There seems to be but one native quadruped, a little rodent, peculiar, but allied to the South American forms. Man, however, has signally failed in his attempts to settle *himself*. A Peruvian convict settlement was planted more than forty years ago, but it has dwindled to one or two families, who subsist by supplying whalers. This the naturalist has no cause to regret, for it has preserved for his study almost the last insular fauna surviving in its entirety. This, strange to say, was never noticed till the visit of Mr. Darwin in 1835. That visit has made the Galapagos classic soil. Here were first suggested to him those problems on the derivative origin of species, and their evolution, the various attempted solutions of which have revolutionised, within a very few years, the whole science of natural history.

The birds, with whom we have to do, for the tortoises are a digression, are what most clearly revealed to the philosopher the story of the isles of the sea. The visits of the buccaneers had been long forgotten, the calls of the whalers had evidently made no impression on these aborigines. The seamen had probably confined their hunting to the great tortoises, and, unlike a French sportsman, had scorned to notice sparrows or

thrushes. These welcomed Mr. Darwin and his companions with a confidence which "his form with indifference scanned." So tame and unsuspecting were they, that they did not understand what was meant by stones being thrown at them, they allowed themselves to be struck down one after another by a boy with a stick, and on one occasion, "a mocking-bird alighted on the edge of a pitcher which I held in my hand, and began quietly to sip the water, and allowed me to lift it with the vessel from the ground." This is exactly the experience of the Dutch in Mauritius, of Leguat in Rodriguez, and of Captain John Smith among the shearwaters of Bermuda, when he "went about among them and felt them, to eschew the lean and choose the fat." Nor was this tameness a peculiarity of certain species. Hawks, owls, and pigeons showed the same absence of fear as finches or thrushes.

If we analyze the collections that have been made on the Galapagos, we shall find that out of thirty species of birds of prey and passerine birds, only one species is found elsewhere, and that is the American rice-bird, a well-known migrant, spread over the whole of North America, and of the southern continent as far as the equator. Besides these, the one pigeon and the one rail are peculiar, and stranger still, of three of the heron family two are peculiar; the only two species of gull, the only two species of petrel, and the one penguin (the most northerly species of the family), are all peculiar. This isolation of species of oceanic birds with the vast powers of flight of gulls and petrels, is, I believe, without parallel. The other birds that occur are ducks, plover, and sandpipers, of course all, migrants and visitors, and found all along the west coast of America.

All the fifty-seven species found here may be classed under thirty-nine genera, of which twenty-seven are almost world-wide, five are peculiar to the Galapagos, and seven belong also to continental America. It is here that we obtain our key to the zoological relationships of "this little world within itself," as Mr. Darwin aptly terms it. There is a remarkable absence of anything suggestive of relationship with the rest of the Pacific. There is no honeybird, no flower-pecker, no shrike, no kingfisher, no parrot. The one dove, peculiar though it be, has nought in common with the innumerable pigeons, in fairy-like plumage, of the South Sea Islands. It is unmistakably American in its type. The same is true of the herons. Then comes the little water-rail. Instead of the whilom

giant of Mauritius, or the huge *Notornis* of New Zealand, we find the most diminutive of its family, a bird barely four inches long, and a microcosm of the great rails (*Aramides*) of South America. An insular position here evidently does not foster development of size. The white owl too, though it has lost its whiteness, while the barn owl of Polynesia only differs from our own in the greater purity of its plumage, is smaller than any other variety of this cosmopolitan bird. Equally exceptional is the fact, that while the same gulls and petrels roam over the whole of the rest of the vast area of the Pacific, peculiar and sombre-coloured species are found confined to these island shores.

The "genera" or groups of species belonging exclusively to the Galapagos are absolutely unique; yet they have more affinity to the American than to any other groups of birds. They are some of them structurally related to the American *Careba*; others more like buntings. But whatever they be structurally, in colour and proportions all the genera are strangely alike. They are all brown, or brown-mottled, with the old males sometimes black. Of these peculiar genera there are known nineteen species. Some of these may perhaps blend into each other, or be the peculiar races of particular islands. But the examination has been so hasty, that it is very probable other species still remain unnoticed. Whatever the form of the bill, be it that of a grosbeak or a warbler, they have short wings, strong legs, and very dumpy tails. Yet their continental relatives are among the most gorgeously decked birds in the world, and generally with long tails. Again, as if to controvert the very natural hypothesis that the Galapagos were colonised from South America, there is a remarkable absence of the great families of birds which characterize that continent. Of the humming-bird, whose very cradle is the Andes, with its five hundred species, not a solitary straggler occurs in the Galapagos. Yet other islands nearer the coast, in climates far more inclement, are rich in these jewelled beauties. Juan Fernandez has three species of its own, and one extends even to Queen Charlotte Island and Nootka Sound. Of the tanagers, the tree-creepers (*Dendrocolaptes*), and the ant-hunters (*Formicaria*), the ornithological features of South America, not a specimen is found.

Whence, then, asked Mr. Darwin, are the Galapagos peopled? and why are they not only a world within themselves—for this is true, as we have seen, of other Oceanic islands

—but why, being so, do they differ from other tropical island worlds, in the absence of colour and the pigmy stature of their inhabitants? It has been shown that these had not to struggle for existence against enemies, the absence of which might be supposed to explain the giant stature of the pigeons, parrots, or rails of the Mascarenes. The formation of the islands forbids the hypothesis that they are the relics of a submerged continent; their fauna, therefore, must be derivative. We have seen it is not Polynesian; it can only, then, be American.

But it is not *South American* specially; it would seem rather to be derived from the western side of California. There is nothing, as in the islands of the Indian Ocean, or in New Zealand, to suggest the idea of the feeble remains of a bygone age of ornithic supremacy. Its "ornis" is essentially modern in type, while its gigantic tortoises and its huge, hideous black lizards, both land and water, attaining a height of four feet, prove that there is nothing in the nature of the region to prohibit the development of animals to an exceptional size.

The only solution, so far, seems to be that the reptiles are the earliest occupants of the soil—

that North, not South, America has supplied from time to time the progenitors of its bird inhabitants—that the Galapagos have been thrown up from the ocean depths long subsequent to the Andean ranges, but yet at so remote a period that the cold polar current, the humid atmosphere, and the barren soil have had time gradually to obliterate all traces of colour in plumage, except in the more recent arrivals (one of which, the rice-bird, has not had time to modify at all), and that scanty food has tended to stunt the development of individual size. The exceptional stoutness and strength of feet may be accounted for by the roughness of the soil. As to the universal abbreviation of the tail, we are not prepared with any conjecture on the cause of this sumptuary curtailment.

The story, then, of the Galapagos, as told by its birds, is, that it is geologically the most recent of the Oceanic groups of the Pacific, is connected with none other, and has been peopled from the north-east rather than from the opposite coast.

From the Galapagos we pass upwards and onwards, geographically, and almost, we may say, chronologically, to the Sandwich Islands.

WALKS IN LONDON.

NO. V.—SMITHFIELD.

FROM the end of Holborn, in which we visited the smallest of the Inns of Court, Charterhouse Street leads into Smithfield or Smoothfield, around which many of London's most sacred memories are folded. But as its market is the first object which strikes the eye, we are naturally drawn first to notice its great cattle-fair, which is not without its reminiscences, for it is celebrated by Shakespeare. Falstaff asks, "Where's Bardolph?" and a page answers, "He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse."

The first market—"Bartholomew Fair"—was established here by Rahere, king's jester to Henry I., and it gradually grew to be the great and only cattle-market of London. As many as 210,757 cattle, and 1,518,510 sheep, were sold here annually; but the market was always inconvenient, and was a great nuisance to its neighbourhood. Dickens vividly describes its miseries in "Oliver Twist." The market for living animals in Smithfield was abolished in 1852, when the new Meat Market was built, which is such a perfect forest of slaughtered calves,

pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades.

In the open space now occupied by the market, tournaments were formerly held. It was here that Wat Tyler was killed on the 15th of June, 1381. His partizans had been everywhere successful, had broken into the Tower of London and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, had broken into the Tower Royal and terrified the Fair Maid of Kent, had broken into and pillaged the palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy. At length the young King Richard agreed to hear fully the demands of the Commons in Smithfield. They met, the King standing, says Stow, "towards the east near St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the Commons towards the west in order of battle." The insolence of Wat Tyler's manner knew no bounds; he drew his dagger upon the knights whom the king sent to meet him; finally, he approached the king and seized the bridle of his horse. It was then that the Lord Mayor, Walworth, plunged a dagger into his throat. In the terrible crisis, a massacre was only evaded

by the presence of mind of Richard II., then only in his fifteenth year, who rode at once up to the rebels and said, "Why this clamour, my liege men? What are ye doing? Will you kill your King? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me into the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The insurgents, captivated by his courage, at once allowed themselves to be led into Islington Fields, and, once there, were quietly dispersed without any difficulty.

It was at the Elms in Smithfield "betwixt the horse-pool and the river of the Wels or Turnmill Brook," that public executions took place before the reign of Henry IV. Here Sir William Wallace was executed on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, being dragged by horses from the Tower, hung, and then quartered while he was still living. Here also Mortimer, the favourite of Queen Isabella d'Angoulême, was hung by her eighteen-year-old son Edward III. Endless persons were burnt here for witchcraft, but most of all is the name of Smithfield connected with religious persecutions and intolerance, Catholics burning Protestants; then, Protestants Catholics; then, Catholics Protestants again, those who had cruelly caused the sufferings of others often in their turn having to endure the same. Kings and princes were themselves often present, and took a part at these horrible scenes. Thus, Henry V., as Prince of Wales, assisted at the death of John Badby, who was burnt in a tun filled with fire, for refusing to believe in transubstantiation.

In the reign of Henry VIII. we find Forest, an Observant Friar, burnt for denying the King's supremacy, and Latimer, himself burnt in 1556, coolly preaching patience while the victim writhed and moaned in his death struggles. And soon afterwards we find Cranmer, also burnt himself in 1556, adjuring Edward VI. to burn Joan Butcher, the Maid of Kent, who was troubled with some scruples as to the Incarnation, and the amiable King replying in horror, "What, my lord! Will ye have me send her quick to the devil, in her error?" "So that Dr. Cranmer himself confessed that he had never so much to do in all his life as to cause the king to put to his hand, saying he would lay all the charge thereof upon Cranmer before God."

Of the long line of sufferers for the Protestant faith under Henry VIII., generally on the question of transubstantiation, perhaps the most remarkable in faith and constancy

was Sir William Askew's beautiful daughter Anne, whom Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor, tortured with his own hands, and who, before she was burnt, had lost the use of her feet by her extreme sufferings upon the rack to make her disclose the name of those court ladies of Queen Katherine Parr who shared her opinions.

When, with the reign of Mary, the executions for religion became ten times more frequent than before, the martyr-procession was heralded (1555) by John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, who had been converted to the Protestant faith at Antwerp by conversation with William Tyndall and Miles Coverdale. He was offered a pardon if he would revoke his expressions about transubstantiation, but he answered, "That which I have preached will I seal with my blood; at the Day of Judgment it will be known whether I am a heretic," and, being bound to the stake, washed his hands in the flame, as one feeling no hurt, and so died bravely in sight of his own church-tower. "He was," says Foxe, "the proto-martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire."

To those who study the story of the executions in Smithfield, it will be striking how in the midst of a Catholic population, the English feeling of injustice towards the victims, and indignation at the cruelty of their persecutors, especially against Bonner, Bishop of London, always made the spectators sympathize with the sufferers, and only fear lest they should be induced by terror to recant at the last. Thus, when John Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, was brought to Smithfield (1555) with John Warne, an upholsterer at Walbrook, "the people were in a marvellous dump and sadness, thinking that Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Warne. But his prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, went with bold courage to the stake, and kissed it sweetly: he took Warne by the hand, and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt, cried out with joy, saying, 'God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!'"

Among the most remarkable of the after sufferers was John Bradford, who died embracing the stake and comforting his fellow-sufferer; and John Philpot, archdeacon of Winchester, who knelt, like St. Andrew, at

first sight of his stake. "And when he was come to the place of suffering, he kissed the stake, and said, 'Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?' And then with an obedient heart full meekly he said the 106th, the 107th, and the 108th Psalms. . . . Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr."

The only memorial now existing in Smithfield of the sufferings which it has witnessed for truth's sake, is to be found in an inscribed stone in the outer wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, saying, "Within a few yards of this spot John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, servants of God, suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557."

The part of Smithfield which is on the right as we enter it is girded by St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the remains of St. Bartholomew's Priory, alike founded in the early part of the twelfth century by Rahere or Rayer—"a pleasant-witted gentleman," says Stow, "and therefore in his time called the king's minstrel." On his way to Rome on a pilgrimage, he imagined in a vision that he was carried by a great beast having four feet and two wings to a very lofty place, whence he saw the entrance and the horrors of the bottomless pit. From this he was rescued by a majestic personage, who revealed himself as St. Bartholomew, and commanded him to build a church in his honour on a site which he indicated, bidding him be under no apprehensions as to expense, for he would supply the funds. Rahere, returning, obtained the royal sanction for his work, which was speedily assisted by miraculous agency, for a marvellous light was believed to shine on the roof of the church as it arose, the blind who visited it received their sight, cripples went away with their limbs restored, and the hiding-place of a choral book stolen by a Jew was marvellously revealed. Rahere died in 1143, leaving thirteen monks in his foundation. The monastery was at one time one of the largest religious houses in London, its precincts extending as far as Aldersgate Street; but nothing is left now of the monastic buildings, though part of the cloisters existed within the memory of living persons.

Built up in the old houses facing the market—which look little altered since they were represented in the print in which the lord mayor and the old dukes are sitting beneath them in a kind of tent, watching the execution of Anne Askew—is the old Gothic

gateway of the churchyard. It is an Early English arch, with several rows of dog-tooth ornaments between its mouldings.

Grand as St. Bartholomew's still is, it is only the choir of the monastic church, with the first bay of the nave and the fragments of the transepts. The choir has a triforium and clerestory, and is entirely surrounded by an ambulatory. The narrow stilted horse-shoe arches of the apse are very curious. Of the arches which supported the tower, two are round, the others (towards the transepts) slightly pointed. The general effect of this interior is greatly enhanced by having its area kept open, with chairs in the place of pews, allowing the lines of the architecture and the bases of the pillars to be seen.

It is this monastic choir, as we now see it, which witnessed a strange scene when the Provençal Archbishop Boniface, uncle of Henry III.'s queen, Ellinor, irritated at a want of deference on the part of the sub-prior, rushed upon him, slapped him in the face, tore his cope to fragments, and trampled it under foot, and finally, being himself in full armour under his vestments, pressed him against a pillar so violently as almost to kill him. A general scrimmage ensued between the monks and the attendants of the archbishop, and as the inhabitants of Smithfield poured in to the assistance of the former, Boniface was forced to fly to Lambeth, followed by shouts that he was a ruffian and cruel, unlearned and a stranger, and moreover that he had a wife!

The last prior was Fuller, previously prior of Waltham. Under his predecessor, Prior Bolton, a great deal of restoration was done, marked by the Perpendicular work inserted on the old Norman building. Especially noteworthy is the oriel called Prior Bolton's pew, projecting over the south side of the choir, where the prior sat during service, or whence the sacristan watched the altar. It is adorned with the rebus of its builder—a bolt through a ton. There are similar oriels at Malmesbury and in Exeter Cathedral.

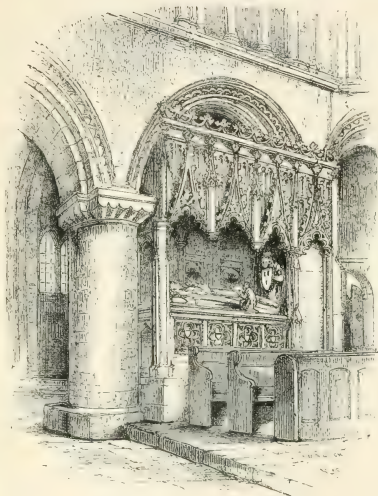
On the north of the choir is the tomb erected in the fifteenth century to the founder, Rahere, with a beautifully groined canopy. At the foot of his sleeping figure stands a crowned angel, and on either side kneels a monk, with a Bible open at Isaiah li., and the words, "The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

Behind the grand Norman pillars of the choir are a succession of curious monuments, which well deserve inspection. Visitors will be amused with that of Dr. Francis Anthony (*ob. 1623*), who invented and believed in an extraordinary medicine which was to work universal cures—*aurum potable*, being extract

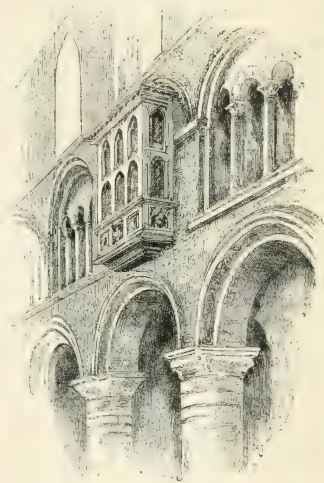
or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquid whatsoever. Dr. Anthony published a learned defence of his discovery, intended to show that “after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries.” The medi-



Gate of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.



Prior Rahere's Tomb, St. Bartholomew's.



Prior Bolton's Pew, St. Bartholomew's.

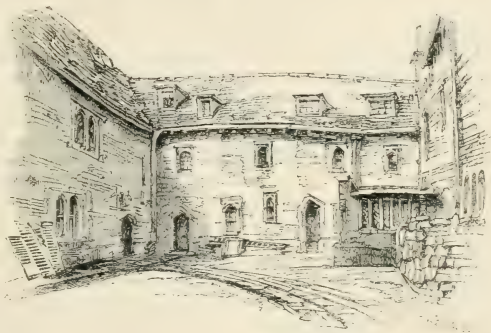
cine obtained great celebrity in the reign of James I., and Dr. Anthony lived in much honour in Bartholomew Close, and bequeathed the secret of *aurum potable* to his son, who wrote on his monument, which bears three pillars encircled by a wreath, the epitaph,—

“There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name.
Religion, Virtue, and thy skill did raise
A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
Yet shall they all commend that high design,
Of purest gold to make a medicine,
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention.”

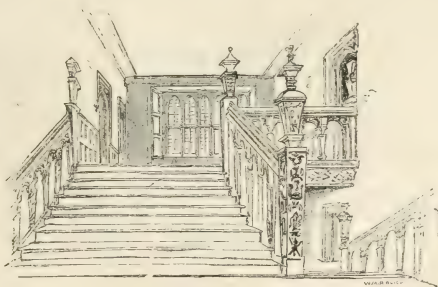
Noticing the noble bust of James Rivers,



Washhouse Court, Charterhouse (exterior).



The Washhouse Court, Charterhouse.



Staircase of Norfolk House, Charterhouse.

by Hubert le Soeur, we must linger by the monument of Edward Cooke, "philosopher and doctor." It is of a kind of marble which drips with water in damp weather, and has the appropriate epitaph,—

"Unsluice, ye briny floods. What? can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the marble weep?
Purst out for shame; or if ye find noe vent
For teares, yet stay and see the stones relent."

The magnificent alabaster tomb beyond this is that of Sir Walter Mildmay (1689),

who was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and founder of Emanuel College at Cambridge. Fuller records how, being supposed to have a leaning towards Puritanism, when he came to court after the foundation of his college, Elizabeth saluted him with "Sir Walter, I hear you have made a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," he replied; "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof." Sir Walter was one of the commissioners to Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and might have risen to the highest offices, had he been more subservient to Elizabeth. Fuller tells how, "being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of their privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the Queen made her to disaffect him;" so that he lived afterwards "in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience."

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere in 1123, and refounded by Henry VIII. upon the dissolution of monasteries, is open to all sufferers by sickness or accident, and admits upward of a hundred thousand patients in the course of the year. Just within its gate is the Church of St. Bartholomew the Less, founded by Rahere immediately after his return from his penance at Rome. The tower contains some Norman arches of the founder's time, but the church was rebuilt in 1823. Near the altar, is the monument of the wife of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and in the parish register, we may see recorded the baptism of Inigo Jones, whose father was a clothworker residing in the neighbouring Cloth Fair. The Great Hall of the Hospital is approached by a wide oak staircase, the walls of which were gratuitously painted by Hogarth in 1736 with two immense pictures of "The Good Samaritan" and "The Pool of Bethesda."

At the corner of Giltspur Street and Smithfield, near the Hospital, is Pie Corner, where the Great Fire ended, which began in Pudding Lane. It is probably some association with these names which caused the inscription (now obliterated) beneath the commemorative figure of a very fat boy (once painted in

colours), still existing against the wall of a public-house near the corner of Cock Lane: "This boy is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." Pie Corner is frequently mentioned in the Plays of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Shadwell.

Just beyond St. Bartholomew's the Great is the entrance of Cloth Fair, whose name is a relic of Bartholomew Fair. It was once a great centre for the French and Flemish merchants in London, and, having escaped the Fire, is still full of old though squalid houses of Elizabethan or Jacobian date. Here the Pie Powder—Pied-Poudre—Court was held annually at the public-house called the Hand and Shears, during Bartholomew Fair, for the sorting and correction of the weights and measures used in the market and for granting licences for the exhibition in the fair. Blackstone says, "The lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, court of justice known to the law of England is the Court of Pie-poudre,—*curia pedis pulverizati*—so called from the dusty feet of the suitors," or, according to Sir Edward Coke, "because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot." Long Lane, close by, is commemorated by Congreve, and Duck Lane by Swift.

Continuing, along the east side of the Metropolitan Meat Market, we reach Charterhouse Square, where in the seventeenth century were many handsome palaces, such as Rutland House (still commemorated in Rutland Place), and one where the Venetian ambassadors used to lodge. It is now a quiet green amid the houses. Here, before the reign of Edward III., was a desolate common called "No Man's Land," between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and the gardens of the Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell. In the terrible plague of 1348, when thousands of bodies were flung loosely into pits without any religious service whatever, Ralph Stratford, who was then Bishop of London, purchased these three desolate acres, and, building a chapel there, where masses should be perpetually said for the repose of the dead, called it Pardon Churchyard." Fifty thousand persons were buried in this cemetery and in the adjoining Spital Croft, which was purchased by Sir Walter Manny, the hero of Edward III.'s French wars, who in 1371 founded a Carthusian convent here, and called it "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." Prior Houghton, who was superior of the convent in the time of Henry VIII., spoke

too openly against the spoliation of church lands by the king, and so (1534) drew down the wrath of the royal commissioners. With several of his monks, he was sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. Sir Thomas More (who had himself lived for four years in the Charterhouse—religiously, without vow, giving himself up to meditation and prayer) saw them going to execution from his prison window, and said to his daughter, Mrs. Roper, who was with him, "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?" Several others of the monks were afterwards executed, and ten were starved to death in Newgate; the remainder fled to Bruges.

The buildings of the Charterhouse were presented to several of the king's favourites in turn, and in 1565 were sold by the Norths to the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down many of the monastic buildings, and added rooms more fitted to a palatial residence. Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, second son of the Duke of Norfolk, beheaded for Mary Queen of Scots, sold the Charterhouse for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in Cambridgeshire, who had made an enormous fortune in Northumbrian coal-mines. He used it to found a hospital for aged men, and a school for children of poor parents—the "triple good" of Bacon, the "master-piece of English charity" of Fuller. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, supposed to be a more healthy situation, and the land which was occupied by its buildings and playground was sold to the Merchant Tailors for their school. But the rest of the foundation of Sutton still exists where he left it.

The Charterhouse is entered from the Square by a Perpendicular arch, with a projecting shelf above it, supported by lions. Immediately opposite is a brick gateway belonging to the monastic buildings, which is that where the "arm of Houghton was hung up as a bloody sign to awe the remaining brothers to obedience," when his head was exposed on London Bridge. The second court contains the Master's house, and is faced by the great hall of the Dukes of Norfolk. By a door in the right wall we pass to a Cloister, containing monuments to Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Henry Havelock, old Carthusians, and Archdeacon Hale, long a master of the Charterhouse. Hence we enter Brook Hall, to which Brook, a master of the

Charterhouse, whose picture hangs here, was confined by Cromwell: another door leads to the Chapel, of which the groined entrance dates from monastic times, but the rest is Jacobian. On the left of the altar is the magnificent alabaster tomb of Sutton, who died Dec. 12, 1611, a few months after his foundation of the Charterhouse. The upper part of the tomb represents his funeral sermon, with the poor Brethren seated round. On the cornice are figures of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, Plenty and Want. The whole is the work of Nicholas Stone and Jansen of Southwark.

The old Brick Cloister of the monastic Charterhouse extends along one side of the playground, in which are the modern buildings of the Merchant Tailors' School. All the moveable relics of Charterhouse School were taken away when the school was removed, and nothing remains of its buildings, but the place is still dear to many Charterhouse boys. A grand Staircase of Queen Elizabeth's time, with the greyhound of Sutton on the banisters, leads to the Officers' Library, with a portrait of Daniel Ray, who gave its books, and to the Drawing Room of old Norfolk House, with a beautiful ceiling, and a noble fire-place, painted in Flanders, with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Twelve Apostles, and, in the centre, the Royal Arms, with C. R. on the tails of the Lion and Unicorn. There are some fine old tapestries in this room—one of them representing the Siege of Calais. It was these rooms which (then belonging to Lord North) were used by Elizabeth on her first arrival in London from Bishops Hatfield, before her coronation.

The Pensioners' Hall, where the Poor Brethren dine, was the hall of Norfolk House. It has a noble roof, semicircular in the middle, flat at the sides, supported by large oaken brackets. The chimneypiece is adorned with the arms of Sutton, and the cannon at the sides were added by him to commemorate his having commanded artillery against the Scots, and having fitted up a vessel against the Spanish Armada.

On the left of the northern quadrangle is the venerable Washhouse Court, or Poplar Court, the outer wall of which, being part of the monastic buildings, is adorned with a cross, I.H.S., &c., in the brickwork. It is in one of the little houses of this court that Thackeray paints the beautiful close of Thomas Newcome's life.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."—MATT. v. 6.

HUNGER and thirst, the most common of sensations, known to every one, known daily, known everywhere. So does the Bible teach us greatest truths by plainest symbols, spiritual and eternal verities by homeliest daily experiences. We rejoice to feel the sensation of hunger, or to hear of it in others, for it is a sign of life and health. Happy are they that hunger, death is far from them. This, then, is the common natural fact that our Lord refers to when He says, "Blessed (or happy) are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." And "righteousness," what is that? If we say it is holiness, purity, godliness, there comes then the question, What are they? Let us then try to get the answer another way. We all know something of right and wrong; even the savage has a standard to measure his actions by, and conscience accuses or excuses him with respect to everything he does. People do wrong very often, not because they do not know what is right, but because they are too weak to resist temptation, or because they are carried away by passion and impulse. People's standards of right and wrong may differ, but each can see a rule of life higher than his present practice, something that he knows would be possible for him, something that he could be, something that he would like to be, that is better than he is. And if a man yearns and strives to attain this, if he hungers and thirsts after this better self, and at last attains it, he finds his horizon is still beyond him, as far beyond him as ever; there is still a higher standard that he now sees and desires, and feels is attainable, and if by patient manful striving this too is reached, the experience is once more repeated; let him become what he may, there is still some higher, nobler, more perfect ideal above him. Just as the healthy man that eats to-day will nevertheless be hungry again to-morrow; just as the painter or the musician gains skill by every day's work, and yet feels there is a better future still before him, full of novelty, full of progress, full of pleasure and honour; so he that strives after righteousness will strive on ever while he lives, rejoicing as he goes, rejoicing in what he attains, yet never resting in it, never satisfied with it, but always feeling the healthy pang

of hunger, the noble yearning for the higher still.

"Righteousness," always to do right; always to hear the approving voice of conscience, always to see standard and copy tally and correspond.

"Righteousness," to face the laws of God and man, and feel no guilt, no fear, no condemnation; to look at the past without regret or compunction; who ever did this? Only two in human form. Adam in his original purity, and the Man Christ Jesus all His life through. What, then, is righteousness? It is the life of God. Step by step we follow the instinct of the human soul; we begin with the ignorant savage, or the simple child; we understand our own poor rule of living, our own standard, somewhat higher, but still poor and low; we see better than we are; we read of saints, high up above us; but even they cry out, "What I would, that do I not, but what I hate, that do I;" and all eyes are strained upward to the one perfect Man Christ Jesus. And He gazes upward, too, into the unseen depth where God is, and says, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God." So then Righteousness has its home and source in God. What we can know of it as yet is revealed to us in Jesus Christ, doing God's will always, perfectly, and with joy. This is perfect righteousness. They who hunger and thirst after this our Lord pronounce blessed, happy here in its constant pursuit, happy hereafter in its attainment and most blessed fruition; for it is written of them, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" not merely bodily hunger and thirst surely, but the spiritual craving after righteousness, and this will be satisfied. For we read, there shall be no more sin, and all shall be washed pure and white in the Blood of the Lamb; some indeed higher than others, brighter with celestial glory, nearer to God; but all righteous, the heart of each owning no love but God, the will of each throbbing, pulse by pulse, true to the will of God, the soul thrilling with restful satiety, with joy that is ever at brimming high tide, and fears no ebb.

But where are we? What is all this to us? Poor weak, sinful, failing creatures that we are, what good to us to tell of saints and perfection; of God's will gladly, perfectly fulfilled; of sinlessness; of joyous realms, and the sweet, awful face of God? What is all this to us, who go stumbling on through life,

and never seem to grow better? the same mean, petty faults ever recurring; the same infirmities, the same habits unconquered, the same sins and repentances over and over again, till we are weary of ourselves, and fear God is wearied with us too, and that He will give us up in disgust, if He has not given us up already. Righteousness! what know *we* of righteousness? Our righteousness, indeed, is filthy rags; repentance is our daily task; sin clings to us, grows upon us, comes forth spontaneously from within us; it is our life-work to keep it from smothering us altogether. Righteousness! ah, would God it were ours! Oh, to be pure and clean! Oh, to be strong and firm! Oh, to be what we can just dimly discern we might be for these miserable failings, these shameful falls!

Is this, indeed, what we feel? Is this really our heart's grief—our heart's yearning? Is this, indeed, the record of our spiritual life,—daily repentance, daily longing to be better, daily striving against sin and to attain a higher standard? Is it really so? *Then for us is this beatitude!* "Blessed are they that *hunger and thirst* after righteousness." See what our Lord says; notice His chosen words: "They that *hunger and thirst* after righteousness." It is not those who attain, but those who desire. No one needs to be told that the righteous are blessed; but it is glad tidings indeed to hear that even they who long to be righteous are called blessed by Him who cannot lie—cannot err. Look up, then, and rejoice, O anxious, earnest souls! We are saved by hope. The dead in Christ are blessed; the saints at rest or in glory are blessed, but we, too, are not forgotten. God has more than one blessing. We are not safe yet, but still He blesses us. We are still fighting, suffering, hungering, thirsting, but He blesses us. Hunger means life and health. He knoweth our heart's desire. Be of good cheer; if God be on our side, who can prevail against us?

But now let us be sure that we are entitled to this blessing. To be blessed by God is so vast and glorious a thing that we may well examine suspiciously our right to it. Many want salvation, not righteousness; to be saved with sin, not from sin; not to be holy, but to be let off the due reward of their evil deeds, which they love and cling to as long as they can. There is no blessing promised for such. Then many have merely an occasional and spasmodic desire for righteousness. But healthy hunger and thirst are regular, daily, life-long. Then see what hunger and thirst involve. Why do men toil and work? Be-

cause they must eat to live. So hungering and thirsting after righteousness make a man busy, earnest, careful in spiritual things.

Then remember, that just as the natural appetite may be destroyed or perverted, so may the spiritual. A morbid appetite craves for unnatural food; a sick man has no desire to eat at all; a pampered appetite will not be satisfied with plain and wholesome things, and the dead man has done with food altogether. So the healthy soul hungers and thirsts for God and His righteousness; but many souls are sick, and morbid, and even moribund. The business of many men's lives seems to be to pervert the instincts of their souls, and they succeed. They have no taste for God; they are filthy, and they will be filthy still, and it irks them not.

O God, open Thou our dull eyes to see Thee; for if we can but see Thee, we must fall in love with Thee, who art perfect Beauty; and seeing Thee, we shall see our own filthiness, and hate it, and hunger and thirst after righteousness, that we may be like Thee, loved by Thee, drawn to be near Thee, with Whom, and in Whom alone the eternal and divine soul that is within us can find rest, and peace, and joy.

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Once in three years came the navy of Tharshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."—1 KINGS x. 22.

The story of Solomon has all the interest of a romance. What we know makes us long to know more. We are sure that if the annals of his wonderful reign could be found, they would abound with interest for all readers. Science, discovery, mechanics, art, philosophy, morality, all would gain something. Solomon seems to have been a sort of second Adam; a man raised to the highest possible pitch of human perfection, endowed with every gift, possessed of every enjoyment. He was as it were the spoiled child of human nature. He stands forth an example of the greatness and weakness of man. Every good thing was his, but he utterly broke down under the trial. He, and in him all mankind, was proved unequal to sustain the responsibilities of unbroken success. It was shown by example to all time that perfect happiness is not possible for man in this fallen world; that whatever may be the passionate cravings of human nature, the high purposes of God for man in this life are not attained by natural gifts, by external delights, nor by any one of the world's best gifts, nor by all of them together,

nor by any finite thing. The Book of Ecclesiastes sums up Solomon's experience. The first part is the weary cry of a soured, disappointed man, who has tried every pleasure, and been unsatisfied after all, and who turns in anger and bitter disgust upon men and things, and even upon God Himself. But in the latter part there is the groping back of the prodigal to his father, the return of the strayed soul to God, and finally the true verdict as to man's principle of life, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Thus Adam and Solomon stand out upon the page of inspired history as typical men. Adam sinless, endowed with God's best gifts; yet failing, unable to sustain his privileges, breaking down under the test of perfect happiness: Solomon receiving all that is possible in the world as it now is; and not only breaking down, but actually failing to secure happiness, and turning with loathing upon everything, and upon mankind, and almost upon God Himself. And then, as we turn on the pages of the great Book, there stands out a third typical Man. Like Adam, He is innocent and sinless; like Solomon, He is endowed with wisdom and all man's best gifts; like both, He is tried, and unlike either He stands firm. His one rule of life is to do God's will. So He lives and dies, and He bids mankind follow His example, if they would solve the riddle of human life and attain to happiness now and for ever. "A greater than Solomon is here," Solomon heaps up riches, ransacks the world for pleasures, marries a thousand wives, yet has but one son and he a fool, grasps at everything, but cries out at last that his life is a failure and a mistake. The true "Son of David" empties Himself of everything and becomes poorest; suffers shame, pain, injustice, yet "sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied;" has but one Bride, but of her begets unnumbered sons, and His kingdom has no end.

See some particulars of Solomon's grasp-all policy, and its result. He was a great merchant; by caravans through his city of Tadmor in the desert, and by his navy upon the Red Sea, he became the medium of all the world's trade with India, Africa, and the East, and like every one else who has secured the trade, he became very rich by it. Lying as he did between Egypt and the Eastern nations, he was a great trader in horses, and supplied the kings of the Hittites and Syria with them. The traffic gave him present wealth, but it laid the foundation of future

ruin for his kingdom, for it furnished his enemies with cavalry which a few years after won battles at Israel's cost. Then the inevitable results of wealth came in, luxury, outlandish tastes and fashions, the inventions of satiety to create an appetite, and of pampered idleness to discover a new gratification. "Apes and peacocks:" these are mentioned as part of Solomon's traffic. Apes and peacocks to grace his harem doubtless, and those of his courtiers, who would be sure to imitate his tastes. Apes and peacocks, far fetched, most costly, but how little worth! Is there not covert irony in this anticlimax that sums up Solomon's trade in such things as these? a long voyage, perils for brave men, time, cost, labour, anxiety,—and the result, apes and peacocks! Yes, and is it not so still? Wealth and luxury, ease and idleness, the much envied pinnacle of human happiness, the toys of the favoured few, what are they still but "silver and gold, ivory, and apes and peacocks?"

And O that the folly had been confined to the world, and to men and women of the world! Alas! the history of the Church displays the same. What was God's purpose in giving Solomon dominion and wealth, but that the knowledge of God might be extended far and wide? He recognised this in his better days. At the dedication of the Temple he prays that "all people of the earth may know Thy Name and fear Thee, as do Thy people Israel." That Temple was to be a "house of prayer for all nations," and Solomon was to be the great mission king to teach wisdom and truth, and to bring all the earth to know and worship and love God. For this he had power and peace; for this his ships sailed upon every sea; for this he had intercourse with all nations, and was honoured and feared by all. But what was the end of it all? He seems to have done nothing for God. Instead of teaching nations to know and worship God, he even builds idol temples in Jerusalem itself, for his wives. Instead of loading his navies with the sons of the stranger, whom he may teach and send back to teach others, they come home after three years' voyage laden with "apes and peacocks!" And what did the Church do in her palmy days? Men saw the truth and beauty of her doctrine, and that poverty and weakness hindered their spread, and they dowered the Church with wealth and power. And when they looked for harvests of souls, for a world conquered for Christ, they saw the Church busy with worldly policy, greedy of power and wealth,

wasting herself in display and pomp, becoming mean and despicable in the midst of all her external bravery, gloating over as her dearest possessions such things as these, "silver and gold, ivory, and apes and peacocks!"

And what is true of the Church is true of the individual Christian soul. Unmixed prosperity is not a good thing. It is not fit for this world, nor for man constituted as he now is. There is hidden virtue in pain and sorrow; nay, it would seem that they are in some way necessary; our Lord chose them for Himself, and for those dearest to Him whom He would most highly bless. Solomon hid from Jerusalem all the labour that built the Temple, as if he would keep up a fiction that it was built without labour. But it was not so. At Lebanon and elsewhere there was hard work of head and hand, there were sweat and toil and weariness, skill and long perseverance; a persistent struggle with the rough and stubborn elements of nature to convert them into the beautiful triumphs of art. And it is easier to build a material temple than to make the heart within the true and holy temple of God. All whose hearts have been made and are kept as the dwelling-place of God know what hard work it is, and that they have something else to do than to think of "apes and peacocks."

"By many a salutary stroke,
By many a weary blow that broke
Or polished with a workman's skill
The stones that form that glorious pile."

Lift up, then, the hands that hang down. Be cheered, O suffering ones! till, with greater ones who have gone before you by the same rough road, you can even "rejoice in tribulations." It is better to be with David fighting hard against God's enemies, or even fleeing from unjust persecution, than to be at ease with luxurious Solomon. Rest will be yours by-and-by; pleasure that will not cloy, will not degenerate into morbid and vicious satiety and depraved cravings. The kingdom of peace will come, and you shall see it. But it is not yet, it is not here. If you would be with your Lord there, you must be with Him here; and the world must be to you more or less what it was to Him, and the nearer you are to be to Him hereafter, so much the more will He make you like Himself here, in loss and endurance and sorrows.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?"—MATT. vii. 16.

"Grapes of thorns!" certainly not. Who expects it? It is contrary to nature. Grapes

and thorns are of different families, they can no more be united than parallel lines can meet. Nor will one ever develop into the other, let time and culture do what they may. The laws of God in nature forbid all this; and God's laws extend beyond the vegetable world. He who at the beginning separated light from darkness, land from water, animal from vegetable, separated also good from evil. But some who make much of the inflexibility of the laws of nature, try to persuade us that the laws of human nature are quite different, and that men and nations may gather good and precious fruits from worthless and even noxious plants. "Young men must sow their wild oats," they say; "they will be steady enough by-and-by." "Let the child alone, all will come right at last." "Let them marry; they met but the other day at a ball, they will settle down and suit each other and be very happy." "Give the lowest and most vicious all the power of government, it will make the nation pure, noble, and great." "Teach every one to read and write, crime and pauperism will be extinguished." "Exclude religion from schools, morality will be all the better for it." "Give boundless liberty to all, human nature will prefer good to evil." "False teachers indeed! What right have you to call another false because he does not think as you do? Is he not as likely to be right as you? Let every man be free to believe and teach what he thinks right. Whatever else we have, or have not, let us have liberty."

It is only when we put side by side the current maxims of the day, and the precepts of Christ, that we see how very far apart they are. The newspaper and the gospel—can any two things be more opposed? The world and Christ are ever at enmity, but in quiet times men give and take, do not push things to their issues, courteously agree to differ, and so on. But in the history of nations and in the experience of individuals there are times when these compromises break down, and war is declared, and sides must be taken. Perhaps such a time is coming on again for nations. There is a painful strain in many places upon the bond that holds the nation to Christianity. It looks very much as if the old heathen principles were coming into vogue once more; the way has been paved for them, obstacles have been removed, and men are casting long-eyes upon the cast-off theories of life and practice that prevailed before Christ came and His gospel was proclaimed and accepted.

But this is too large a subject for us just now; let us keep to the individual; our principle of life, our temptations, our duty. "Grapes of thorns!" Is there no such hope in our breasts? Natural indolence fosters the hope. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face of it." And yet no doubt he hoped for his grapes and figs. "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." "I go, sir," but just a little more sleep. Presently he wakes, but now it is high day, and hours have gone, and the head is dull and the spirit is sluggish, and there is some small idleness that passes on the day yet further. But meanwhile the thorns are growing, and the good fruit is being choked. But what is not seen is not feared, and hope tells a flattering tale. "God is merciful. There is time yet. I am no worse than the rest. I shall do as well as they." All this and much more to soothe the poor soul that is uneasy as it hears its Master's voice, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling;" "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." And the root and source of all is sensual sloth, the avoiding of the difficult, the troublesome, the disagreeable, the yielding to the mere animal desire for ease and pleasure, the unmanly, unchristian idleness that has many another and fairer name, but is in very truth one of the deadly sins that kills souls.

"Grapes of thorns!" Another false ground of hope: mere human nature, natural good qualities, social virtues, and such-like. "He is so amiable; he is such a pleasant companion; he is so clever, such a good man of business, such an affectionate father, such a kind friend, so good a neighbour." Well, all these are good, but they are of the earth, earthly. You will find them all among the heathen; there is nothing supernatural in them. It is very humiliating to human pride, but it is the fundamental principle of Christianity, that human nature is fallen, that we must be born again, that the earthly paradise, though it has fair lawns and many a sweet fruit-tree, has also thorns and thistles, that it is cursed, that it must be left altogether, and the back be turned upon it, and the face be turned to the Cross, the real tree of life; that grapes can come only from the true Vine, that we must be grafted into it, and abide in it, if we are to bear fruit. "What!" you say, "my own good qualities not enough, not anything? I, with all my rectitude, with all my merits, unfit for God's presence? Not

even to be heard when I pray except through Christ?" No! "Men do not gather grapes of thorns." "They that are in the flesh cannot please God."

Throw away, then, the thorns of human merit; they are fit only to be burned. Nay, see, they are bound about thy Saviour's Head as He hangs upon the saving Cross; they avail nothing but to wound Him! Best and worst must rest wholly upon Christ; in Him only is salvation. The tree is not made good by its fruit, but the fruit by the tree; good works are not the cause, but the effect, of our justification. There are grapes of Sodom that look fair till they are touched, and then they burst into foul dust. Oh, that awful purity of the Eternal God! What can stand before that fierce fire? What may abide that intense light? Human pride can exist only in those who are blind to the tremendous perfections of God. The living soul that has caught but a glimpse of God cries evermore, "Wash me again, and yet again, from mine iniquity!" Away, then, with pride, away with sloth, away with all but Christ, and that which Christ hath wrought in us! The servant of God is very humble, very diligent. There are many voices about him, false teachers prophesying smooth things; but he hears only one voice, that says, "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father;" and his response is, "Thy will be done,"—done for me, done in me, done by me.

Go, work, then, in the vineyard of thy heart, which is not thine, but God's. He will come to receive the fruit at vintage-time. Thorns and thistles grow spontaneously; grapes need care and culture. Leave the vineyard alone, and there will be weeds enough, but no grapes. The seasons creep on; there is much to be done, and time lost may not come again. The day draws on, why stand ye idle? Now, when invited, enter upon work, before the night cometh when no man can work. Oh, what a tremendous thing it is to have an immortal soul entrusted to us to make or to mar, its fate at our absolute disposal! We cannot shift the responsibility; we cannot be rid of the trust. Immortality is ours, to be, as we will, a blessing or a curse. A thousand years hence each living soul will still be living, thinking, feeling as now: this very Lord's day, perhaps, clearly remembered; the day of death, and all the days of life, lying like a map before the eye of the soul, and over all the Providence of God, ordering all things for the

soul's health and salvation. O, immortal soul, anticipate now that day! Stand there and look thence upon to-day, and to-morrow, and yesterday, and all the days of life; and then judge what to do and what to leave undone.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value; and gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me."—MATT. xxvii. 9, 10.

"As the Lord appointed me." All the terrible details of Calvary were appointed and fore-ordained of God. Abraham's sacrifice on the very same mountain; Joseph's sale by his brethren; Zechariah's mystic words and acts, his giving thirty pieces of silver to the potter, he knew not why, except that the Lord had appointed him; Jeremiah's purchase of a field at Jerusalem when Israel was captive in Babylon, and his laying up the deed of possession in a potter's vessel;—all these and a thousand more prophetic acts and words told before of Christ the Saviour of men, valued, sold, slain, and by this redeeming those who blindly went on their little ways, ignorantly doing most tremendous deeds.

Man is not a puppet or an automaton at the mercy of fate or in the hands of God; but his acts follow laws, and work out God's eternal purposes. The Jews were free; they did but do what they liked; but all the while they were fulfilling the designs of God, that the Atonement should be made for a ruined world. God did not compel Judas to betray, nor the Jews to hate, nor Pilate to condemn, the Son of God; only He put Himself into the line of events, the sequence of cause and effect, and let the end come naturally by inevitable laws. Cupidity and lust for money lead a man to treachery always, not only in the case of Judas. Envy leads to injury and murder always, if allowed free and full exercise, not only in the case of the Jewish rulers. Fickleness is always a characteristic of mobs, not only of that of the Jews. Time-serving is common with men in power, and is not confined to Pilate. So with all else that was instrumental in the death of Christ. Things common to man in all ages and countries followed their invariable laws, but they were bringing out, by obscure and devious ways, the end that the Lord had appointed.

Why did not mankind love the perfect Man when they saw Him? Because they were blinded by prejudices, misled by false standards of right and wrong. Why did Judas sell, and the nation's chief men buy,

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the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver, but because such is the world's ordinary estimate of God? What do men value God at now? Ask kings: they value honour, territory, success in war; but God is sacrificed always if He stands in the way of these. Ask statesmen: God is an inconvenience in their counsels and policy, and they have agreed together not to mention Him, and He is quietly got rid of. Ask the rich: God's share of their riches is the thirty pieces of silver, and they really think they give too much. Ask professing Christians: no fixed price, only as cheap as possible. The chief priests, indeed, fixed the price of Christ, but Judas accepted it; and Judas was Christ's personal friend and chosen disciple. The world regulates "the proper thing" to be done in religion, and the majority of Christians accept it. It is not a thing of the past that God should be valued at the price of a dead slave killed by accident (Exod. xxi. 32). And it did not happen once only. It is done still, and every day. Alas! the "familiar friend" still is traitor; the secret bargain is offered and accepted, and Christ is bought and sold for the meanest price. There is nothing new in it. The Lamb of God has been slain from the foundation of the world. Pilate, and Judas, and Barabbas, and the rest—there has been an unending succession of all these from the first, and there they are doing their bad work to-day. The Cross is set up—who cares? There are but a few women about it now as at the first; one man to three women, as once at Calvary, so now in church.

There in a beautiful room lounges a fair woman, reading a story that some one has invented of sorrows that never happened. That fair woman's beautiful eyes are moist with tears as she reads. But never in her life did she shed a tear over the true story of her Saviour's Passion. There is a theatre crowded from floor to roof; night after night a clever actress imitates a mother's grief for her child; and almost all the women, and many of the men, are sobbing audibly in irresistible sympathy; but they come not to stand at the foot of the Cross with the mother of the Crucified. There is a funeral. At the grave-side there are weepers; at home, in the silent house, there are weepers. The dearest of all Friends dies, and where are the tears? What is He not to each? Father, Brother, Husband, Lover, Friend, and yet they are ashamed to weep. The way of the world? Yes, that is bad; but it is also the way of Christians; and how much worse is that!

Such, then, was Christ's price. See now what it fetched in the world's market. It bought the potter's field, a poor, rough, unsightly piece of ground, no doubt; a bit that had been dug up and burrowed into for the clay, and left in ragged heaps and holes; and they made a graveyard of it, a burial-place for strangers, for homeless, friendless, nameless, penniless sojourners who happened to die at Jerusalem; and the name clung to it, "The Field of Blood." The punctilious priests would not put the money quietly into the treasury; all would have been forgotten if they had; but His blood must by their own act cry from the ground against them evermore, "as the Lord appointed."

"As the Lord appointed." Can we discern any fitness? Centuries before, Abraham, "the father of the faithful," had received wonderful promises from God, but he lived a life-long wanderer, and when he died what was his territorial possession in the world? A grave! Only a grave! He had no possession, even so much as to set his foot upon, but he had bought a grave; that, and that only, was his; a stranger upon earth. And was not all this "as the Lord appointed him?" The true seed of Abraham, the faithful, they, too, are strangers and pilgrims upon earth. The children of promise, heirs of a glorious heritage, Christ has done great things for them, purchased most precious things for them; but what has He given them in this life? What did He buy for them in this world? Only a grave, a stranger's grave! He had not where to lay His head when He was born, nor all His life long; and even His grave was not His own. None so poor as He. And He will have

His faithful like Him in the world. The price of His blood has bought us untold wealth in the world to come; wide possessions in the true promised land; His native land, our home; but here, in this world, only a grave! Judas valued Mary's ointment at three hundred pence, and grudged it, and thought it wasted upon the Lord's Body. The rulers of his nation valued Christ Himself at thirty pieces, and Judas was satisfied with the price, and closed with the bargain. And it is so still. God so values thy soul that He gave Himself to buy it back from thrall; but what dost thou value it at? Men hawk their souls about, holding them so cheap, that they close with the first bidder if he offers but a mess of pottage, selling them as Titus sold the captive Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem, in due retribution for this awful bargain, not for thirty pieces each, but thirty Jews for one piece of silver!

Judas purchased a field with the price of his Lord, coveting a name and property; but presently he died by his own hand, and his field was called "the Field of Blood," and was filled with corrupting corpses. So is every one that layeth up treasure on the earth; he soweth to the flesh, and his harvest is rottenness. Dives was rich one day, and the next day was in torment. The man of the world thought he had much goods laid up for many years, and God required his soul of him that same night. "Is it a time to receive money, and garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men servants, and maid servants?" Judas says, "Yes, and I will have them, if I sell my Lord and lose my soul." He does both; and what does it profit him?

F. C. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

A LINNET'S SONG.

A WIND-BLOWN, sun-kissed, dew-wet flower of sound,
A sweet, imprisoned note from Kentish woods;

A note that holds the talk of forest buds
When spring makes all sweet things that be abound;
A note which listening to just now I found

Myself in the old paths where twilight broods.

It changed to liberal noon, whose sunlight floods
The aisles of trees, and billows on the ground:

I seemed again to walk in memory

With one held dearest for another's sake—

That fairest one whom now love may not see,
For whom the heart of all the world should break.

Ah, trivial singer, that thy jubilee

Sad melodies of love and death should wake!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LOCUSTS.

WE so constantly hear of the ravages caused by locusts in our Indian possessions and elsewhere, that most people are disposed to look upon these destructive creatures as an inevitable scourge which no human agency can effectually destroy; and it will doubtless surprise many to learn that a method for the destruction of locusts has been for years successfully employed in a Turkish possession, while regions like India and Algeria, enjoying a much more enlightened administration, still depend on such a primitive device as that of attempting to burn the enemy out. In order that other countries may have an opportunity of profiting by the example of Turkey, I will endeavour to explain the method employed in the island of Cyprus for destroying the locust, prefacing my description by a few remarks on the nature and habits of the insect.

Cyprus has been afflicted by locusts for some hundreds of years, possibly even from a remote antiquity. Writers from the fifteenth century downwards have given frequent descriptions of the ravages caused by these insects, which have sometimes resulted in the destruction of the entire crops of the island. The species found in Cyprus is considerably smaller than that which appears in the neighbouring continent, from the nearest point of which the island is separated by fifty miles of sea, a distance too great to allow of so feeble an insect's flight across. The locust of Cyprus is an inch and a half in length and of a brown colour, and lives but for a single season; while that of the main land is three inches long, of a dull red tint, and survives to the second year. The former may therefore be assumed to be either indigenous to the island, or imported by ship as a seedling of some other species. It makes its annual appearance about the middle of March, being at that time no bigger than the common house-fly, and may be seen in immense swarms slowly crawling over the ground. For the first two months of their existence these locusts are incapable of flight, and crawl and leap like grasshoppers, but they are extremely destructive at this early period, when the crops are yet tender. By the middle of May their wings are sufficiently developed to enable them to fly, and they then congregate at the best feeding-grounds in flights which, when passing between the spectator and the sun, completely obscure it; while the noise of their

passage sounds like a stiff breeze rattling through a ship's rigging, or, as the prophet Joel describes it, "like the noise of a flame of fire devouring the stubble."

The female lays one or two seed-bags, each containing about fifty eggs arranged in regular order like seeds in a pod. The enveloping seed-bag is about the size of a pea, but oblong in shape, and is formed of a hard glutinous substance impervious to water. After depositing it just beneath the surface of the earth, the female locust carefully covers it over with a shining viscous secretion, the presence of which serves to guide those who occupy themselves with the destruction of the eggs. Having performed this last maternal office, she dies, and about the same period, the 21st of June, the males also are seen to sicken and die, and by the end of the month they are all utterly extinct.

The most graphic account of the destructive march of locusts to be found in any author is contained in the prophet Joel, who speaks of "the land as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness;" and those who, like the writer, have lived in a town invaded by them, could not better describe them than as "climbing the wall like men of war," or "entering in at the windows like a thief."

Up to within recent years the only method employed in Cyprus to keep down this insect plague was to collect and destroy the eggs, and when carried out by a concerted system, a most effectual method it was. But in a country loosely administered, where much depends on the individual energy and will of the local governor, who seldom remains more than a year at one post, this single remedy, which, carried on systematically for ten years, would have extirpated the locust, was found to be unequal to that result. To supplement that remedy a system has been invented by a large landowner in the island, named Ricardo Mattei, an Italian by birth, which seeks to destroy the locust in the interval between hatching and the period of flight. That gentleman, seizing on the fact that these insects can never be deterred from marching in a straight line, whatever obstacle be opposed to their progress, concluded that if he could raise against their march a barrier of such a kind that its surface should be too slippery to afford them foothold, they would be effectually prevented from passing it. Acting on this simple idea,

he induced the authorities to procure from England a hundred thousand yards of flax-cloth, two and a half feet wide, near to the top of which was sewn a narrow strip of oil-cloth. When a swarm of locusts appeared, their line of march, always undeviating, was carefully ascertained, and a gang of men was set to dig numerous deep trenches at a distance of about twenty yards apart, and some two or three miles in advance of the locusts. The tops of these trenches were then lined with zinc. Immediately behind them stakes were driven into the ground, slightly inclining inwards, and to them the flax-cloth was attached by pieces of tape previously sewn on the top, while the bottom of the cloth was securely fastened to the ground by pegs, a little earth being thrown up to prevent all egress from beneath. The cloth was extended in the form of an obtuse angle of one hundred and fifty degrees, of a length varying from half a mile to two miles, according to the extent of the slowly approaching column of locusts. The locusts travel when young at the rate of about half a mile a day, in compact bodies from half a mile to two miles wide and a mile or two deep, devouring every green thing on their way. When they arrive at the obstacle presented by the cloth they immediately climb up it, and on reaching the oil-cloth near the top, being unable to obtain a foothold on its slippery surface, they fall back into the ditches prepared to receive them. Such as fall on the ground between the ditches commence the ascent again, always converging nearer to the apex of the angle, where the largest and deepest trench is dug. These trenches having a lining of

zinc round the top, the locusts are unable to escape from them, and fall into them in such vast quantities that the upper ones smother those beneath them, which in their efforts to escape exude from their bodies a fetid, black, sticky matter, which gradually welds the whole mass together. In the course of a day I have seen millions upon millions of these creatures thus destroyed. The ditches, heaving with the struggling mass of insect life, are then heaped up with earth to prevent the disgusting stench arising from them infecting the neighbourhood. When a swarm is destroyed, the cloth is removed, and set up in another part of the country, which in its turn is being ravaged. The simple system thus described is so effectual that not five per cent. of the locusts succeed in escaping, and after it had been in operation for three years—from 1867 to 1870—this fearful pest was reported as exterminated.

It is a singular proof of the strength of the superstition innate in Islam that it is a crime to attempt to destroy any of God's creatures, that though Christians and Moslems co-operated with the authorities in waging war against their noxious visitors, the latter were but lukewarm allies, and could not divest themselves of the fear that their complicity in the work of destruction might call down the wrath of Allah. This feeling received confirmation from the long-continued drought which in 1869—1870 produced a partial famine, and which some proclaimed to be a token of God's anger for their presumption in seeking to destroy a part of His creation.

THOMAS B. SANDWITH.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

IT is in the nature of things that there should be a constant tendency to movement and change in the conditions of social life, and the relations of different classes to each other; but the process is usually, while in progress, so gradual that it is little noticed at the time, and it is only after an interval that the altered state of things becomes distinctly marked. The development does not involve any violent rift or upheaval; it goes on in a quiet, steady way, and it is not until it has reached a certain stage that even those who have been affected by it are fully awake to what has happened. At the present moment, for instance, English society is

passing through a course of transition which can hardly fail to have very serious results; and yet, though these are in some respects making themselves felt, most people are only just beginning to see the general character and drift of what is taking place. A few years ago there was a remarkable expansion of industrial activity and prosperity, which continued at a rapid pace till it reached a climax, and which has since been succeeded by a time of general depression; and these fluctuations of fortune have necessarily had an effect, in different ways, on the habits of the population. Mr. Gladstone, who is an acute observer on such subjects, not long since

pointed out some of the "subtle, yet vital changes" which were occurring in the earlier period. "It must never," he wrote, "be forgotten that wealth is now in England no longer the possession of a few, but rather what may be termed a 'drug.' That is to say, it is diffused through a circle so much extended, and so fast extending, that to be wealthy does not of itself satisfy; and the keenness of the unsatisfied desire, aspiring selfishly, not to superiority, but rather to the marks of superiority, seeks them above all in the shape of what we term social distinction." This must be admitted to be a very true description of what was happening at that time. Large fortunes were being amassed, wages had risen, and it seemed as if there were no limit to the making of money; and the increase of means naturally led to an increase of expenditure. The richer classes endeavoured to secure social distinction, which was their ambition, by a display of ostentatious affluence; and every class in turn, down almost to the lowest, caught the infection in their respective ranks, aiming more or less at imitating the classes above them. One result of this has been a considerable and widely distributed increase in the scale of domestic expenditure. In some degree this has been caused by a rise in prices, owing to increased consumption and higher wages; but the main cause has been that people in almost every grade of life have apparently been seized with a desire to approximate their condition more closely to that of the people just above them, and to indulge, as far as they can, in a more luxurious, or at least less simple and thrifty, way of life than their progenitors.

There are abundant proofs, for instance, that the ideal, and to some extent actual, dietary of the labouring classes is very different from what it used to be, and that in various ways they are aspiring to an improved social position. In the classes higher up, this tendency is still more marked. What is called the "middle class" has come to be a much less precise and distinctive category than it used to be, and now includes a very miscellaneous body, with a wide and varied range of income and social pretensions; but each now, as it were, tries to push as close as possible up against the heels of those ahead, and there is an earnest endeavour to keep up an assimilation of habits, or at any rate of appearances. In a former generation, the particular class to which a household belonged was distinctively indicated by its ways of life, in the style of

the dwelling-house, family fare, and dress of both sexes; and it was felt, rather perhaps as a traditional instinct than as a conscious principle, that it was right to adhere to the customary limits of the class, and that it would be unbecoming and even hazardous to go beyond them. Now, however, the old distinctions are very much broken down; and though there is still a graduated ascent to that supreme social class which is supposed to sit—

"On the hills—
Like gods together, careless of mankind,"

and quite marked off from ordinary humanity; still, the throng on the stairs struggling to push upwards, is continually becoming more eager, promiscuous, and confused. Lower down there also remains a well-defined difference between the classes of the population who gain a livelihood by manual labour and those who do so as clerks or shopmen; and there is also in the upper circles a very strict and jealously guarded line between the most aristocratic and fashionable society, and that of the multitude of commercial people living in easy circumstances maintained by regular attention to business. But, all the same, though the classes may still remain formally parted off, there is a constant strain on the part of the outer circles to identify themselves to a certain extent with the inner ones by the adoption of the habits and fashions of the latter, according to proximity; and the consequence has naturally been a considerable increase in the rate of every-day expense. Middle-class people with moderate incomes cannot of course compete with really wealthy folks in equipages, lavish entertainments, diamonds and pearls, the works of old or modern masters, or cellars of costly wine; but they go as far as they can in imitating them in proportion to, and sometimes, it is to be feared, much beyond, their own means. Formerly, well-to-do traders lived over their shops in the City in a very unpretending way, and were content with an occasional outing to some green suburb. Now the same class lives in stylish villas, and takes a regular autumn tour. In the fashion of hospitality there is a similar transformation; and even among middle-class people with comparatively small incomes, whose ordinary private living may perhaps be simple enough, it is thought to be essential on occasions to make a display of champagne and other wines of repute, and of the tiresome *entrées* of fashionable tables, as a matter of show and assertion of social position.

In short, on every side there are to be seen indications of this aping of every class in outward show by the one next below it, even at the cost of inconsiderate extravagance and personal discomfort. Any one who looks into the social records of, say forty or fifty years ago, or even later, will see how people would meet together with very simple and homely fare. Charles Lamb, for example, had frequent parties in his modest chambers, his guests being regaled with some cold meat, bread and cheese, or the like, with ale or spirits for beverage; yet they got on very comfortably, and no doubt carried away many pleasant recollections from their intellectual communion. Unfortunately the days of snug, easy, familiar intercourse and free talk have almost passed away, and it is melancholy to observe how much simple enjoyment is sacrificed to fuss, ceremony, and a foolish attempt to imitate the ways of a class with greater means. Genuine sociability would certainly be fostered by less parade, and people might be sincerely hospitable without exceeding their resources, or giving their friends doubtful wines and viands as a matter of parade. Nothing, indeed, would add so much to general domestic happiness as a movement in this direction, and it may be hoped that the circumstances of the times may have an effect in promoting it.

In an ordinary way, of course, there cannot be a more natural or respectable ambition than that of rising in the world, as long as the means used are those of legitimate effort; and it is not of this desire, which has, in point of fact, been of immense value in our national life, as stimulating men of capacity to work their way vigorously with a fair chance of success, irrespective of birth, that we have been speaking; nor of the other very natural desire of people to enjoy as many of what are called the good things of life as possible. What we are thinking of is the want of self-respect and rational contentment which is shown in the general disposition of people of one social rank to imitate the manners and fashions of richer folk, without the necessary qualifications for the task. Common observation shows that a vast number of middle-class people simply make themselves miserable in this way without any satisfactory result. They feel at the bottom of their hearts that it is a hollow pretence; and yet they have not the courage to throw it off, and live in the way which is most natural and appropriate to their position, and best suits their own convenience. There is one illustration of the mischief which

arises from this feeling which has lately come very prominently into notice; and that is in regard to the finding of situations for the youths of that part of the middle-class whose parents cannot afford to maintain them in idleness, and who are expected to find a livelihood for themselves. It is known that there is an immense number of candidates for places as clerks and commercial agents by young men of respectable parentage and some degree of education, and that there is not room for even half of the applicants. Clerks are, as a rule, very poorly paid, and their work is also of rather a dull routine kind. Some of them have a chance of rising; but, as a rule, an ordinary bank or merchant's clerk has to settle down on very small pay. No doubt the position has its advantages in a fixed income, with a respectable place in society and considerate treatment. But the main attraction of this line of life is that it is supposed to be gentlemanly, and that it does not in the least derange the ordinary costume and customs of the promiscuous body of the population which passes under that title. Certainly there can be no objection to any one getting a living in this way. It is a perfectly honest way, and clerks are a very reputable and useful part of the population. All we mean to say is, that while a clerkship may be a suitable situation for many men, it is a great mistake to think that such a situation is an indispensable element in a gentleman-like character in any rational sense. The essential feature of such a character is self-respect; and this does not depend on mere worldly means or appearance, still less on sham pretensions to a social position beyond the means of those assuming it, but on qualities of a very different kind. A man of good education, with an intelligent appreciation of music, art, or literature, who prefers to devote the margin of income left over from the necessary expenses of his family to the enjoyment of those cultivated tastes, is much more of a gentleman than those who try to make a figure by an affectation of spurious hospitality, and fashions identified with another sphere of life.

Another thing which parents of the middle classes ought to bear in mind is, the severe competition in education to which they are now exposed by the classes below them. With the instruction which is being given by the national system of schools, there must be an immense accession of numbers to the body of candidates for any employment requiring such moderate qualifications as those of clerks. Hitherto the

middle classes have had pretty much a monopoly of this work, because they had the necessary schooling; but now there is such a spread of reading and writing and ordinary arithmetic, that the middle classes have in a great measure lost their superiority on this point, and are reduced to the level of multitudinous competition with a lower class, while the overflow of the market has also had the effect of bringing down the price of this kind of labour. We hope no one will think that we are disparaging clerking or similar work, or those who perform it; but the fact is, that the market for this form of employment is just now very much overstocked; and the assumption that a lad of ordinary schooling, and no particular aptitude for anything above counting and writing a fair hand, is necessarily, as a matter of Providence, to have a place as clerk found for him in a great many cases simply throwing him into idleness, inasmuch as there is really no room for everybody in this way. And this ought to be fairly faced by those concerned.

There have lately been moaning letters in the papers from persons who profess to have a respectable social position, and some education, but who appear to be incapable of gaining a living in any ordinary business, and therefore think themselves justified in asking that employment should be devised for them as "gentlemen helps;" as for instance, to serve as grooms, gardeners, gamekeepers, butlers, and so on. And no doubt, if a man is not fit for anything else and is really fit for any of these duties, he had much better take such a place than live on alms, however disguised, or take to dishonest courses. But surely this is not the only resource which a poor gentleman has. Mr. Gladstone has suggested in some recent words of advice to working men that they should, "for themselves, and especially for their children, try more to elevate handicraft, and less to escape from it into the supposed paradise of pen and ink." And we find a very plain-spoken and pointed expression of opinion on this subject in some letters by Lord Macaulay, which is given in his nephew's recent memoir of him, and which on every ground is well worth recording. In October, 1833, Macaulay wrote to his sister Hannah, "My father is at me again to provide for P——. What on earth have I to do with P——? The relationship is one which none but Scotchmen would recognise. The lad is such a fool that he would utterly disgrace my recommendations." What was wanted was,

it seems, a situation under government; and the writer goes on:—"But what strange folly this is which meets me in every quarter; people wanting posts in the army, the navy, the public offices, and saying that, if they cannot find such posts, they must starve! How do all the rest of mankind live? . . . Why cannot P—— be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor? He may do well in such a business; he will do detestably ill as a clerk in my office. He may come to make good coats; he will never, I am sure, write good dispatches. There is nothing truer than Poor Richard's saw, 'We are taxed twice as heavily by our pride as by the State.' The curse of England is the obstinate determination of the middle classes to make their sons what they call gentlemen. So we are overrun by clergymen without livings; lawyers without briefs; physicians without patients; authors without readers; clerks soliciting employment who might have thriven, and been above the world, as bakers, watchmakers, or innkeepers. The next time my father speaks to me about P—— I will offer to subscribe twenty guineas towards making a pastrycook of him. He had a sweet tooth when he was a child." Afterwards he recurs to the subject to mention a discovery he had made:—"A *propos* of places, my father has been at me again about P——. Would you think it? This lad has £120 for life! I could not believe my ears; but so it is; and I, who have not a penny"—this was written just before Macaulay had to give up his political career to go to India, because he could not obtain a sufficient income at home—"with half-a-dozen brothers and sisters as poor as myself, have to move heaven and earth to push this boy, who, if he is the silliest, is also, I think, the richest relation I have in the world." Many persons will know that this description is as true and as wide in application in these days as it was in Macaulay's time. Every mother's darling with nice manners and highly-starched shirt-collars is supposed, however useless a dolt he may be, to have a right to some gentlemanly situation, where he can wear a black coat and keep his hands smooth.

Another example of growing common sense on this point was given the other day by the First Lord of the Admiralty in his speech when introducing the Navy Estimates. "It has been arranged to raise the pay and position of naval engineers to a certain degree;" and Mr. Ward Hunt remarked: "I remember the time when it was deemed

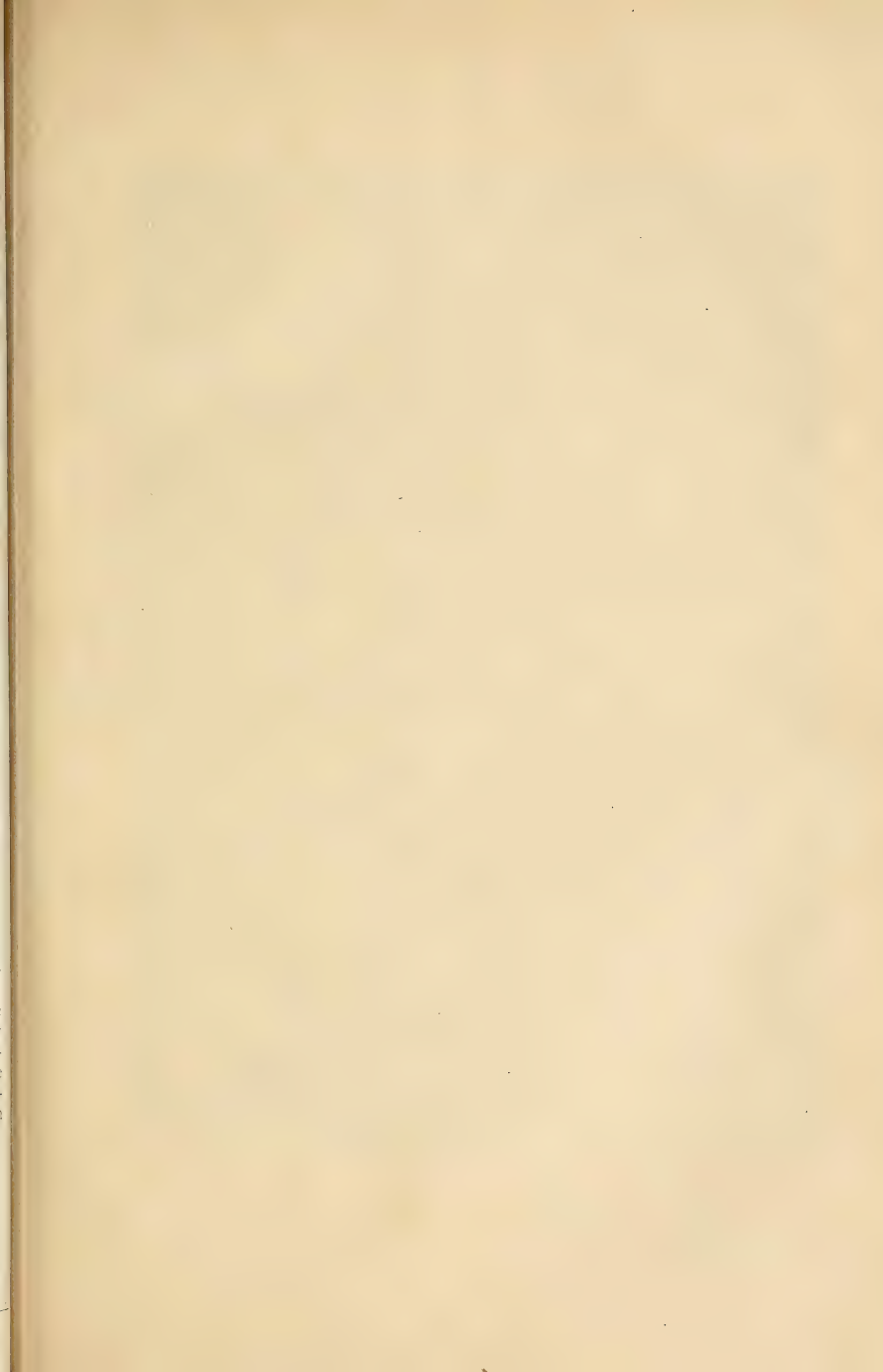
derogatory to the dignity of gentlemen to send their sons to learn the business of civil engineering. I have lived, however, to see the day when gentlemen, and even peers of high rank, have sent their sons to learn it; and in order to learn it to any purpose they must necessarily go through the manual and practical part of the business. I cannot therefore see why, if they are treated with proper consideration and due regard to their habits at home, we should not be able to induce gentlemen and noblemen to send their sons to follow what I regard as a very honourable profession, that of naval engineers." Mr. Hunt's expectation that the young men of the upper classes will be eager to accept employment in this way may perhaps be somewhat sanguine; but there can be no doubt that even among the higher ranks there is a growing disposition, and presumably necessity, for younger sons not possessing large means to take their chance in the general competition for employment. There is an amusing passage in "Lothair," in which a duchess's difficulties in this way are described. "She frets herself," says Lady St. Jerome, "too much about her boys; she does not know what to do with them. They will not go into the Church, and they have no fortune for the Guards." "I understood," says Lady Corisande, "that Lord Plantagenet was to be a civil engineer." "And Lord Albert Victor to have a sheep-walk in Australia," adds Lady St. Jerome. And this is assuredly not a mere touch of fiction, for it is known that the sons of at least one duke and of several other noblemen have gone into the ordinary lines of commerce, including the cotton and wine trades, and have found the occupation not unsuitable.

We now come to the lesson of the present crisis for the middle classes. It is true that good manners and intelligent discrimination count for much in the chances of social advancement; and so far these classes have, from their domestic habits and occupations, a certain superiority over those of a lower degree. But at the same time, it is idle to ignore that the latter, with the increasing opportunities of education which they now enjoy, are rapidly becoming qualified for many posts, while they have also an advantage in being habituated to plain fare

and hard work. Of course this does not mean that there is to be a rough, fustian lot of fellows introduced into situations hitherto held by respectable people; but only that the large body of candidates now turning up fairly equipped for such employment can easily acquire the habits of clean and tidy dress and customary civility, while at the same time they can dispense with fanciful pretensions and indulgences which young men of the middle classes are too apt to regard as the great object of existence. There is no reason to suppose that the present financial depression will be long maintained. It is only a phase in a series of changing conditions, and by-and-by there will no doubt be a revival of activity. At the same time there can be little doubt that prices will continue to rise, that the working classes will be able to command a larger share of the profits of work, and that a large body of the middle classes will have to surrender in a more or less degree the opportunities and positions which they have hitherto enjoyed, unless they are ready to take the only course that will help them—that is to say, to adopt habits of greater simplicity and thrift, and to cultivate refinement and intelligence as a distinctive mark of social rank instead of mere external appearances. There can be little doubt that the education of a large section of the middle class has not kept pace with that of the general population. They have trusted too much to the permanence of a state of society in which they would be pretty sure of certain kinds of employment without any special effort on their own part, and have shut their eyes to the fact that competition from below is rapidly growing. The schooling of ordinary middle class boys and girls is too often hollow and superficial, and they expect, while still young, to be able to find some smooth, easy way of life without putting themselves to any exertion. This state of things is now disturbed by the changes which are in operation; and it is certain that it is only by showing a spirit of enterprise and independence, and being prepared by a wide range of training and education for employment, that this part of the community can uphold its position.

J. H. FYFE.







"DORIS BARUGH."

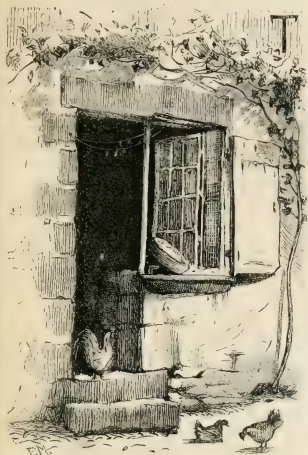
DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK III.—MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.—COMING HOME.



THE church bells had been ringing ever since early morning, except when the ringers assembled round Joseph Sunley's door for the bowls of

crowdy he was wont to provide on such occasions. And judging by the red fingers that held the brown bowls, and the purple cheeks and noses, and screwed-up eyes that bent over them, steaming crowdie was not a bad sort of refreshment on this keen crisp January morning.

"Timothy's whiskers hev friz t' mornin'," said Jeremiah Howden with a grin.

The old sexton shivered, but he waved his hand in a superior fashion; he could not condescend to feel chilly before his satellites. Two of them, Reuben Crofts and Timothy Tyzack, were older than Sunley was, while Jeremiah Howden was much younger, and Lot Groves was a lad, Mr. Sunley's own deputy in the churchyard.

"Ah's thinkin', lads, 'at yey can clear off fer an hour or twae. Lot an' me 'as bizniss 'at cannut be set asahde; gin yey's ringin' by fower or sae, 'twill be reet eneeaf." He shook his head dolorously. "Eh, eh! it's sair 'at it sud happen sae, mebbe it's a warnin'; bud it's nae faut bud t' squire's ain fer comin' yam a day ower sune."

Timothy laughed, and spat, and moved his head uneasily.

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"Weel, Maister Sunley," he said in a feeble flute-like voice, "yey hes t' orderin' o't; sae it rests on yur shouthers, bud Ah minds when t' squire's mudher waaz brout yam t' bells nivvers stopped fra morn till e'en. Eh thaat wur a bonny yam-comin'. Theer wur a bon-fire an' a cask o' yell ootsahde t' gates."

"Ay, marry, theer's chaang in ivverythin', neaghbur. Zoons, lad, t' world winnut stan' still whiles yey leeaks at yursel'; gang yur ways; an' wen mey an' Lot hes dean wark yey sal hev yur will wi' t' bells; 'twad be ill wark diggin' t' awd witch's pit-hole jist as t' squire an' 'is missis gaanged ridin' by."

"Ah minds,"—began Timothy with his withered old face on one side, and a twinkle in his watery grey eyes; but Joseph Sunley spread out his hand imperatively.

"Whisht, whisht, lad! we've nae tahme fer cracks tu day," he said, "Lot an' mey hes a stiff bit o' wark tu ha' gitten deean."

Reuben and Jeremiah set down their bowls within the cottage and departed more quickly than might have been expected from their slouching figures and slow movements; but Timothy lingered, and then he set down his bowl on the end of Joseph's bench, and fumbled in his grey smock for something which eventually revealed itself in the shape of a horse-shoe.

Leaning on his stick, he bent stiffly towards the sexton and held out the rusty treasure.

"Yey's gotten a crazzler oop dhis taam, neaghber," then his treble sunk into a whisper, to the offence of Lot Groves, who being eighteen or so, considered himself old enough to be taken into confidence on anything, especially anything respecting his work, which he conceived the term "crazzler" referred to.

Timothy went on impressively, "Gin Ah wint diggin' t' hole fer t' awd divvul dam lahke yon, an' bided sae negh t' kirk-geates," he looked over each shoulder fearfully, "Ah'd neal 'im oop o' t' dure sill. Ah seed 'im liggin' i' t' rooad, an' Ah sez, 'Ah'll gi' 'im tu Maister Sunley, Ah wilz; an' Ah picks 'im oop, an' Ah's brout 'im. Ah seayd Ah waad, an' Ah deed." He held out the horse-shoe and shook his head warningly.

Joseph Sunley's queer twisted mouth curled into a sneer; he smiled pityingly at the old man's outstretched hand and put both his own hands in his pockets.

"Theer, theer, Timothy! Dhoo me-ans weel, Ah knaws, bud dhoo gaums nowt,—gang awa', bairn," he said, as the half-offended, half-frightened old man turned away, and began feebly to hobble down hill. "Noo, Lot," Sunley said sharply, "let's be gangin'; t' awd hoit's geean aof i' a hunch; noo yey git to wark, yey munnut loaf onny mair."

Lot departed to fetch his mattock and spade, while Joseph carefully washed and put away the bowls. Then he crossed over to the churchyard, and stood beside the spot which he had chosen for poor old Prudence Wrigley's grave. It was an eerie dark corner in an angle of the ground beneath a withered brown fir-tree; no other grave was near it, and Joseph congratulated himself on his choice.

"Noo then," he called out as Lot came in sight with his implements, "Dhoo mun dig wiv a will, lad, an' we'll pit her far doon, an' yey mun be seear to lig t' eearth heavy on her tu morn. Woonkers! we'll keep her quiet atween us," he added vindictively; "gin t' parson wad hev bin guided sheea'd nut ha' bin liggin' i' t' kirk-geeates, bud at t' cross roads."

Lot made no answer; he was digging fast, but there was a sour discontented look on his face.

"Gin Ah'd a knawed t' wark yey waaz set on, Maister Sunley," he said when he left off for a moment to scratch his curly red head, "Ah'd nut hev stayed i' Burneston tu-day. Gin ye knawed sae mitch on yon awd lass 'at Ah knaws, yey'd nut hev ligged her sae negh yursel, ye'd titter tak a teead by t' feeace."

Joseph's chin was jerked up at this insinuation.

"Mind thoo thy diggin', lad," he said compassionately, "it's mair thy ain wark dhen skeealin' thy betters is."

Lot looked yet more sullen, but he dug on with stubborn strength that promised soon to complete the trench, flinging up the shovelfuls of rich brown earth with wonderful rapidity.

Joseph potted about, giving directions to the digger from time to time. He turned away at the click of the churchyard gate, and peering under his crooked fingers he saw Rose Duncombe coming up towards the porch.

Sunley moved stiffly towards her, and Rose, seeing him, left the path and came down to meet him between the graves with their green sods and mouldering mossed headstones. She had been away ever since the wedding, minding the younger brothers and sisters of

one of her rich schoolfellows, while their governess was absent in ill health. The change of air and scene had made her, Joseph thought, "bonnier" than ever, and yet she looked cross and discontented this morning.

"Weel, lass," he said, "an' how's yey sped wi' t' skeealin'?"

"I hate it," she said pettishly, "an' I won't do no more on't; to be found fault wi' and lectured, and spied on. My word, Mr. Sunley, I might as well have been one o' them American niggers." Sunley shook his head, and she went on more blithely. "But, Mr. Sunley, I want to know if the young squire's coming home wi' t' others. Gran'mother's deaf as the door, an' she says she knows nowt."

"Shea's varra reet, varra reet, lass. Maist on ye wimin knaws nowt, bud hardlys yan mang yey'll awn till 't. Izat yung squire comin' yam, says yey—neea, t' yungun bides at skeeal;" then looking sharply at her clouded face, "bud what fur diz yey ax, lass? Yey'll all ha' plenty o' talk about t' missis's gowns an' bonnets; zouns! their's nut bin sik a wonder i' Burneston sin Ah wur born."

Rose shook her shoulder backwards and forwards like a pettish child.

"My word, Maister Sunley, ye're growing old, an' no mistake; d'ye s'pose I haven't seen plenty o' gowns, and bonnets too, as fine as Doris's will be?"

Joseph shook his head with marked disapproval.

"Whisht, lass!" he waved his hand with authority. "Yey mun think waat yey please, bud ye mun speak o' t' squire's missis as ye wad o' onny other body o' t' quality; yey munnut talk o' Doris. Sheea's Mrs. Burneston noo."

"T' quality!" Rose's little impertinent nose turned up with her scorn, and she grew red with anger. "Eh, Maister Sunley, ye make a body laugh, ye do. I s'pose ye're glamour'd too. I came"—she sank her voice to a whisper, for she saw that the red head appearing above the edge of the newly-dug grave was turned in a listening attitude—"to give you a warning."

The sexton laughed; he looked sideways at Rose.

"Coom, coom, lass, yey wants tu skeeal mey, di' yu?"

"Yes, I do," she said, gravely; "gran'-mother an' me's both of one mind about this. Ye've no right to lay that wretched old woman so near us; an' if half's true that's said, I wonder you're not afraid yourself. I don't believe such stupid tales, but I s'pose you do, Mr. Sunley."

He looked at her full of stern rebuke.

"Ye're fond, lass; ye sud read yur Bible. Deead yey nivvers hear tell o' t' witch o' Endor? Bud t' liggin her in t' kirk-geate's naane o' mah wark; 't waaz t' parson's sel."

Lot Groves had an unbounded though sheepish admiration for Rose, and the present was such an opportunity for taking his fill of gazing unseen, that he stood still in the grave, spade in hand, eyes and mouth opened roundly.

"Well," said Rose carelessly, "after all, you may be right, but I don't see why a woman is to be called a witch——"

"Whisht, bairn, whisht!" from Sunley, but she went on as if he had not spoken.

"—Just because she's old and ugly; it seems to me young and good-looking ones may be witches. Maybe the squire's as much 'witched as Mr. Barugh's cows were. Ye needn't glower at me, gaffer, I means what I says."

"Then ye mun keep a quiet tongue i' yur head, ye dotteril," he said angrily, catching her by the arm; "gin Ah wur tu seay tu t' squire hawf waat yey've bin sayin', he'd hev yey an' yur gran'mother sent awa adrift afore t' morn. Zouns! ye've putten mey i' sik a stuffle Ah can hardlys speak."

He stood trembling with the excitement of his anger at Rose's insinuation. In these three months his first righteous indignation against the squire's marriage had softened, and to-day, in the preparation for the welcome home, he had almost forgotten that Mrs. Burneston had been Doris Barugh. Rose's insolence, as he considered it, was just enough to confirm his growing toleration of the squire's choice.

Rose was also in a towering rage. "Old Sunley," as she called him, had always been considered by her as her especial ally, and while the Barughs lived at Church Farm he had always been ready to find fault with one or another of them, above all with the folly of John Barugh in sending his daughter to a London school. It was not to be endured, she thought, that the old fool should turn round upon her in this way, and she went towards the grave and Lot Groves.

"How d'ye find yerself, Lot?" she said condescendingly, at which Lot nodded loutishly and muttered an unintelligible answer. "I wonder at you, Lot Groves," Rose went on; "I wouldn't be mixed up in such a job. That poor old Prudence won't thank those who help to put her underground; she'd liefer be left above."

"Eh, lass, maybe yey're reet!" Lot scratched his head by way of brightening his

ideas. "Ah deecant cotton tu t' job. Gin ye nobbut knawed waat Ah knaws!" As Joseph turned round and came towards them, Lot fell to vigorous digging.

"Coom, coom, lass," the old man said, "dunnet ye get clavering wi' t' lad to set him aweays landering his tahme."

Rose tossed her head.

"I'm going," she said; "though it's barely civil to turn me out o' t' graveyard. But, Maister Sunley, I want to know what Lot knows about Dame Wrigley. As she's to lie so near us, I have a right to know what she really did. Tell it out, Lot, directly, there's a good lad."

She placed herself between him and the sexton, smiling down at the awkward rustic with such winning sweetness that for the minute Lot forgot the risk of one of Joe Sunley's lectures in such a glimpse of Paradise.

Lot peered behind her at the sexton. "Ye mun coom negher, lass," he whispered. "Ah cannut tell 't to mair nor yan at yance—it's a fearsome tellin'."

Rose went close to the edge of the grave, but Sunley followed and took her arm. "Ah's shamed on yey," he said, "mellin' wiv t' lad. What hes com tiv ye, lass? Gan yam tu yur gran'mother, yey trash," he muttered between his teeth.

Rose still lingered. She smiled brightly at Lot, and made signs for him to speak; but when she saw him return to his digging, she left with a look of disgust.

"What a poor, mean-spirited hulk the fellow is!" she said. "He should stand by me against that old fool."

She strolled out of the churchyard as lazily as she had come in. She could not enter into the general rejoicings; even for the pleasure of seeing the squire. Her childish worship had been checked by the news of Mr. Burneston's love for Doris; Doris who despised her, and who would set her husband against her.

There was plenty of amusement to be found in Burneston this afternoon. The great gates down at the Hall had stood open all day, and the few small children of the village had slipped in through the stable yard and indulged themselves with a survey through the inner gates, also wide open. Some of the more adventurous spirits longed to mount the time-worn steps and penetrate into what might lie within the glass door in the quaint Elizabethan doorway, or adventure themselves among the flower-beds of the garden beyond the side of the house farthest

from the gates; but Mrs. Emmett had managed to inspire these youngsters with as much awe as was felt by their seniors for Prudence Wrigley herself, and not a child dared trespass within forbidden limits.

But Rose did not trouble herself to go so far as the Hall. There was plenty of preparation to see going on nearer home. The Church Farm really belonged to the vicar, but had been let on a long lease years ago to the squire of Burneston, and now, as the term had nearly expired, Mr. Spencer had announced his intention of farming the property himself, and had offered the large barn beside the rick-yard for the welcome-home supper to be given in.

Rose went in through the white gate; but she did not turn aside to the farmhouse. A labouring man named Shadrach Swaddles and his wife inhabited it now, and it had lost all the trim aspect which Mrs. Barugh's fresh muslin curtains used to give to its windows. But when the girl reached the rick-yard, she stopped. Mr. Spencer and his housekeeper stood beside the barn in earnest talk, and Rose, in her present mood, shrank from all the "Dorisites," as she irreverently called them. Mrs. Riccall, who had been always kind and friendly to her, had so praised the bride on her wedding-day that she was henceforward numbered among Rose's enemies, while Mrs. Emmett, who had snubbed and blamed her for her forward ways in childhood, was now high in the pettish girl's favour, simply because she had looked so sourly at the ceremony.

"I wonder she stays to be at the beck and call of such a mistress; she's got a rare sperrit too. I can't make it out."

Faith had been saying almost the same words to herself all day. Now that the trial drew so near, she wondered why she had stopped to face it. She had written to Ralph and said she must leave Burneston even before the wedding—she could not stay to see such a person as Doris Barugh put in his dead mother's place; but Ralph's answer had been peremptory. He bid her not be selfish. "Who," he asked, "would there be to see after me and my comforts if you went away? If I were to be ill, I should like to know who could nurse me. No, Faith; don't you say the least word about leaving, or give any cause of offence to my father's wife, or you'll get the sack at once, you may be sure. She'll be only too glad to have the excuse of packing you off."

And at the time this letter had pacified Faith, and she had reproached herself

for thinking of her own feelings and what was due to her when her darling was going to be so ill used. Yes, she would stay for the sake of her darling boy—for Mrs. Emmett held the opinion that there never had been at Burneston such a housekeeper as she had made. "If I geeas," she said, "that fond dotteril Martha Haselgrave taks mah pleace an' ivverything gans to rewin."

Now that she had seen that all through the house was at its best and brightest, and she had dressed herself so as to look her best in a black silk gown (Master Ralph's gift), and a cap trimmed with pink bows, she sat down in her own little snugery to think. In those few moments it seemed to Faith that she had made a great mistake. All the little details of her office—the infinity of little ways in which, if Mrs. Burneston chose, she could mortify and humble the housekeeper—rose up before her with glaring distinctness. She told herself she was a fool,—and her rage and scorn against the upstart wife coming home to reign in her dead lady's place, burst out in a fierce storm of abuse.

"I can do this," she said, her yellow eyes bright with anger: "t' first tahme she gies mey a lofty look or word, I gangs to t' squire an' Ah seays I'se bin used to t' quality, an' I cannut bide wiv sik as meysel'. Ralph cannut expect the like fra mey."

She frowned till her dark brows met, and her closely-set teeth and compressed lips made her face even shorter than usual. Gradually the woman's strong will curbed the wild beast within, and she smiled in pity at her own folly. Her eyelids drooped till the fierce malicious eyes showed only like two dark curves of lashes, and the thin lips relaxed. What a fool she was to shrink from this raw untaught girl, instead of resolving to be Doris's mistress! "Looks wunnut deca ivverything. She'll hev to larn t' ways o' t' quality, an' I knaws 'em; an' he'll see I knaws her mistaks. I'se an awd feel. Me 'ats been wiv t' quality years an' years, to be feearred on a lass fra a boardin'-skeel! I mun show her how to guide herself. I munnit let her skeel mey in nowt."

She acted out her purpose. As the carriage drove up to the door, Faith stood ready in the midst of the hall and greeted her new mistress with a reverent curtsy and a gracious countenance. Doris looked round timidly, but with a bright smile, and Mr. Burneston hurried after her and gave her his arm.

Faith followed them silently up-stairs and along the lighted gallery till the squire paused before the door of the rooms which had been furnished and decorated for Doris. He led the way through a small sitting-room into the dressing-room beyond.

Then Mrs. Emmett stepped forward and threw open the red baize doors, and then those within, showing a large chamber with a glowing wood fire, and tall wax candles blazing on the dressing-table, in huge candlesticks shaped like a fluted column mounted on a square of silver steps.

Faith went forward, drew the candles in front of the toilet-glass, and then lighted another pair fixed to a tall swing-glass close by; then she came up to Mr. Burneston, who had led Doris to the cosy arm-chair beside the fire.

"Shall I wait on Mrs. Burneston, sir, whiles t' maid hes sorted t' boxes? Mebbe Mrs. Burneston's tired."

The squire was pleased. He had been rather anxious about Faith's behaviour, and he had been surprised that after her hostile looks and ways she had shown no inclination to leave the Hall. He nodded pleasantly.

"How are you, Emmett?" he said. Then going close up to his wife, "Doris, this is Mrs. Emmett, your housekeeper, a very old servant of the house. Can she wait on you till Burnett comes?"

Doris had thought, too, about the formidable Mrs. Emmett, and had resolved to see her as little as should be possible. She glanced up at the dark expressive face, but it baffled her scrutiny. Faith's eyes were bent on the ground.

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmett," the girl said, "but I am so chilled that I believe I shall be glad to sit still and warm myself till the maid is ready."

CHAPTER XX.—THE NEW MISTRESS AT THE HALL.

DORIS felt that her plans for the improvement of the village girls—those plans so prominent once in her dreams of the future—must of necessity be postponed. Her husband carefully avoided any allusion to her former state, and this very avoidance taught Doris that he wished her also to bury it in silence. It was therefore imperative that at first she should keep aloof as much as possible from the villagers.

The first Sunday at church was rather a trial. As she walked up the aisle she felt that every eye was fixed on her. It was comforting to find herself completely

screened by the wooden walls of the huge square pew at which she had gazed so reverently in former days. She remembered now, with a smile, how she had wondered if the carving on the upper panels of the pew had any hidden meaning in its masks and flowers, and whether the cross-legged figure of a man in armour, against the wall on the right, was an image of one of Mr. Burneston's forefathers. Now that she knew a little more about cross-legged knights, her heart swelled proudly at the thought that she might reckon this unknown warrior among her husband's ancestors, for the Burnestons had been esquires of that ilk from the days of the Conqueror, therefore the cross-legged man in chain-armour must be one of them.

Dreams of the future distracted Doris throughout the service, and she read the tablets with a flush of pride as she thought that a record on the old walls would place her name among the ladies of Burneston.

Going out of church, they went through the small door, and then into the glebe-field by Mr. Spencer's little gate, and thus escaped a second ordeal.

Mr. Burneston wished to take Doris through the rickyard, and to the gate where he had first seen her swinging and singing the prophetic jingle; but there were too many spectators just now, and he noticed that she walked on quickly and silently, as if she wanted to avoid notice.

Mr. Spencer had soon overtaken them, panting with haste.

"Good day, good day; very glad to see you home, Mrs. Burneston," he said. "I should have called yesterday, but I thought you would be too busy for visitors. Well, my dear young lady," he added more familiarly, "I hope you find everything all right. I assure you Mrs. Emmett has been indefatigable. I've no doubt you'll get on very well with her."

He was walking beside Doris. Mr. Burneston had dropped behind, as the path across the field was narrow. She raised her head stiffly, and looked at the vicar gravely.

"Yes, I fancy Mrs. Emmett is a very good servant," she said.

Mr. Spencer winced. He felt somehow humbled by this fair young creature; but Doris went on courteously,—

"I hope you will come and see us soon. Mr. Burneston has bought several pictures in Italy—I know he wants to show them to you; and we have some fine cameos, and other things worth seeing."

Mr. Burneston came forward, and walked on the grass beside them.

"Yes, come in now, Spencer," he said; "if you wait till after afternoon service there will be no light to look at pictures by. How does Shadrach manage the farm?"

"Well enough; but his wife is a nuisance. She's a pretty, fresh-faced, golden-haired sloven—she's from the south, you know. I believe it would make poor Mrs. Barugh's hair stand on end to—to—"—here the vicar became conscious and purple-faced; he ended his sentence in a faltering gasp—"I mean the house is so untidy in comparison with what it used to be."

They had just reached the vicarage, separated from the glebe-field by a narrow holly-hedged road.

"Won't you come on to the Hall?" said the squire.

"No, thank you, Philip," the vicar said, carefully avoiding to look at Doris; "I can't to-day, but I'll look in soon."

This was the first ruffle that had come into Mrs. Burneston's married life.

In travelling they had met with many pleasant strangers, and also with some of her husband's London friends, who knew nothing about the story of his marriage. All these persons had greatly admired Mrs. Burneston, and had plainly received her as an equal. She liked her husband more and more as his good qualities revealed themselves, and as she saw his unflinching kindness and ready courtesy, even amid the trials of temper and patience attendant on travelling in days when foreign railways were only beginning, and her own manners had gained much in outward sweetness and gentleness from daily association with him.

It seemed to her now, as she walked on silently beside her husband to the Hall, that she had received a sudden awakening to the reality of her position, and at the same time she felt a strong dislike to the man who had shown her this reality.

"He is just like that country clergyman we met in Venice," she thought; "class and good looks are all he thinks necessary for a woman. My education has done nothing for me in his eyes; he would say, if he told the truth, 'it may have made her fit to teach others, it could never make her fit to marry Philip Burneston.' Her vexation sank deeper because she kept it entirely to herself, and though her husband noticed her unusual silence, he did not attempt to disturb it. He thought it a fresh charm.

"She is feeling the responsibilities she has

undertaken," the happy man said to himself. "The service has doubtless impressed her, such a mind as hers must digest weighty thoughts seriously."

Next morning it seemed to Doris that she must begin her life in earnest. The arrangements of her rooms were completed, and Mr. Burneston had taken her all over the house himself. The only part of her little kingdom of which she had not taken formal possession was the garden, and at breakfast she said this to her husband.

"I want to have the garden very pretty," she went on. "Mrs. Maynard told me at Florence that the most successful gardens are those for which the lady plans the arrangement of her own flower-beds."

Mr. Burneston laughed.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you will have your own way with Slater, as you have it with us all. But, I can tell you, I'm a good deal afraid of him, and I expect you will discover that he has privately a great contempt for the 'maister's nooations.' I have a way of gathering flowers when I want them that seems to annoy him immensely. I got into great trouble about the flowers I used to send to you, darling."

Doris laughed.

"I won't gather flowers then," she said. "I'm very glad to be guided about Mr. Slater, but I shall try to have my own way with those flower-beds below my side windows. I have an idea about them that I think will be pretty."

She found Slater in the vinery, which, with the other greenhouses, were at some distance from the house, near the fruit garden. His hands were stuffed in his rusty brown pockets, his hat was pushed to the back of his head, and his freckled face and thick red eyebrows were puckered into a highly discontented expression as he surveyed the grapes.

He just nodded in answer to Doris's greeting, but he looked as troubled as before, and his eyes went up again to the black bunches overhead.

"You have a good show of grapes still," said Doris, meaning to be propitiatory.

He grunted, and then glanced at her sideways out of his sly blue eyes.

"Ah'd be mazed if theear waaz a bad show, ov owt 'at Ahs getten tu deea wiv," he said, raising his chin still higher; "bud Ah recknons t' graapes 'll be needed noo. Tahme waaz dhay'd hing o' ther stalks fra yah year's ind tiv anither an' thin t' squire 'd seh, 'Gi 'em tu t' bairns, Slaater,' hed seay, 'gi 'em tu t' bairns.'"

Doris thought the man presuming, but she took no notice.

"I am very fond of flowers," she said with dignity, "and I think those side flower-beds may be made very pretty in summer-time."

Slater's mouth twisted, one corner going up towards his eye, and the other downwards, till it seemed as if it would not come straight again; but he bestowed a bland smile on his new mistress.

"Weel, yey see," he said, "Ah nivvers waits fer summer, missis; mah fleuers begins 'arly, at' t' weather letz 'em bloa. Wat fur sud Ah wait? Theers nemonies, an' saxifrages, an' sedums, an' semperwivums, an' wall-fleuers, an' daffydownillies, an' white alyssum, an' as monny mair tu mak t' gardin wiv. Yey can hev mignonette an' stocks teeah agin yey wants chaange," he added condescendingly.

Doris shook ner head. There had been a far more modern and experienced gardener than Slater at Pelican House. Miss Phillimore had taken great pride in her flowers, and Doris meant at least to rival Miss Phillimore.

"They are all common spring flowers. I want something choice in the summer. I suppose you have some young plant cuttings from last year, have you not?" she said, as if she knew all about it.

Slater had picked up a bit of straw, and was twisting it slowly between his fingers.

"Neea, neea, missis; decant yey hamper yersel wi' neah-fangled nooations; dhey yaalus fashous. T' fleuers yaalus deear reet weel, an' Ah's a plenty. Noos an' thans Ah chaanges wiv a neeghber's gardiner, Maister Boothroyd's ur Lord Moor-side's, bud t' plaant 'at Ah handles iz seear tu thraave, sae dunnut feel parlous aboot t' fleuers, yey 'v nowt tu deea bud tu gether 'em."

"I don't want to interfere with your gardening"—Mrs. Burneston felt her face flushing—"but I wish to choose the colours for these beds. We can use the plants you have," she said gently, "and, Mr. Slater, I am very fond of creeping plants; will you plant some against the house? If you will follow me, I will show you where I want them."

The gardener followed her, pushing out his under lip.

"There," said Doris, "I wish something pretty against that bare wall."

"Weel, weel, missus, Ah'll think it ower, and Ah'll see whither it can be deean; mebbe it can, an' sae 'at it is sae, Ah'll mak a better

job on't dhen anither wad. D'ye seea 'at tree, missis?" He pointed to one of the cedars on the lawn. "Weel, t' squire cums yam, an' seays, seays he, 'Slaater, leetnin's struck t' cedar, an' it'll dee reet aweay,' an' Ah just leeaks an' Ah sehs, 'Decant yeh fash yersel', leeave t' cedar tree to mey,' an' 'e sehs, 'Tak it tu yersel', Slaater,' 'e sehs. An' Ah jist splices t' tree oop, an' Ah fills op tay hole wi' yeth, an' Ah nusses t' tree; an' when t' squire cooms yam 'e sehs, 'Wheea, Slaater,' 'eh ses, 'wheear's t' sick tree?' an' Ah laffed o' mey inside, Ah deead, fer 'e cudn't makit oot. Ee waaz fair capt, t' squire waaz, tu think o' t' tree comin' round. 'Theer's nae-body cud ha' din it bud yey, Slaater,' 'e ses, an' 'e wah reet."

Doris smiled.

"It's a fine tree," she said; then, for once unbending from her hatred of vanity, "you were very clever to save it. You'll remember that wall, then. Good morning."

Slater had been looking at her almost for the first time fully, and her smile did more in her favour than her words.

"Sheea's bud a lass," he said to himself as his mistress moved slowly and gracefully towards the house; "bud Ah thinks sheea knaws 'er pleace—sheea's a bonny feeace, an' sheea moves lahke a duchis. 'Gin sheea disn't mell on 'em sheea mey cheease t' fleuers noos an' thans, thof them new-fangled nooations plays awd Soss wi' t' gardins; bud it's t' saame wiv ivverything, t' lasses ur yallus mellin'."

CHAPTER XXI.—VISITORS AT THE HALL.

AT luncheon her husband said to Doris, "I want to get your father and George over for a few days to see you, my dear. D'ye think your mother will come too if you ask her?"

Doris blushed. She was alone with her husband; but there were feelings in her heart which she could not share with him.

"You are very kind," she said, then with hesitation, "I will ask father and George, but I know my mother dislikes to leave home."

This was true, and yet Doris felt as if she had glossed the truth, for of all the three she thought that her mother would be the most willing to accept such an invitation, and she knew that it would disturb her to have her mother as a visitor at the Hall.

Mr. Burneston felt secretly relieved.

"Very well," he said kindly, "then ask Mr. Barugh and George, and tell them to come soon. I shall be glad of your father's advice on several points, and you must be

longing to show my old friend George all the treasures you picked up abroad."

For a moment this speech grated on Doris. Really she shrank from having any of her family at the Hall, but if her husband loved her as dearly as she quite believed he did, why could he not look on her kindred as parts of herself instead of finding reasons for their coming to Burneston? She was too just, however, to cherish such a thought. She had chosen him, and she was happy with him. Moreover, she owed him a debt for having chosen her, and she could pay this debt, which often burdened her pride, pay it fully by sacrificing all she loved to her husband.

She looked up at him with her sweet gracious smile.

"Thank you, dear. I will write to father and ask him and George to come for a few days."

It is sometimes a curious study to watch the effect produced by two persons of different temperament on the same mind under parallel circumstances.

Years ago, in the early days of his married life, Philip Burneston had sometimes wearied of the petty duties in the way of personal attention which his wife exacted; now he lavished these on Doris; he seemed to anticipate her slightest wish; he loved her with far more strength and fervour than he had ever loved; but much of the cause of this change lay in Doris. She was not self-helpful. A kind of indolence, fostered by her love of reverie and self-contemplation, made her like to be waited on, although she did not care for being petted; but, spite of this, she was too proud ever to ask for help or to seem to exact it. She rarely offered it to others, and therefore she could not ask for it for herself. But as her husband followed her up-stairs into her pretty little sitting room, and she stood quietly while he drew her chair and her Davenport close to the fire, then opened her writing-case and placed everything ready for her use,—

"You spoil me, dear," she said, but she smiled gratefully and bent down and kissed him as he stooped over the writing-table. The kiss gave rapture to the lover-like husband, and he thought that no happiness could equal his.

He lingered while she sat down to write. Her regular punctual habits amused him. School life still clung to Doris. She had no light occupations, none of the ease in getting rid of time without seeming to waste it, which society would have taught her. Already she

had planned out the order of her days, and meant to carry into execution her rule of life steadily.

The house bell and the loud chorus of barking announced an arrival before the sound of wheels came crunching over the gravel before the entrance door.

"Visitors for you, I fancy," her husband smiled rather mischievously. Where will you see these people, my pet? Hazelgrave will be coming directly to ask you."

Doris did not look frightened or puzzled. She thought a moment, and then she said simply, "I should like to do whatever your mother did, Philip, and I think she would have received her friends in the drawing-room."

She had never once alluded to his first wife. The portrait of her dead mother-in-law hung in her room, a sweet-faced, fair-skinned, timid-looking woman in a large cap. Doris felt a kind of protecting fondness for the original she had created for this portrait.

"Do as you like, darling," her husband said, and then having waited while Doris gave the order to the butler, Mr. Burneston took her down-stairs to her visitors, a Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd.

The husband was ordinary-looking, with a waxen complexion and round dark eyes; he evidently considered these eyes expressive, although they failed to convey to others any idea beyond that of complete self-satisfaction. Mrs. Boothroyd had no doubt been pretty in her youth. She was a blonde with thin lips, round which a chronic sarcasm hovered, while her small blue eyes travelled over Doris's dress, taking note of everything.

She talked in a stately way, ending each sentence with a glance at Doris, as if she were teaching; but when her spouse spoke, or rather seemed about to speak, she subsided into silence.

Mr. Boothroyd delivered his sentences with effect, his words rolling as it were round his tongue, his chest expanded before he propelled them into utterance.

"You have really been such runaways we began to give you up." There was a patronising sweetness in Mrs. Boothroyd's smile that annoyed Doris. "We thought you never were coming home."

Doris checked the stiffness she felt rising within her, for she saw that her husband was watching her.

"We always meant to stay away three months," she said carelessly. "We thought ourselves rather good to come home so soon. We wanted to be in Rome at Easter."

"Ah, just so, people do—" Mr. Boothroyd puffed and looked with benignant condescension at Mrs. Burneston; "but really one gets so tired of that sort of thing, aw—you perhaps have never done it; but it's really—aw—always the same, and aw—I find the music and the services, and so on, a great bore."

If Mr. Boothroyd had worn moustaches he would certainly have twirled them at the end of his sentence. Not having moustaches to twirl, he stood on the hearth-rug with his legs wider apart than usual:

Doris smiled. "Everything is new to me, so everything amuses me," she said.

Mr. Boothroyd was charmed with her, he liked women to be beautiful, that was a part of their vocation, and perhaps the best part, as in this special quality a woman could really equal a man, and seeing the rare excellence of Mrs. Burneston's beauty, he was far more inclined to excuse his friend's foolish marriage than Mrs. Boothroyd was.

"You are going to town after Easter, I suppose," the lady said, wondering to herself, meantime, whether Doris had had her gown



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made in Paris, and feeling that her own handsome clothes were old-fashioned and clumsy in comparison.

"Oh, no, we shall stay here. I should not care to go away just as the flowers are coming out."

Mrs. Boothroyd's eyebrows rose, and her thin lips pinched into a pitying smile.

"My dear Mrs. Burneston, there are plenty of flowers to be had in London, and besides, you can have them in the autumn. At your age you are courageous to give up balls, and the opera, and the park. Why,

Mr. Burneston," she appealed to the squire, who was talking politics with her husband, "surely you mean to have Mrs. Burneston presented on her marriage—it is quite the right thing to do, you know," she looked at him inquiringly, and a tinge of colour came into the squire's face.

"I had not thought of it," he said; "but if my wife wishes it, we can easily go to town. At present she has so much to make acquaintance with here that she is quite content to stay at Burneston."

"Yes, yes, I understand, that is a matter

of course ; but you know duties must have precedence over likings ;" this, though spoken in a lower tone, was audible to Doris, who grew pale with annoyance ; " it is naturally all so new to Mrs. Burneston, such a delightful change ; but you and I can judge better what she should do than she can." Then she turned quickly to Doris, before Mr. Burneston was ready with an answer. " I shall be glad to be of use to you, my dear," she said with a lofty smile ; " if you want advice about housekeeping, or little matters of etiquette, and so on—as no doubt you will—I shall really take pleasure in being of use ; do not hesitate to consult me," she said this heartily.

Mr. Burneston's anger gathered slowly ; he bit his lip, but he was silent.

Doris felt and looked angry ; but this was lost on Mrs. Boothroyd, bent on fulfilling her self-chosen duty of trying to fit her neighbour's wife for the position to which she had been raised. " I can recommend you an excellent maid," she went on, " just the sort of person you want, who will think for you, choose your dresses, and so on."

The immovable silence of her listener here attracted her attention, and she stopped. Mr. Burneston was talking to Mr. Boothroyd, but the stiff tone of Doris's " thank you" reached her husband's ears through Mr. Boothroyd's puffed-out platitudes.

" We seem to have a good housekeeper, and I am satisfied with my maid," Doris said ; and then she stopped abruptly.

" Yes, all the servants remain," said Mr. Burneston.

Mrs. Boothroyd felt snubbed.

" Poor thing !" she said to herself, " what a terrible want of manner ! This must be improved."

" Are you fond of needlework ?" she said with a kind smile, that for the moment made Doris feel that she had been uncourteous.

" No, I like books much better."

" Ah, yes ; books, my dear, are all very well on a wet day, or when one is ill, and so on ; but society could not go on if every one liked reading. Just imagine your house full of visitors and every one reading books, what would become of conversation ? Depend upon it, in your position a love of reading is just the thing you are called on to sacrifice. Berlin work is far more sociable, and better in every way—besides, it is a thing that is done. I assure you I have some damask roses worked on silk canvas, which you will take for real when you see them." She spoke pityingly, as if she were humouring a spoiled child.

Mr. Boothroyd had been hovering over the two ladies like an amiable vulture, and he now pounced on the opening his wife's pause gave, and seized the conversation.

" Yes, yes, indeed those roses simply lack perfume—that is all—my wife is a wonderful worker—actually she brings her wool-work down to breakfast, and I hear her counting the threads of her canvas while she makes tea. Aw—a charming song might be written on it. It's a sweetly feminine art, strictly feminine and charming," he looked expressively at Doris. " A woman never seems so much a woman as when she has her needle in her fingers ; you—aw—I presume, are gifted in this art."

Doris laughed, she was not sure whether Mr. Boothroyd was quite in earnest.

" No, I am not, and it seems to me that women who give themselves up entirely to fancy work lose time that might be better given to reading and learning."

This retort was too much for Mr. Boothroyd ; he puffed, and spluttered, and laughed as if it was an excellent joke.

" Aw—ha—ha—very good ; but, my dear Mrs. Burneston, you have left school now, and have done with lesson books. Aw—of what use can learning, or reading either, be to a woman when she marries ? Eh, Burneston ?"

Doris felt that her face was flushing, she looked appealingly at her husband.

" You don't agree with this, I'm sure," she said.

Mr. Burneston laughed. He thought Mr. Boothroyd a bore, and he mentally called him " conceited ass," and he was annoyed with Mrs. Boothroyd, but he felt obliged to answer his wife's question.

" Well," he said, " I agree partly with Boothroyd, and partly with you. I think if a lady can amuse herself with a book, so much the better for her ; but fancy needlework is, no doubt, a sort of safety-valve against too much learning ;" and then, as he really felt no interest in the subject, he proposed to show his friends the pictures and objects of curiosity he had brought from Italy, quite unconscious how much his words had upset Doris.

" A conceited, assumptive young person," Mrs. Boothroyd said sternly as the carriage drove through the gates.

" My dear, she's lovely enough to excuse anything ; and, Barbara, you made a mistake in interfering about dress. Why, Mrs. Burneston is perfect altogether, no alteration could improve her elegance."

"Pray don't be foolish, Reginald;" his wife had reddened considerably. "You've always got some new beauty to admire, that nothing could improve. I'm tired of such nonsense."

Mr. Burneston did not go back to his wife's room when the visitors had departed, and Doris stood still where they had left her—musing sadly.

"Are they all right in what they say?" she thought. "If they are, my mother and Rose are right, and a woman's life can only be right when it is given up to petty aims and petty occupations." She pressed her hand tightly against her forehead and stood thinking; the ghosts of her past visions rose up before her with the plans of usefulness she had created. She tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. No, her peculiar position at Burneston crippled these plans; years must pass before she could shake off the memory that attached to her there.

"That patronising, disagreeable woman is right," she said. "I will go to London, and try to learn how a woman can gain such power and influence, that all the world looks up to her."

CHAPTER XXII.—AT THE CAIRN.

THE new home of the Barughs was far away from Burneston.

John Barugh had found it impossible to get what he wanted near the sea; indeed, he had been too dispirited and sore-hearted to take much interest in this new venture, except so far as regarded the quality of the land; and when he was suddenly offered a small but fertile farm lying chiefly in a valley beside a river, he went to see it, and was satisfied; he made his bargain at once, without any reference to Dorothy, or her comforts and tastes, though the farm-house belonging was not built beside the river, but on the wild moor above the crags, which shut in the valley from a grand range of surrounding hills.

When first Dorothy heard that the Cairn, as the new farm was called, stood about a thousand feet above the sea, she rejoiced. Next to having sea breezes, she said, it was the best possible thing that could happen for George to live in such pure invigorating air. But when she reached her new home, and saw a long low range of stone buildings, newly slated, with scarcely any tree, or garden ground, and all round, as far as her eyes could reach, a desolate expanse of moor, she burst into sudden tears, and turned angrily on her husband, who was helping her out of the dog-cart.

"O Lor'! what a dreadful place! It's too bad, John, I declare it is," she said vehemently. "Why, I shall be buried alive. I might as well be in the churchyard."

John's heavy eyebrows were frowning, but he looked more grieved than angry.

"It's yur ain wark," he said. "Yee've made yur bed, an' yey mun lig on 't. Yee've ta'en t' joy fra uz, noo ivvery pleace iz t' same wivoot t' lass."

This was the first spoken reproach he had addressed to her, and it so soothed Dorothy with a comforting sense of her own superior judgment, that she walked silently into her new home. After all, it did not much matter that the situation was lonely; the mother of Mrs. Burneston of Burneston Hall could not have visited the wives of other farmers, supposing that there had been a neighbour or two within reach.

"Gentlefolks' houses is always far apart," said Mrs. Barugh, and she soon settled herself in the new home. "Doris has become a real lady, and her family must rise with her," Dorothy argued; "and, sure enough, she gets all her pretty taking ways from me," said the poor woman, as she looked at herself in the glass. "If a gentleman had come in my way when I was young, who's to say what might have happened?" Here her conscience smote her. "God forgive me!" she said; "my man has been a good husband to me—none better."

On the whole, however, she had a timid shrinking from grand folks, as she called them; she had keenly felt, spite of all, the difference between her daughter's ways and her own.

Doris had written several letters from abroad, but they had not heard tidings of her return home till her letter of invitation arrived.

John read the letter, and then passed it on to his wife; he rested his elbow on the table, and shaded his face with his hand. Dorothy looked vexed, but she passed the letter on to George without remark; she felt vexed to be left out, but in her heart she was relieved, and thankful that her old-fashioned clothes would not be exposed to the prying eyes of Mrs. Emmett; but she did not intend this thankfulness to be known to her husband and her son.

George read the letter, frowned over it, and then looked at his father.

"Well, father," he said.

"Waats dhoo think, lad?" John kept his face shaded by his hand.

"I'se fain Doris has axed yey," George

said. "She's not forgotten that she's the same as oursels."

George had not come to the Cairn with his father and mother, he had stayed sometime with Mr. Hawnby, who took a warm interest in the lad, and the change had been of service to him; it seemed as if the stormy cloud of conflicting feelings and opinions which during those two months had brought bitterness and unrest into his peaceful life had cleared away, and left no trace of its visitation except that the depth of George's heart owned a self-knowledge of failings hitherto unexplored, because no temptation had drawn them forth from where they lay coiled like sleeping serpents; he was humbler and gentler than he had been when Doris first arrived at Steersley.

But Dorothy did not understand his meaning. She thought his words presumptuous.

"And that she's not, you foolish lad," she said, with a smile of superior wisdom. "A woman takes the rank of her husband when she marries. Doris is not the same as us now, she's every bit the same as Mr. Burneston now she's his wife." She nodded round triumphantly, for her husband had raised his head, and was looking at her from under his thick red brows.

George sat waiting his father's answer, but John first addressed Dorothy.

"Sheea's mah lass, bliss her, an' Ah's fain tu see sheea thinks on uz; bud sheea mun coom an' se mey, Ah wunnot bide at t' Hall wiv her."

Dorothy's face flamed with sudden vexation.

"Ah, John, was there ever such a folly! A chance that mayn't come twice in your life, and I've planned out what you're to take and all, and you'll scarcely want a new thing! Why, it's the top stone on the family. George, lad, can't you speak? Tell your father not to be such a simpleton. I shan't get over it if he doesn't go, and Doris will be so dreadful disappointed."

A wistful look crossed John's face at the last words, but it did not dwell there; he laid one broad brown hand on the table, and gave his wife a sad smile.

"Neeah, neeah, Doll. Ah'll nut gang to Burneston."

"Oh, John, you——"

"Whisht, whisht! mah mahnd's sattled, an' yee knaws 'at waat Ah's seyd Ah means."

George put his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Father's in t' right," he said earnestly; "he's thinkin' o' Doris, mother; we'll do well to keep away from the Hall."

Mrs. Barugh was completely upset, it seemed to her that her cherished projects and schemes were annihilated. Of what use to say that her daughter was Mrs. Burneston of Burneston Hall, if it became known that none of Doris's family visited her? She broke down in pettish tears, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It's too bad," she said, "but it's what I might have looked for. O John! one would think you hadn't got a soul in your body, let alone natural feelings; it's hard enough for me, what neither of you seem to take in, that Doris don't ask her own mother to come and see how she's gettin' on; but it's makin' it worse for me, John, much worse. You know what a come-down I made in marryin' you, and that now you've got a chance of risin' in the world you won't stir a step upwards; I call it downright cruel." A fresh burst of tears followed.

John gave an impatient groan, and pushed his chair back from the table.

No one spoke for some minutes, and Dorothy sobbed her anger into quietness.

"Mother," George said lovingly, "it's nat'ral you should wish to know how Doris seems in her new life, and if father's willing, mebbe he and I'll go over to Burneston and just see how she does, and bring you word. We'll not bide at t' Hall, father."

John raised his head, but there was no sign of yielding in his face.

"Dhoo can gang if dhoo wilz, lad, bud Ah'll niver set feat i' Burneston Hall. God knaws, Ah'd lakhe to sey mah lass, mah wee darlin'," his voice trembled a little; he rose up, a sterner tone came into his voice—"Ah've coom here reet away, an' what fur sud Ah be sik a feal as to gan back tu yal 'at Ah meens tu furgit?"

He passed George on his way to the door, but the lad grasped his arm.

"Bide a bit, father. I wants," he cleared his throat, "I wants to say a word or two to you and mother together: wad ye mind if I was to speak to Rose Duncombe an ax her if some day she'll wed with me?"

He grew deathly pale while he spoke, for he felt intensely anxious as to the result of his question; he kept his large pleading brown eyes fixed on his father, it was his mother's opposition he dreaded.

John gave him back a long steadfast gaze, and then he sighed and looked puzzled.

"Mah lad," he said, "Ah dizzint seea hoo

thoo yams tu keep a wife when thoo's gotten her; Rose is a bonny lass, an' sheas bin kahnd ti dhu, an'—"

But Dorothy broke in here.

"Oh, hush, John! how can George marry Rose? It was different before Doris came home; but don't you see now that it would never do? Fancy a lass like Rose being Mr. Burneston's sister-in-law."

George's pale face flushed deeply red.

"Let father speak, mother; he's none so set-up with having Mr. Burneston for a son-in-law that he would put aside my happiness because of him."

His son's words seemed to give the farmer the clue he wanted, the puzzled look left his eyes, and he looked down gravely, but not unkindly, at Dorothy.

"T' lasses iz aye fond," he said; "big and lahtle's t' same. Dhoo seays 'at Ah's nut gude eneeaf fer thoo, an' yit thoo winnut hev t' lad wed wiv a lass 'at can nivers fling at 'im 'at he's nut so gude as sheea is; gin t' lad mun wed, let 'im hev a wife 'at cannut cock her neb at 'im, an' mak 'im feel sair at heart." Then to George he said, "Gin Rose can mak dhoo happy, lad, dhoo may win her. Ye'll hev nae needs tu wark, thank God, bud dhoo's ower yung tu wed."

He left the long, low room so abruptly that both Dorothy and George stood still a minute listening to the meaning of his words; then the conscience-stricken woman sank into a chair and put her apron up to her face—she shrank even from her son's eyes.

George waited, but she sat still and silent; her husband's words had torn away the curtain of reserve that had lain between his heart and hers, and she saw the wounds her silly, only half-meant discontent had made. Absorbed in this new thought, she had forgotten all about Rose and George when her son took her hand and spoke.

"You see father is willing. Mother, say you're willing too. Rose has a loving heart, though she hesn't been as well taught as you hev; but, mother, if you'll only love her, she'll do anything to please you, I know she will."

Mrs. Barugh looked up hastily. All her love for her darling came back in full tide, and she saw with a mother's instinct the danger that lay before him. Her heart was so full just then that she flung her arms round her boy's neck and cried on his shoulder.

"I won't speak against Rose, dear. I don't want to vex you, my boy—I couldn't; but, oh! do be sure she loves you, George;

don't take her just because she says Yes for the sake of a home and smart clothes."

George held up his head and drew himself away.

"Mother, I'm a poor limping lad, but I believe this trouble has been good for me in some ways; it has taught me not to set much store by myself. Maybe Rose 'll say Nay to me, an' if she does, ye may rest sure I'll not try to make her say Yes. I want her love as much as I wants hersel; but, mother, if I thinks she'll say me Nay I'll not ask her—twad only make soreness between us."

Dorothy's pride rose at the notion that any Burneston girl could venture to refuse her George, but she did not express it in words. There was just a hope that Rose's manner might be discouraging, and so the evil might be staved off for a time. She listened patiently, even complaisantly, while George explained to her his plan of visiting Doris, and then of seeing Rose and learning his fate.

"I shall go to Steersley and get a lift next morning over to t' old place," he said. "Mr. Hawnby will always put me up for t' night. Ah, mother, I wish you knew him better; he is so good an' he is so kind to me."

CHAPTER XXIII.—A REBUFF.

MORE than one week passed before George Barugh reached Burneston, for on the day succeeding their conversation a violent snow-storm swept over the moor, and even after its first vehemence had subsided the soft flakes fell thickly and noiselessly till night; and when the farmer looked out of doors in the early morning the broad moor was a trackless plain under the lowering leaden sky.

John would not listen to his son's argument that the horse would surely find its way, and spite of George's impatience he had to wait till the thaw came and the snow melted.

He was very impatient, not to see Doris—he had a half-defined feeling at his heart that he and his sister had better now keep apart from any real communion—but he longed to see Rose Duncombe.

On the wedding-day he had felt strangely stirred to make an appeal to her, but he had resolved not to do this unknown to his parents; he was, however, so strongly moved that it was perhaps well for his resolution that Rose remained invisible till he and his mother and Rika went back to Steersley.

Now, as he drove over from the rectory in

the early morning with the postman to Burneston, he wondered how he could have waited so long and have thus risked the chance of losing Rose.

Doris had not expected him so early, and she and her husband were out riding when he reached the Hall. He had promised Mr. Hawnby that he would go back to sleep at Steersley, so that he had not many hours to spend in Burneston.

"I'll go up the village," he said to Benjamin Hazelgrave, "but I'll be back soon."

Benjamin looked after him, shrugging his shoulders and wondering how it could have come about that such a one as George Barugh should be kin to the lady of Burneston.

The morning was bitterly cold, spite of the recent thaw; but the sun shone overhead, and the birds were chirping as with a consciousness of coming spring, though the trees were black and leafless, and a keen wind made the bare walnut branches rattle as George passed by Ephraim Crewe's farm.

Scarcely any one came out of doors as the lad passed up the wet muddy road, and when he reached the two cottages opposite Church Farm, even Joseph Sunley was not in his accustomed place; he had a severe rheumatic twinge in his right arm, and sat indoors crouched over his fire.

George was glad to be able to go without interruption to Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. He knocked and knocked for some time, till at last Rose opened the door herself.

She started at the sight of George, and a flush spread over her face.

He thought she looked prettier than ever; and she certainly did make a bright picture in the doorway. George grasped her hand eagerly.

"Good gracious, lad"—Rose tossed her head and put up her hand to smooth her hair—"how ye frightened me! Where ye come from?"

George laughed. "I thought ye'd be surprised, lass. Mayn't I come in?" he asked, for she filled up the doorway with her plump figure and full skirts. "Ye're looking böhniier than ever," he said as she stood aside to let him pass.

"Then it's a wonder, I'm sure it is. Gran'mother's ill an' as deaf as the doorpöst, an' I'm run off my legs with this an' that. I'm real tired out, lad, wiv so much work."

"When yer gran'mother's better ye mun come up to t' Cairn an' see mother." He looked at her shyly, but she remained quite unmoved. "T' air's lovely up at t' moor, an'

ye can see miles an' miles one hill topping over t' others."

"My word." Rose's eyes opened widely, but next minute she said, "It must be main dull, I'm thinking, at the Cairn; ye've nothing but cows and sheep to see, George."

"Gin ye were there, honey, 't wad be as bright as summer-time. I miss ye sorely, Rose."

She saw the look of pleading love in his eyes, but she resolved to seem unconscious.

"George, lad," she said eagerly, "I hev'n't seen ye since the weddin'-day. My word, that was a grand day for ye all, specially for Doris. I suppose her head's turned above a bit wiv such an uplifting. How does she take it, lad?"

George felt vexed; he was not disposed to find fault with Doris, and it seemed to him that Rose spoke unkindly.

"I have not seen her yet," he said, "she and Mr. Burneston were both out when I called just now."

Rose's full lip curled.

"And do ye really think it? Nay, George, I think ye were hasty to go where mebbe ye're not wanted. Bless yur heart, lad, the squire won't see ye; he desn't mean to take up with such as you."

George had grown scarlet; he felt angry with Rose.

"Ye are quite mistook, lass," he said hastily; "it may be a lesson t' ye not to speak ill o' Doris. She writ father a kind letter, axin' us to go to see her, an' that's one reason why I'm come now."

"D'ye mean to say,"—Rose was staring at him with wide-opened eyes,—"that ye're biddin' at t' Hall along with Doris an' t' squire? My mercy, lad, ye mun feel like a fish in a croft."

George laughed—his anger against his darling was gone already.

"Ye're in the right, lass. I shouldn't be mysel' at t' Hall. I'll go see Doris, an' tell father an' mother how she looks, an' so on, but I'll not bide long wi' her: our ways lie apart now."

Rose scarcely heard him; she sat thinking, one finger pressed against her red lips; suddenly she roused.

"George, lad, wad ye find out from Doris when t' young squire's coming home? Mr. Sunley says he believes Master Ralph's said he won't bide wiv a stepmother."

"Sunley's an old gossip. What does he know?" said George angrily. "Why, Doris will make the young lad's home brighter an' more pleasant like than he's

ever known it; he'll be glad enough to come."

"Young lad—I like that!" Rose laughed scornfully. "Why, he's nigh as old as I am, an' he's a man every bit. Did ye ever see such a face? He's as like t' squire as two peas, except that he's twice as handsome. My gracious, George! did ye ever see t' like of him? I made sure he'd come home for Kessamus, an' I think 'twas a real shame o' Doris to stop away, an' leave him to go among his friends. No wonder if he's huffed. But tell me, George, will ye find out, an' write to me when Ralph Burneston comes home? I'm just curious to know."

George laughed uneasily.

"What can it matter to ye, Rose, an' what for sud he come? There's nowt for a lad to do now," he said; "t' shootin's past, an' it's a bad season for sport. A young lad's better at school, than in sinter-saunterin' wiv nowt to do. Burneston's not a good place for t' lad; there's no mates for t' like o' him here."

Rose tossed her head.

"Ye say that because ye've gone now. Suppose he likes lasses instead o' lads; suppose he wur to come an' see me? I warrant ye I'd make it lively for him, that wad I." She giggled.

George frowned.

"Ye're talking like a giglot; I'm shamed on ye, Rose," he said hotly. "Ye mun mind yersel'; ye'se no one to mind ye now, an' I's said afore, ye sudn't garb yersel' so mich as a lass diz waat hes her own mother to guide her."

Rose jumped from her chair, and curtsied to the ground.

"Well done, parson!" she clapped her hands in mockery; "why don't ye ask yur grand lady sister to get ye made into a parson right out, 't wad suit ye rarely, lad, an' then ye'd hev a lawful way o' gettin' rid o' yur wisdom, instead o' plaguin' folks lives out wi' lectures. My word, I'm sham'd on yee, to think harm o' me for wantin' to talk to Ralph Burneston, a lad not so old as mysel'; ye've got a lot o' Puritan stuff out o' that old Pilgrim, ye hev. I'll tell Maister Sunley how rude ye've been, that I will." She wiped away some sudden tears with her fingers.

George sat confounded by her outburst; then sudden remorse seized on him. What a fool he had been to put such an idea into Rose's innocent mind!

"There, there, honey!" he tried to take her hand, but she flounced away and stood with her back towards him, trembling with passion. "I am sham'd o' mesel', but it's

my luv for ye makes me foolish. I came wi' a full heart to tell ye about mysel'; an' ye begins about t' young maister. Forgive me, lass. Winnut ye gi' me just a look, Rose, darlin'?"

"No; go away, an' don't carney me." She shook her shoulders waywardly. "It's not likely I'm going to blow hot an' cold all in a minute. I won't forgive ye, so there."

But George was doggedly resolute.

"Yes, ye will, honey." He took her by the shoulders, and turned round her scarlet, angry face to face his own. "Ye'll make friends, Rose, dear. Ye were always a sweet, forgivin' lass, an' ye'll tell me if——"

She put one hand over his mouth.

"Stop there, lad. If I forgive ye, it'll be to pay ye for holding yur peace. You an' me's long frien's, an' will keep so, an' if ye wants me for a frien', dunnt speak o' yursel' to me. Now I mun gae to gran'-mother: she's called twice whiles ye've been talking. Ye can giv' my luv' to yur fooaks."

She ended abruptly, kissed her hand and ran away, as if she doubted her own power of escape from George's grasp.

He stood, looking puzzled and foolish, at the door which she had closed behind her.

"I's a fool, a doited idiot," he said; "I sud hev won her fust, an' then I might ha' said waat I pleased. I mun try again; sae long as there's no ither lad, I'll win my Rose yet."

But his face was downcast as he went back to the Hall: all joyful anticipation had gone out of it.

This time he was more successful.

The squire met him at the entrance door and gave him a hearty welcome; and when Doris came to him, in her own sitting-room, she was very cordial and pleasant. George was impressed by the change in her manner; he felt far more at ease with her than he had felt at Steersley.

"It is too tiring for you, George, to go back again to Steersley to-day," she said; "you had better sleep here."

But George remained firm to his purpose. So long as the squire stayed in the room he felt at ease, but when Mr. Burneston left him alone with Doris his shyness came again. He kept silence.

"I wish father had come with you," she said; "I want so much to see him."

George shook his head. He was vexed with himself for feeling shy, and it seemed to him that, spite of all Mr. Hawnbys advice, he was disposed to judge his sister harshly.

"No, he'll not come here," he said coldly;

"ye mun come to t' Cairn if ye want to see father."

Doris looked thoughtful for a minute.

"I see no reason why I should not go to see you all," she said; "only I could not travel alone,—either you or my father must come and fetch me," she added, with a bright smile; "but not just yet."

"It's a fine country about t' Cairn," George said, "steep hills as ye never saw the like on, one above t' other."

Doris smiled; she thought Yorkshire hills after Swiss mountains would look like pigmies, but she only said,—

"Yes, I shall like to go to the Cairn some day—just now we have so many engagements."

George sighed. He had nearly said that no engagement ought to keep a daughter from her father, but he checked himself.

"How's t' young lad—Maister Ralph I mean?" he said.

For the first time Doris looked uneasy and confused. She bent over a camellia-tree on her little flower-table.

"He is at school," she said. "He is not coming home just yet."

George felt greatly relieved.

"I'm fain to hear that, Doris. A village is an idle place for a young lad to loaf about in."

But Doris was thinking of something else.

"Do you think," she said, "that mother could make room for Miss Masham as well as for me at the Cairn? She is coming to stay with us in the summer, and I am sure she would like to go with me."

George looked dissatisfied. He thought Doris ought to want to be with her parents without needing any companion.

"We'd be fain to see Miss Masham," he said abruptly; "but we'd liefer ye didn't wait for her company, Doris. Father's wearyin' to set eyes on ye again."

"Well, I hope it will not be long before I go," she said, "but I cannot fix the time. We may go to town this spring; but nothing is settled, and I can make no arrangement without consulting my husband."

Again George sighed. He felt disappointed even in his own idea of Doris; he thought that she possessed too much mind to care for anything, as it seemed to him, so frivolous and fashionable as going to town in spring-time.

"I'd ha' thought," he said, "t' squire'd ha' found plenty to see after t' long whiles he's bin away, without running off again so soon."

Doris held her head very stiffly; she did not want to disagree with George, still she thought him extremely presumptuous to find fault with her husband. But as she looked at him, there was a yearning, earnestness in his tender brown eyes that stirred her heart with a feeling that had grown to be unusual—the strange tie of blood—and again she spoke more frankly than she could have thought it possible to speak to any one.

"George," she said in a warmer tone, "you see I have much to learn so as to be quite fit for my position, and I think I am more likely to learn among those with whom my life has to be passed than—than by keeping away from what is called society."

George sat listening, trying to take in the full sense of her words, which seemed to him to hold some hidden meaning.

"I'm not sure if I've gaumed ye rightly," he said at last. "D'ye mean, Doris, 'at ye mun keep away from the Cairn for the sake o' keeping yursel a lady? If ye thinks that"—he rose, looking very tall and proud as he faced his sister—"why, then, you an' I are best to keep apart, I'm thinkin'."

Doris was stung and deeply hurt. She had, so it seemed to her, conceded very much in making this revelation to her brother of the scheme she was forming with regard to her future, and, instead of seeing that by this very frankness she had acted like a sister towards him, George chose to be offended by what was, she knew, true wisdom.

"You are quite mistaken," she spoke in the icy voice which had always ended their childish disputes. "I meant—but it seems useless to explain to you." She broke off and paused; then she smiled up in her brother's face with that winning smile that never failed to conquer. "You cannot quite understand me, dear," she said, "and I do not blame you for it—we must see everything from such different points; only you can trust me, and believe that my love for you all has not changed, or if it has, it is stronger and warmer than it was before I married. Will you say this to our father, George?—with my dearest love."

Her voice trembled, and her firm lips quivered, but her eyes were tearless. She was not carried away by her feelings, but she wished George to do her justice. And he was greatly touched; also he felt remorse for his own outburst.

"That I will, lass." He kissed her and shook her hand heartily. "An' I'm grieved I misdoubted ye. My thought was that wi' yur bonny face ye'd maybe get spoiled

among t' fine London foalk. They're not o' much account, I've heard; but ye'll not stay there long, maybe?"

Doris was saved an answer by Benjamin, who came to announce luncheon in his portly fashion.

Soon after luncheon George took leave, spite of Mr. Burneston's cordial invitation to stay. As he rode along, on a horse lent him by the squire, he pondered his sister's words.

"Society?" he said slowly, "that's t' other name for t' world; Vanity Fair, old Bunyan rightly calls it. Must Doris go into it? Couldn't she stay quiet at t' Hall with her husband an' her books, an' all the fine things she's got to amuse her, instead o' goin' to London, which is real Vanity Fair, I's sure? I misdoubt her plan sorely. I'll not fret father wi' her doings; but I fear Doris'll not come back from Vanity Fair t' same as she goes doon there."

THE HOUR WE PARTED.

An Irish Song.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

(Air, "The Fair Girl.")

THE hour we parted,
Whin broken-hearted
You clung around me,
My Mauryeen bawn aroo,
I swore I'd treasure,
Through pain and pleasure,
Through health and sickness,
The love for you.
And still that jewel
Through changes cruel
Of fickle Fortune
I'll jealous guard.
Still let her vary,
The jade conthrary,
If but my Mary
Be my reward.

Yis! want and hunger,
Disthress and languor,
They're welcome, willin',
The lonely, long day through,
Could I feel certain
Each evenin's curtain
But closed us nearer,
Mauryeen aroo!

Whin dreamy shadows
Along the meadows
Go softly stretchin'
From tree to tree,
And o'er the billows,
Like faithful swallows,
All, all my thoughts, dear,
Fly home to thee.

Wid touches silken,
I see you milkin'
The crossest Kerry
In ould Adragoole,
And like a fairy
Your singin', Mary,
Till every keeler
Is foammin' full.
The night is fallin'
And you are callin'
The cattle homeward
Wid coaxin' tone:
In God's own keepin',
Awake or sleepin',
'Tis now I lave ye,
Mauryeen mavrone!

THE YOUNG WOMEN AT THE LONDON TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

EIGHT hundred young women at work, all in one room, all looking comfortable, most of them looking pretty, earning fair wages at easy work,—work fit for women to do, work at which they can sit and rest and not be weary, with a kitchen at hand and a hot dinner in the middle of the day, with leave of absence without stoppage of pay

every year, with a doctor for sickness, and a pension for old age and incompetence,—for the young women as years roll on will become old,—with only eight hours of work, never before eight in the morning and never after eight at night, with female superintendents, and the chance of rising to be a superintendent open to each girl! Is not that the kind of institution that philanthropic friends of the weaker sex have been looking for and desiring for years? What would Hood have thought of such an institution when he sang his "Song of the Shirt,"—what those beneficent friends of distressed incompetent governesses who are using all their efforts so nobly to provide bread for poor females in distant lands? And all this in a government office, under government surveillance, which, in this country, is of all surveillance the most tender,—though there be and ever will be grumblers. That such surveillance is tender will, I think, be admitted when I have described the position of these eight hundred females. And all this has sprung into existence during the last eight years! By those who have watched the efforts made for female employment in other branches of business, at printing, for instance, and watch-making, sometimes with but moderate effects, sometimes with heartrending failure, will not this be welcomed as a great success?

The Civil Service of the country has been a rock of safety to very many men, a haven of refuge when no other haven could be reached. And it is so still, in spite of that great barrier at the mouth of the harbour which we call competitive examination. There is a security in it, an absence of cruelty, a justice, a clemency leaning a little too much, perhaps, to the side of faulty servants, a philanthropy and consideration forced upon it, both by its magnitude and its publicity, which no other employment can enjoy to the same extent. If we put aside the question of direct remuneration—the amount of salary paid—and look to the other circumstances of a clerk's position, we shall find that the man employed by the Crown has shorter hours of labour and longer hours of absence than he who is in private service, that he has an infinitely stronger right to his position, that he is less likely to be dismissed from personal dislike, less liable to arbitrary punishment, more gently considered in illness, and very much more generously treated in regard to pension. Eight years ago all these good things were enjoyed only by the stronger sex. Luckily the stronger sex is prone to take a wife to itself in prosperous circum-

stances, and in this way the benefits became common to men and women. But the stronger sex does not always take a wife—does not do so quite so often as it ought—sometimes cannot afford to do so till middle life. And therefore women have not had quite their share of government nourishment. But when we see eight hundred women at work in one room—eight hundred female government clerks—we feel that something has been done for them.

Everybody knows the General Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, near St. Paul's. Everybody knows that there are now two great post-offices at the same place, facing each other, the elder one having been found altogether insufficient for the purposes required, though when it was first opened, about forty-five years ago, it was supposed to be absurdly too large for any possible requirements which the country could have for such a building. Those who pass from Cheapside into Newgate Street after the lamps have been lighted may observe, on looking up, that the whole top floor of this new building is illuminated. It is here that the eight hundred young women are at work, and their business consists in the receipt and dispatch of telegraph messages.

The work on which they are all engaged is performed in one large room,—a room that appears to be low because of its great size but which is in truth of considerable altitude, and is lighted by roof-windows. I wish I could say that it is well ventilated;—but that difficulty of giving a sufficiency of fresh air without too much of it to a large body of men or women working together has not as yet been solved at the Telegraph Office. Open the windows, is the easy solution to which the unpractised ventilating theorist would come; yes, or take off the roof, and you certainly would get plenty of fresh air. But these eight hundred human beings—here there are many more than eight hundred—are tender subjects, who, as to their own immediate perceptions, are much more affected by cold than by unwholesome air. The difficulty in ventilation consists very much in this,—that the person to be ventilated does not know that he wants ventilation. You shall find five travellers in a railway carriage—you, joining them suddenly as an unhappy sixth—who do not know that they are being smothered. Tell them so, and they will bitterly resent your interference. Remain with them for an hour, and you shall not know that you are being

smothered yourself. These eight hundred lady friends of mine require some process of ventilation of which they themselves shall be kept in ignorance. It is to be hoped that some such process may soon be found.

This great room is divided, something like a church, into transepts and naves; such, at least, is the first idea, though the form of it when studied does, in fact, assume the shape of a great letter **H**. It contains an area of very nearly two thousand feet, and those who are curious in statistics may be glad to know that the length of the instrument desks amounts to two thousand four hundred feet. Though it is all one room, it has its well-marked divisions, its east end and its west end; and thus the Indian telegrams and the foreign telegrams are no more mixed up with the Liverpool and Glasgow business, or those with the internal metropolitan telegrams, than is Grosvenor Square with the Victoria Docks, or Regent's Park with Kennington Oval. It is a "mighty maze," and certainly appears so to the stranger when he first finds himself among all these young women, but he soon finds that it is "not without a plan."

The stranger, if he be at all such a stranger as I was, will think a great deal more about the young women than the telegraphy. To those who are the masters in the place, who have used their skill and science in concentrating so much that is useful in one place, and who are thoroughly aware of the importance of the interests which are confided to their charge, the security and expedition and cheapness of the messages are, of course, the points of attraction. To me it was the condition of the girls—their appearance, their welfare, their respectability, their immediate comfort, their future prospects, their coming husbands, their capabilities, their utility, and their appropriateness in that place—or inappropriateness. The reader may, therefore, know at once that he will learn nothing from me about telegraphy; whether he will learn anything about the telegraph girls I will not say, but it is my ambition to tell him something. Even those prolonged iron spouts down which came and up which went the metropolitan messages, which are not communicated by wires but which are dispatched bodily by atmospheric pressure within two miles of the building at the rate of about thirty miles per hour, did not interest me much, because they are waited upon by boys and not by young women.

My first point of interest in the matter was to know how the girls got there. Though there be at present eight hundred of them—

the actual total in the principal office is eight hundred and forty-three—even though there were eight thousand there would certainly be great competition for the service. And then of those who would want to be employed so many would be unfit! And then again, that question of character—what we may call respectability—is one much more difficult among women than men, but one which so imperatively demands to be asked and answered. A young man of bad character will do harm to his associates—very great harm; but he will not be held to be so fatally noxious as a young woman of bad character among those who are pure. Mothers and fathers, if they will think of their own children, will feel that it is so. They are anxious no doubt to keep their sons from evil contact; but for their girls—! I felt at once that it was a very delicate matter—this of selecting these young women for the public service.

And then what did the girls do when they were there? Of course they would send messages and receive them—more or less expeditiously, according to the adroitness of their fingers, eyes, ears, and intellects. But it is not only the work which is done by any great mass of persons working together which is interesting, but all that which must necessarily be done beyond the work. For mere production, a well-arranged machine is more interesting perhaps than a human being. They who look only to what labourers can be made to produce are too apt to regard these living souls as though they were wound up by some key or windlass, or set in motion by the power of heat, and that they would so do a certain fixed task, and that then there would be an end of them. To me, when I have seen a half-naked, brawny puddler turning the iron, or a miner digging out the gold-containing rock, or the ploughman in his tucked-up frock striving to drive his furrows straight and deep, I have felt more interest in the man's willingness to serve, or in his mutiny, in his conversation, if I could hear what he was talking, or even in his silence, in the expenditure of of his wages, in his bread-and-cheese and beer, in his hilarity or sadness as he sits during his allotted minutes of idleness with his pipe in his mouth, than I have in the profit or loss accruing from his work. And so with these girls. There were the messages to send and receive—of course. But what else was there done in that large room? Did they talk? Oh!—if I could only know what those two pretty girls in the distance were talking about!—not from curiosity, but that I might judge somewhat of their inward natures,

—whether they were good or bad, happy or unhappy, pure or impure. They looked to be good, and happy, and pure; and I thought to myself that I should like to take them to the Zoological Gardens, and to make them feed the bears and ride upon the elephant, and then to hear what they would have to say about Madame Tussaud's horrors, and after that to give them their dinners and send them home happy. As I was thinking of all this, the newest system of telegraphy by sound was being clearly and skilfully explained to me;—but I did not pay by any means as much attention as I ought to have done to the new system, so much was my attention taken up with those two pretty girls—and with others.

And what was their conduct generally? I found it difficult to frame my questions so as not to betray any improper curiosity. But I was very anxious to know whether they—flirted, for there are young men in the same room. I thought that had I been a young man there I might have been tempted. As far as I could judge by looking round, there did not seem to be anything of the kind. And then, in other respects, how did they behave themselves? Were they punctual, attentive, and obedient? Was it often necessary to punish them, and, if so, in what manner? Were there frequent dismissals?

And then what did they get—what in immediate money, what in prospects, what in comforts, what in privileges, what in respectability? They were all then, of course, congregated in that one room, and busy in accommodating the instant haste of a hurrying world, only for the sake of what they could get. Was it enough to make them happy and comfortable; enough to give them plenty to eat, and decent rooms to live in? I could see that they were all nicely dressed; but when a large number of girls have come together, each girl will spend her last sixpence in dress rather than be less well accoutred than her neighbours.

And how did they live at home? As to that I knew that I could learn very little. With their parents, generally, I hoped. But there must have been many there whose parents were at a distance—many orphans—many so far alone in the world as to have to look out for their own lives as most young men are called upon to do. These would come and go to and from their offices independently, as do the clerks in the Treasury or War Office. What sort of life do they make of it?

As I had imagined, I found the com-

petition for the situation to be very great. Who does not know how many girls there are, somewhat above the rank of domestic service, who have been taught their three Rs with more or less success, and to whom there comes early in life the necessity of either earning their bread or else of eating very little bread? Indeed, for what service, especially for what government service, is there not competition? Great efforts have been made to do away with the horrors of competitive patronage, that is with the giving away of situations by favouritism. These horrors need to be the more horrid because the favouritism displayed was not generally that of open friendship but of political adherence. Active manipulators of votes in small boroughs, or even in large cities, would think themselves entitled to a proportion of these favours, and the distributors of patronage would find themselves unable to resist the claims made upon them. This was bad on all sides, but to none was it so bad as to those who were obliged to distribute the prizes. Had they nothing to give, they would be asked for nothing. But while the bestowal of these gifts was a necessity to them, there was no resisting the political cormorants who had supported them, or who would hereafter support them in their political combats. It was this feeling, I think, even more than the desire for increased educational excellence, which prompted our official chieftains to open the public service generally to competitive examination, so that they might rid themselves of the incubus of patronage. For almost any clerkship in the Civil Service almost any aspirant may now compete.

But in regard to these young women, a nomination is still made by some officer high in the department. I will not name Lord A. or Sir C. B., lest the unfortunate official pundit should be at once overwhelmed with applications by young ladies who read GOOD WORDS. As vacancies occur from six to a dozen are nominated together, and the fortunate ones—not as yet quite fortunate—have to submit themselves on a fixed day to the tender mercies of Sir George Dasent and the other official examiners at Westminster. They are examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and if they come up to a given standard then they are appointed on probation. But in addition to this there must have been medical approval, and for this and other purposes the telegraph department keeps a doctor of its own. And references are made as to character to three householders.

In regard to these references we cannot but feel how hard it would be—how almost impossible—for any tender-hearted householder not to say a kind word.

But after the terrors of the examination there are the subsequent terrors of the telegraph school. It is to be understood that no girl is allowed to enter after eighteen, and that they may become candidates at fourteen, so that the schooling is for the most part undergone at an age appropriate for tuition. The school is in Telegraph Street, near Moorgate Street, and here telegraphy is inculcated for a period of two or three months. If a poor girl cannot learn the art, there is an end of the matter. If by that time she has gone so far as to show that she probably will learn it, she is sent to the big room at the top of the building in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Here she begins to receive wages. During these school days she receives nothing, nor does she perform any service, but she receives her tuition gratis.

On her first entrance into the great world of the telegraph office—that which is to be her world till she becomes a married woman, or during her life of celibacy—she is put in possession of 8s. a week. But at this period she is hardly of much use as a telegraphist. During half her day she still undergoes instruction, performing light services about the office for the other half. Then, when she is declared to be competent, she is seated proudly at her table, becomes a full-fledged government clerk, and is made the mistress of a weekly stipend of 12s.

From this time her duty consists in sending and receiving telegrams, or rather in passing on the telegrams which other public servants have received in other parts of the world. A telegram, for instance, from New Zealand to the Brazils would pass through this room—or from Hammersmith to Poplar, or from San Francisco to Sydney, or from Liverpool to Southampton. But no one desiring to send a message goes here, nor are the messenger boys dispatched by these young women. They live secluded and apart, in a world of their own, harassed by no interruptions from without, and might, for aught that they feel in the matter, be accelerating communications from one star to another. As I have said before, it is not my purpose here to explain the various systems of telegraphy used, but there are two distinct modes—very distinct as far as the aptitudes and capabilities of the young women are concerned: that, namely, by eye, and that by ear. The former may be learned almost

by any one who can learn to read—though, as some pupils can read well and rapidly, while others hardly get beyond an elementary use of their letters, so, of course, it will be with those who learn the alphabet of the wires. The second system, that by ear, can only be acquired by those whose organs of hearing are subtle and appreciative. And as there is a preference at present for those tinkling sounds by which words can be noted coming from a distance of as many thousand miles as the world is round—as there is less labour and cost in this method, the clerk receiving the sounds without any interposition of marked paper—they who are so gifted are held to be the most useful. No difference in pay is made, nor has it been acknowledged to me that the ear-gifted girl is better off than she who is less fortunate; but I cannot but think that higher capability will in the long run lead to higher rewards in the Telegraph Office, as in all other positions.

After three years of service the wages average 16s. a week, and then it is supposed that the girl is fully able to support herself, that is, she can then pay, not only for her clothes and her food, but an adequate proportion of the other expenses of the home she may occupy. Of the total number employed I found that the average wages were at the period of my inquiry 18s. a week, and that the maximum wages of those working at the desks were 30s. The wages are paid once a fortnight, on every alternate Friday. The average will of course become higher than it is at present, as the whole thing is new, having been commenced in the service of the Crown within the last eight years. The greater number of the girls live with their families, and not unfrequently two or three sisters are employed together. I was assured that in many cases these girls had thus become the support of their parents. There are thirty female superintendents at higher salaries, and to these offices the clerks are of course eligible; and there is one matron over them all, to whom I presume is confided those delicate questions as to propriety and discipline at which I have hinted.

Thus I have told what these young women get in direct payment. In a rough way, it may be taken at 18s. a week per head. But there are other comforts attached to the office, which should be named. In most employments, when illness comes, wages cease. It is terrible that it should be so; but it is a necessity. The farmer who has to make a profit out of his labourers' work cannot afford to be generous; nor can the ordinary

shopkeeper exercise such generosity over a lengthened period. The larger the business the greater may be the benevolence, because extended operations permit of systematized calculation. If two hundred people be employed the average sickness may be known, and wages may be so proportioned as to allow a margin for misfortune. The man in health will know that he receives something less in order that in sickness he may not be utterly desolate. But with the government the field is so large and the capital at command so unlimited, that benevolence may be extended as far as judgment may think fit; and as the judges in the matter do not suffer in their own pockets—have in fact the exquisite pleasure of being benevolent at the expense of the nation—the probability is that if there be a fault it will be on the side of philanthropy. The arrangement among the young women of whom we are speaking is as follows. They who are absent from illness receive two-thirds of their wages for a period not exceeding six months, and during this time they enjoy, or may enjoy, the gratuitous services of the official doctor. After six months they are put upon half wages for some further period, varying according to circumstances. Perhaps nine months may see the end of official forbearance, or it may in peculiar cases be extended to twelve. I doubt whether any private service can offer such advantages. And then there is a luxury for ill health which, as a rule, can only be provided for the opulent. There are places for five telegraph clerks at Hastings and Brighton—two at the former sea-side resort and three at the latter—kept for these London girls. When the doctor thinks that a girl's health may be recruited by sea air, she is sent for a month to one of these places. Her railway fare is paid for her, she has 2s. a day extra for extra expenses, and she is required to work only for six hours a day, instead of for eight as she does at the central office. There is no difficulty in keeping these five places filled. It should be added to this that all the females have leave of absence for a fortnight every year, during which time they have their full wages.

And then there are pensions. The scheme on which these are given is that which governs the whole Civil Service generally. At sixty years of age these public servants are entitled to a pension, without reference to further capacity for work; and in cases of permanent loss of health pensions are granted after ten years' service. I should rather say that pensions are allotted, for there is no grant in the matter, the allowance being one of right as

much as are the wages; and the pension amounts to one-sixtieth of the existing wages for each year of service; so that a telegraph clerk who had worked for thirty years and was then earning 30s. a week would have a life pension of thirty-sixtieth, or one half, amounting to 15s. a week; if for forty years, of 20s., or two-thirds. No pension goes beyond two-thirds of the wages. But even before the ten years have run out a gratuity is given on leaving the service, if the clerk be compelled to go by permanent ill health.

The work is for eight hours a day, which eight hours are consecutive; but out of this time half an hour is allowed for dinner. In the establishment, on the same floor, and close to the big room, there is a kitchen and there are eating-rooms. Here the girls can order what they please from the card of the day, and can have a thoroughly good hot meal for about 9d. For 6d. they can have a much better dinner than falls to the lot of, I fear, most workers in the metropolis. For 6d. they can have hot meat, vegetables, and bread, though perhaps the ninepenny portion may be more suitable to strong and growing girls. But if the cost of this be too much, they can bring their own food with them, and have it heated or cooked on the premises for nothing.

The hours of work for the females are from eight A.M. to eight P.M., each being on duty eight consecutive hours out of these twelve. Some may come on at eight and go off at four; others at ten and go off at six, and so on. In this way the whole force must be in the building during the middle of the day, when there is the greatest press of work, and at this period of course the relays of diners go to the banquet. Then after five P.M. there comes the necessity for tea. To all those of them who are kept on duty after that hour tea is brought at their desk—tea and bread-and-butter; and for that no charge is made. The generosity of the department in the matter of tea is perhaps less conspicuous than its administrative economy; for it has been found that more is saved in time by keeping the girls at their desks than is lost in the price of the comforts supplied.

Eight hours of daily attendance, with half an hour allowed out of it, and the work all done sitting! To those who know what is the nature of the work of a young woman behind the counter of a shop—who is not allowed to sit lest she should seem to be neglecting her business, who is not allowed to sit lest it should appear that the shop is not doing a good trade, and whose attendance is seldom less than ten hours a day,

and sometimes, I fear, much more—surely these arrangements will seem to be beneficent, humane, and praiseworthy. I ought to add here that there is no Sunday work whatever for the female operators.

And how do they all behave? And if they misbehave what is done to them? And of what nature may be the misbehaviour which most frequently interferes with the good order of this Paradise of female stationary messengers? The Paradise cannot be so perfect but what there should occasionally be a Peri to be punished. As I expected, late attendance was the first named. Minutes in the morning slip so easily away, especially when the question is one of rising out of bed! Every minute of late attendance is entered in a black book, because, as was explained to me, the late attendance of a girl might too probably involve the late dispatch of a message. And how would it be if some gentleman who wanted his horse at the covert-side punctually at eleven should lose his run with the foxhounds because some young lady found herself too comfortable in bed? Therefore the rules are very strict. If a total of thirty minutes in a month be marked against any girl, she is called upon to do extra work without pay. Money fines are not inflicted, except in rare cases, and then only by the Secretary's order,—the Secretary being the Secretary of the General Post Office, an officer of majestic power outside the Telegraph Office, who may be supposed to be a sort of Jupiter up in the clouds. It is always well that punishment should seem to come from some inscrutable and awful power at a distance. If such irregularity should be perpetual—what we may call obstinate, or at any rate incurable—then of course must come the last sad step of dismissal.

But was there any flirting? I was very anxious on that head when I saw the young men. No;—I was assured that there was none—none to speak of; and my informant seemed to think that that matter, which was certainly one of difficulty, had been managed rather well. When I heard that there was nothing of the kind, I fear that there came across my mind insensibly some feeling of diminished respect for the young men. But when the matter was explained to me—how the difficulty had been “managed”—that injustice passed away from me. It has been told how these telegraph girls work between the hours of eight in the morning and eight in the evening. But the work in the office is of course continuous during the twenty-

four hours. It is much lighter at night than during the day, but there is always work. The night-work is done entirely by the men, as is also part of the day-work. It will be readily understood that the day-work is much the more popular. But should a young man show himself disposed to be too agreeable during the day, no fault is found with him, nothing is said about it, but his services are simply required during the night instead. The arrangement is probably understood, and is at any rate effective.

“May they talk?” I asked. Now I certainly had heard them talking—a low hum of cheery young female voices, very pleasant to the ear. “And may they read, when there are no messages coming and going, or do a stitch of needlework?” When messages are coming and going the operator may not speak or be spoken to. And as, in the press of the day, messages are always coming and going, and as, of course, the work is so arranged that there shall be as few idle minutes as possible, the talking is probably much reduced. But I did not feel so absolutely convinced about the talking as I had been about the flirting. If two girls of twenty can be got to sit close to each other without talking, human nature must have been changed up in the Telegraph Office. As to books and needlework, all such trivial occupations are absolutely tabooed till six p.m. Certainly during the two visits that I paid to the establishment I saw neither the one nor the other in the big room, though I found girls reading outside it during the half hour allowed for dinner. After six, when the work becomes less, and there may be many minutes of enforced idleness between this and the other message, then a handkerchief may be sometimes hemmed or a novel read.

And about friends—visitors? Visitors I found were altogether forbidden. This seems to be a law which may never be infringed. The girls, I suppose, are not prisoners. In a matter of life or death, or perhaps even in affairs of lighter importance, access may be of course obtained through the interposition of superintendents. But, in an ordinary way, such a creature as a visitor is never seen upon that floor of the building; and the reason for this strict rule is not only the loss of time which would be necessitated—though that might be reason enough—but the nature of the occupation. Secrecy is essential. There seems to be no ground for fearing that any undue use is ever made of those multitudinous communi-

cations which are always passing under the eyes or through the ears of these young women. But the temptation might be great if any outside sinner were able to hold free communication with that room at any time. Therefore there are no visitors.

"Then, practically," I said, "there is no misconduct?" For that seemed to be the conclusion to which I was brought from what I had heard. I asked the question probably with some little shade of doubt in my tone. "Come," said I; "how many dismissals did you have during the last year?" For I had known much of the Civil Service myself, and had been aware that in dealing with large bodies of men the exercisers of discipline must occasionally have recourse to that last means of declaring that obedience and order are indispensable. "Dismissal?" said my friend; "yes, we have had a dismissal. Miss — was dismissed. But it seems to be a long time ago. I'll get the books." The books were got, and it appeared that the unfortunate one named had been sent away at some time in 1873! There had been no dismissal since.

From a body of public servants as large as a regiment,—numbering over eight hundred persons,—there had been one dismissal in four years! You, Mr. Editor, are much concerned with the conduct of a large population in a large city. What do you think of this representation as to the conduct of eight hundred young women in the middle of the metropolis? To many readers, to those who have not had an opportunity of knowing how work is done, or how it is occasionally left undone, this perhaps may not seem to be very significant. But they who have had aught to do with the employment of many persons, whether in the Civil Service or in private enterprises, will, I think, acknowledge that this shows an amount of success over which there may well be some triumphant rejoicing. We have heard a good deal of the incompetence of young women for certain work at which they have been tried. They are supposed to be less constant to their duties, more prone to change, and less reliable—I do not mean less trustworthy, and, therefore, I use a word to which strong objection has been lately made—less reliable than men. To one objection they are certainly open. They are prone to get married, and when married they generally leave their employment. Whereas a young man when he is married is by that step only the more closely bound to his employers. But the history of this telegraph work, as far as it has

yet been carried, seems to show, that when adequate care is taken that the physical capacities of women shall not be overtaxed, and that work be found of a nature suitable to them, they can be employed with equal advantage to the employer and to themselves. But in regard to their conduct, the result of my inquiry was so cheering that I think that it ought to be made public. In regard to health, as affecting their attendance, I am not surprised to find that they fall somewhat behind the men. The absence of the females on this ground amounted to five and a half per cent. on the number—of the males to two and a half per cent.

I have stated the number of telegraph girls to be eight hundred and forty-three in the General Post Office; but throughout London there are two hundred and sixty-eight others at various offices, who are paid by the Crown, making the total number eleven hundred and eleven. This does not include a class of young women who are employed and paid by the letter-receivers of the metropolis, and who are not in the direct service of the Crown. There are supposed to be something above a hundred and fifty of them, so that the total number of females employed on this duty in the metropolis may be taken to be something over twelve hundred and fifty.

I wish I could think that the number might be speedily increased; but that I fear cannot for some time be the case. In order that the burden of night-work on the men may be lessened, it will be necessary to increase the number of men on the day-work. If, for instance, there be always three hundred men on night-work and one hundred on day-work, each man could only have one night off in four, whereas if there were three hundred on day-work and three hundred on night-work, making six hundred altogether, each man would work only on alternate nights. I fear, therefore, that a small diminution of the number of female clerks may take place at the central office in order to provide a greater proportion of day-work for the men.

I do not like to conclude these remarks without observing how much the telegraph department of the General Post Office owes to the care and intelligence of its present chief, Mr. Fischer, a German gentleman, who, having been heretofore in the employment of one of the large telegraph companies, became a servant of the British Crown when the telegraph services were bought by the Government.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE EVENING TIME.

TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,
 Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
 And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
 As if he held me of all most dear.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,
 The rooks flitted home through the purple shade;
 The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high;
 As I walked with him in the woodland glade.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!



And our pathway went through fields of wheat;
 Narrow that path and rough the way,
 But he was near, and the birds sang true,
 And the stars came out in the twilight gray.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
 Softly of blessed days to be;
 Close to his arm and closer I prest—
 The corn-field path was Eden to me.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
 My hand in his enfolded lay;
 We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
 For narrower, narrower, wound the way.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,
 "Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
 But together we'll walk through the fields of life
 Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

A. C. C.



A WORK THAT PROSPERED.

THIRTY years since, I lived at Woodhouse Cliffe, on the outskirts of Leeds. My house looked over Woodhouse Moor, a fine wide prospect of greenery. From the top of the Moor a splendid view is obtained of the valley of the Aire. Looking westward, over Kirkstall, Calverley, and Bingley, you see the distant hills of Rumbles Moor bounding the distance. The late Mr. Woolcombe, a name well known in the south of England, observed, when admiringly surveying the prospect, "That reminds me, more than anything that I have seen, of the finest views of South Devon."

The Moor is the remains of an old common, which, happily for the neighbouring town of Leeds, has never been enclosed. Although encroachments have been made round the corners, as well as on the Moor itself, there still remains a large open space of many hundred acres in extent. It is the general play-ground of the neighbourhood—the original People's Park. Races used to be run there, perhaps they are so still. Games of all sorts were played there, of cricket, foot-ball, and knor-and-spill* (a thoroughly Yorkshire game), together with the other sports of men and boys.

But besides those who then frequented the Moor for such purposes, there were a great many indifferent characters who lived in the neighbourhood. Commons usually attract such persons. A little place called Raghorn, or Wraghorne, sheltered a lot of donkey-boys and their belongings. The village of Woodhouse Carr was little better. It had, at the time of which I speak, obtained the notoriety of being a rendezvous for dog-fighters, cock-fighters, pugilists, horse-racers, and gamblers. Woodhouse Ridge, with its old quarries and by-lanes, sheltered numbers of gamblers and thieves. They used to meet in the quarries to fight, and play at pitch-and-toss on Sundays, the most convenient day for their purpose.

Woodhouse Carr and Buslingthorpe contained at that time a population of about six thousand souls. There was one Church in the place, and seventeen Public-houses. The church was open at stated intervals on

Sundays, occasionally on Saints' days, whilst the public-houses were open from early in the morning until late at night on all days, being only closed for a few hours on Sundays during divine service. It was evident that the population wanted reforming very much; and the question arose, "Who was to do it?"

There was a general demand for Reform in those days. Many speeches were delivered about reform on Woodhouse Moor. The nomination of Members of Parliament took place there. It was a grand sight to see procession after procession coming up from Leeds—Whigs, Tories, and Radicals—and assemble on the Moor. I have seen from thirty to forty thousand people in front of the hustings; and yet they occupied but a mere fraction of the Moor itself. But all these meetings for reform were of a political character. They did not touch the lower classes of the population. They did not educate or elevate the people. They did not grapple with the worst vices of the age. For the most part, they ended in Hurrahs.

Goethe somewhere says, "Do the duty that lies nearest you." A wise saying! Duty always lies very near us. It may lie in our own house, in our own street, or in our own neighbourhood. In this case, the duty to be done was the elevation of the character of the population of Woodhouse. Who was to do it? Was it to be done by the Church? The church was open, but the people did not go there. Was it to be done by missionaries, by Gospel readers, or by visitation from house to house? These are all very good ways; but the work was not done in this way.

Archbishop Sumner has truly said "that the only true secret of assisting the poor is to make them agents in bettering their own condition." You cannot do it by patronage. Patronage often helps; but it sometimes weakens as much as it helps. And working people, at least in the north, do not like to be patronised. But if you can induce a few working men to begin among their fellows, to induce them to abandon bad habits and follow good ones, to inspire them with a love of well-doing instead of ill-doing, you will then accomplish an immense amount of good. This is how the young men of Woodhouse proceeded to work.

It began with the temperance movement. Father Mathew was then preaching to crowds in the north of England. That kind, bene-

* The game is a lineal descendant of the ball-play of the old Danes, Northmen, and Icelanders. The *knor* is a small ball of hard wood, whitened, which, laid on the *spill* or trap, is held down by a spring. On liberating the spring, the ball is thrown into mid air, when it is struck with the triquet-stick and thrown to a great distance. The length to which it is thrown is measured in spaces of twenty yards each, or scores. The object in the game is to exceed one's competitors in the distance to which the ball is thrown.

volent, wonder-working old gentleman had a large following in Leeds; and, inspired by his influence, large numbers of persons took the pledge. He was followed by the fiery Gough, and the hard-working and persistent Whitaker and Grubb. New societies were formed in all directions; and amongst them one was formed at Woodhouse. It consisted at first of only about a dozen young men; and they endeavoured to reclaim the drunkards of their neighbourhood.

It was a very difficult undertaking—twelve young men against seventeen public-houses! They began with the toppers and confirmed drinkers, and tried to induce them to sign the pledge. It was of no use. The old soakers laughed at the teetotalers, and went back to their "wallowing in the mire." The young men visited them at their homes, but found them destitute of comfort. No wonder that the attractions of the public-houses outbid the attractions of such homes.

Having failed with the old habitués, they next tried to attract the young men. They frequented the quarries on Woodhouse Ridge. They would find a lot of young fellows gambling, throw themselves into their midst, and expostulate with them as to their folly and crime. The gamblers assembled, buffeted and drove away the teetotalers, sometimes sending after them a shower of stones. They next tried public preaching on the Moor. They went out in a band, singing temperance songs, to draw the people after them to listen to a lecture. Sometimes they succeeded, but oftener they failed. When the excitement was over, those who had signed the pledge usually went back to their old indulgences.

Thus three years passed, and the net result was failure. "Our condition," says one of the teetotal band, "was so bad, that I had given up the expectation of anything of great importance being done, at any time, by teetotalism alone, and I determined that I would not spend my time in future to so small a purpose. If good had been done, it was still in the bud; the harvest was not yet. Nay, everything appeared to be against us. All the sects had closed their places to us, and we had not a single room within a mile of the centre of the neighbourhood where a meeting could be held."

What was next to be done? They were still determined to persevere, and to accomplish their purpose in some way or other. At last the thought of beginning their work by educating the rising generation dawned upon them. Numerous meetings in favour

of National Education were being held in Leeds at that time; but what with the religious, or rather the sectarian difficulty, it was evident that nothing could then be done. The young men were thus thrown back upon themselves. If the public could not agree about a system of education, why should they not do what they could to obliterate the reproach of ignorance from their neighbourhood?

They accordingly resolved themselves into a Mechanics' Institute, in connection with the Temperance Society. An old low-roofed cottage was hired, at a rental of £9 a year. It had three large rooms, which were fitted up as class-rooms. This involved an expenditure of about £80, which was readily obtained from some gentlemen in the neighbourhood. A library of about three hundred volumes was formed. The books were contributed by the members or by friends of the institution. Two of the class-rooms had separate entrances, one was intended for young men, the other for young women. The larger room was used on certain evenings as a reading-room and lecture-room.

A deputation of the committee waited upon me, and requested me to become their president. Being one of their nearest neighbours, I readily assented. When the arrangements of the society had been perfected, a sign was hoisted, "Temperance Hall and Literary Institution." The first prospectus was then issued. It bears date the 12th of March, 1848. It announced that writing classes would be held every Monday evening at eight; that a lecture would be delivered on Tuesday evening at the same hour; that Geography would be taught on Wednesdays; Elementary Reading, Grammar, and General Knowledge, on Thursdays; Writing again on Fridays; and that on Saturday evenings the large room would be used as a reading-room, and that books would then be given out from the library.

I led off with a lecture on "Self-education." Other gentlemen, from Leeds, followed. The Rev. Charles Wicksteed lectured on "Some interesting Facts and old Laws relating to the Woollen Trade" (the staple manufacture of the district); the late James Richardson, clerk of the peace, lectured on "The Influence of Public Opinion;" and the late John Bourne, engineer, of the North-Eastern Railway, lectured on "Geology." Other gentlemen lectured "On the Labour Question," on "Sacred Geography," on "The History and Manufacture of Glass," and on "Chemistry."

The energetic action of the committee excited great interest among their fellows. The classes for elementary instruction attracted numbers of scholars. The charges were very small. Young men paid three half-pence a week; young women paid a penny a week. Boys were allowed to take books from the library to read at home, for a penny a week. None under sixteen were admitted to the classes; for the object of the society was "to deal more particularly with those who were connected with drinking practices." Young men were especially invited to join the society, in order that they might be drawn over to the cause of Temperance.

The education given was voluntary in every respect. The teachers belonged to the society itself. Those who could read well, taught reading. Those who could write well, taught writing. The members thus communicated to each other their respective branches of elementary instruction. Each, according to his abilities, did what he could for the benefit of all. The rooms were open on Sunday forenoons for teaching reading and writing; and on Sunday evenings for addresses on Temperance.

At length the rooms became too small to accommodate the scholars. The class-rooms were filled to the door, and many new applicants were turned away. Fathers and mothers saw that their children were under good influences while attending the classes. They were learning to read and learning to write—rare accomplishments in those days. Even though "the schoolmaster was abroad" (to use Lord Brougham's phrase), nearly half the labouring population could neither read nor write thirty years ago.

What was next to be done? Room must be provided for the accommodation of the young men and women who so ardently desired to join the Institute. There was no such room to be had in the neighbourhood. The question then arose, Cannot we erect a building of our own? The question was suggested by George Lucas, one of the wisest and bravest men of the committee, in fact, the very soul of the institution. "But it will cost a great deal of money," said some one, "and where can we get it?" "I have faith," said George; "you may depend upon it that the money can be got."

Well, the money *was* got; and the new institution was built, opened, and continues to prosper to this day. On the 6th of July, 1850, I laid the foundation stone of the building, and on the evening of New Year's Day,

1851, I delivered the opening address to the friends and members of the institution. More than twenty-six years have passed since then, during which I have been occupied with many things. The facts connected with the building of the Mechanics' Institute at Woodhouse had almost slipped from my memory. It was only recently that I was reminded of them. I was turning over a lot of old papers for the purpose of giving them to the fire, when my eye was caught by the old address. It awakened in me many thoughts of the past. It reminded me of the living and the dead, who were then associated with me in that labour of love; and instead of giving my paper to the fire, I resolved, in the first place, to give it to the press. It may be useful, as showing what a few earnest young men can do towards elevating the social and moral condition of their neighbourhood.

I observe, on looking at the bill announcing the first public meeting in the new building, that Sir George Goodman, mayor of Leeds, was in the chair; and that the Dean of Ripon, the Rev. G. W. Conder, with many other friends of the institution, were present. The spacious hall contained about eight hundred persons. I proceed to give only those parts of the address relating to the history and objects of the institution.

"I do not exaggerate when I say that this is a proud day for the working people of Woodhouse. It is especially so for those who have so long laboured to educate the people of this district in knowledge, virtue, and habits of temperance. They now find themselves accommodated in a handsome and commodious building of their own, in which they can carry on their beneficent operations without let or hindrance. For many years past a temperance society has been in existence in this neighbourhood, but its most earnest members found that they made comparatively little progress in reclaiming the drunken and the vicious from their evil habits. They found that the mere negative act of abstaining from doing a bad thing amounted to very little unless they could substitute something better for what they took away, and that the law, 'Thou shalt not,' was not sufficient to raise men into a higher and better life.

"Men do not always drink merely for drinking's sake. There are various attractions thrown around drinking, which those who trade in drink take care not to neglect. The houses of the poor are often very unhealthy, and usually very uncomfortable.

They consist of a room or two, which serve for dining-room, nursery, and kitchen, all in one. The labouring man, after he has done his day's work, cannot very well sit down in comfort there. As the boys grow up into young men they do not know what to do with themselves in the evenings. The public-house, however, is always open—clean, comfortable, warm, and brilliantly lighted. It gradually becomes their chief centre of attraction. There, too, men meet their companions, read the papers, talk over the news, all of which is accompanied by drinking. When working men resist such temptations I am almost disposed to regard them as miracles of self-denial.

"The Temperance Society established here found that they could do nothing in the face of such difficulties. After many years of earnest work they found that to reach the canker that was eating into the heart of society they must call into existence some other agency to enable them to grapple with it. And this they found in a Mechanics' Institute for the inculcation and dissemination of knowledge. They would not merely check vice, they would also plant virtue. Whilst they destroyed bad habits, they would also teach good habits; and in place of gin and beer they would offer instruction, books, lectures, and amusement.

"Such was the noble ambition which actuated the Temperance Society in founding the Mechanics' Institute about four years ago. Some rooms in an old tenement were taken and fitted up at a cost of about £80. Evening classes, for reading, writing, and arithmetic, were opened, and these were taught by the members of the committee. The teachers themselves derived no less benefit from the classes than the taught; for the best of all ways of acquiring any branch of knowledge is, to be under the necessity of teaching it to others.

"It was soon found necessary to enlarge the accommodation of the Institute. An increasing number of pupils applied for accommodation; many of them were refused—men and women—because of the want of room. As it was, the rooms were overcrowded, and were found very unwholesome. Notwithstanding the limited amount of accommodation, between three and four hundred men and women received instruction at the Institute during these four years. Fifty grown men and women were taught to read who could not read before, and one hundred and fifty men and women were taught to write who could not write before.

"The moral effects of the work of the Institute were soon apparent. Some of the worst subjects of Woodhouse were enlisted in the association. Not fewer than one-third of the male members were gathered from public-houses, and from dog-fighting, gambling, and other low vices. Some of these men, who used to be the most disreputable, are now among the most industrious, sober, and intelligent men of the district.

"The immense good which had been effected by the agency of the society induced some of the leading members to entertain the design of erecting a building expressly for its accommodation. I confess that I was a little sceptical about the project at first. The projectors, however, assured me that 'the people of Woodhouse were so thoroughly with them, that they felt confident they could do whatever good they had set their minds upon.' The project was at length determined upon, and I started, with the principal members, to collect subscriptions among the friends of education.

"The subscription list was headed by a splendid donation of £100 by James Brown, Esq., of Rossington, whose family had long been connected with the neighbourhood through their extensive works. Messrs. Marshall, and many other ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, also generously subscribed. But perhaps the most creditable feature of the subscription is the fact that a large portion of the money necessary to erect this building has been raised by the working people themselves. Some gave a week's wages, others gave two weeks' wages, some gave £5, others as much as £10, paid in weekly instalments. This is a fact of much significance.

"While the members feel sincerely grateful for the help extended to them by the wealthier class, they have also reason to feel proud of their own noble spirit of self-help. But they did more than subscribe. Before a stone was laid they themselves, with their own hands, dug out the foundations of the building. Thus did the sons of labour consecrate the home of knowledge to the uses of their class. Thus did the members prove that they were really working men, and that this building is rightly called a Mechanics' Institute.

"And now that we have been enabled to rear this building we hope to be able to carry the blessings of knowledge and temperance into every home in Woodhouse. The institution will give elementary educa-

tion to those who, up to this time, have not received it; and it will also afford to every man and woman the opportunity of carrying forwards and maturing the education which they may have received at school. It will aim at making its members wiser, better, and happier in all respects.

"The work of this institution is in harmony with religion, though it is affiliated to no sect. It has obtained the support of men of all creeds, though, as an institution, it teaches none. Being for the benefit of the whole public, it cannot be sectarian. This People's College can have no excluding test. It is free to all who seek instruction, be they of what sect, or party, or persuasion they may. Then, the institution is in harmony with the cause of domestic improvement. While it desires to make men and women intelligent, it also desires to make them temperate. Intelligence and sobriety—are not these necessary, above all things, to make homes happy? The very foundation of this institution is Temperance, and all its educational influences have grown out of that fruitful source of good.

"There is another feature of this institution which is worthy of being specially referred to. I mean the evening classes for the education of young women. We have long been taking pains to educate young men; but what of the young women? When young men grow up to manhood, and want wives, they will necessarily look for them amongst their own class. But unless we take care to educate the young women as well as the young men, they will be unable to find the intelligent heart-mates and soul-mates which are so necessary for the enjoyment of domestic happiness.

"Now, this institution is intended, so far as it can, to supply the existing deficiency of elementary instruction. It provides education for working young women as well as for working young men, so that both sexes may go forward together in intellectual and moral improvement. The comfortable accommodation which the new building furnishes for the female classes, may, we hope, induce many more young women to avail themselves of its advantages. We trust, also, that we may be able to realise an anticipation which we have long looked forward to—that the ladies of the neighbourhood may be induced to visit and take charge of these young women's classes, and impart such instruction as will enable these young persons in after life to practise those domestic arts which so greatly contribute to

make homes comfortable and households happy.

"There is another circumstance which must necessarily be referred to, as it has led to some misrepresentation, and also to the withdrawal of several important subscriptions. I mean the subject of Sunday Teaching. You will observe, from what has been said, that the Temperance Society, with which the Mechanics' Institute is associated, has endeavoured to reform as well as to educate the working population of Woodhouse. Every one must know that, in these great centres of manufacturing industry, there is an immense mass of the population which nobody seems to care for. In fact, their moral and religious condition is as much unknown to us as if they had been the inhabitants of some undiscovered country. They do their ceaseless round of work during the week days, and on Sundays they do as they like. Churches and chapels are open for them on that day, but these are far more than outnumbered by the gin-shops and public-houses, which are open daily from morning till night. A borough magistrate, who has made it his business to ascertain how the working classes spend their Sundays, has informed me that he has taken them by house-row, and found that a mere fraction of them attend any place of religious instruction on that day.

"The Temperance Society, when they began their operations, found numbers of people whom no Sabbath influences seemed to touch, hanging about the doors of public-houses, or engaged in gambling, dog-fighting, and other vices. Were they to do nothing to reclaim those people? On the contrary, they determined to grapple with the difficulty. They went out as missionaries, as a sort of moral police, and began with the lowest specimens of viciousness and depravity they could meet with. They picked out the ringleaders of the drunkards and the gamblers, and persuaded them to come into the Institute, where they educated and reclaimed them. They dragged them out of the very mire of pollution, and made them clean.

"I was present at one of the meetings of the Institute, at which it was proposed—out of deference to the views of several persons—to close the Sunday-school. One of the members rose up, and, with tears in his eyes and his voice broken by sobs, solemnly implored the gentlemen present not to close the school, as, but for it, he himself would have been a lost and degraded being. The

man had been a reprobate; he had been punished by the law, and was looked upon as irreclaimable. But the society had found him out, had drawn him into the Sunday-school, and had thus saved him. At this moment he is one of the best-conducted and most promising men in Woodhouse.

"We recognise the importance of Sunday-schools for children. Why not for men as well as children?—especially for men who are as ignorant as children with respect to knowledge, but who are at the same time a great deal more vicious. Is it not better to have men in the school than in the public-house? Can it be wrong to do good on the Sabbath day? Let me remind you of the words of our Lord, when the Pharisees wished to accuse Him of healing on that day: 'What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day will he not lay hold on it and lift it out?' How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day.'

"There are many members of the institution who, like myself, prefer to go to our respective places of worship on Sundays. But when we find that there are other men connected with it who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of others, who think it their duty to spend their time in reclaiming the erring and the vicious, shall we not give them praise rather than blame, and wish them God speed in their self-denying efforts to educate the population amidst which they live?

"Such is a brief sketch of the history and work of this Institute up to the present time. And now that we have a new and handsome building erected for its accommodation, I believe we are justified in looking forward to a large extension in its means of usefulness."

To these observations it may be added that, when £600 had been collected, the committee proceeded to arrange the site. Twelve hundred yards of land were bought near the centre of the village, on which a spacious building was erected sixty-six feet long by thirty-three feet wide. It consisted of three stories. On the ground-floor were three class-rooms, apartments for the house-keeper, and a room for the heating apparatus, with a boiler to heat water for festivals and soirées. The next story contained a reading-room extending the whole width of the building, the library, and three class-rooms. Over all was the large lecture hall, with a

gallery for children. The entire cost of the erection was £950.

The Temperance Branch of the Society was opened on the evening following that of the Mechanics' Institute. Alderman Carbutt occupied the chair, and the famous temperance advocates—Whitaker, Grubb, and Clayton—addressed the meeting. Councillor Whitaker played upon the human heart as upon a well-stringed instrument. He evoked by turns tears and laughter. What a picture of the drunkard he drew! And then he showed how the poorest wretch might be raised from the depths of vice to the highest destinies of manhood.

The regular and systematic work of the institution then began. The classes were filled with pupils, old and young. In addition to the branches before taught a Drawing class was added. Correspondence and Book-keeping were also taught. The young women were taught Needlework on Monday evenings. A Discussion Class was started, when such subjects as the laws of health, the means by which crime might be prevented, social and domestic diversions and pleasures, the improvement of the moral condition of Woodhouse, and self and mutual aid, were discussed with great good sense, and often with much natural eloquence.

The News-room was a great centre of attraction. All the local papers and many of the London newspapers were taken. Everybody could learn the news there, without going to the public-house. The room was comfortable, well lighted, and well warmed. The library contained over seven hundred volumes, which were allowed to circulate in the houses of the members. The lectures were again begun. I may mention that I lectured on "Self-help in Men" and "Character and Habits," which have since been expanded into books. The Rev. Charles Wickstead, the Rev. G. W. Conder, the Rev. R. Brewer, Dr. Bedford, B.A., Mr. Hall, surgeon, and other gentlemen, gave lectures upon various subjects, which were largely attended.

The committee repeated their invitation to the inhabitants of Woodhouse to join the institution in large numbers. They said, "There are few houses in which one member of the family might not be connected with it. The funds of the Institute are laid out in the instruction and accommodation of all the subscribers. All the instruction is gratuitous. Young men may resort to the Institute and find persons of various degrees of knowledge. None need be deterred from joining

from a feeling lest others should be in advance of them. There is the utmost sympathy for all who need it, and every help that can be given is afforded to those who require help. Those who can neither read nor write will find many who have just acquired those arts, and those further advanced in education will meet with earnest and persevering young men who will be glad to join with them in self-culture."

These appeals were largely responded to. Many young men and young women continued to resort to the institution to acquire the arts of reading and writing. They also learnt much more. They learnt sympathy, and the benefits of self-help and mutual help. They learnt the value of books. They were enabled to converse with the enlightened spirits of this and of past ages, to sit at the feet of the greatest teachers who have ever lived, and to ascend the ladder of knowledge which reaches up even to the heavens.

In course of time a Musical Class was started. "Why should the devil," said the Rev. Rowland Hill, "have all the best tunes?" He accordingly enrolled the science of music into his services. The Woodhouse Institute did the same. They tried to beat the devil with his own weapons. They set up what surgeons call a counter-irritant, or rather a counter-attraction, greatly better than the attraction of the public-house. The singing class proved a great success. With the accompaniment of a piano the meetings of the society were enlivened with music.

About three years after the new institution was built, George Lucas, the virtual founder of the society, left Leeds for Newcastle, where he now holds an important position in connection with the North-Eastern Railway. I also left for London. But there were plenty of the original members left, Mr. Iredale amongst others, to carry on the work of the society. Its roots had struck deep into the heart of the population, and they would not allow it to decline for want of efficient support.

Much has happened since then. A few years ago the working classes were almost unexpectedly placed in possession of the right of Household Suffrage. Then followed the Public Schools Act. It became necessary, to use the words of Mr. Lowe, "to educate our masters." During the last few years the rooms of the Institute have been used as a temporary day-school, during the

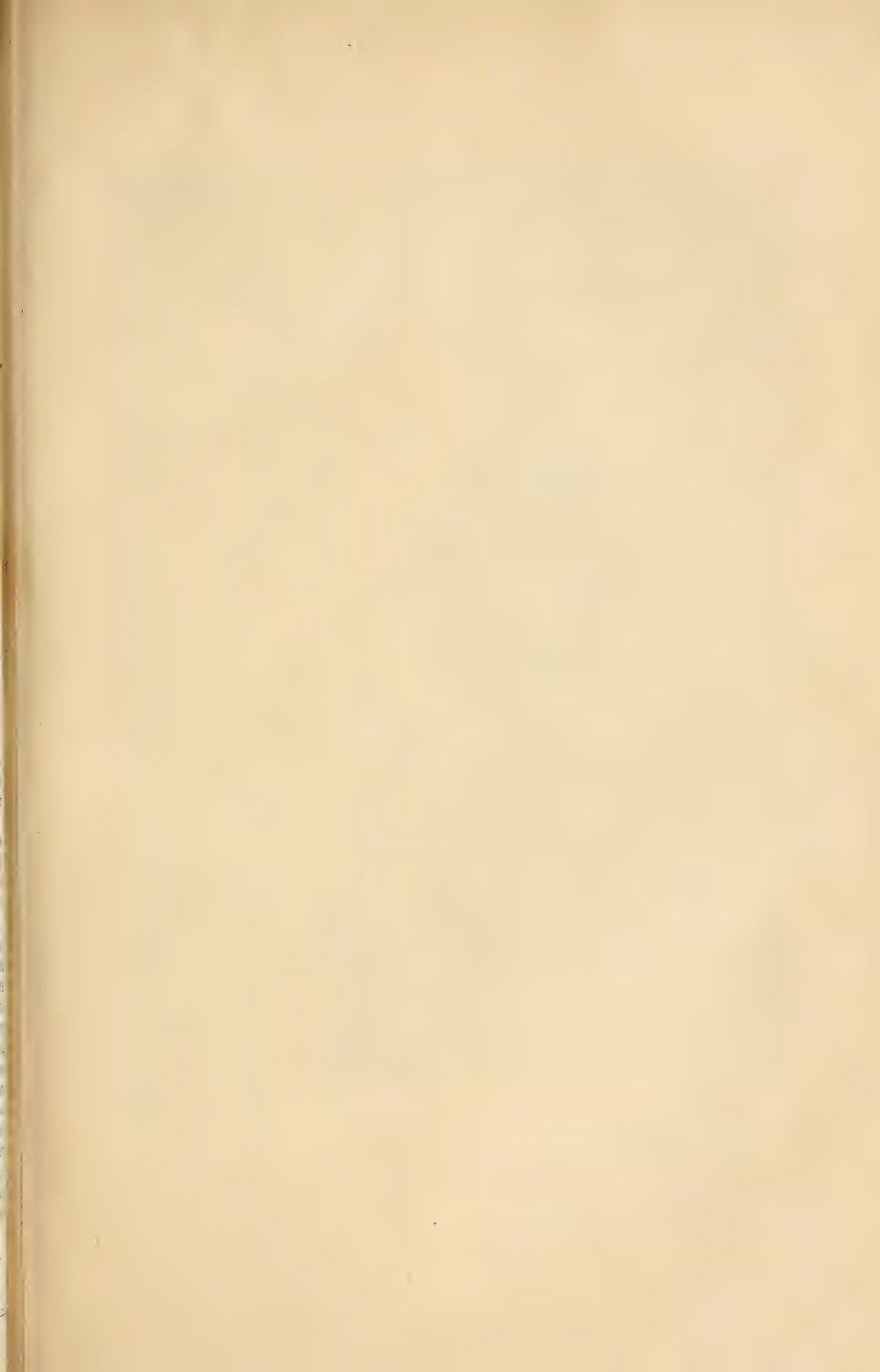
erection of the permanent Board School in Woodhouse; but the evening classes for the education of young men and young women are still found as necessary as ever.

Boys and girls leave school at the age at which their education is really beginning. The evening classes of the Mechanics' Institute are thus required to enable them to continue the elementary instruction which they have received at school. The supplementary education has thus to be of a higher order. Hence the Woodhouse Institute has started new classes—a French class, an advanced Drawing class, and a class to teach mechanics the art and theory of Building Construction, including tracing, drawing plans, squaring up measurements, and such-like mechanical learning.

The Temperance branch of the Institute has invariably been the most active and energetic. During the last year they have held upwards of fifty public meetings, one-third being open-air meetings on Woodhouse Moor on Sunday afternoons during the summer months. The Band of Hope numbers more than a hundred members. The Cricket Club maintains its prowess on many a well-contested field. During the past season they have won fourteen games out of twenty-four matches, two having been drawn. The Temperance Sick and Benefit Society has been in existence twenty-one years. It has accumulated a fund of £300. During the last six years there have been only four deaths in the society, or equal to an average death-rate of only eleven per thousand per annum.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the operations of the Institute have tended greatly to improve the moral condition of Woodhouse. Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and men-fighting have been put an end to. There is no more buffeting and stoning of the preachers of temperance. The doors of the public-houses, open though they be, are no longer thronged with gamblers. The homes of the people are improved. Many members of the Building Club, by saving from their earnings, have built healthy houses on their own freeholds. The Institute continues to spread abroad knowledge. It has turned out many hundreds of educated, sober, and honourable men and women, well fitted to do their work in life. In fine, the Woodhouse Mechanics' and Temperance Institute is bound to go on prospering and to prosper.

SAMUEL SMILES.





"THE ITALIAN GIRL'S STORY."

THE ITALIAN GIRL'S STORY.

AH, yes, ven I go out rond—outside de street vere de stone is—I see flower on de fruit tree, but it is cold, ver cold, in your contree. De vind jump up and bite me on de neck like big dog. I cannot use myself to your contree. I shiver now as in de vinter. It is quite so cold.

De sun make himself feel in my contree, not run away and hide himself four, five, eight veek, like dis contree, and den ven he com, no good—not moosh. You mus put yourself into de fire and choke yourself vid black smoke to make yourself varm.

Dey say your contree ver reech, but not fine contree like Eetalee. De big grape and de orange and de lemon and de melon grow dere onder de sky, and de bulls is twice so big as English. Tree year, more, I am in dis contree, but I veech me back vid my poor moder. My moder dead dere—bury. Nobody care for me like moder—no, not no one—never. Poor fader dead now, in dis contree—all alone. I do not find it ver reech; no, not for me!

Ven moder die, fader go vander like de ship. No, no, not on de sea!—de ship vid four leg and de vool. Vander dis vay, and dat vay, all vay. After tree, four veek, he com back and sell our ting. No, no, ve ave not moosh for him to sell. Den he tell me ve go France; and ve go France. Ve go Civita Vecchia and take de vaisseau. Yes, yes, vot your call your ship dis time, not de ship vid de horn and de hoof—to Marseilles. Plenty ship dere. Den ve walk to Lyons, vere dey make de silk, and den to Paris. Ve rest good vile at Paris. Plenty Italien at Paris. Fader get an organ and go out to play, and I go vid him. I dance and beat de tambour, and take him rond for de moanee. Sometime plendy of moanee, sometime not noding. A camarade of my fader say he go Lon-don, and my fader say ve go Lon-don also. Dis man know Lon-don vell. So ve walk to Boulogne, and dere ve take de steamboat to London Breege.

I am seek all de time on de vaisseau—ah, how I am seek!—and de vater com over de ship and vet me ver bad. De lamp shine on de river ven ve get to Lon-don Breege. Quite dark and de street full of mud. I not know veech vay Carlo lead us; but yes, I know now ver vell. Ve go onder de church, up Feesh Street Hill, an' so ve go tro de Ceetee to Hol-born, up Ledder Lane to Eyre Street. Nearly all Italien dere—men and

boy, old women and de leetell babee de moder take out vid her on de organ like de monkey. It vas good to hear my language. Ah! if you could speak my language you could better understand. I cannot tell you in de English. It is ver strange language, I know but leetell. Vy you call so many ting bloody? De turnip, and de herring, and de pint of beer, and de pair of boot, and de poll-eeseman—everything!

De camarade of my fader bad man. He try to lead me leave my fader and get moanee for him vid my dance and de tambour. He say fader poor fool—know noding of dis contree; dat I shall starve if I stay vid him. But I vill not leave my fader. I tell him vat Carlo say—I tell all de Italien in de house—and dey drive Carlo out to go lodge vere he can.

All de oder Italien ver kind at first—not all alway, but at first. Dey tell us veech vay to go to find moanee. Soon ve find for ourself. Den dey not so kind. Dey say ve go about too moosh; dat ve should make de good rond for ourself, not com spoil deir rond. All vay ve go. Vat good stay here ven ve get no moanee? So ve go try dere—all tro Lon-don. Sometime ve walk tro de field, den ve sleep at de town in de field; but ven ve at Lon-don ve try to sleep at de same house, de first house ve com to ven ve ave daysambark. Full of Italien—all rond full of Italien—but ve ave use ourself more to dat house. Ah, yes; ve ave our macaroni dere, but not alway. Sometime ve take bread and tea and potato and de herring at de oder, but ve ave de macaroni also, and ve make our soup.

Ve go to de same place ven ve can, because we feel not so daysolated in your contree if ve can call von place our house.

Ah, yes; I am all alone now—all alone. Often I feel myself ver daysolated. A poor voman die in our house all alone. I am glad I keep awake to see her die. She pray me keep awake to see her die. She com to de house vid her leetell daughter; nobody know her; nobody know vy she com. She not speak moosh, but veeper ver moosh in de night ven she tink de oder all asleep. Yes, she vas Italien like de oder, but she scarce ever speak.

Only two, tree day after she com, de leetell girl fall seek. First her moder say she ave got de cold, but it is de fever she ave got. She soon die, poor leetell girl, and ven

de moder com back from de burying, she ave de fever also. She pray me stay vid her ; so I ask my fader, and he not refuse me. He go out by himself and leave me vid de poor voman at de house. De doctor com too late. He shake his head and go away. Dat night she die. She ave been mad, but she vake up before she die, ver frightened till she see me. Den she squeeze my hand and try to tank me, but she die, and de church clock strike Von. Nobody know nouting about her.

Ah, yes, dere is som English dat is kind to de Italien, but not ver many—no, no, not many. Dey vill give de pennce or de aypennce because deir leetell boy and girl love de museek and de dance, but dey do not love us—no, no more dan de monkey. De monkey dance, and sometime he turn de handell, and dey laugh, but dey do not love de monkey—no, no—and dey do not love neider de Italien. If deir temper bad, dey tell him go away, and call for de poll-ceseman lock him up. De Italien alway go away, if any von malade, but de English often tell de poll-ceseman big lie, dat he may drive away de Italien. No, no, I ave not find your reech contree ver reech contree for me.

Ah, but yes, som of de English is ver kind to de Italien—two, tree. In de first vinter ve spend in Angland, ve go von day to vat you call Clapton. It vas ver cold day. Fader ad his hand blue vid de cold ; he could not feel de handell. It vas impossible dat I should not shake de tambour, because I vas shaking alway myself. For two, tree hour ve ave not take von aypenny, ven, behold, I see de face of young peopell laughing above de window-blind. I go into de court and dance, and de young peopell laugh all de more—yes, ver moosh.

De signor and de signora com to de window to see vat make so moosh of laugh, and de signor put his hand into his pocket, but den he say someting to de signora, and she laugh and nod her head. Den he speak to his leetell boy, and de leetell boy run out and tell me to go into de house, and den he run out into de road and bring in fader. Dey lead us into de kitchen vere is de big fire, and dey make us seat ourself, and eat de hot food and drink de hot drink ; and ven ve are rested ve are told dat ve may go, and de leetell boy and his broder and his seester give us moanee—each of dem von pennce.

Each time ve go by after dat, de leetell boy and his broder and his seester give us deir moanee ven dey are at home. Ve do not go all de weeks—dat not polite. But

von day ven ve go, behold, all de vindow is blinded. It is ver hot, for dis contree—de sun shine full on dem. But my fader set himself to play upon de organ, and I take myself to de fore court and commence to dance. It is more pleasant dere, for de tall tree trow down deir shade, and de lilac flower smell ver sweet. But a servant com out and tell me go away and stop de museek, for her master dead—de kind gentellman—and to be bury nex day, and her mistress not suffer de sound of de organ. Nex time ve go by, dere is great bill in de vindow, and de signora and de leetell boy and his broder and his seester all gone away, and ve never see dem—no, not never no more.

Ah, yes, it is so. Ve see moosh of change in de house ve play to. De peopell com and de peopell go as de fly. Now dey are here and now dey are dere, or dey are gone away, nobody know vere. Tree year—more—I am in Lon-don, and I ave seen great change—yes, ver moosh. Dere is von house at Eyegate vere de blackbird make deir nest in de vater-pipe. Every year I see de blackbird, but de peopell!—two, tree new each year. Som time old gentellman vid de vite air, som time de big man vid de face like beef, dat growl at us like de bull ; som time de widow lady, dat dress herself ver smart to get a new usband. Ah, yes, it is so—ver moosh of change. Ve tink to see de young gentellman and lady—no good, no, not moosh, play vere no young gentellman and lady. But dere com a leetell man vid de long air, and put de finger in de ear, and stamp and try to bite. It is no good to smile at de leetell man—dat make him vorse. He svear at us—yes, ver bad vord for gentellman ; and if ve no go, he go for de poll-ceseman, and de leetell man tell de judge he cannot write his book, he cannot count up de von and de two, because we make so moosh of museek. Den de judge tell us ve mus not make museek vere de leetell man can ear ; if he no write his book, count up de von and de two, his wife and his infant vill ave no beef. But ve not ave no bread if ve not make de museek. Vat ve do? De leetell man say he ear our museek in de oder street, vere ve not make none—no, not at all.

To Greenveech ve go som time at de fête—to de Black Heath, vere dey ridé de donkey and de leetell horse, and de young vomen jump over de long line, and de young men hunt de young vomen in and out for to kees. Ah, yes, and de old men and de old vomen run down de hill in de

Park for to get de red face, and ave no bret ; som time dey roll down. It is ver droll to see de fat old man go down like de cask. But de Park is ver nice ven de moanee ave come, to rest on de grass onder de tree, and give de leetell deer de morsel of bread, and look at de peopell and de ship on de vater. I take rond de tambour, and de pennee dance ven he jump into him. Som time I dance, but not alway—dere is not space. But von time ve are not glad at Greenveech. De peopell ave dronk too moosh of beer. Dey knock down my poor fader, and take away my moanee. Vat shall ve do? My poor fader cry, for de organ is spoil. And vere ve sleep? Ve ave no moanee. De rain com down. Ve are ver sad. But den com four, five gentellmen dat ave see all. Dey call de dronk peopell de coward, but dey are ver kind to us. Dey give moanee to mënd de organ, and for de steamboat. Ah, yes, som English ver good, but not all—no, no, not all—not at all. Dere lodge in our house a leetell boy dat ave vite mice and de hurdy-gurdy. Von night he com back and say dat de bad English boy ave keel his mice. Poor leetell boy, he cry moosh. And de veeked breekmaker pelt Giuseppe and his monkey vid mud and old brek. Dey say Giuseppe also monkey. Ah, yes, som English ver bad to poor Italien. Dey despise us—as de black beetell. No von care moosh for de Italien but de priest and de good seester. Ah, yes, but a Protestant signora vonce ver good. I vas ver tire. I seat myself outside a church, and de young lady com out. She can speak my language. It make my heart dance to ear her talk so vell. She pity me, and ask me dis and ask me dat—ask all about myself. No von never before talk to me like dat. She talk to me like my moder, like my seester, dough she vas ver grand signora. My fader not vid me den, and she say Lon-don ver bad place, and I mus not

go bout by myself—de veeked men and vomen vill steal me for to do me arm. She talk like de good angel—like de clear vater in de contree running over de stone. She tell me vere she live, and bid me com see her, and I say “Yes.” It make my heart glad to tink I see her again, and ear her talk. Ven my poor fader vas left me, I vas som time ver lonely in dis big, black, cold Lon-don. My poor fader alive den, but it vas ver sweet to my heart ven de kind English lady talk dat vay. Den I say I com to her house nex day, and I run to my fader and tell him. I am tire no longer. But my fader say “No”—shake his ead ver moosh ven I say “Yes, yes, yes.” He say de English lady bad voman—want to steal my soul—make me ereteek. I laugh and say “No, no, no,” but my fader say “Yes, yes, yes.” Again I say “No, no, no.” I am ver angry for de dear English lady. Den my fader turn ver sad, and say I want to go away and be reech by myself, and leave him all alone. Dat make me veep, and I promise I vill not go see de English lady. After my poor fader die I go, but de kind English lady gone away, and dey tell me go away fast, fast.

Dis is ow my poor fader die. Som time ve go to de gentellmen dat paint de face and de rag. Dey are nice gentellmen—som. Dey make de joke and give us moanee to sit still and lift de arm dis vay, dat vay. Som time dey give us bread-an-chess and de pot-o'-beer, and drink out of him. Dey are ver foonee gentellmen. Dey veer de velvet coat and de hat like de Italien dat play de organ, and ver long hair and beard, and dey smoke de pipe ver moosh. Dey are nice gentellmen—ver foonee, ver polite. Not like de oder English. Ah, but my poor fader seize de cold ven he com ome von night, ven de snow com down. He die—he kees me—he say “Ah, my poor girl,” and den he die. And now I am alone in Lon-don—
all alone !

RICHARD ROWE.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

THOUGH not far removed in their general physical conditions from the Galapagos, yet in their natural features it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than is presented to the outliars of America by the Sandwich Islands. Lava torrents, lofty mountain cones pouring forth their volumes of smoke and streams of fire in each arrest the

gaze of the explorer ; but round an interior which is little more than a glowing crust over subterraneous fires, as we approach more closely, we descry a luxuriant fringe of truly tropical vegetation—the palm waves its feathery plumes ; all nature smiles ; she is clad with none of the niggard meanness which so scantily covers her nakedness in the

graceless Galapagos; she is robed in the colours of an unbroken spring, with verdure rich, yet not dense, and a flora luxuriant without coarseness.

Not less striking is the contrast in its living inhabitants. The birds of the Sandwich Islands are all resplendent with the brightest plumage; brilliant crimson or scarlet is usually the dress of the males, sometimes a rich yellow; and green of various hues the ordinary colour of the females, instead of the sombre black and brown of the Galapagos group. The contrast cannot be accounted for by any marked deficiency of colour in the supposed original progenitors of the latter, for the American finches yield to nothing in nature in the gorgeousness of their plumage. It may perhaps be explained by the supposition that the original bird denizens of the Sandwich Isles found a home already well furnished for them, and have been exposed neither to the frequent mists nor the scanty provender of the Galapagos.

Not less purely volcanic in their origin, and with volcanoes still as active, the Sandwich Isles, as judged of by their flora and fauna, must claim a far greater antiquity. The origin of their life, animal and vegetable, is very different. It is as undoubtedly Polynesian as that of the Galapagos is American. There is one other remarkable contrast between these two groups of islands in the far western Pacific. While the Galapagos have been until our own day free from human colonists, the Hawaiian, or Sandwich group, would seem to have been among the earliest peopled of the oceanic islands; at least, by the Polynesian and Malayan family of man. Yet man was certainly the last of its inhabitants to arrive. The two great craters of Hawaii, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, respectively fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand feet high, must have required ages of active fire before they were settled firmly on their ocean beds. It is not only the height of the central cones which demand time even for these mighty energies of nature, but the vast expanses around them, formed by the fluid masses poured forth to extend the coast-line, and build it up in sloping layers from the fathomless abyss. Around each of the groups the zoophyte is busy yet further extending the land by building up its coral fringe.

In many of the islands west of Hawaii the volcanic agencies appear to have been at rest for ages, and it is of importance to note, as indicating the different chronologies, that the birds and the land-shells differ in each. No part of the world possesses a more peculiar

molluscan or land-shell fauna, differing very widely from almost all others generically (the *Achatinella*), yet with innumerable species, about three hundred in number, few of which extend over more than one island of the group. Many are so restricted that their average range is not more than five or six square miles; others have a range of not over two miles. Some are confined to mountain ridges, others to valleys, each mountain and valley possessing its own species. From this fact we are led to infer that the progenitors, carried very easily as *ova* by birds or floods from one island to another, have been so long segregated that slight individual varieties have become stereotyped, and that small differences in the conditions of life have stamped their impress on each so-called species.

But land-shells so rapidly change, and so easily vary, that it would be unsafe to build upon them on the question of geological age. The evidence of the birds is much more decisive, for there are no mammals, and no snakes, and but one lizard, and that an Australian species. There are but three birds of prey—one an osprey, known only by a single specimen; the others, the world-wide barn or white owl, and the short-eared owl. Of the other land birds, fifteen at least in number, only one, a peculiar crow, belongs to a *genus* occurring elsewhere, and this *species* is restricted to these islands. The others belong to ten genera, all absolutely peculiar to the Hawaiian group. All these ten genera can be referred to two great families of birds—the flycatcher, of world-wide distribution, and the honeysuckers, the most characteristic form of Pacific bird-life. Two belong to the former, eight to the latter.

Whence have these birds arrived? The white owl may, of course, have come from any quarter; the short-eared, probably by the trade winds, from the American side. Upon the crow we cannot speculate; at any rate, he has been long enough domiciled to assume distinctive, if only slightly distinctive, characters. But the flycatchers belong to families entirely unknown on the American continent, and, though both specifically and generically distinct, are yet nearest in character to the flycatchers of Polynesia. Of the eight genera of honeysuckers we find two groups, each equally peculiar and characteristic. We must bear in mind that the honeysuckers are entirely Australian and Polynesian, and that these are the only species north of the line.

The first group contains the three species of *Moho*, among the largest of the honeysuckers,

about the size of a jay. The native Hawaiians, with an unconscious appreciation of the peculiarity of their fauna, took the *Moho* for the insignia of royalty. Under the wing it has three or four yellow feathers; these were collected to form the kingly mantle, which demanded many thousand *Mohos* for its completion, which it was said could not be accomplished under three generations, and when finished was priceless, beyond the whole collected wealth of the islands. We know not for how many generations the hapless *Moho* struggled against the persecution in which his regal insignia had involved him. Alas, the introduction of firearms has all but completed his extermination, and it is now nearly impossible to obtain a specimen.

Of the second group of Sandwich honey-suckers, classed as *Drepanis*, or "sickle-bill," from the extraordinary semicircular bill of some of the species, the livery of the males is scarlet, of the females green. Their bright plumage has also invited their destruction, since the red feathers were the favourite decoration of the plaited helmet of the Hawaiian warrior, as may be seen in many an English museum. Here again we come upon a perplexing insular freak of variation, a strange divergency in the form of the bill. Not only do we find species with sickle-bills, but others (of a group which elsewhere always has a slender and slightly-curved beak) with bills conical like our goldfinch (*Loxops*), or hooked and massive like a parrot's (*Psittirostra*). Until the anatomy of their soft parts became known, these were naturally supposed to be finches. Altogether the Sandwich Islands possess a larger proportion of peculiar genera than any other group; yet what affinities they have are Polynesian, however distant. But many of the most characteristic features of Polynesian bird-life are absent. Of all the gorgeous parrots and pigeons of that region there is not one to be found, not a kingfisher, not a shrike or a starling.

The prevailing winds would not aid the migration from Polynesia, and it is scarcely conceivable that any of the birds are derived from existing Polynesian types. This points to a past age of vast duration, and to former conditions very different from the present. Have the Sandwich Islands been always, like Mauritius, isolated? On this question Mr. Wallace points to their flora, which, unlike their birds, is not, on the mountains, tropical, but contains thirty genera of Arctic and north temperate flowering plants, and many others related to the plants of California, while none of them are found in Australia or New Zealand.

We are not to infer from this that the Sandwich Islands were ever united with North America, for then surely we should have had some mammals or other American vertebrates, but that there has been at some time intervening land, which facilitated the passage of seeds. In corroboration of this theory, it is mentioned that a genus of beetles has lately been described, from the Sandwich Islands, most nearly related to a group inhabiting Chili, and from this Mr. Wallace suggests either the great antiquity of the fauna, or the varied accidental migrations from which it had its origin.

The Sandwich Islands rise from one of the deepest areas of depression in the world. The sea round them is eighteen thousand feet deep, and there is a depth of at least twelve thousand feet all the way across to Japan on the one side and to California on the other. Yet the average depth between Australia and the various Polynesian islands is only about eight thousand feet, but between Australia and New Zealand nearly sixteen thousand feet. Thus the peculiarity of the birds seems to be in proportion, not to the expanse, but to the depth of the intervening ocean.

Ancient as is the animal life, the human period is but recent, and it is remarkable and, for the naturalist, fortunate that man has been the last upon the scene of these old-world relics. The Sandwich Islanders, undoubtedly of Polynesian, and more distantly of Malay origin, do not appear to have been settled for more than eight or nine hundred years. Their traditions of the royal race do not go back beyond some thirty-five generations, and their customs point to a very close relationship with the Society and Friendly Islands. But they were the progenitors of the noblest of all the Pacific races. The language of the Maoris of New Zealand, corroborated by their own traditions, proves their descent from the Sandwich Islanders, and their legends, now becoming fast forgotten, tell how their ancestors, about six hundred years ago, left Hawaii with a fleet of canoes. Mr. Taylor has perused a pedigree of one of the noble families of New Zealand, which gives twenty-seven generations from the date of their landing there. They have also carefully preserved the names of the canoes in which they arrived, and which were larger and finer than those more recently in use; and they brought with them the seeds of the arum, or taro, the calabash, and the sweet potato, all tropical plants which will not grow in New Zealand without artificial care. But the voyage thither was not made at once; they halted for three genera-

tions in the Society or Friendly Islands, till density of population and scarcity of food impelled them to their final migration. On arriving in New Zealand they found the black or Melanesian race in possession; these they soon subdued, though some relics still remain in the southern island, and more in the Chatham Islands. It is probable that intermarriage with the black women, as well as the severer climate, has had much to do with rendering the New Zealanders the most muscular and manly of all the races of the Pacific.

Though this migration proves the existence of a considerable Hawaiian population centuries ago, it may be possible to find some of the footmarks of its yet earlier migrations, and there are indications of a civilisation higher than that found by Captain Cook a hundred years ago. The easternmost of all the non-American Pacific islands is Easter Island, and the trade winds would facilitate an eastward migration. Easter Island is now uninhabited, having been desolated by the Peruvian slave-hunters, but its colossal stone monuments and carved figures are well known, the sole records of a race now utterly passed away. One of the statues is twenty-seven feet high and nine in diameter. Similar Megalithic monuments have been found on other islands, and in the "Cruise of the *Novara*" some are described which are now partly under water, and can only be reached by boats, thus showing that geological forces have been at work since man was spread over these islands. One cannot help suspecting that the Western Pacific was once colonised from America, and that these great stone erections were in their conception derived from the recollections of those of Central America. Every circumstance combines to show that the introduction of man was totally independent of the introduction of animal and vegetable life, and that it was probably from a directly opposite quarter.*

In remarkable contrast with the isolation of the Sandwich Islands is the general uniformity of character in the bird families of all the other Pacific groups, which must, without any hesitation, be classed together as one region of life. From the Pelew Islands to the Society and the Low Archipelago, for more than six thousand miles, through great

archipelagos and countless islets, the fowls of the air are always similar, often identical. The botany, too, bears traces of a common origin, as if carried gradually from island to island. In every branch of natural history, the further we proceed eastward from Australia the fewer are the species. Mammals are altogether absent, and reptiles are very few. Man is everywhere, the dark, woolly-haired Negrite or Papuan races on some islands, the fair and graceful Polynesian on others, predominating chiefly in the far east, where alone we find no traces of a prior dark or Melanesian race. The insects are few, and it is on the birds we must chiefly rely for our historical induction.

All the islands are of volcanic origin, some with very lofty mountains and extinct craters. The islets are either atolls, or reefs—coral rings formed round the edges of submerged volcanoes, and gradually widening as the crater has continued gently to sink; and the polype has industriously built up its platform towards the surface on the outside of its earlier structures. These reefs are continuing to form beds of rich vegetable soil from the seaweed and drift-wood washed on to their surface. There some nut of a salt-loving palm has found a resting-place, and germinated. Every plant collects new material round it; vegetation spreads; the stray kingfisher finds a convenient perch for fishing in the shallows; the pigeon begins to nestle in the cocoanut groves; a colony of migrating parrots alights among the trees; and, finally, the canoe, which enterprise or stress of weather has driven to the calm basin within the surging breakers of the reef, conveys its first human colony. Such seems to have been the history of these islets, which supplied to the romances of a century and a half ago their dreams of a southern Atlantis, of a fairy-land of beauty, plenty, and Arcadian luxury, of a simplicity unattained by civilisation.

Whatever be the origin of the bird-life of Polynesia, it certainly shows few of the peculiarities which stamp the Mascarenes or New Zealand with the impress of geologic antiquity. Nor does the fauna afford ground for the theory of a submerged continent leaving these scattered relics on its mountain tops. But, though geologically recent, the various groups must have been peopled for many ages, since the birds vary slightly in almost every cluster of islands. The largest and the loftiest islands are near the centre, the Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa Islands. The groups west of these are far richer and more varied in

* As illustrating the probable origin of Hawaiian colonisation, we may mention a tradition still current, that, eighteen generations of kings before Kamehameha, a white priest, a woman, and a few men were wrecked on Hawaii, and adopted into the families of the chiefs. Perhaps we have here a clue to the fate of the two ships which Cortez sent from Tehuantepec to explore California, and which were never more heard of.

their number of birds, but they owe their increased number of species to the neighbourhood of Australia and New Guinea. Passing westward to the Society and Marquesas Islands, the number of species rapidly diminishes, and those that remain are of what we may term the purely Polynesian type.

The Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa Islands afford us the most natural centre for Polynesian birds. The species belonging exclusively to the region are here the most numerous, and the admixture of foreign types are very few. The peculiarities of these clusters mark them out as the most ancient land, and as the cradle of the Polynesian fauna, and they have had more attention bestowed on them by naturalists than have the other islands of the region. About fifty genera and over one hundred and fifty species of birds are recognised. Seventeen genera are also Australian, and ten are peculiar to Polynesia. But even of the wide-spread families of the hawks, owls, swallows, kingfishers, thrushes, swifts, turtle-doves, cuckoos, nearly every species is peculiar.

Conspicuously pre-eminent in the brilliancy and contrast of their colours are the parrots and pigeons, of each of which almost every island possesses several species. But there are a few confined to a very limited area, which claim special mention. Foremost among these is the *Didunculus*, or little dodo, as it has been called, a large tooth-billed pigeon of peculiar but not striking plumage, greenish purple and dark chestnut, found only on Upolu, one of the Samoa islands. It has often been confused with the true dodo in newspaper paragraphs of late years, and has indeed a certain relationship, as it is classed at one extremity of the pigeon family and the dodo at the other. It seemed likely, too, to share its fate, for it was discovered and described many years ago, and then lost until quite recently, being only known by a solitary specimen in the collection of the late Sir W. Jardine. One other specimen had been obtained by the United States Exploring Expedition, but was lost by shipwreck. The natives declared that the bird, once common, had become almost exterminated by the cats turned loose by voyagers, and for forty years no specimen was obtained. Recently it has been found again, and there is hope that it may be saved from extirpation. The Rev. S. J. Whitmee, who has long resided on the island, was informed by the natives that formerly the *Didunculus* bred and roosted on the ground, and thus was an easy prey to the cats; but that when they

had become reduced to one or two pair they betook themselves to perching and nesting on the trees, and since then have multiplied. If this account be correct, as it probably is, it affords a curious instance of acquired instinct tending to the preservation of the species.

The Fiji Islands also have, confined to one islet, a very isolated type of bird, whose affinities are uncertain—a small perching bird the size of a sparrow, of resplendent metallic plumage, and lustrous white tail, named *Lamprolia*. Little is known of its habits, but it may be a dwarf representation of the magnificent rifle-bird of Australia. Another Samoan island possesses a peculiar waterhen with short feet, possibly a link between the gigantic *Notornis* of New Zealand and the common gallinule.

Even within these different groups of islands Mr. E. L. Layard has recently shown that almost every island of each cluster has its own peculiar parrot and pigeon, very closely affined, it is true, to their nearest neighbours, but yet permanent and unvarying in their characteristic features. So the kingfishers from the Pelew to Tahiti are for the most part distinct species, but all of the like general character.

The most conspicuous and abundant birds throughout are the pigeon, of which five principal genera are represented; *Didunculus*, as has been mentioned, in Samoa alone; the large fruit-eaters (*Carpophaga*) and the gorgeously-clad tree-doves (*Philonopus*) everywhere; and the turtle-doves and the metallic pigeons (*Junthanas*) in most of the islands. Very few species are found beyond a single group, and many of the tree-doves are confined to a single islet. They differ from all other pigeons in the contrast of the plumage of the sexes—the males clothed with every hue of red, yellow, blue, and white; the females often of a nearly uniform pale green. One, for instance, the *Chrysena victor* of one of the Fiji Islands, is a brilliant orange-red with a yellow head, and the female green with a yellow head. In others, as in the Perousian dove of the Samoas, the bizarre contrast of colours is almost grotesque.

There are in this division of the Polynesian Islands considerably more than one hundred species of land birds already recognised, and from the great number which have been added to our list within the last two years (over twenty new species, by Mr. E. L. Layard, C.B.) there can be no doubt that careful research in the mountain regions will largely add to the number already described. It would be

tedious here to enter upon an enumeration of the species; suffice it to say, that not one is identical with any known beyond the Polynesian region, however much they in many cases resemble Australian species of the same family.

There is also a notable gradation in the plumage of many birds as we advance eastwards. We see this, for instance, in the dwarf parrots of the genus *Coriphilus*, many of them not larger than a sparrow. These in the islands nearest Australia are marked by a rich variety of brilliant colours—yellow, red, blue, and green—but generally with some patch of deep ultramarine blue about the head. There is a steady diminution in the brightness of the plumage as the genus travels onward, and the deep blue gradually predominates, until in the Society Islands we find a little parrot in one resplendent garb of deep purple-blue. The pigeons, too, as we travel further from the centre, present less startling contrasts in their plumage.

It is also to be noticed that the peculiar and strongly-marked species are only to be found in the forests of the old massive islands of considerable extent, never in the atolls or low coralline groups. In them there are often species distinct, but their variations from those of the central islands are slight, and never structural. In fine, when we look on the Polynesian Islands as a whole, the great masses of land in the New Hebrides, Fijis, and Samoa, almost continental by contrast, stand out as the centres of Polynesian life. They are, as it were, the central stars in that vast expanse of ocean, studded in all directions with their satellites; but all the life of these is directly traceable to the central origin. It has not wandered gradually from Australia, else why so many families wholly unrepresented here, and which are most crowded in the Samoas and Fijis? Rather, it would seem, in the very earliest epoch of bird-life on the solidified earth, these volcanic masses were thrown up. Creative power placed there the typical forms capable of colonising the whole. Segregation, in course of ages, stereotyped slight differences in the races inhabiting neighbouring islands. Meanwhile, the subterranean fires, far more active than they have been in more recent geologic periods, fitfully threw up cone after cone from the vast Pacific depression. Round these the coral polype industriously worked, and, as the ejected lava gently subsided again, the labours of the zoophyte counterbalanced its subsidence, and atolls and coral reefs studded the face of the ocean, and afforded

a home for the winged stragglers from the older land. Scantier or different food and changed conditions have slightly modified their descendants, but not so far as to obscure their pedigree.

Thus the comparative antiquity of the land may be gauged by the extent to which its bird types have become specialised. We learn that Tahiti and the Marquesas, far older than the low Archipelago or the Friendly Islands, may possibly be of the same date as the Samoas and Fijis, but owe to them their living inhabitants, which have reached them at different times; but only those species most capable of prolonged flight have succeeded in colonising there. Thus of forty-two genera in the former group we have but sixteen in the Society Islands; and out of seventeen of the forty-two common to Australia only five have extended so far. It is hardly necessary to add that not a single Australian species occurs anywhere. The Tahitian cuckoo (*Endynamis Tahitensis*) is indeed found through the Pacific and visits New Zealand, but being a regular migrant, always retiring to the cool south latitudes to breed, and with great powers of flight, it does not affect our argument.

We cannot leave the Pacific Islands without noticing that in none of their peculiar birds do we find that weakness of flight, or the wings reduced to mere rudimentary organs, which is so striking a characteristic of the denizens of the Mascarenes, of New Zealand, and, indeed, of most of the other oceanic islands. The birds of Polynesia seem to have been providentially adapted for diffusing themselves over a vast insular area. With them power of wing was a provision calculated to preserve and multiply the species. In the other islands, for the most part, powers of flight, unless equal to those of oceanic wanderers, might have tempted their possessors to essay expeditions which could only have ended in their destruction.

That, with the exception of the regular migrants like the cuckoo, there is not a single species, and scarcely a genus, represented in the extensive fauna of New Zealand is a phenomena of deep geological import, but which bears rather on the history of the latter islands than on that of these; excepting so far as it illustrates the restraint placed by climate on the diffusion of bird-life, and its tendency to spread longitudinally rather than northwards or southwards.

H. E. TRISTRAM.

THE STORY OF AIR AS A MEANS OF MOTION.

IF we exclude the sails of ships and wind-mills, the use of air as a motive power is of very recent date. When the atmosphere which we breathe is confined in an air-tight vessel, and is then compressed into a smaller bulk than it had at first, it acts as a spring, and exerts a greater pressure upon the sides of the vessel than it did before the compression took place. This fact was well known to the ancients, and so early as 100 B.C. Hero of Alexandria wrote a long treatise upon the subject, and illustrated his book with a number of drawings. Among the different inventions which he describes are to be found "a water jet produced by mechanically compressed air," "a cupping glass to which is attached an air-exhausted compartment," "a syringe," and many other contrivances, the working of which depended upon the "spring and weight of the air." It is this fact of the air acting as a spring that has led to its use as a motive power. The discovery of the weight of the air led to the invention of the barometer by Torricelli in 1643, and the usefulness of the atmosphere, so to speak, over and above the purposes it serves in the respiration of animals, depends upon these two great discoveries of its weight and spring.

The first man who really discovered anything about the laws which regulate the spring of the air was the Hon. Robert Boyle. He has been described as the son of the great Earl of Cork and the father of modern science, and the fact of his having been one of the principal promoters and founders of the Royal Society of London gives him some good claim to the latter distinction. Along with the ingenious Dr. Hooke he made experiments which proved that when air is compressed into half its bulk it exerts double the pressure it did before the operation, if the temperature remains the same; but if it is expanded to double its bulk the pressure is just half of what it was originally. This is the greatest discovery in the science of pneumatics, and is called "Boyle's law." The next point that was noticed with regard to elastic fluids such as air was, that it expanded when it was heated, but it was not till long after this fact was known that the laws which regulated its expansion were discovered.

The person who has the merit of having first found out the law of the dilatation or expansion of gases from heat was Citizen

Charles in 1787, but, as he never published the results, the credit of the discovery is generally bestowed upon Dalton in England and upon Gay Lussac in France, the former having first published it in 1801 and the latter in 1802. This law affirms that an elastic fluid like common air expands equally for equal additions of temperature, and it was afterwards discovered what the exact effect of a certain amount of heat was. If we take four hundred and ninety cubic inches of air, which is rather less than would be contained in a box eight inches in length, breadth, and depth, and heat it from the freezing point of water to the boiling point, that is, from 32° to 212° Fahr., it will expand, roughly speaking, about three-eighths of its volume, and occupy a space, if the sides of the box expanded on all sides, of six hundred and seventy-three cubic inches, or about as much as would fill a box nine inches square and eight inches deep. It was only after these and a great many other discoveries were made that we began to know anything about the way in which air and other gases behaved under different pressures and at different temperatures, and without this knowledge any application of the "spring and weight of the air" would have been made in the dark. The force which can be stored up by the compression of air is only limited by the strength and efficiency of the apparatus used for compressing and containing it. Perhaps the earliest invention that took advantage of this fact was the air-gun, in which a small chamber is filled by means of an air-pump to a very high pressure, and discharged in small quantities that are just sufficient to propel the bullet or shot. If it had not been forced upon the minds of engineers by necessity, the use of compressed air might still have been confined to this not very satisfactory weapon. But the development of a great number of important inventions depended upon the use of some elastic force like that of steam, but which, unlike steam, should make no vapour when it escaped, and should not be subject to lose its power by condensing in long cold pipes. It was very natural to suppose that if air could be compressed in sufficient quantities it would supply the place of steam without any of its disadvantages. The first engine that was made on a large scale upon this plan was for a coal mine at Govan, near Glasgow, about 1820. A great many difficulties were

experienced both in compressing the air and in making use of it afterwards. First of all it became so heated in the air-pumps that they would not work, and then it became so cold when it escaped from the engine that it blocked up the pipes through which it escaped with pieces of ice. Both the heat and the cold must have been a great puzzle to the engineers who made the machinery, because it was little known at that time how either the one or the other was produced. Even now it is not easy to explain it to unscientific readers, except on the general principle that in nature's storehouse you get nothing for nothing and can pay nothing in without getting an equivalent of some sort. In compressing the air the power employed appeared in the form of heat, and in making use of the air they had to pay for the work it did by giving out heat, which is another way of expressing the heatlessness which we call cold. Time passed on, and every year made fresh demands upon the new motive power. Another illustration of its usefulness was made some years afterwards in Windsor Great Park, where it is the medium for conveying the power of a water-wheel through pipes to different parts of the grounds. First of all the water-wheel compresses the air, and in this condition it is conveyed in pipes to an engine which in its turn works pumps that are used for irrigating meadows a long way from the stream that is the original source of power.

Still more recently it has been used for driving coal-cutting machinery, much in the same way as it drives the pumps in the meadows at Windsor. Near the pit-head there is a steam-engine which compresses the air into a large iron receiver (an old steam-boiler is often employed for the purpose when the pressure required is not very great), and from this it is carried down the shaft in pipes that ramify through the recesses of the mine and supply the motive power required for the coal-cutting machinery. It will readily be seen how important it is to have a force at work which is not only harmless, but positively beneficial, as it escapes uncontaminated by its labours to purify and ventilate the subterranean passages. This is only one application of compressed air to mining purposes, but there are others quite as important. By suitable machinery, consisting either of locomotives driven by compressed air, or engines that drive continuous ropes, the work of dragging the coals to the mouth of the pit is performed more economically and more efficiently than by horses.

Already quite a new branch of industry has sprung up in the manufacture of rock-drills, which are nearly all driven by compressed air. One of these is a most ingenious invention. It consists of a drill or boring instrument faced with diamonds that cut through the hardest rock with a rapidity that is quite astonishing; and, as the drill is hollow, a sort of mould is formed which is brought to the surface, and affords the best possible evidence of the nature of the material through which the drill is passing. Without these useful instruments the tunnelling of the Alps would have been delayed many years, and, even if the method of excavating the rock had been of the most primitive description, some such apparatus as that which is employed for driving the rock-drills would have been absolutely necessary for supplying fresh air to the workmen.

In manufacturing chemistry compressed air has long held an important place. There are many liquids which, either on account of their explosive or corrosive character, cannot be conveyed by the ordinary process of pumping. In the one case it would be dangerous, and in the other the pumps would soon be eaten away by the action of the fluid that was passing through them. To overcome these objections the method commonly employed is to force air through the top of the vessel containing the liquids which require to be removed from one place to another, and as the pressure of the air rises it forces the material either to a different level or into other receptacles through pipes arranged for the purpose.

When the idea of propelling torpedoes under water had taken a definite shape the motive power of compressed air early recommended itself as the best suited for the object in view. The space available for storing it being very limited, as in the case of the air-gun, it became necessary to have it encased at a very high pressure, and as this again required a very strong vessel to hold it, some special material had to be discovered which could be made light and yet sufficiently strong. The torpedo department at Woolwich has been indebted for this to the genius and perseverance of Sir Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester. After many years of expensive experiment, he has succeeded in producing a metal so much stronger than any other that it can be made about half the thickness of the best wrought iron, and be even more safely employed for storing air at high pressures. This new material is called "fluid compressed steel." The molten

metal is first poured into a mould, and then subjected to hydraulic pressure. The effect of this is to force out all the air, or other gas, that may be contained in the metal, and to make it more compact and less spongy. The next process is to place a ring of the metal upon a mandrel or anvil, upon which it is hammered until gradually expanded into a cylinder of the length and diameter required. In torpedoes the form of a fish is adhered to as closely as possible. They are made in at least two pieces, with the ends tapering. One end contains the explosives, the other the compressed air, and in the centre there is a miniature engine-room with a small marine engine only a few pounds in weight. The greatest diameter is about sixteen inches, and the length eight to ten feet. Some conception of the strength of the material may be formed from the working pressure being about one thousand pounds on the square inch, or more than sixteen times what is usually employed on a high-pressure marine boiler, and the thickness of the shell of the torpedo being about that of the sole of a lady's slipper. There has been no means of judging from actual warfare what place torpedoes will hold in the naval service of the future, but experiments have proved them to be terribly destructive and capable of being propelled under water for a considerable distance with precision.

Perhaps the greatest novelty in the application of compressed air is its being employed as a means of locomotion upon streets. Much in the same way as the necessity for using it was forced upon the minds of those who first applied it as a substitute for steam in coal mines, it occurred to the writer of the present paper to devise a piece of machinery which should contain the means of its own propulsion within itself like a torpedo, and be free from the objections which are inherent in the use of steam. From calculations based upon the laws of Boyle and Gay Lussac, it appeared quite practicable to store a sufficient quantity of air beneath the floor of an ordinary tramway-car to propel it for a distance that would meet all the reasonable requirements of street and suburban locomotion. The conditions of the problem, however, were much more complicated than any that occurred in previous applications of compressed air as a motive power.

In the case of a stationary engine the pressure of air which works it remains always the same, and although it varies in a torpedo, and becomes less and less as the supply is exhausted, the torpedo carries no pas-

sengers, and it does not affect the result whether it goes very fast or very slow, so long as it reaches a certain point with precision.

It was necessary in a locomotive propelled by compressed air to employ a number of expedients for keeping the vehicle completely under control, and admitting the air to the engines in such a way as to economize all the available power. It was also essential, among other things, that the machinery should be noiseless—a condition never previously attained nor attempted—and that the power should be equally distributed during the journey, so that the speed should be the same throughout. It so happens that these conditions all depend upon each other, so that the attainment of any one of them, by a sort of natural sequence, brings about all the rest. That is to say, if the air is admitted to the engines in such a way as to be noiseless when it escapes after the performance of its work, the mechanism that attains this object is of a nature that takes the greatest possible advantage of the power stored up in the compressed air. Again, the arrangement that gives the greatest economy of power is just the one that allows of the carriage being propelled at the same speed throughout the journey; and lastly, the various checks which are imposed upon the passage of the air by these various appliances is just what is required to render the locomotive so completely under the control of the driver that it can be stopped and started more readily than if it were drawn by horses. By keeping the receivers containing the motive power and engines beneath the level of the floor of the pneumatic tramway-car it becomes possible to meet every requirement, and at the same time to avoid all objections that could possibly interfere with the convenience of the travelling public.

To the unprofessional reader it would be a very difficult task to explain the various devices by which the air is admitted to the engines. When the pressure of air is at its highest, at the commencement of the journey, the period during which the elastic fluid is admitted is only about the sixtieth part of a second when the vehicle is moving at a speed of seven miles an hour, while towards the end of the journey it is admitted during the fourth part of a second when moving with the same velocity. It is this varying period of admission lengthening with the reducing pressure which provides the best means of making all the power available, and which so expands the air when it is doing its

work that it reaches the pressure of the surrounding air at the end of the stroke of the engine. In this way the air escapes noiselessly into the atmosphere from which it was originally taken. After many difficulties and trials, the locomotive carriage which embodies all these complicated requirements was got to work successfully last year, and by a strange coincidence has been running for the conveyance of passengers at the place, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the place, where the first air-engine was employed in 1820 for pumping water from a coal mine. With regard to the air-pumps which are employed for charging the car, the necessity for getting rid of all the heat developed by the compression of the air demands the employment of some means of cooling in the very act of its compression. This is done by the introduction of a jet of water forced into the air-pump at a particular point of its stroke. This water, after it has performed the duty of absorbing the heat, passes over with the air into a separator, from which it flows in one direction, and from which the heated water is tapped off in another.

It is impossible to predict the future history of a motive power that is so completely suited for the purposes of street locomotion; but as its success has already been the means of inducing Parliament to sanction mechanical power on the only line of tramways where the pneumatic principle has been successfully employed, there is little doubt that the same permission will be accorded to other tramway companies, and that the days of cruelty to the horses employed upon tramways will soon be at an end. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has recently reported upon the proper regulations required for conducting tramway traffic by mechanical power. In the evidence given by one omnibus company, it appears that they alone dispose of seventeen hundred horses every year, a thousand of which are so exhausted or injured that they require to be slaughtered, and seven hundred of which are sold for an average price of £10 each. One great advantage this system has over others is the superior facility with which it can ascend steep inclines compared with all others where the vehicle is separated from its load; and the self-con-

tained character of the apparatus is also of much importance from the ease with which it can be moved in either direction without shunting, and from the smaller space which it occupies in crowded thoroughfares.

From an experimental point of view, one of the most interesting applications of this new motive power is that which has already been spoken of as having been employed for the work of irrigation at Windsor. Here the primary natural force of a stream of water is employed for the production of compressed air, which would be equally available for the purposes of locomotion as for the operation of pumping water. In this way it will be readily seen that the internal locomotion of large cities might be obtained from a similar source where they had the good fortune to be in the neighbourhood of a stream of sufficient capacity. Some such notion as this has already led to the suggestion that our highland ferries, where the distance to be crossed is not very great, may be worked by air compressed at the nearest river.

These are probably ideas which may be embodied in a practical shape within a few years, but in ages to come, unless some agent at present unknown to science comes to the rescue, there is every prospect of compressed air, as a motive power, having to perform more important functions than any that have been hitherto suggested. When future generations have been robbed of their birthright of fuel by the carelessness and extravagance of those who have preceded them, there is little doubt they will fall back upon the primary forces of nature, which sufficed for the wants of our ancestors, and then the atmosphere that surrounds them will probably be the universal medium for conveying these forces into the channels of industry. Already the public locomotion of our cities is being conducted by means of pneumatic force. Coal is being hewn by the same agent from the recesses of the mines, and dragged through subterranean labyrinths to the mouth of the pit, and hundreds of horses have been relieved from the bondage of perpetual darkness. It drives the rock-drills that have made the tunnels of the Alps first a possibility and afterwards a fact, and in future ages it will probably be the great medium for converting the forces of nature to the uses of men.

WILLIAM DUNDAS SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.



WALKS IN LONDON.

VI.

CLOSE to one of the angles of Smithfield where the old Courthouse of Sir Baptist Hicks formerly stood, from which the distances on the great north road were marked, St. John's Lane leads into Clerkenwell. As we turn into it, we seem to enter the quietude of a monastic region, and we see the way closed by the old Gateway of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which Dr. Johnson said to Boswell that, when he first saw it, he "beheld it with reverence."

This Priory of St. John was founded in the reign of Henry I. (1100) by a baron named Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, and was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem (buried in the Temple Church), who here urged Henry to undertake a crusade, and fell into a great rage on his refusal. John knighted Alexander of Scotland here, and Edward I. came hither to spend his honeymoon with Eleanor. This early Priory was so large that, when it was burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, the conflagration lasted seven days. All the other houses of the knights in London were destroyed by the insurgents at the same time, and the prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded, in revenge for his having advised the king (Richard II.) to make no terms with the commons. The Priory, however, was soon rebuilt, and Henry IV. and V. frequently stayed there, and it was there that—finding how ill it would be received by the people of England—Richard III. gave a public denial to the rumours of his intended marriage with his niece, Elizabeth of York. The Order of St. John was suppressed by Henry VIII. on the pretext that the knights denied his supremacy, two of those who opposed him being beheaded, and a third hung and quartered. But the Priory still continued to be the resort of royalty, and Mary resided here frequently during the reign of Edward VI., and rode hence to pay state visits to her brother, attended by a great troop of Catholic ladies and gentlemen. The buildings of the Priory perished for the most part when they were blown up by the Protector Somerset, who intended to use them in building his palace in the Strand.

The south Gate of St. John's Priory was built as we now see it by Sir Thomas Docwra, Prior, in 1504. It is a fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture. On the outside are

two shields bearing the arms of the Order and of Docwra. In the centre of the groined roof is the Lamb bearing a flag, kneeling on the clasped Gospels. The old rooms above the gate are highly picturesque, and have been filled with an interesting series of memorials relating to its history. This collection is rather literary than military or monastic, for here Cave the printer started, in January, 1731, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always borne a picture of the gate on its cover, so that its appearance is familiar to thousands who have never beheld it. Dr. Johnson, previously unknown, used to work for Cave at so much per sheet, and for some time was almost wholly dependent upon his magazine articles. The accounts which he gave of the marvellous powers of his friend Garrick inspired Cave with a desire to see him act, and in the old room, which is now the dining-hall of the tavern, it is said that Garrick made his début before a select audience in Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. An old chair, placed on a sort of pedestal beneath his bust in this room, is still shown as "Dr. Johnson's chair." After he had anonymously published his "Life of Richard Savage," Walter Harte, author of the "Life of Gustavus Adolphus," dined with Cave at St. John's, and greatly commended the book. Soon afterwards Cave told him that he had unconsciously given great pleasure to some one when he was dining with him, and on the inquiry, "How can that be?" reminded him of the plate of food which had been sent behind the screen at dinner, and told him that Johnson, the author of the book he admired, considered himself too shabbily dressed to appear, but had devoured the praises with his dinner.

St. John's Square marks the courtyard of the Priory. The nave and aisles and the stately tower of the church were destroyed by Somerset. A remnant of the choir, mauled and defaced, long used as a Presbyterian meeting-house and gutted in Sacheverell's riots, is now St. John's Church. Langhorne the poet was its curate in 1764. The bases of some of the old pillars may be traced in the upper church, but it has nothing really noticeable except its picturesque and beautiful Crypt, consisting of four bays, two of them semi-Norman and two Early English. Here the light streams in among the well-preserved arches from a little graveyard,

which contains the tomb of the father and mother of Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln.

Till a few years ago people frequently came to this crypt to visit the coffin (now buried) of "Scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane Ghost," which had excited the utmost attention in 1762, being supposed to be the spirit of a young lady poisoned by her husband, which came to visit, invisibly, but with mysterious noises, a girl named Parsons, who lived in Cock Lane (between Smithfield and Holborn), and was daughter to the clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church. Horace Walpole went to see the victim, with the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Lord Hertford, but after waiting till half past one in the morning in a suffocating room with fifty people crowded into it, he was told that the ghost would not come that night till seven in the morning, "when," says Walpole, "there were only prentices and old women." Great discontent was evinced, but at length the ghost promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend any one of her visitors in the vaults of St. John's Church, and there knock upon her coffin. The company, including Dr. Johnson, who has left an amusing description of the investigation, met at St. John's Church an hour after midnight, when the gentleman to whom the promise was especially made proceeded with two others to the vault. Churchill's poem of "The Ghost" tells what befell when they

"Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventured forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.

* * * * *
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
Till, taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amazed,
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.

* * * * *
Silent all three went in, about
All three turn'd, silent, and came out."

The failure of the investigation led to Parsons' being imprisoned for a year, and placed three times in the pillory, where, however, instead of maltreating him, the London mob raised a subscription in his favour.

A dismal old house on the west side of St. John's Square, which is now being pulled down, was Burnet House, the residence of the famous Whig Bishop of Salisbury (1643—1715), who was author of the "His-

tory of the Reformation" and of "His own Times," and who courageously attended Lord Russell to the scaffold. Ledbury Place occupies the site of the Bishop's garden.

Clerkenwell is now the especial abode of London clockmakers and working-jewellers, many of whom have attained celebrity. Work which is committed to West-End jewellers is generally sent here to be executed. But in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when, as we may see by Ralph Aggas' map, Clerkenwell was still almost in the country, a great number of the nobility resided here. Aylesbury Street commemorates the house of the Bruces, Earls of Aylesbury, to whom the Priory of St. John was granted at the Dissolution; Berkeley Street marks the house of the Earls of Berkeley. Various streets and squares are, Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wyniate, and Ashby, from the different names and titles of the Northampton family. Newcastle Place occupies the site of the great house of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who was fined three-quarters of a million by Cromwell, and of his wife Margaret Lucas, of whom her epitaph in Westminster Abbey says that she was of "a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous." There is no end of the amusing stories which are told of this would-be learned lady, who published ten folio volumes which nobody ever read, and who, when an old woman, always had a footman to sleep in her dressing-room, and called out "John" whenever a fugitive thought struck her in the night, and bade him get up, light a candle, and commit it to paper at once. This is the lady of whom Pepys wrote in 1667, that he "met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet," herself, whom he never saw before, as he had "heard her often described, with her velvet caps, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *justaucorps*."

The Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green (now a paved square on the hillside) is worth visiting, for it was built when Hicks's Hall was pulled down, and contains some good portraits by Gainsborough and Lawrence, and a fine old chimney-piece of James I.'s time, in front of which William, Lord Russell, was condemned to death.

London archaeologists will also visit the vaults of the ugly, last-century Church of St. James, as they contain some curious tombs preserved from the church of a Benedictine nunnery of 1100, which previously occupied

the site. They include that of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, who was in waiting on the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower, and who, refusing to go to mass, was forced to fly to Geneva. The coffin of Bishop Burnet, who died in St. John's Square (March 17, 1714-15), is also here.

From the church the ground slopes rapidly to the valley of the Fleet, which was here called the River of Wells, from the numbers of springs which fell into it. One of these was, till lately, marked by an inscription on a pump at the corner of Ray Street, and was interesting as the Clerks' Well—"Fons Clericorum"—which gave Clerkenwell its name, and which, says Stow, "took its name from the parish clerks of London, who of old time were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II.—I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well, near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the king, the queen, and nobles, being present."

This district bore a very evil reputation in the last century. "Hockley in the Hole," which has disappeared in recent improvements, was a nest of thieves, and the site of a famous rendezvous for the baiting of bears and wolves. Fielding makes Jonathan Wild the son of a woman at Hockley in the Hole, and the place is commemorated in Gay's *Beggars' Opera*.

Beyond Farringdon Road, Cold Bath Square takes its name from an ancient spring which still supplies a bathing establishment. The Cold Bath Fields Prison has been much altered since Southey and Coleridge wrote in "The Devil's Walk,"

"As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw

A solitary cell;

And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint

For improving his prisons in hell."

Spa Fields, only covered with houses in the present century, contain the Spa Fields Pantheon, long turned into a dissenting chapel. It was Shrubsole, the organist of this chapel, who composed the well-known hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Lady Huntingdon, who bought the chapel, lived close by in an old house on the east side of it. She was born 1701, was converted to Methodism by her sister-in-law Lady Margaret Hastings, married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728, died in 1791.

If we return up the hill to St. John's

Street, and turn to the north, we pass, at the corner of Ashby Street (on the site of the old house which was the principal residence of the Comptons till the end of the seventeenth century) the Martyrs' Memorial Church, built in 1869. It is appropriately decorated outside with statues of those who suffered in Smithfield for the Protestant cause—Philpot, Frith, Rogers, Tomkins, Bradford, Anne Askew, and others. Red Bull Yard, which opens from St. John's Street near this, marks the site of the Red Bull Playhouse, built *c.* 1570, where Heywood's Plays were acted. It was one of the six Theatres allowed in London in the reign of Charles I., and is mentioned abusively in Prynne's *Satire*. During the Commonwealth it seems to have been the only licensed theatre, and was used for performance of "drolls," or clowns; of which London—which would not allow tragedies, because it had "enough of that in earnest," or comedies, because "therein the vices of the age were too smartly represented"—showed its appreciation to such a degree that twice as many people as could be admitted generally presented themselves at the doors.

Few dwellers in the West-End remember now the existence of the once popular mineral springs, several of which still exist here, though their rural character is extinguished. Where Myddelton Street, Myddelton Square, and Myddelton Place commemorate Sir Hugh Myddelton, the inventor of the artificial New River (one of the greatest benefactors of London, but who was never appreciated in his lifetime), is Sadler's Wells, which first became known from a mineral spring discovered by a man named Sadler in 1683. This spring, possessing the same chalybeate qualities, was called the New Tunbridge Wells. The Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of George II., made it the fashion by coming daily to visit it in the summer of 1733. Sadler's Wells is now better known by its Theatre, to which the New River, which flows past the house has often been diverted and used for aquatic performances, and where Grimaldi, the famous clown, became known to the public.

Another popular spring, Bagnigge Wells, where Nell Gwynne had a country house, and whither people in the last century used to

"repair,
To swallow dust and call it air,"

has disappeared in the site of the Phoenix Brewery.

St. John's Street leads to Islington, with its corner public-house of the Angel, well known as an omnibus-terminus. The wide High-Street, with its occasional trees and low houses, reminds one pleasantly of many country villages in Hertfordshire and Essex.

The name of Islington is said to be derived from Isheldun, the Lower Fortress. Its pleasant open fields were the great resort for archery, which was almost universally practised till the reign of James I. Edward III. desired that every able-bodied citizen should employ his leisure in the use of bows and arrows, and in the reign of Richard II. an act was passed compelling all men-servants

yards. But the "Merry Milkmaid of Islington" would no longer find her way about her pleasant pastures. London is now spreading over the whole, and its web of streets is being woven far beyond Islington.

In the churchyard of St. Mary, in Upper Street, George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre, were buried in one grave by desire of James I. They fought over a gambling quarrel in their shirts only (to prevent suspicion of concealed armour), and both fell mortally wounded. A long way further down the street, Canonbury Lane leads to Canonbury Square and its surroundings.



Dr. Johnson's Chair, St. John's Gate.

to practise archery in their leisure hours, and especially on Sundays and holidays. In the time of Henry VIII. Islington was covered with shooting butts, and the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, and Earl of Pancras were popularly given to the king's favourite archers. At this time every father was enjoined to present his son with a bow and three arrows as soon as he should be seven years old, and all men except clergy and judges were compelled occasionally to shoot at the butts. By a statute of 23rd Henry VIII. men above twenty-four were not allowed to shoot at anything under two hundred and twenty yards, and the most distant mark was three hundred and eighty



St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

The manor of Canonbury was given to the Priory of St. Bartholomew by Ralph de Berners before the time of Henry III., and probably obtained its name when the first residence of a canon or prior was built here—*bury* or *burg* meaning "dwelling." Having been rebuilt by Prior Bolton, the last Prior but one, it was granted, after the Dissolution, to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. On his attainder, it reverted to the crown, and again on the attainder of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom it afterwards fell. It was then given by Mary to Thomas, Lord Wentworth, who sold it in 1570 to Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor of London who has such a magnificent tomb, blazing with alabaster and

coloured marbles, in the old conventual church of Great St. Helens. This Sir John Spencer, it was, who, having but a poor opinion of the Comptons of that day, positively forbade the first Earl of Northampton to pay his addresses to his daughter, who was the greatest heiress in England. One day upon the staircase, Sir John met the baker's boy with his basket on his head, and, being pleased at his having come punctually when he was ordered he gave him sixpence. But the baker's boy was Lord Northampton in disguise, and in the basket on his head he was carrying off the beautiful Elizabeth Spencer. When he found how he had been duped, Sir John swore that Lord Northampton had seen the only sixpence of his money he should ever receive, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. But the next year Queen Elizabeth, having expressed to Sir John Spencer the sympathy which she felt with his feelings upon the ingratitude of his child, invited him to come and be "gossip" with her to a newly-born baby in whom she was much interested, and he could not refuse, and it is easy to imagine whose that baby was. So the Spencer property came to the Comptons after all, and Lord Northampton lived to erect the magnificent tomb of his "well-deserving father-in-law," where the ungrateful daughter, in everlasting contrition for her fault, may still be seen kneeling, in an enormous hoop, at her father's feet.

Canonbury is a wonderfully still, quiet, picturesque spot. Beyond the modern squares, rises, unaltered, the rugged brick tower, called Canonbury Tower, fifty-eight feet high, which was probably built by Prior Bolton, though it was restored by Sir John Spencer. At the end of the last century it

was let in lodgings to various literary men, who resorted thither for economy and the purity of the air. The most remarkable of these was Oliver Goldsmith, who stayed here with Mr. John Newbury, the publisher of many popular children's books. Ephraim Chambers, the author of the *Cyclopædia*, was also one of those who took lodgings here, and here he died in the autumn of 1739, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The interior of the Tower remains little altered since Prior Bolton built it, and is well worth visiting. Several of its old rooms are panelled, and

are glorious both in colour and in the delicacy of their carvings.

Behind the Tower, in Canonbury Place, Nos. 6, 7, and 8 were once united as Canonbury House. In No. 6 (now called "Northampton House,") is, over a doorway, a curious carved and painted coat of arms of "Sir Walter Denny, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in November, 1489." A passage at the back of the house is of Prior Bolton's time, and his famous

"rebus" forms one of the ornaments of a low arched doorway. Ben Jonson alludes to "Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton."

In the two neighbouring houses are most magnificent stucco ceilings of Sir John Spencer's time, very richly ornamented. Some of them belonged to a great banqueting hall, ninety feet long, now divided between the two houses. The initials E. R. for Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have stayed here, appear amongst the ornaments. Three splendid chimney-pieces were removed by the late Lord Northampton to Castle Ashby and Compton Winyates.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Canonbury Tower.



COMPULSORY REGISTRATION OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

A Lesson from Holland.

THE maxim that public health is public wealth is one the truth of which few beside the followers of Malthus will be inclined to dispute; but when we go further and maintain that public health, being public wealth, is also public property, and as such is entitled to protection from the State, we meet with considerable variance of opinion. Yet such variance must be merely as to a matter of degree, reducing the controversy to the question of the limits within which legislative interference should be confined. The theory that every man's house is his castle, any invasion of which is an infringement of that liberty of the subject presumed to be so dear to the heart of every Englishman, is one that must perforce be surrendered when, for mutual advantage, man congregates with his fellow-men in cities, towns, and villages. It is only in cases where, like Crusoe, the individual man is monarch of all he surveys, that practices which war against the recognised standards which regulate the relations of congregated human beings can be indulged in; and the further education in the true principles of sanitary science advances, the more stringent will those standards become.

The principles which regulate intrusion into the castle of the Englishman are in nearly all cases founded on the rights of property. The landlord exercises the right of access at all reasonable times to examine the premises, and see that they are kept in proper repair. The gas and water companies, in so far as their property in the house is affected, also exercise similar rights; and so far have we advanced in the march of civilisation that local authorities have acquired certain rights, varying in different localities, to compel the introduction of sanitary arrangements of a prescribed character, or, in default, themselves to enter the premises and forcibly to carry out the arrangements. Such rights, derived from the legislature, are founded on the same principle of property. For the protection of public health, the guardians of that public property are invested with legislative powers, and year by year these powers are being and will be further extended.

The moral, physical, and pecuniary welfare of a nation is dependent upon the character and energy of the individuals com-

posing it. Hence, although it is impossible by any formula to arrive at the value of a single life, we know that it is of great value to the community. It is evident, therefore, that all have one common interest in the preservation of life and health; and if, in the interests of humanity, we seek *indirectly* to sustain human life by keeping up a supply of healthy meat by stringent regulations to prevent the spread of disease among cattle, how much more ought we, by regulations similar in principle, to protect life *directly* from the ravages of preventable diseases. That this is done in certain cases we know, and recognise in it the beginning of the great sanitary movement of the future. When the scattered outworks have fallen there can be little doubt that in time the main fortress of the enemy will be besieged and carried; and the great stronghold of the enemy, in the present case, consists of the open and glaring means by which epidemic or contagious diseases are permitted, with but little hindrance, to spread themselves abroad—means the very existence of which is frequently an administrative scandal of the grossest character.

Infectious diseases are conveyed in two ways. One way is by direct personal contact with the diseased patient, or with the emanations from his skin or lungs. The other is indirect, by the contamination which man's ignorance or folly permits of the air he breathes or the water he drinks, by the products of the decomposition of excretions from the diseased. Several diseases, such as scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, &c., can be conveyed in both ways.

We have said that the existence of some of the means by which disease is thus spread is an administrative scandal of the grossest character; and, as an example, we may instance typhoid fever, which annually kills fifteen thousand in these islands, and sickens at least one hundred and fifty thousand every year, or one in every two hundred of the population. That disease, and also cholera, when it scourges this country by its fearful visitations, can only be conveyed by the indirect means alluded to above. As to this there is perfect unanimity of opinion amongst medical men of all civilised European countries. The cause of the disease is thus placed beyond a doubt. So

also is another important point—namely, that for a certain time excretions are perfectly harmless. Nature, in her beneficence, thus gives man ample opportunity of so dealing with the dangerous material that all possibility of infection may be prevented; and yet man, instead of taking advantage of this wise provision, recklessly permits the poisonous matter to be cast into cesspools and sewers, thence to arise and sow pestilence among a population.

The other great scandal upon our name as sanitarians is the fact that no thoroughly effective measures have been passed by parliament for the isolation and stamping out of contagious diseases whenever they appear. True it is that by the Sanitary Act of 1866, penalties are imposed upon persons who expose themselves while suffering from the effects of contagious diseases so as to endanger the health of others, and also upon those who let houses or apartments in which infected persons have been resident, without having such places previously cleansed. In the same way it is forbidden to send out to be washed the infected clothing of patients without previous disinfection.

The tendency of these provisions, if acted upon, is no doubt beneficial, but the law is practically a dead letter. So long as there is no publicity given to the existence of the cases of disease—so long as the authorities, the neighbours, and frequenters of the particular house are kept in ignorance—what is there to prevent the responsible parties doing as they please with impunity? It may almost be said that these provisions are in some respects injurious, as they tend to give a false sense of security. In reality, however, it is only as it were by accident that the authorities could be placed in a position to demand the interference of the law and the imposition of the penalty.

It is to the imperative necessity of the compulsory registration of all cases of infectious disease that we wish principally to direct the attention of the reader. This is, and must be, the first step to be taken before any measure to isolate and stamp out disease can be put in operation, and without which legislation must be practically futile. A district or town may be perfectly healthy up to the time when a case of infectious disease is imported into it, but, in a very short time, the house in which the person lives, the sewers or conveniences in connection therewith, or the individuals with whom he comes in contact, may become the very centre of an

epidemic the far-reaching effect of which no one can estimate. If, however, the authorities have early information of the case, they are then in the position, if they have the legal power, to prevent the disease spreading materially.

If we come to the conclusion that compulsory registration is imperative in the interests of public health, we have then to consider the difficulty that arises as to who the informant should be. Should it be the medical man or the head of the house, or should the duty be compulsory on both?

Medical men object that the imposition of the duty upon them would be an encouragement to the public to employ unauthorised practitioners—that is, practitioners who would not be bound to give the information required. Secondly, the profession consider it might to a certain degree affect the feeling of mutual confidence that should exist between the doctor and his employer or patient; and thirdly, that it would devolve upon medical men extra work and expense without extra remuneration.

This last objection is a trivial one, seeing that medical men are freed from some of the obligations to which the ordinary citizen is subjected, such, for instance, as serving upon juries, and seeing further that the additional trouble would be very small. With regard to the first objection, it has been shown, over and over again, that the law is strong enough to drive the illegal practitioner out of the field—a step highly desirable in the public interest—and that therefore the remedy lies in the hands of the profession themselves. And the second objection will no doubt prove to be simply an imaginary one. If the duty be made compulsory on all medical men, the patient can have no ground for withdrawing his confidence from his special medical attendant.

There is this additional reason for fixing the duty upon the doctor, that he it must be who determines what the character of the disease is and whether it be infectious or not, a matter upon which the head of the house might be ignorant. Hence, if the householder were to be the sole informant, it would at any rate be necessary that the medical adviser should in any case impress upon him strongly the fact of the disease being of an infectious nature, and that it must consequently be registered. If, however, registration were not an imperative matter always present to the mind of the doctor, it is probable that this optional duty would be frequently neglected, or the house-

holder could plead ignorance or a denial of having received the information, and imperfect registration would be the result.

On consideration, therefore, it seems that to insure that perfect registration which is to be aimed at, it will be absolutely necessary to make the medical man and the head of the house, each on his own account, responsible for giving the desired information to the authorities. It completely solves the difficulty, and, as Dr. B. W. Richardson well said, "it makes assurance doubly sure. It makes two responsible persons equally responsible; it encourages the head of every family to seek the safest advice, lest by omission or commission of report he should be subjected to penalty, and it prevents him from blaming the medical man for giving information which he is legally bound to give himself. The two would move together."

In New Zealand the Legislature have made it compulsory on the medical man to give information of the appearance of infectious diseases to the local authorities. But we must look to Holland if we wish to examine a complete system for the stamping out of such diseases. It is strange that to Holland also we have to point for the first example of pneumatic drainage, a system which prevents the possibility of the existence or spread of such contagious diseases as cholera and typhoid fever, an account of which system appeared in the November, 1876, number of GOOD WORDS. It is noteworthy that in both respects so-called sanitary England should have an example set her by that enterprising little kingdom.

It is curious, too, that although Holland is so close to British shores, the fact of the existence of compulsory registration of contagious diseases in that country was unknown in this kingdom, even in our highest medical and sanitary circles, until mentioned by the present writer at an ordinary weekly meeting of the Social Science Association last year, held under the presidency of Dr. B. W. Richardson. Whether traceable or not to the fact that but few Englishmen speak the Dutch language, or to the fact that in our insular pride we believe we have nothing to learn from other nations in regard to sanitary science, we know not. That the ignorance does exist we know, however, to our discredit. It will no doubt be interesting to the readers of GOOD WORDS to have a brief sketch of the law in Holland, and what the medical authorities think of the benefits it has already conferred upon the people of that country.

The first step taken by the Dutch Parlia-

ment towards the compulsory registration of infectious diseases was in 1865. It was a tentative measure and practically of a permissive rather than of a compulsory character. In the law that regulated the practice of medicine, it was ordered that the medical man should give notice to the medical inspector of his province, and also to the mayor and aldermen of the town, immediately—that is to say at least within three days—after his becoming aware that the patient was suffering from a disease that was dangerous to the public health.

Such was the first statute passed in Holland. It did not prescribe the diseases which, in the eyes of the law, were to be regarded as contagious—that is, dangerous to the public health—and this all-important question was thus left to the private judgment, caprice, or self-interest of the medical man. That the law was rendered defective by this omission must be admitted; still, the legislation was a step in the right direction, and prepared the way for the very stringent measures passed in 1872.

This second law against contagious diseases came into operation in 1873, and by it the double duty devolving upon the medical man of reporting all cases of infectious disease occurring in his practice to the medical inspector of the province and to the mayor of the town was confirmed, but the important omission in the previous statute was rectified. The very first article declared that the diseases to which the law referred were Asiatic cholera, typhus and typhoid fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and measles. It could not be disputed that these diseases were dangerous to public health, and that the list contained the principal scourges of mankind. Dysentery was afterwards included in the list, and no doubt, similarly, other diseases will from time to time be added to it.

One of the foremost of the new provisions of the law was a most important one. It threw upon the householder, that is, the head of the family, the keeper of a common lodging-house, the captain or master of a ship, the director of an institute of public charity (orphan-houses, poor-houses, hospitals, &c.), or of a prison, a similar duty to that imposed upon the medical man, but confined that duty to the reporting of the fact of the appearance of the disease to the mayor and aldermen. The time within which that report must be made was shortened in the case of the head of the family to within twenty-four hours after the existence of the disease comes to his knowledge.

In this way a duplicate system of registration with the mayor was made compulsory, apart from the registration with the medical inspector, and a useful check provided upon both the head of the family and the doctor. The fact of the omission on either hand to perform this obligatory duty being emphasised by the infliction of a penalty tends to secure prompt action on both sides and effectual registration. Only in instances where there is conspiracy between the parties, or in the rare cases where neglect is an accidental coincident on the part of each, could the law be evaded with possible impunity. And even these cases could scarcely escape detection. It is next to impossible to conceal effectually the nature of most contagious diseases from the servants and other residents of a house, and from neighbours; and when we come to consider the further provisions of the law we shall see that these people could not fail to detect the omission.

The mere knowledge of the existence of contagious disease is of little value unless proper measures are taken to prevent its spreading, and thus injuring the community. Knowledge, Professor Tyndal well says, is the first desideratum, and secondly action shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. We find, therefore, that the first step taken is to make the fact known in the most open manner. The mayor is bound to cause the house or ship in which the case occurs to be marked with a placard on which the words "Infectious Disease" and the name of the disease are published in such large letters that it cannot be overlooked. In this way every one interested in the particular house or ship has full warning, and can regulate his conduct accordingly.

The wisdom of this provision is manifest, despite the incidental hardships to the house occupier that it may give rise to. Take, for instance, a case that has actually occurred as a self-evident illustration of the wisdom of the provision and the hardships it may occasion. Scarlet fever broke out in the family of a tailor, having been communicated by his lodger on the first-floor to his rooms on the third, and yet self-interest compelled the tailor to conceal the fact, and to keep the six young women who worked for him to spend their long hours of labour in the infected atmosphere, and to spread broadcast upon society the clothes which these persons made with any possible infection they may have contained. How wise would have been in such a case the publication of the existence of the disease; and yet what hard-

ship such publication would have inflicted upon the tailor and his employés by interfering with their means of livelihood. The practical wisdom of publicity is further shown by the deathblow it deals at exaggerated rumour, which so often has an injurious effect in quarters where it is quite undeserved.

Nor are the duties of the mayor in connection with the contagious disease law confined merely to this declaration of publicity. It is the duty of his office to stamp out the disease; and for this purpose he is armed with what in this country would be deemed arbitrary powers. He can cause any house or vessel which threatens to become the centre of contagion to be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected, either upon the advice of the medical inspector of the province, or of any medical man practising in the locality whom he may call in. He is thus not restricted to the medical man in actual attendance upon the case in question. The mayor also has full power to disinfect contagious objects, and indeed to expropriate them altogether, only in the latter case compensation must be paid by the community.

Very stringent regulations are also enforced to prevent the sufferer himself spreading the disease. He is prohibited from going to another place, and no articles by which the contagion may be carried must be given to any one for use. None of the children of the house are permitted to attend school, and this prohibition extends to a term of eight days after the disease has ceased to exist, a fact that must be certified in writing under the hand of a medical man. If during the eight days the house is thoroughly disinfected in strict accordance with a by-law this prohibition is withdrawn. A number of other regulations are also in force which it is unnecessary to enumerate, but the above indicate the very thorough manner in which it is sought to serve the public interest in this important matter.

Although in the above way there is certain registration of contagious diseases there does not seem to be regular publication of the same in a tabulated form unless the disease becomes epidemical in any locality. Of this the medical inspector of the province, informed by the returns sent to him by the medical men, is the judge, and upon his arriving at that conclusion he is bound to serve the mayor with formal notice of the fact. The mayor in his turn must then make it the subject of a public announcement, and thereafter until the epidemic ceases, he is obliged to publish each week an account of

the number of persons attacked by the disease within the week, and of the number of deaths caused by it. In the case of measles, however, an exception is made, the number of deaths only being required to be published.

Such are the principal provisions of the Dutch law in connection with contagious diseases, and we think that this country cannot too soon follow in the steps of that enterprising and practical people in this at least, if not in other sanitary matters. As to the results of the legislation there can be no doubt. They are perhaps best described in the words of Dr. J. L. Egeling, of the Hague, the Senior Government Medical Inspector of Holland, a gentleman of great scholarly attainments and eminent in his

profession, to whom the writer is indebted for the information regarding Holland contained in this article. In a letter to the writer Dr. Egeling says, "As to the working of the law I can say that in general it may be called satisfactory. In the localities where the authorities make good use of the benefit they can have from the law it works very well. Of course here and there too much laxity in its execution can be observed, but we are progressing in the good way from year to year. More and more the law is appreciated as it deserves, and the unanimous opinion of the medical inspectors is that Holland has gained much by it, and that there have been very striking examples of its excellent working, and of the prevention by it of the epidemical spreading of disease."

ADAM SCOTT.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

EIGHTEEN months ago, when I was considering what method it would be best to adopt in Sunday afternoon readings with a small class in the Working Men's College, I received a communication which helped me to come to a decision. It came in the form of a proposal for a new association, to be called "The Christian Guild." The promoters were persons living in our northern towns, some of which had lately gained a bad reputation for savage assaults and crimes of violence. My correspondents believed that some organized effort ought to be made to meet this evil, and that there was nothing in existence which would serve their purpose. The Young Men's Christian Associations had failed to reach the class which most needed Christian influences. There was a widespread feeling, they said, that these associations—valuable as they allowed them to be in many ways—did not cultivate individual manliness in their members, and that this defect arose somehow from their open profession of Christianity. They had separated their members too much from the ordinary habits and life of young men; and had set before them a wrong standard, which taught not that they were to live in the world and subdue it to their Master, but were to withdraw from it as much as possible.

Therefore they would found their new "Christian Guild" on quite other principles. They aimed, indeed, at something like a revival of the muscular Christianity of twenty-five years ago, organized for mission-

ary work in the great northern towns. The members of the Guild must be first of all Christians, but selected as far as possible for some act of physical courage or prowess. It was proposed that the medal of the Royal Humane Society, or the championship of a town or district in running, wrestling, rowing, or other athletic exercise, should qualify at once for membership. These first members were to form the root, as it were, out of which branches of the Guild were to grow—one, they hoped, in every great centre of population. Each branch, if properly supported, might attract the most vigorous and energetic young men of its district, and so by degrees give a higher tone to the sports and occupations which absorb the spare time and energies of young Englishmen.

I did not see my way to joining any such movement, which indeed never seemed at all hopeful to me, nor do I know whether anything more has been done in the matter. But the proposal set me thinking on the state of things amongst us which "the Christian Guild" was intended to meet. I was obliged to admit that my own experience, now stretching over a quarter of a century in London, agreed to some extent with that of my northern correspondents as to the feeling of young Londoners on this subject. We find here too the same prejudice as to "Young Men's Christian Associations" current amongst the class from which their members are taken. Their tone and influence are

said to lack manliness, and the want of manliness is attributed to their avowed profession of Christianity. If you pursue the inquiry, you will often come upon a distinct conviction that Christianity has this weak side—that it appeals mainly to men's fears; to that in them which is timid and shrinking, rather than to that which is courageous and outspoken. This is often alleged as the cause of their comparative want of power. My own experience did not bear out this view as to the associations in question, which I have found for the most part to be doing excellent service, though they work in a narrow groove. But whether this be so or not, is a matter of comparative indifference. This part of the controversy may safely be left to settle itself. But the underlying belief that Christianity is really responsible for this supposed weakness in its disciples, is one which could not be so treated. The conscience of every man recognises courage as the foundation of all manfulness, and if Christianity runs counter to conscience in this matter, or indeed in any other, Christianity will go to the wall.

Perfection of character—"Be ye perfect as your father in heaven is perfect"—to be reached by moral effort in the faithful following of our Lord's life on earth, is the object which the Christian religion sets before men, and constant contact and conflict with evil of all kinds is a necessary condition of that effort in the world in which we live. In that strife, the first requisite is courage, or manfulness, for without it there can be no perfection of character—the end for which Christ says we were sent into this world—gained through conflict with evil. Was Christ's own character perfect in this respect—not only in charity, meekness, purity, long-suffering, but in courage? If not, can He be anything more than the highest and best of men, even if He were that, and the Son of God only in the sense in which all men are sons? This was the question which was forced on me at the time by the proposals of "the Christian Guild," and it gave me the hint I was in search of as to the method of our Sunday readings. We followed it up as well as we could through the events recorded in the gospels, putting the test question in each separate case. The results are collected in the following papers.

In order to approach our subject with any chance of making the central figure clear to ourselves, and getting out of the atmosphere of unreality in which our ordinary religious training is too apt to leave us, we must make an effort to understand the

condition and the surroundings of life in Palestine when our Lord appeared in it as a teacher. Take first the southern portion, the scene of the first and last days of His ministry, and of periodical visits during those three years. While He was still a boy under ten years of age, the Romans had deposed Herod Archelaus, and had annexed Judæa, which was from thenceforth ruled as a province of the empire by a Roman procurator. The rebellion of Judas of Gamala, which followed shortly afterwards, was a fierce protest of the Jews against the imperial taxation and imperial rule. It was suppressed in a sea of blood, and from that time till the commencement of Christ's public ministry, Jerusalem and the surrounding country were on the verge of revolt and a constant source of anxiety to the Roman procurators.

All that was best and worst in the Jewish character and history combined to render the Roman yoke intolerably galling to the nation. The peculiar position of Jerusalem, a sort of Mecca to the tribes acknowledging the Mosaic law, made it the most dangerous of all the Roman provinces. To it enormous crowds of pilgrims, of the most stiffnecked and fanatical of all races, flocked three times at least in every year, bringing with them offerings and tribute for the Temple and its guardians, which must have made the hierarchy at Jerusalem formidable even to the world's master, by their mere command of wealth.

But this would be the least of the causes of anxiety to the Roman governor, as he spent year after year face to face with these terrible leaders of a terrible people. These high priests and rulers of the Jews were indeed quite another kind of adversaries from the ministers of any of the religions of those conquered countries, which the Romans could treat with contemptuous toleration. They still represented living traditions of the glory and sanctity of their nation and of Jerusalem, and exercised still a power over that nation which the most resolute and ruthless procurator did not care to brave.

At the same time their yoke was even heavier on the necks of their own people than that of the Roman. They had built up a huge superstructure of traditions and ceremonies round the law of Moses, which they held up to the people as more sacred and binding than the law itself. This superstructure was their special charge. This was, according to them, the great national

inheritance, the most valuable portion of the covenant which God had made with their fathers. To them, as leaders of their nation—a select, priestly, and learned caste—this precious inheritance had been committed. Outside that caste, the dim multitude, “the people which knoweth not the law,” were despised while they obeyed, accused as soon as they showed any sign of disobedience. Such being the state of Judæa, it would not be easy to name in all history a less hopeful place for the reforming mission of a young carpenter, a stranger from a despised province, one entirely outside the ruling caste, though of the royal race, and who had no position whatever in any rabbinical school.

In Galilee the surroundings were slightly different, but scarcely more promising. Herod Antipas, the weakest of that tyrant family, the seducer of his brother's wife, the fawner on Cæsar, the spendthrift oppressor of the people of his tetrarchy, still ruled in name over the country, but with Roman garrisons in the cities and strongholds. Face to face with him, and exercising an *imperium in imperio* throughout Galilee, were the same priestly caste, though far less formidable to the civil power, and to the people, than in the southern province. Along the western coast of the Sea of Galilee, the chief scene of our Lord's northern ministry, lay a network of towns densely inhabited, and containing a large admixture of Gentile traders. This infusion of foreign blood, the want of any such religious centre as Jerusalem, and the contempt with which the Jews regarded their provincial brethren of Galilee, had no doubt loosened to some extent the yoke of the priests, and scribes, and lawyers in that province. But even here their traditionary power over the masses of the people was very great, and the consequences of defying their authority as penal, though the penalty might be neither so swift or so certain, as in Jerusalem itself. Such was the society into which Christ came.

It is not easy to find a parallel case in the modern world, but perhaps the nearest exists in a portion of our own empire. The condition of parts of India in our day resembles in some respects that of Palestine in the year A.D. 30. In the Mahratta country, princes, not of the native dynasty, but the descendants of foreign courtiers (like the Idumæan Herods), are reigning. British residents at their courts, hated and feared, but practically all-powerful as Roman procurators, answer

to the officers and garrisons of Rome in Palestine. The people are in bondage to a priestly caste as heavy as that which weighed on the Judæan and Galilæan peasantry. If the Mahrattas were Mohammedans and Mecca were situate in the territory of Scindiah or Holkar, if the influence of twelve centuries of Christian training could be wiped out of the English character, and the strong and fierce nature of the Jews substituted for that of the Mahrattas, a village reformer amongst them, whose preaching outraged the Brahmins, threatened the dynasties, and disturbed the English residents, would start under somewhat similar conditions to those which surrounded Christ when He commenced His ministry. In one respect, and one only, the time seemed propitious. The mind and heart of the nation was full of the expectation of a coming Messiah, a King who should break every yoke from off the necks of His people, and should rule over the nations sitting on the throne of David. The intensity of this expectation had in the opening days of his ministry drawn crowds into the wilderness beyond Jordan from all parts of Judæa and Galilee, at the summons of a preacher who had caught up the last cadence of the song of their last great prophet, and was proclaiming that the deliverance and the kingdom which they were looking for was at hand. In those crowds who flocked to hear John the Baptist there were doubtless some even amongst the priests and scribes, and many amongst the poor Jewish and Galilæan peasantry, who felt that there was a heavier yoke upon them than that of Rome or of Herod Antipas; but the record of the next three years shows too clearly that even these were wholly unprepared for any other than a kingdom of this world, and a temporal throne to be set up in the holy city.

And so, from the first, Christ had to contend not only against the whole of the established powers, but against the highest aspirations of the best of His countrymen. These very Messianic hopes, in fact, proved the greatest stumbling-block in His path. Those who entertained them most vividly had the greatest difficulty in accepting the carpenter's son as the promised Deliverer. A few days only before the end He had sorrowfully to warn the most intimate of His companions and disciples, “Ye know not what spirit ye are of.”

THOMAS HUGHES.

NELLY'S LOCKET.

THE locket's new and dainty too,—
 The artist scarce can hide it ;
 But what we most would ascertain
 Is what must still obscure remain,
 The kind of face inside it.

Has he a sash and light moustache ?—
 An air and port Homeric ?
 Or does he boast the silken stock,
 And wear the hyacinthine lock
 Of some impassioned cleric ?



But fair or brown, or sword or gown,
 Is what we mayn't discover ;
 This—this alone, the Muse may state,
 And not too much vaticinate,—
 The trinket holds a lover.

And since one knows (the picture shows)
 What gentle breast shall rock it,
 We may, at least, beside engage
 Him blessed who "takes for hermitage."
 Miss Nelly's heart and locket !

F. JAMES.

ST. FRANCIS.

PART I.

ST. FRANCIS and St. Dominic are companion figures in the history of the Church and of Christian monasticism. They belong to the same age; they were both founders of orders of preachers. They were equally enthusiastic in their devotion to religion. Yet it would be hardly possible to conceive two characters more contrasted. In the one case we see a dim, intense figure looming faintly through the shadows of terrible persecution, which half hide him from the view. We cannot clearly tell what share he himself had in the events associated with his name. His fiery enthusiasm, his power, his genius for combination, his zeal against the heretic and for the Church, are everywhere conspicuous; but the man himself we trace with difficulty. The traits of his personal biography are soon exhausted, and in the end his own features stand out but vaguely against a background of mediæval legend and official encomium. When we turn to St. Francis we certainly do not rise above legend; but through all the intervening medium the individuality of the saint is clear. The figure is enlarged amidst a halo of miraculous glory; but there is no doubt about its familiar outlines and the facts of its simple and noble personality. I do not know, indeed, any mediæval figure more distinct or more luminous with a divine beauty, which never loses its reality under all the imaginative exaggerations with which its proportions and surroundings are sketched.

The result has been that St. Francis has found modern biographers, not merely of the type of Lacordaire and Montalembert, who are content to veil their faces before the saint, but like Dr. Karl Hase and Mrs. Oliphant, who have given us admirable portraits of the man in his childlike faith and beautiful activities. Mrs. Oliphant may mix the legendary and historical features together, which it is hardly possible to avoid doing; but she is drawn to her subject, not by any ecclesiastical instinct, but by those cords of genuine human attractiveness which bind one generous Christian spirit to another, although separated by the lapse of centuries and a wide gulf of thought. Her volume in the "Sunday Library" series must have made St. Francis familiar to many Protestant minds; and Dr. Hase's volume, if more rationalistic and critical here and there, is scarcely less attractive reading. It is cer-

tainly a singularly light and graceful specimen of German biography. St. Francis stands before us, therefore, at once a more interesting and more familiar figure—a personality more than usually vivid out of the dim distance of the thirteenth century.

He has even had the advantage of St. Dominic in his mediæval biographers. They were all of them men of mark, mostly contemporaries, and hence comparatively individualistic in their portraiture. The student will find, as usual, these original authorities carefully edited in the tomes of the Bollandists or the "Acta Sanctorum." The first is a narrative by Thomas of Celano, a disciple of the saint, who wrote his life in obedience to a papal command three years after his death in 1229. The name of the same Thomas is associated with the composition of the famous Latin hymn, the "Dies Iræ," of which so many translations have been made into our own language. Eighteen years after this original biography, or in 1247, the *Tres Socii*, or three companions of the saint, by name Leo, Rufinus, and Angelus, wrote a supplement to the life by Celano. Leo had been his confessor and chosen confidant. These three companions profess to give facts; and, while charged by the general of the order with a careful recital of the miracles of the saint, they yet draw attention to his character as far greater than any of his miracles. Finally, Bonaventura, the most Platonic of the mediæval schoolmen, and general of the Franciscan order, wrote a life of its great founder in 1263. This task was laid upon him by the order on account of the many legendary stories already in circulation regarding the saint, and was founded on elaborate inquiries of all who remembered him still surviving, and at his birth-place. The book is half a gospel, half a poem, and while undertaken with a view of clearing the life of the saint from legends, can least of all claim to be free from uncertain and mythical material.

Such are the ample sources of information regarding St. Francis. Let us endeavour to collect some of the living traces of light which fall upon him from these and other sources. The historical background is the same as in the case of St. Dominic, and we need not again revert to it.

Francis was born at Assisi in the year 1182; and the chief memories of this ancient

Italian town, which lies perched on a height overlooking the great Umbrian plain in the lap of Italy, are connected with our saint. Inspired by these memories and an enthusiasm for the self-sacrificing life to which it gave birth, I made a pilgrimage to Assisi twelve years ago, when I had the good fortune to spend a winter and spring in Italy. Of this visit and its characteristic incidents, I gave at the time a brief account in "GOOD WORDS,"* and I need not further advert to it, save to recall how entirely the presence of St. Francis still broods over the place—the sanctities of the Portiuncula—and the still surviving glories of the great church and convent on the height covered with the frescoes of Cimabue and the allegories of Giotto. It is true that the signs of decay are everywhere. The glories of the order are fast fading away before the inroads of Italian political progress. This is a result no wise man can deplore, and yet one could not help a feeling of regret for an old order with picturesque accompaniments, while hailing the advance of a new. I had taken with me a letter of recommendation from an accomplished Franciscan monk, whose acquaintance I had made in Rome, to the head of the order in Assisi, and in this way I saw all that was to be seen in church and convent. An air of depression pervaded the whole scene. The great refectory once teeming with thousands was deserted. The cloister was bare and empty, and even the monuments of a once fondly cherished art which can never be regained, were neglected. The grand series of frescoes illustrating the life and miracles of the saint were partly obliterated and partly dropping in fragments to the ground. Some were already so indistinct that their story could no longer be traced. The marks of that strong young genius which heralded the glorious rise of Italian art, still clung to the walls, but their meaning could be no longer read. The external symbols of a once beautiful and vigorous life seemed passing away, as the era of that life had already disappeared.

The parents of St. Francis were not noble like those of St. Dominic, but they were highly respectable. His father, Pietro Bernardone, was a trader, a hard-working, money-making man, who made long journeys, bringing back costly goods which he sold in his shop at Assisi. The boy was born while the father was away on one of those journeys. His mother had called him Giovanni, but the father

on his return changed his name, it is said, to Francesco, for love of the land from which he had just returned. The young Francis was educated like other boys of his class. He learned a little Latin from the priests of the parish of St. George, and beyond this he never had much learning—unlike in this respect as in so many others to his Spanish contemporary, who had all the academic training that his country could give him. He was a gay-hearted and somewhat careless youth. He was fond of fine clothes and merry companionship, and the streets of Assisi rang with his merry laughter and that of his companions. While having only a smattering of Latin, he seems to have imbibed his father's enthusiasm for France and love for the French language, in that special phase of it in which the poetic genius of the Troubadours found expression. The coincidence is singular which thus brings St. Francis in his youth, by his admiration of the Provençal poetry, into connection with the country whose many heresies kindled the fierce enthusiasm of the Spanish zealot who devoted himself to its conversion. As yet the mind of the youth at Assisi was more full of poetry than religion. The tastes and ambitions of the boy had awakened in the hearts of his parents great expectations. "He is like the son of a prince, not like our own son," Pietro and his wife said to one another, but the mother seeing more into the boy's heart than his father, would sometimes also say to the neighbours, who probably shook their heads over his gaieties, "If he lives like the son of a prince now, he shall hereafter be a child of God."

Sooner than the parents wished or anticipated, the change came. At the age of twenty-five, Francis was seized with a severe illness. He had time for meditation, and he rose from his couch an altered man. "Henceforward," says his first biographer, "he held that in contempt which he had hitherto held in admiration and love." At first and for a little he was seized with a military ardour. But a second illness served to allay this. He began to see visions and hear voices calling him to a higher destiny. The old nature and the old life struggled in him for a little, but gradually the higher mood prevailed. That strange passion which he converted into a divine mission, began to haunt him. He talked vaguely of Poverty as his bride. He began to minister to the lepers whom he had hitherto held in abhorrence, to give them alms, and even to bestow upon them the kiss of Christian

* Vol. 1865, p. 732.

brotherhood. In this state of feeling he found his way to Rome, where the brooding thoughts of his heart took further shape. He flung all he had on the altar of St. Peter, and turning homewards joined himself to a troop of beggars, exchanging his dress for the rags of the filthiest of them. The days of his youthful joyance were for ever gone. His mother pondered all these things in her heart, and through all the exaggerations of her son's conduct may have seen some prophetic dawn of his future greatness. But it is not to be wondered at that his worthy and money-making father looked first with amazement, and then with decided and scornful repulsion, at such extraordinary conduct.

The struggle with his father is a great incident with all his biographers, and makes the turning-point of Francis's life. There was an old church of the name of St. Damian at Assisi, which had fallen into ruins. The ruins were a favourite resort of the youthful saint for prayer and meditation. Here, as he prayed one day, he heard a voice saying to him, "Francis, seest thou not that my house is in ruins? Go and restore it for me." To hear the heavenly voice was to obey it. But in what way was he to carry out the command? The expedient upon which he hit shows at once the intensity of his devotion and the imperfection of his morality—a stage by no means unusual in the history of religious enthusiasm. He returned home with the sound of the divine voice in his heart, took certain bales of goods from his father's store, saddled his horse, and rode off to the fair at Foligno, where he disposed of both goods and horse. Returning, he rushed to the priest of St. Damian with the money as a means of beginning the restoration of his church. The good priest may have been gratified by his young friend's enthusiasm, but demurred to his gift. His father heard of his folly, and denounced it in no measured terms. Francis concealed himself for a time, afraid to venture home; but at length making his appearance in the streets, the populace, with whom he used to be such a favourite, crowded around him with insults and jeers. This drove his father frantic, and, seizing his son, he locked him up with blows and curses. So it is recorded, and yet it is to be remembered that the young man was now twenty-five, and it might have been supposed able to protect himself.

The youthful zealot lay imprisoned and in darkness for some time, till his mother's heart was moved towards him. She opened

his prison door and let him go, one day in his father's absence. His father, more incensed than ever, appealed to the magistrate against his son. He was cited not merely to restore the value of the goods which he had taken, but to renounce his patrimonial rights as a hopeless and intractable creature who had forfeited all claim to the parental estate. By this time, however, the feelings of the community had turned in the youth's favour. The father's undue harshness created a reaction. The magistrates declined to interfere. The case was transferred to the bishop, who treated the matter with intelligence and tenderness. Discerning the youth's vocation to a religious life, he persuaded him to restore the money to his father. It had been lying all this time in a corner of the ruins, neglected after being rejected by the priest. The spirit of Francis was roused by his sufferings. "I will restore not only the money, but everything I have, the very clothes I wear." And throwing off his garments he piled them in a heap and the money on the top of them, and renounced his early home and father for ever. "I have now but one Father, who is in heaven!" he exclaimed. The people, it is said, burst into tears, and the good bishop clothed him with his own mantle, and took him for a time into his own charge.

Francis was now separated from the world, although he cannot be said yet to have found his vocation. He had chosen Poverty as his bride, but not yet as his wife for useful and faithful service. He betook himself for a further period to a life of wandering mendicancy, begging at the gates of monasteries, and doing the most menial services—above all, tending the despised lepers, washing their feet, dressing their sores, and striving in every way to soothe their miserable existence. The vision of being like in all things to his Lord—having not where to lay his head, the friend of the poor, the healer of the sick, the servant of all—had already dawned upon him. Gradually the vision worked itself into a great mission.

The first definite work he took in hand was the restoration of the little church which had been associated with his first inspiration and difficulties. With his own hands he began the delayed process of restoration. "Whoever will give me one stone will have one prayer," he said. And stone by stone he gathered for the building till the church once more began to assume shape. And when the church of St. Damian was at

length completed, he took in hand another church, and then another, the last being the little church of S. Maria degli Angeli, outside the town, on the lower slope of the height on which it is built. This church, known as the Portiuncula, was destined to become his home and the cradle of his order. It still subsists, enclosed in a larger church—a mere rude shrine of small proportions. St. Damian may not have been bigger, and the story of his building it with his own hands may not after all be so incredible. Here, as one stood by the mean building and entered its low archway, with the cell of the saint hard by, his presence and work were still more vividly realised than when gazing on the frescoes of Cimabue, or the divine creations of Giotto in the convent on the heights. It was here that the words of the Gospel, as he read them one day, seized him with a literal earnestness, and the foundation of his order may be said to have been laid. "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves." "Behold what I desire," he exclaimed; and throwing away his sandals, and exchanging his girdle for a rope round his loins, he went forth, without even the staff or scrip of the mendicant, to proclaim the evangel of poverty.

This was in the year 1208 or 1209. He was henceforth preacher as well as mendicant philanthropist. And his words, says Celano, "were like fire penetrating the heart." Gradually he gathered around him a few disciples, amongst them a rich burgess of Assisi, to whom also the voice of the Gospel had come with an earnestness admitting no question of its literal meaning: "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor: then thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Around his cell at the Portiuncula these disciples formed a little band, weak in apparent influence, but holding a wonderful destiny in their hands. "Fear not," he said, "because you are small and seem foolish. I have confidence in the Lord, who has vanquished the world. Some will receive you. Many proud will resist you. Bear all with sweetness and patience. Soon the wise and the noble will be with us. The Lord hath given me to see this. I hear in my ears the sounds of the language of all the people who will come to us—French, Spaniards, German, English. The Lord will make of us a great people, even to the ends of the earth."

While the number of his disciples was

still only seven—himself the eighth—he formally instituted them, and set them apart to their work of self-denying evangelization. "Go," he said, "two and two, and preach to men peace and patience. It is for this we are called. Tend the wounded. Relieve the oppressed. Reclaim the erring. Be patient in trial, and without disquiet, for the Lord will accomplish His promise. Answer humbly to those who ask you. Bless those who persecute, and give thanks to those who injure you, and the kingdom of God will be prepared for you." Then all threw themselves on the ground before him, and embracing each he dismissed them, saying, "Lay all your cares upon the Lord, and He will sustain you."

Such was the great Franciscan order in its commencement, before the papal sanction had yet been extended to it. And whatever we may think of its wisdom from a modern point of view, it is impossible not to admire the genuine evangelical and moral elements out of which it sprang. There was no priestly ambition, nor desire for orthodox triumph, nor any mere love of Church or of sect at the source of its inspiration, but only the love of God and of man, as it lived in the bosom of Christ Himself. It was the divine passion of self-sacrifice, such as has moved the spiritually great of all ages, which burned in St. Francis. He may be called a fanatic, even half a maniac, in his contumelious desire for self-mortification. But a fanaticism like his, not of opinion, but of goodness—an enthusiasm of humanity all-absorbing in its persistence and self-denial—is amongst the noblest religious attributes wherever it is found. There never can be any fear that a fanaticism of this kind will prove too powerful. Like every other passion, it needs enlightenment and wise guidance. And in so far as it fails in these, it will fail in genuine and permanent results. St. Francis might have been wiser,—he could hardly have been more devoted; while the lack of wisdom, if not wholly supplied, was in some degree made up by the constant meekness and docility which mingled with all his zealous philanthropy. His ideal was intensely Christian, and even loftily wise according to his light. Looking around him, he saw abounding physical and moral misery, and within him he heard the irrepressible cry to go forth to succour the miserable and save the lost. The wild and coarse worldliness of the time needed the contrast of some passionate and obtrusive

principle to raise it to any intelligible thought of a higher life. St. Francis found this principle in the consecration of poverty—of utter self-denial. It was his glory to own nothing, to seek for nothing for himself or his followers, but to go forth like the apostles, of old, without scrip, or shoes, or staves—a missionary of mercy. Under all its extravagancies there was a moral beauty in the conception that conquered the thirteenth century, and which even the thoughtful and calculating worldliness of the nineteenth cannot look on without some response of admiring enthusiasm.

The order of St. Francis was now virtually founded. It still required, however, the papal sanction, without which nothing could prosper at that time. The story of the saint's interview with Innocent III. is coloured by a touch of romance, like everything else in his life. It is said that Innocent, walking on the terrace of the Lateran one day, saw a mendicant of very mean appearance approach him, and offer to convert the world by poverty and humility. The Pope sent him away with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. But a vision came to him in the night. He saw a palm-tree grow up at his feet till it reached a great height. And as he pondered the meaning of the sight, the divine voice assured him that the palm-tree was the poor man whom he had driven from his presence. Next morning the poor man was sent for, and heard with patience, and the papal sanction given to his movement. Innocent was too wise a man to need any vision to enlighten him as to his duty in the circumstances. At first, probably, he was only partially informed, if informed at all, of the character of Francis, and the nature of his mission. But so soon as he saw, in consultation with his cardinals, what use might be made of the order, and how the poor men of the Church (as Milman says) might outmatch the Poor Men of Lyons, and the very simplicities and extravagancies of the order prove an outlet for restless minds everywhere stirring the sluggish life of Catholicism—he had no hesitation. "Go in the name of the Lord," he said, "and in His strength preach repentance to all. And when God has multiplied you in number and grace, come back to me and I will give to you greater gifts and commit to you better privileges." This was in 1210.

To some of the cardinals it appeared that the rule of St. Francis "was a novelty and beyond human strength to endure." But

this very hardness became its strength at such a time. The literal completeness with which it interpreted the evangelical idea of self-denial, to the renunciation of property of every kind, even to the very clothes the brethren wore, and the turning of the cheek to the smiter—all these touched the excited spirit of the age. Men and women caught the infection of self-denial and gave themselves without reserve to follow its great apostle.

The adoption of women into the order, or rather the foundation of a second order for women, marks a new stage of the movement. This took place in 1212. The head of this movement was a noble virgin of Assisi of the name of Clara, from whom the sisters came to be called by the name of Poor Clares or Clarisses. The story of Clara's flight from her home to the Portiuncula, and of St. Francis's part in her abstraction from the world, is narrated at length. It opens up a more doubtful phase of character and policy. The girl, when she forsook the world, was only seventeen years of age. How the saint came to know her does not clearly appear. He had evidently visited her and "poured into her ears the sweetness of Christ." And so filled had she become with the idea of self-consecration, that after joining with her family in the celebration of Palm-Sunday, she stole away in the darkness to the Portiuncula, where she was met by the brethren, and solemnly gave herself up to the service of the order. With her slight figure wrapped in the Franciscan habit she was then conveyed to a female convent. Parted from her friends and the "dregs of Babylon," she never flinched from the self-denial she had chosen. The saint, we fear, can hardly be called blameless in the business; but the passion for self-mortification seems to have been too irresistible for prudent guidance. Of Clara herself it is said that her humility was of such a profound character that she never lifted her eyelids; so that the colour of her eyes were unknown. There is something tender and beautiful in the relations of the saint and the sister, as in those, many ages before, of St. Benedict and his own sister at Monte Subiaco. St. Francis was wont to consult Clara in his troubles, and once they joined together in the sacramental feast. The strange spiritual sympathy that moved them both may have served to lighten for each many a weary hour, more than they themselves knew.

In addition to this second order, a third

order was ultimately added to the movement in the course of St. Francis's life. Such were the effects of his preaching that multitudes thronged to join the sacred brotherhood. The whole population of one town in Umbria, Milman says, offered themselves as disciples. But visionary as St. Francis was, he knew that this was out of the question, and that men and women must remain in the world if the work of the world was to be done. To meet the case, therefore, he founded a third order of what were called Tertiaries, or Brethren of Penitence, who retained their social position and their customary employments while being under general rules of religious moderation, binding them to abstain from worldly amusements such as the theatre, and to be scrupulously Christian in all their doings. The vow exacted was of a simple character: "I promise and vow to keep all the commandments of God, and to make satisfaction for all transgressions against the rule of the order of Penitents, instituted by St. Francis." Women were not admitted without the consent of their husbands, and the dress of the members was so far regulated—the wearing of silk being strictly prohibited.

This third order was not established till 1221.

Of St. Francis himself, in all this period, it is unnecessary to speak in detail, first, because the chronological sequence of his life is indistinct, and, secondly, because it was mainly of the same pattern all through. Sometimes he lived in his cell at the Portiuncula, superintending from this centre the affairs of the rapidly increasing brotherhood; at other times he made long journeys, preaching by the way, and gathering followers wherever he went—journeys to Illyrica and to Spain, and finally, in 1219, to the East, in order to preach to the Mahomedans. He gained access to the sultan, and proclaimed to him the gospel of poverty. Probably he was looked upon as a semi-maniac, inspired by divine enthusiasm. Everywhere he was received with respect and tendered rich presents, which of course he declined. He passed through the Holy Land, winning disciples everywhere, and returned to Italy. "His fame," the historian says, "was now at its height, and wherever he went his disciples saw perpetual miracle."*

JOHN TULLOCH.

* Milman, iv. 267.

VARIATIONS.

I.—OUTWARD BOUND.

FLOATING, floating, from dawn to dusk,
 Till the pearly twilight dies,
 And the mists float up from the sapphire sea
 And cloud all the sapphire skies.
 Floating, floating, while golden stars
 Seem to float in a sea overhead,
 And starry lights from a sea below
 Glow orange, and purple, and red;
 Till we seem floating out from the sea of life,
 The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of strife—
 Out into strange, mysterious space,
 Till God shall find us a landing-place.

Drifting, drifting, to lands unknown,
 From a world of love and care,
 Drifting away to a home untried
 And a heart that is waiting there.
 O ship! sail swiftly—O waters deep!
 Bear me safe to that haven unknown—

Safe to the tender love that waits
 To be for ever my own ;
 Till we drift away from the sea of life,
 The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of strife,
 Out to a haven, out to a shore
 Where life is love for evermore.

II.—SPRING IS HERE.

EXULTANT in the grey, uncertain light,
 Out of a dream the bird-voice seemed to break,
 As if it rang from woods and fields of home,
 Proclaiming, "Spring is here. Awake ! Awake !"
 No mateless wanderer, I said, would roam
 So far from sheltering copse and meadows bright,
 Some prisoned thrush is trying thus to drown
 Memories of Love and Spring that haunt him yet.
 O restless songster ! crying to be free,
 Dost thou remember love and liberty—
 And I forget ?

I know where gold lent-lilies wave afield,
 Where April keeps her white ungathered store
 Of violets, where the trembling cuckoo-flowers
 Fringe the brown roots of budding sycamore—
 Green nooks where birds between the Springtide showers
 Make passionate music ; where old pastures yield
 Their cowslip bells to little children's hands :
 Ah, weary bird ! these are but shadow lands.
 Then the dawn showed me where, unfaltering,
 A thrush unfettered on a blackened tree
 Thrilled these wild strains of love and ecstasy
 In praise of Spring.

C. BROOKE.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Reality.

IT is rather remarkable that the word we have put at the head of this reading does not occur in the Bible. It is much in use in our present literature, and in our religious teaching. It is very expressive. No word takes us more completely into the heart of the matter, whatever the matter may be ; yet it is not found in Holy Scripture.

Holy Scripture, however, is very full of the meaning of it. The thing is found under other names. "Serve Him in truth, with all your heart," says the prophet Samuel. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord

looketh on the heart." The New Testament speaks of "the true heart," of "simplicity and godly sincerity," of "unleavened bread of sincerity and truth," of "the true worshippers who worship the Father in spirit and in truth," "for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." God loves true, real worship ; God loves true, real men.

Let us now look at this subject for a moment in the abstract form, if we can, by asking and answering the question, "What *is* reality?" Where, in what, in whom, is it to be found? Evidently not in the material universe, or in what we call outward things. Recent and various discoveries in physical science reveal to us a whole universe of truth, which was almost hidden from our fathers ; but these very discoveries make it

more evident than ever it has been that matter, in its most solid and enduring forms, is no more than a changing shadow. The earth and the heavens are continually fleeing away. And what matter *is* really, and in its last analysis, no man can tell. The more eagerly and hardly you press for knowledge and insight of the inner substance of this thing we call "matter," the more the thing which is thus questioned flies off, along some of its dim and subtle ways of escape and hiding. It is even more true of matter than the patriarch Job found it, in his dark time, true of God—that we may "go forward, but it is not there; and backward, but we cannot perceive it." "On the left hand," "on the right hand," as we move, either in fact or in thought, through the physical creation, we never catch even the sight or promise of changelessness, we never feel ourselves approaching the adytum, or the altar stairs, of any physical "I am."

Then, if reality be not in matter, it must be in what we call "spirit"—spirit that lives in matter, or which touches and uses matter as though it lived in it—shaping it, colouring it, building it up, pulling it down, warming it, cooling it, giving it a thousand forms. Even human spirits can do this in some degree. But the human spirit cannot be the ultimate reality of the universe, nor a part of that reality, since it is a thing of yesterday. In short, we come to the true conception of reality only when we come to the true conception of God. When we receive, although we can very imperfectly understand, our Lord's great declaration, "God is a Spirit," we touch eternal rock—the force of all force, the unchanging cause of all change, the fountain of all being, the giver and the nourisher of eternal life. There must have been a time when God was the only Spirit in the universe. That means that God is the only reality, the only Being who is necessarily existent, who is self-existent, self-sufficing, and, may we not add, self-revealing? This is God. And God is reality.

If these things are so, it surely becomes evident that any one who is "without God in the world" must be without reality in the deepest and fullest sense in his own life. In coming to Him we come to ourselves. We do not live our own proper life until we come to Him. Strange! that a man can live or go on for a long time as if living fully and in reality his own proper life, and yet be all the while quite outside himself. Yet it is so. We read of the Prodigal Son that "he came to himself," and then he arose and went to his

father. But, in deep truth, it was the thought of his father's love that brought him to himself. No doubt the misery of his condition had some influence; but it was the memory of home, its bright mornings and busy days and restful nights, that touched him to the quick. We come to our life, we come to ourselves, only when we come to God. The deepest, truest consciousness of any human breast is a God-consciousness. And when heart and flesh, thought and feeling, memory and love, seem to "faint and fail," "God will be the strength of the heart and the portion for ever."

Well, then, we see that the very heart and essence of reality to a man, in regard to his own life, comes to him when he first fully believes in God. Not before, and not otherwise. How can a thing that is lost or lacking be found but by going to the place where it is hidden? All our lives are hid with Christ in God—the lives of believers in safety and triumph, the lives of others in merciful preservation and possibility of resumption and recovery. "Seek, and ye shall find." But does not every one, or nearly every one, believe in God? "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth"—these words flow from thousands and thousands of human lips, in church service, every week; and it would be as unjust as it would be uncharitable to suppose much conscious insincerity in the use of them. Yet there are not a few who thus use them to whom they cannot in the deepest sense be true, since their faith in God, whatever it may be, does not develop the true self-consciousness—that which is filled and inspired with God. When I really believe in God the Father Almighty, I am, in and by that very act of mind, another and a better man. Believing in "the Father," I am a child; believing in the "almightiness," I lean upon it. God besets me behind and before, and lays His hand upon me. My down-sitting and up-rising are known to Him. When I travel He compasses my path; when I sleep He watches my bed. If I had wings to fly, beyond seas and stars, high up into the light or deep down in the dark, I should still have around me the awful, blessed presence, and within me the warmth and the pulsation of the divine life, of the eternal, life-giving, Holy Spirit of God.

As God thus becomes the light and joy of life, evil or sin becomes its trouble and misery, its peril and darkness and pain. And this is salvation—getting away from evil into goodness, escaping from the dark

into light, from the false into the true, from seeming and show, and make-believe of many kinds, into stern and solemn, but yet grand and joyful, consciousness of reality, before the face of the one living and true God, our heavenly Father, and in His kingdom of truth and peace; while all this, being accomplished in the case of the Christian by Jesus Christ alone, points clearly to Him and His great work, moral and sacrificial, as the divinely-given organ and fountain and fulness of life and recovered reality to man. The great doctrines of the cross, when put into intellectual statement, are, properly enough, the subject of intellectual question and debate. But to one at a certain point in the great process of moral and spiritual recovery, those doctrines are simply the *trust*, as they are the greatest things, in the world. Individual believers, all over the world, feeling themselves "delivered," feeling as though they had been dead and buried and then raised again, are saying with quiet but fervent thankfulness and joy, each for himself, "He loved me and gave Himself for me!"

Reality in our religious life will be found to consist largely in the preservation and continuance of these first feelings and convictions, together with those other experiences to which they lead. Belief in God, and happy sense of His presence—why should the feeling ever grow old? Why should it not rise in perpetual freshness—a new thing with the new day?—a fuller and stronger thing to-day than yesterday?—a thing evermore enlarging itself towards "all the fulness of God?" Sin—are we not to mourn for it still, not in language merely, but in true penitential grief, our hearts sighing and trembling as we cry, "God be merciful?" And when we speak of our Lord Jesus Christ, are we ever to forget that He has "loved us with an everlasting love," that He has loved us through the winepress of suffering, through the swimming anguish of the last heart-broken hours of life, through the midnight darkness of death? And that having loved His own, He will love them unto the end, asking only from them, not payment by virtue or labour or suffering, with merit in them, but, simply and supremely, love? And when we ask for bread to eat and raiment to put on, are we, because, mayhap, we have bread in store, and raiment enough in the wardrobe, and in our coffers where-withal to renew them when they are done, to feel one whit the less—nay, ought we not to feel all the more—dependent on our heavenly Father, who knoweth what things we have

need of, and who, whether He gives "from hand to mouth," as we say, feeding us daily as He feeds the sparrows, or by putting us in possession of more at a time, to be kept and used as our needs come, is the real and only giver of all good? In one word, when we pray for "grace" are we not to believe that there *is* grace? "*more* grace," and yet more grace? something quite above all naturalism, above the thoughts and systems, the arts and sciences of men, above all common virtue, above all human strength, a truly divine sufficiency for our life? "We are the circumcision"—we are the *real* men—"which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh;" we who, "in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, have our conversation in the world."

The most complete opposite to reality is hypocrisy, conscious simulation and pretence, a use of religious phraseology when there is no inward sense of the meaning of it, a careful observance of religious ceremonies, and in this way a profession of religion, which is contradicted by the inner experience and the real life? Hypocrisy meets with no mercy in the Scriptures, and it should meet with none from us. "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish." "Fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites"—well for them if they are surprised in time. "Thou hypocrite!" said the gentlest lips that ever uttered human words. "Woe unto you, hypocrites!" One of the sincerest of men, in the matter of heart-honesty and self-jealousy probably the truest of all God's servants, said—and who does not need to say after him?—"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me"—any subtle self-seeking, self-pleasing power, or principle, or habit, any conscious falseness or evil—"and lead me into the way everlasting."

Not equally opposed to reality, but still very greatly opposed to it, is mere formality. It does not suppose *conscious* insincerity; yet it is a mere *outward* conformity to customary modes, because they happen to be the modes of religious observance in the place and at the time. "Let a man examine himself."

The last word is concerning those (and their name is legion) who are not hypocritical, who are not formalistic, who are not indifferent, but who yet, to outward appearance, are often very vacillating, and certainly

very weak. To be weak is a misfortune, and, in a degree, must be guilt. But to be weak is not to be wicked. Omnipotence itself comes gently down to the weakest, and to some of the poorest and saddest creatures who walk the earth. "To them that have no might, He increaseth strength." Shall we disdain them? If we would be helpers of such, we must have merciful and sympathetic consideration for them, and must try to secure for them a gentle, compassionate, kindly treatment. If we have to forgive some of them much, seven times, seventy times seven, we must not weary. If we have to lift them many times, we must never withhold the helping hand, for by-and-by they shall enter into safety, and go no more out; they shall rise, and not go down; they shall stand in immortal strength, and not fall.

SECOND SUNDAY.

"For the Name's Sake."

In all the older manuscripts, this phrase, which we take from the Third Epistle of John, is as we put it, "for *the* name's sake;" which makes the meaning a little more striking and more effective than as we have it in our Bible. No need to specify; no need to put the personal pronoun, or the proper name. There is but one name known among men for the sake of which, and to tell the virtue and power of which, men will leave their own homes, and wander up and down among the countries and through the cities of the world, taking cheerfully whatever fortunes befall them. The men referred to were, apparently, Jewish believers, who had gone out among the Gentiles to tell the glad news. They "took nothing" of the Gentiles among whom they went, made no charge for their labours and sufferings, yet were thankful enough, no doubt, for hospitality when it was extended to them from Christian motives, and when they could receive it in Christian homes. Such a home was that of the well-loved Gaius, who seems to have found both duty and delight in showing hospitable kindness "to the brethren, and to strangers." The Apostle John gives him for wages and encouragement a most hearty and gracious commendation, and enjoins him still to welcome the Christian stranger in the name of the Master whom he serves, since but for "the name's sake," he would not need hospitality.

So early was the power of this name felt like a charm, as a consolation, as an impelling

motive to obedience. At times since, no doubt, there has seemed to be a complete loss of the power, as though the great action of the first days could not be any longer maintained, as though men had continued doing and suffering for Christ's sake as long as was possible for them, as though the world needed *another* name of deeper significance and farther reach, to throw a new spell over men's hearts—when, lo! revival has come; primitive fervours have been re-kindled; primitive men have been reproduced; and the power of the name has proved itself to be as great as ever. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, hypocrisies, formalities, inconsistencies, superficialities of this time, this power, whether in general things, or in particular individual lives, is now the greatest power in the world.

We find in this expression the very spring and motive power of holy obedience, of all that we understand by "newness of life." This, in fact, is *the* meaning of the phrase in its connection. Those men went forth, those first missionaries, in a spirit of self-consecration that asked no question, that fixed no limits, that reserved no retreat. They went forth to tell the world the news, and they lived upon the news they told. The gospel was meat and drink to them; and clothing and house and home. When they had outward comfort in plenty, it was hallowed by the blessing; when they had none, the gospel was compensation. "Taking nothing of the Gentiles." It is implied that they *might* have taken somewhat. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." But there were some special reasons why they should not. The gospel would be benefited by their self-denial. That settled the question. "Nothing, nothing from you. If you believe the message, if, feeling its constraining force, you yield yourselves to our Master, and live anew to God through Him—then, if you feel so disposed, open your doors, and spread your table, and light your lamp of welcome, and we will come in. But so long as you are undeclared and undecided—objectors, doubters, or even listeners only—nothing!" Every man became an Abraham in personal independence and said, "I will not take from a thread to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldest say, I have made" a Christian "rich."

Nor was this a transient impulse of only the earliest days. It continued from age to age. It sent out the messengers. It strengthened the witnesses. It consoled the prisoners. It bore the martyrs through the

flames triumphantly. The whole secret of such loyalty, of such endurance, of life so unselfish, so divine, lay in this—"for the name's sake." That, whispered from the lips, or stirring silently in the heart, gave to the weary traveller tireless feet; to the lonely prisoner it was music and light of day at midnight; and it made the face of the martyr like the face of an angel.

Now, does any one say that in this matter we are living upon the past, and that preachers are obliged to speak always of a moral glory which has faded away from among men? If this were indeed so, it would be almost the darkest thing that could be said concerning Christianity and its prospects. It would be immensely more serious than all the adverse historical criticisms, than all the scientific objections put together. If Christianity, at this present hour, fails to light a flame of enthusiasm in the individual breast, and to generate a power of self-sacrificing love—then Christianity is a failure. You might still prove it true by all fair historic tests, and you might show it to be reasonable by its consistency with great moral principles and the laws of intellectual thought, but it would be a failure, morally, and by much the most egregious one in the world and in human history, for, on that supposition it does not do the thing it professes to do, and which of all things imaginable and possible, most needs to be done. But is it so? Make answer, ye goodly messengers from far-off islands, and from the dark places of the earth; and your wives, partners with you in all your suffering and in all your glory. And ye graves of missionaries on Indian plains; and ye martyrs for Christ lately slain, and now with the martyr-souls above swelling the prayer of heaven, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Glory to the Master "who always causeth us to triumph!" who maketh His cross a present power of salvation and fountain of nobleness in human character, and His own "name" as refreshing and as powerful as it was at first. Nor must we forget, in such an estimate, the far greater numbers who are unnamed, who are unknown—the hidden heroes, the silent devotees, the lovers of Christ who tell their love only by their quiet labours, by their unconquerable perseverance, by their willing sacrifices, and by their prayers. Ye glorious company of consecrated souls, one may well salute you as the nobles of the earth, and feel as Jacob did when as "he went on his way the angels of God met him." You and your labours are more for the health and

safety of the kingdom than things which make far more show and noise. "Ye are the light of the world: ye are the salt of the earth." What are we thus describing? Not something intended by God to be select, and exceptional, and remote from common Christian experience. This is but the Christian life, the *real* Christian life, open to us all, binding on us all, begun in us all, if so be we have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

Take this little text with you then, gentle reader, and whisper it to yourself, and mean it as you whisper it, just where you go, and in what you do, and amid the things which happen daily. You little folks going out to school or college in the morning, the Saviour gives you this word to take with you, and asks you to be patient and loving and good and true through the day, "for His name's sake." You, in any kind of service, He calls you, hires you afresh morning by morning, and tells you that you may serve Him in the hardest, grittiest work of the day, and that if due acknowledgment never comes to you in this world, not even after you have done your best, He will the more put your work beside that of the best at last, and will say, "Well done!" And you, amid many domestic tasks, and cares, and crosses, tried by the varying tempers of the house, and sometimes, under provocation, having enough to do with your own—go when you are hot, or weary, or distressed, and, like Mary, sit down for a few moments at the Master's feet. Then rise and begin again "for His name's sake," and everything will go more easily. It will be as though you had broken a box of ointment, and all the house will be filled with the odour of it. And you, strong, swift, busy men, rolling through the streets of the cities, writing your letters, signing your contracts, hastening your messengers, remember, if you are His, that you are living and trading in a temple-world where His eye is on everything; and ah! wait not for His coming in zeal and anger to reprove you, but rather with your own hand scourge away from your life and action all sharpness and selfishness, and meanness, and wrong. And if it be sometimes hard to do, then shame and cheer yourself by turns, with breathings and whisperings of the name.

It is a name, truly, above every name. One of infinite fame and splendour. But to us, happily, its chief powers and constraints are in the meantime felt, if we will, amid the multitude of our daily business, and in the scenes and transactions of our common life, where—again if we will—amid things which

perish in the using we may find nourishment for our immortal life.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Enlargements.

What is the most precious thing one human being can give to another? Undoubtedly it is this wonderful thing we call "love." Say that some one has the power, and that for certain reasons he has the disposition, to endow you with vast wealth, to set you up in a life-long splendour and sufficiency; or say that he has the power of exalting you in the social scale, and satisfying all your civic and social ambitions; and then say that he has the power of loving you, making you the object of a sincere, profound, and affectionate regard, and that he has the inclination to do so as well as the power—need we ask which of these three you would take as the greatest boon? At any rate you know very well which of them you *ought* to take, as intrinsically by far the most precious possession. Alas! there might be in too many cases some perplexity and hesitation in the actual choice, if it were offered; but in no true mind would there be any uncertainty of inward conviction as to the real merit of the case. Love, as we have said, is simply the best thing one human creature can give to another. Supposing always, of course, that it is *the thing itself* in sincerity and truth, and not the name merely—not some mocking semblance of love—a blind and unreasoning fondness, or a partiality that can see no fault—but frank, pure, deep, honest, faithful love.

"Are we, and how far are we, unresponsive receivers of this precious thing? Are there those who love us and get no answering love? or who love us much and get little?" They beat upon us with the ocean wave of love, and we return the summer streamlet or the mere sprinklings of the passing shower. They open on us like the shining of a bright warm day, and we keep ourselves shut up like surly buds that do not believe in summer; or we hang like icicles and say, "We had rather not be melted." Are there these wonderful enlargements of human hearts near to ours, to which we are partly insensible? It never can be a trifle, or even a matter of secondary moment, for any one to be habitually the object of far more affection than he gives. No doubt to a selfish person it will seem a very convenient thing, and quite as it should be, to be thus loved without loving again—to be considered, to be ministered unto, to be even petted—for

selfishness always holds it more blessed to receive than to give; but we may be sure that this is a very dangerous process. The law of the case will work on and on without the pause of a moment, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth, as laws do work; and the selfish, loveless soul will be in the cold some day, alone, with none to minister. Let those who need, think of this. Some anxious thought about it, each of us may well take—some thought which, by divine blessing, may move us more into the giving side of things, and enable us to say, with the fervour and confidence of a really enlarging love, "It *is* more blessed to give than to receive."

Shall we venture some application of our subject in the family group on the Sunday evening, when perchance this "reading" may have the privilege of audience? There is one member of the complete family group who, as a rule, needs less than any of the rest to be warned or exhorted concerning the exercise of love. We mean, of course, the wife and mother. The Apostle Paul, when he has the whole family before him in imagination as an institute, and when he is giving appropriate counsel and instruction to all the members severally, says to the husbands, "Love your wives," but makes no corresponding demand on the wives concerning their husbands, or concerning their children. Why? Partly because he knew there was no lack, and therefore no necessity even for suggestion. Husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, all in turn get a word of divine direction suited to each particular relation; but the wife and the mother is never, in any part of the Scriptures, told to cherish and express love. In one part of Scripture the unwearying and unforgetting love of a mother is spoken of as nearest of all human loves to the love of God. Then, children, you see what room there is for "enlargement" on your part, that your love may be more like hers. You would think it strange to have the question put to you directly, whether you really love one who is so dear? And your pert little tongues would answer quickly, "Of course we do." And I do not say you are not answering truly. I believe you. But then I remind you that the thing which is especially required of children is obedience. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." It is not only right, but it is the very best and happiest return you can make for your parents' love. This will be return-

ing to mother and father a recompense in the same kind. Obedience is love in action. In good tempers, in kind words, by trying to save trouble, in many little helpful things and ways, you can show your love, and make it more and larger by showing it. Try to have your heart more like your mother's heart. We have sometimes to tell the mothers and fathers to try to get the child's heart, and not be so "careful and troubled" about things. But we also have to tell you to try to get their heart and be more loving, and more thoughtful, and more obedient.

We make a great ascent when we rise above all the human loves to the contemplation of the love of God. That love is eternal and changeless, always full and always free. We know how far it has travelled, and across what weary wastes, to find us; and how it has made a dwelling for itself in mortal frame that we might be assured of its nearness to us. It has come very close to us, warming the air we breathe. It has suffered until pain has no farther pangs. It has brought balm for our wounds, eye-salve for our blindness, cleansing for our defilements, strength for every weakness, hope for the most despairing hearts. Who can forget how, on Calvary, this love of God, in the breast of His dear Son, gathered itself up for its last and most perfect expression on earth? There it may be said to be for ever enshrined, and thence to send out perpetual appeal to all ages and nations. Enlarging itself there into fountain fulness, and flowing thence along all the channels of benefit and blessing, it makes to each of us what we ought all to feel to be its irresistible appeal, "Be ye also enlarged."

There are providential openings and enlargements continually about us in life probably, if we could but see them, or at any rate occurring very manifestly at particular times, which make appeal—not so much to our love as to our thought and our activity. The answer to opportunity is promptitude. The answer to an open door is entrance in. But, alas! many a time opportunity is present while promptitude is lacking. Many a time the door opens, and hangs as by an effort, and as though it were consciously waiting, and then swings slowly back and shuts fast once more, leaving us—not within but without. We are, in fact, never fully equal to our opportunities. We never can quite fill with our expansions the great and beneficent enlargements of God, but we may be in some good correspondence with them.

We may have the eye to see what He is doing, and the hearing ear and the understanding heart. All depends on the responsive faculty being well in exercise. This is the secret of spiritual success. Our love is the answer to God's love. We love Him because He *first* loved us. Our obedience is the answer to His calls. In our most adventurous endeavours, in our most self-sacrificing hours, we are following, often unknown to ourselves, the "leadings" of God. Those leadings are perhaps of a very silent order, and quite hidden from common view, like forest paths which only they can see who walk in them. Even those who are being divinely led, at times find the way dim enough in the wide forest of circumstances, and the thickets and entanglements of this perplexing world. But the paths are there, and the Guide is there; and all who will are being led safely along the paths, until, coming out into the light and ascending some slope or hill of Providence, they can look back and see the way by which they have come. As we pursue the pilgrimage of life there comes now and again a break of sunlight, a stretch of open ground, a widening of everything about us. It is one of God's providential expansions—one of the growths of circumstances to which we are to adapt our thoughts and our arrangements. From every such conjuncture the call comes to us as clearly as if an apostle gave it utterance, "Be ye also enlarged." Be ready to think, to act, to toil, to suffer, to give, in accordance with the new times, needs, opportunities which have set in.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

In the Wilderness.

This wonderful journey of Israel from Egypt to Canaan has furnished more instruction of the highest kind to the world than all the military movements, and all the migrations of tribes and peoples, of all ages. And in these our own times, when it has been exposed, like all Scripture, to the searching fires of criticism, it teaches as serenely, as wisely, and as effectually as ever.

The words for this reading are these:—"He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness" (Deut. ii. 7). They occur in the rehearsal of the story by Moses after the journey was over. They had been forty years in the wilderness. They were still in it, but within a short distance, both in space and time, of Canaan. Here at the close of the journey Moses reminds them of the

words which had been spoken to him at the beginning of it; and he appeals confidently to their own experiences of the fulfilment of them.

The wilderness to us is, of course, this world, this whole human life, and our passage through, the grave being our Jordan, and the "better country, the heavenly," our Canaan. There may be difference of opinion as to the applicability, or even admissibility, of the term "wilderness" as a description of the course of human life. And perhaps it may be well to say here, distinctly, that we do not take this term as a comprehensive or exhaustive description of that life. It is a description of human life under some aspects. "In the wilderness" is true of some human lives much more than of others; true of the same human life at one time much more than at another. In a question of this kind, very much always will depend on ourselves—our aim, our spirit, our inner state. The answer to the question, "What am I?" will be also an answer to the question, "What do I find the world to be?" If I am a man of the world purely, and nothing more—not in my spirit a "stranger and a pilgrim" to something beyond—I am in that case not likely to be regarding this world as a wilderness. It is my home and portion. Not, perhaps, in all respects satisfactory to me, or even nearly so, but (as I think) capable of being improved so immensely that I shall seek no other home, and need no other portion. On the other hand, he who has in him the true life, which rises to God, and is nourished on truth, and purity, and goodness, will feel in a moment that this world can, in no condition, be his portion and rest. It may be this or that, as Change waves her wand, and events of endless variety come trooping at her call—a school of instruction, a sphere of adventure, a theatre for splendid action, a training-ground for character, a mountain of joy, a vale of tears—but some touch of the wilderness will be in all. Evanescence will be written on all; and the feeling will be irresistible and not unpleasant, "*Through* all this I must go, not only in fact, by the lapse of my days, but in faith, by the bent of my spirit. I have now dissatisfactions which this world can never allay; ambitions which it can never satisfy. In spirit and aim I must go onwards, whatever may befall.

To one in these circumstances, there can hardly be any consideration of more encouraging import than that contained in the phrase, "He knoweth." The consolatory

power of these words, when they are fully understood and believed, is very great. The full sense is not brought out by our English word "knoweth" taken baldly. The word means—if we are to judge by other applications of it in the Old Testament—"to know," then "to observe carefully," then "to trouble one's self about a thing." Thus the meaning comes to be that God knows, carefully observes, concerns, and even troubles Himself about, our walking through this great wilderness.

"He knoweth." All consolation is in that. All strength comes out of that. "He knoweth." He—and many a time, *He only*. Men go walking through the wilderness quite near to each other, and even side by side, knowing little or nothing of each other's troubles. Some of the troubles of life are shadowy and impalpable in form; or they are silent and secret, things never spoken about, and on that account the heavier to carry. Fellowship and sympathy are very precious, but, like other things, they have their own sphere, and "bounds which they cannot pass." There are heart-burdens which cannot be lifted and laid upon other hearts, however true and faithful they be. Mile after mile, step by step, the individual traveller must plod along the way, footsteps of comrades and fellow-pilgrims sounding in his ears the while, their pleasant conversation helping him in many things, while yet in other things they are felt to be aloof and separate. Each man must bear "his own burden"—the burden which is "his own" essentially, and which cannot be transferred; or, the burden which *he makes* his own by some peculiar delicacy, or inwardness, or independence of mind. Each is thus, in some of his trouble, darkly, sublimely alone. Hardly ever does a great man die, but we read in some of the notices of the event some slight intimations or hints of sorrows he had been bearing, of which the world knew nothing: "He was able, beyond all his peers, a man of searching intellect, and commanding powers, but he had great family griefs;" or, "He was gracious in manner, eloquent of speech, frank and generous in action, the charm of society, and all his accomplishments were sanctified by sincere and ardent pity, but" in such and such respects "he was a sorely-tried man, and the 'rest' he has reached now will be not unwelcome." What is true of the more conspicuous specimens of the human pilgrims is equally true of the more undistinguished. Whose is the heart that knows no secret

bitterness for thirty or forty years? Whose is the home, if it be composed of many members and radiating branches, into which some deep shadows have not entered in such a course of years? "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." And each is liable, through the inwardness and secrecy of some part of the trouble—ignorant the while of the possibly quite similar, or even severer, trouble of others around him—to feel as if he were *peculiarly* left to walk and suffer alone. Sadder yet, and worse—he allows himself to feel at times as though even God had forgotten him. Some of the most moving and marvellous words in all the Bible are words of God spoken in remonstrance, and as though in pain through having been so grievously wronged by such distrusts: "Why sayest thou this, O Jacob? Why speakest thou thus, O Israel? Thy way is *not* passed over from thy God, nor thy judgment hidden, nor thy trouble, nor anything that pertains to thee." "He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness;"—"He knoweth, carefully observeth, troubleth Himself divinely, about thy poor human trouble. He goes with thee step by step, still caring, still watching, never sleeping, never weary, never discouraged in His work. "The God of all comfort" every day, watching over Israel every night, wiping the tears from off the faces of His children even here, saying to many a one in the lonely silence, "When though passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;"—He knoweth. Thank God and take courage.

But it is time to remember that in our walking through this great wilderness, we are refreshed and strengthened at times by mercies as special as the troubles are, and, probably far more numerous. Israel came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and seventy palm-trees, and encamped there by the waters. O ye wells and palm-trees of Elim, probably long since dried and faded, still flow and flourish to our sight as refreshing and expressive symbols of the continual mercies of God, and of that special and much-needed abundance and helpfulness into which those mercies sometimes rise! God

saw the wells and trees of Elim while yet the people were suffering and complaining beside the bitter waters of Marah, and He kept the wells cool and the trees growing for them until they came to them. It is thus that God "prevents His children with the blessings of His goodness" continually. We get to-day the fruit of some ancient divine thoughts and operations. He sows on our behalf, and some of the seed springs quickly, and some is long in growing, but every day we reap and gather something.

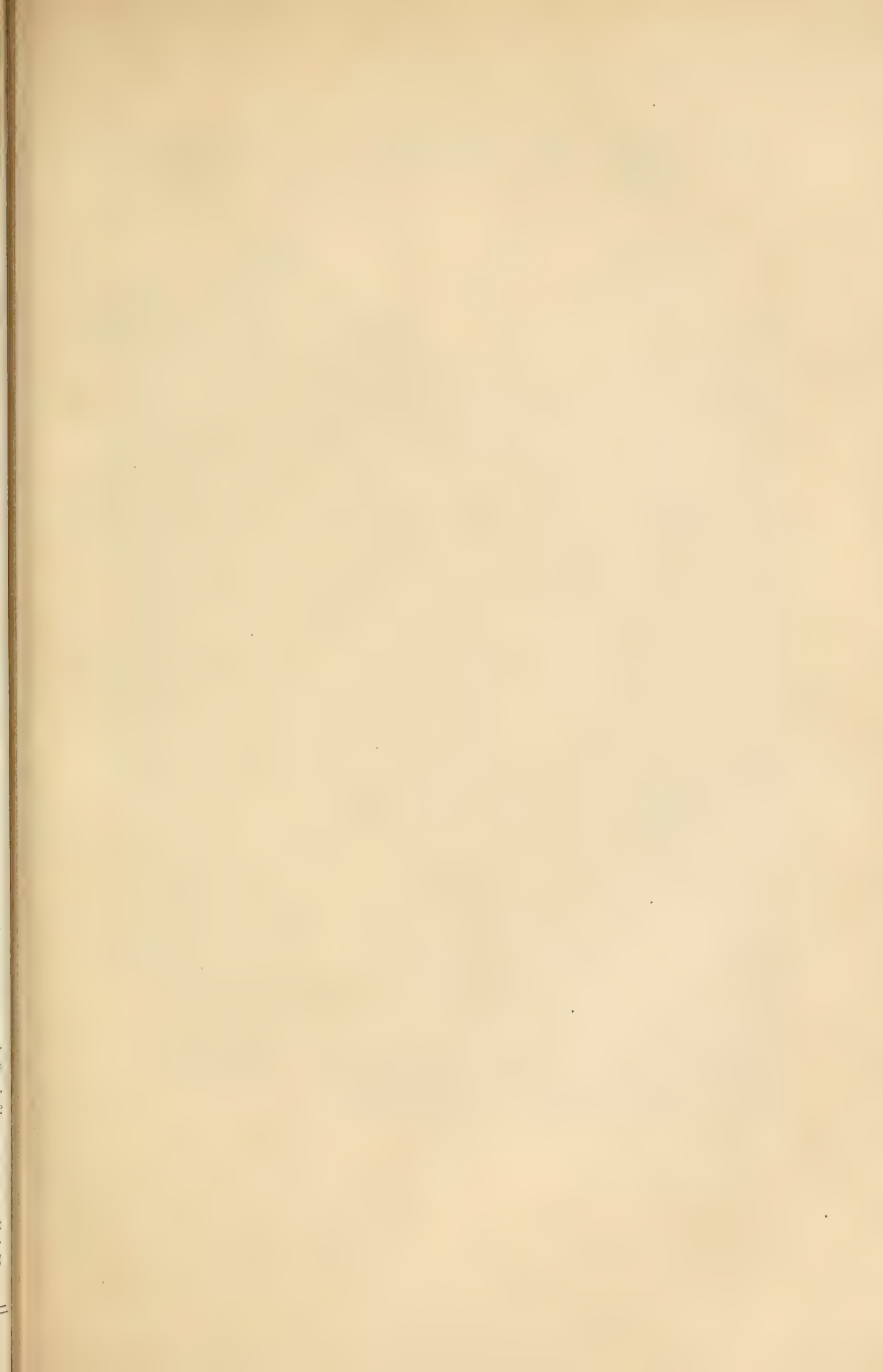
He knows how long our walking is to be in this wilderness; and where, and when, and how it will end. Here the analogy between Israel's pilgrimage and ours hardly holds. Israel marched always in a body, and in a body they crossed the river and entered the Promised Land. We, no doubt, in a sense do also march together through the wilderness, but each enters Canaan alone. No priestly feet tread the Jordan of death before the following host; for they are but pretenders to divine, priestly power, who come with professed absolution and viaticum. Stand back, presumptuous men! stand back from that dark river of death, and let God's pilgrims come to it alone—alone, and yet not alone. Stand aside, that they may see Him who commands the river in all its extent, its depths and shallows alike, and who has said that He will Himself go with each in crossing. 'Tis He "who liveth and was dead" (knows the crossing, therefore, at its deepest and darkest) "and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of Hades and of Death." Fear not. How many years remain to me? He knoweth. How will the way be in future—smoother or rougher? He knoweth. What companionship will there be—the same I now have to the end? or shall I live to see many of my fellow-pilgrims going on before me, while I, left alone, sit and sing,

"They have all passed into that world of light,
And I, alone, sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear?"

He knoweth. Shall I be long in the process of passing, or shall I glide as in a sleep into the great eternal world? He knoweth. And therefore I need not know. I have indeed but one thing to do—walk on.

ALEX. RALEIGH.

BRISTOL PREVENTIVE HOME.—We should have said, in the article "Christian Work in Bristol," in last number, that there are *four* matrons at the Preventive Home. We are glad to learn from Miss Young-husband that the plan of sending the younger children out to a day school has been abandoned, as teaching by the ladies of the Committee was found to be more efficient, and that the work is about to be extended.





"DORIS BARUGH."

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK IV.—MOTHERHOOD.

CHAPTER XXIII.—RALPH BURNESTON'S BROTHER.



OWARDS the end of the autumn holidays, Ralph Burneston, having a brother, Faith, after all. You see he won't interfere with me at all."

Faith glanced at the half-open door of communication, but Mrs. Burneston was still lying asleep on a sofa in the bedroom within.

"I'll close the inner door, sir," she said. "I ought to have done it sooner. The missis is asleep yonder." But Ralph was examining the baby's hand.

"How pretty its hand is! And look! don't move, Faith; its jolly little fingers have caught hold of me! Poor little chap! I suppose there was more fuss made when I was born, wasn't there? It must be horrid to be a second son, and to feel you've no land. A second son's a nobody, Faith, I can tell you; and it's worse for this poor little thing because his mother had no fortune of her own. Poor little chap! he'll have to earn his living and marry a rich wife. But I'll take care of him. There, that'll do; take it away."

Spite of her adoration for Ralph, Faith had a woman's natural feeling of worship for babies, and she resented the pitying manner in which the heir of Burneston seemed to regard his unconscious brother.

"It's a real shame that 'tis, honey," she said, as she laid the infant again in his cradle, "when ye's sike a beauty 'at waaz nivvers seen. Whisht! whisht! ye mun be a gude bairn, as gude as ye's bonny." And she stood patting the little soft roll till it sank into sleep again.

"Faith!"

The housekeeper started. Mrs. Burneston was calling her from the bedroom. Faith went in and found her young mistress sitting up and quite awake.

"I shall leave my room to-day," Doris said, "and I believe nurse is going away in a few days. I have called you in here, Mrs. Emmett, to ask you if you will take the superintendence of the nursery into your own hands. There are the two nursemaids, but I cannot trust baby to strangers. I can trust him fully to you, if you are willing to accept this charge. It need not interfere with your other duties."

Faith stood stupefied. Her intercourse with her young mistress had been simply official. Doris never spoke to her ex-

in a flood of morning sunshine. His first inquiry was for the housekeeper; and by her he was admitted to Mrs. Burneston's sitting-room, and introduced to his baby brother. "Turn its face this way, Faith. Well, it's not so very ugly for a baby, and, thank God, it's not like the Barughs. I was afraid it would have red hair, like that terrible old farmer. There; take your rubbish away."

Ralph walked to the window, quite unheeding the "Hush! hush!" "Whisht! whisht!" which had accompanied his survey of his little brother; for Faith had gone into the dressing-room and taken the baby from its cradle in the absence of the nurse.

Faith looked down at the child and then at Ralph; and then she said, in a low tone, "It's as like yersel', Master Ralph, as it can be; it's a Burneston, ivvery spit on't." She turned to carry the infant away.

"Let's have another look," Ralph said. "Poor little devil! What a funny thing to think I was such another little chap! By Jove! it's laughing at me. I think I like

cept about her duties, and Mrs. Emmett cherished the belief that if she gave the shadow of an excuse the new mistress would gladly get her dismissed. It took her several minutes to reconcile this flattering mark of confidence with Mrs. Burneston's previous cold reserve. She seemed to see some plan in it to make her lose her place, but Doris gave her no time for hesitation.

"I want you, please, to make up your mind at once," she said. "If you refuse, of course it will not affect your position here, but I prefer that baby should be under your charge; while he is young he will, of course, require more of your personal superintendence, but I will take care that there shall be few visitors, so that you may not be overtaxed; and it seems to me you are quite competent to train baby's nurses in your own ways."

Faith's vanity was appeased. It was such a revelation to find that her young mistress, who had never praised anything but her jams, had really been studying her and appreciating her all this while. For these few moments she almost forgave Doris for having married the master of the Hall. She made a ceremonious curtsy.

"Ah'll be fain to do t' best Ah can to please yey, ma'am," she said; "an' fer t' babe, onybody wad be fain to tak tent o' sike a bonny bairn."

"Very well; I am glad you think so; then you can take possession of the nurseries as soon as you like. Now send Burnell to me, please."

Doris smiled, and then, as soon as Faith had departed, she crossed her large room to the smaller one where the infant lay sleeping. Bending over it she kissed it passionately. She startled herself by her vehemence. "How I love it!" she smiled; "but I suppose every woman loves her child more than she can love in any other way. I feel that Philip and every one else—father even—are nothing now, compared to this precious little one. Oh! my darling!—my own own sweet baby!" Again she kissed it fondly.

She had planned long ago, and settled it with her husband, that Faith should, if possible, rear her child. Her notion was that an old servant was far more likely to train it as she wished it to be trained than a newcomer who felt no interest in the Burnestons. She knew that her own and her mother's nursery traditions could not be trusted; and "early habits are so important," Doris had said to herself in the long solitary hours she

had lately passed. The difficulty had been how to speak to Faith on such a subject; but Doris's quick ears had heard not only Ralph's loud speeches, but also the soft crooning over her babe when the house-keeper thought herself quite alone with it.

And now her difficulties were ended and the future safety of her baby seemed secured; for though she disliked Faith and shrank from her, she respected her qualities and felt full trust in them; yet instead of feeling soothed and relieved, it seemed to Doris as if all aim had gone out of her life.

Her husband had taken her to London, and she had soon become aware of her own deficiencies, but these did not crush her into shyness and *mauvaise honte*. She was greatly admired, and at first her husband watched her anxiously, wondering what the effect of so much worship would produce; but it did not turn his young wife's head. She was pleased to find that spite of her shortcomings her power was so absolute, and her feeling of gratitude to her husband gained strength as she reflected that but for him she might have been like some hidden gem in an unexplored mine.

"I can never thank you enough, dear," she said to him one day while they were in London. "Suppose you had not married me, I must have pined for want of a congenial atmosphere."

He was deeply touched: for Doris rarely gave him a glimpse of her inner feelings.

"I had my reward when you married me; and if you will always love me, my darling, I can wish for nothing more."

Doris smiled, but she thought that she could give him far greater happiness by studying and perfecting herself in all the duties of her position, and making herself really fit to be mistress of Burneston.

Sometimes Philip Burneston had marvelled at his wife's persevering pursuit of pleasure. She would never refuse an invitation if there were any possible means of accepting it, and was most dutiful in returning calls, and in attending concerts, fancy bazaars, and flower-shows; and yet she seemed to take no real interest in these amusements, but to fulfil engagements as a matter of daily routine.

At a lecture at the Royal Institution they met Gilbert Raine. The meeting between the two old friends was at first stiff on both sides; but Doris received Mr. Raine most graciously, and before the end of the evening Gilbert was conquered.

"Good-night, old fellow," he said, as he and Burneston stood together a moment,

after putting Doris into her carriage. "I congratulate you heartily; you have won a prize. She is quite charming."

Next day he dined with the Burnestons; and he was greatly struck with the intelligence and interest shown by Doris about some plans for the improvement of the property.

"Philip was right after all," he said, as he went home to his rooms. "That girl has some sense, and right feeling too. She don't care a fraction for all the fashion and rubbish, compared with her home duties. And yet, from the way people talk about the beautiful Mrs. Burneston, I expected to find her head completely turned. It's a wonderful piece of luck for Phil as it has turned out."

But Doris had learned one fact in London, which had been unknown to her secluded existence, and that was, the position of a younger son in such a family as the Burnestons. She had consoled herself by remembering that at the time of her marriage her father had told her that she, and any children she might have, were provided for. But she had shrunk from the contemplation of any pecuniary advantage, and had not asked any questions.

Ralph's pity for her baby had not only revived the feeling of dislike which he had created on her wedding-day, but had filled her with misgivings. Was it then quite impossible that out of all these large estates some part could be settled on her boy? But this was not all. During these days of enforced solitude her thoughtful mind had gone back to its old habit of planning the future—a habit which first her foreign journey, and then her busy London life, had greatly checked, and now Ralph's words called up vividly a picture, which as yet had only foreshadowed itself dimly. She saw herself left a young widow, turned out of the Hall by her husband's son, before she had attained the position which she had resolved to make for herself. What chance would she have, she asked herself, of rearing her child as Ralph's equal?—for Doris had an almost slavish belief in the value of surrounding influences, as a means of culture.

She stood, looking down at the sleeping baby with a troubled face.

"It will be worse for him," she thought, "to be reared here at first accustomed to luxury, and all this charming outer life, and then to have to give most of it up; and yet,"—the far-off questioning gaze in those deep liquid eyes grew intense—"what else can happen? Whenever his father dies, he and I

must leave the Hall—we can never live here dependent on Ralph,—unless,"—a bright gleam of hope spread from lip to brow, irradiating the lovely face, and bringing the colour on the delicate skin,—“unless”—but the vision she was contemplating disturbed her serenity, the light faded out of her face, and she frowned, as if in rebuke of herself.

Then she leant over her babe and kissed it. "I must know soon," she said, "how my boy is provided for; but I will be very kind to Ralph, he is baby's brother, and it must be my fault if we don't get on well together."

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN EMPTY HEAD IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP.

DORIS was not impulsive or imaginative, she was specially realistic and practical; and yet that night, when she was alone, she felt that she had deceived herself.

She had said it must be her own fault if she did not get on well with Ralph; and a careless observer would have pronounced her manner towards her step-son kind and pleasant. But Ralph was not at ease with her; he had not forgiven her for marrying his father. His stiff, indifferent greeting roused Doris's pride.

He had addressed all his conversation to the squire, and when she joined in the talk he became cold and polite, and seemed to lose all interest in what was going forward. Doris had grown colder and colder, and when at dinner-time the lad made some disparaging remarks on farmers, she flushed scarlet. Then by a great effort she checked her anger.

"After all, perhaps I misjudge him," she thought, "he possibly considers that I now belong to his own class, and speaks without reflecting or wishing to pain me. I will not dislike him."

She turned to Ralph, and forcing one of her sweet rare smiles, she began to question him about his school life. He answered her courteously, but this was evidently not a successful topic, and she changed to their own journey, and told him some of the wonders she had seen in Rome and Florence. It seemed to her that if George had so enjoyed this kind of talk, this better taught youth must surely feel still more interest in it.

His father had always refused to take Ralph abroad with him, and the lad listened, but with ill-concealed indifference, to her descriptions; and then he asked her how she had liked Ascot, and whether she did not think riding in the Park the chief enjoyment of London life.

"I liked it at first," she said, "but I soon

wearied of it—it grew so monotonous. We used to prefer long rides a little way out of London.”

Ralph's eyes opened widely.

“Awfully slow I should think,” he said, “one can do that in the country; in fact it's the only thing a lady can do. I can't fancy how people can go on living in a place like this for weeks together without hunting and shooting to look forward to,” he ended with an impatient groan.

Mr. Burneston had kept silence in the hope that Doris and Ralph were making acquaintance, but he looked up at the sudden change in his son's voice.

“You used to be happy enough here,” he said, smiling.

“Yes, when I was a little chap I did not know any better. Ridley says there have been no birds this year, worth speaking about, and this is not a hunting country. I really don't see what a fellow's to do,” he added discontentedly.

“You may ride my horse, if you like, for a change,” said Doris. “She is such a pretty creature. I have named her Thekla.”

Ralph brightened a little. “I will go and look at her this evening;” and then he added, “But how about wet days? my father is no hand at billiards, and I suppose you can't play at all?”

Doris laughed.

“No, I have never learned to play; you shall teach me. But don't you ever read?”

Ralph shook his head and looked contemptuous.

“Hate it. I am bored quite enough with books at Eton, thank you. I like a sporting paper well enough, but I can't bear the sight of a book. But don't you trouble about me, Mrs. Burneston,” he said politely. “I will find some way of amusing myself. Now I am going to see the mare.”

Doris felt a glow of self-respect. How inferior in every quality but personal beauty was this lad to her own brother; and as she thought of George and the interest he had shown in all she told him, it seemed to her that she had not thoroughly appreciated her brother.

“You will soon get on with Ralph, I see,” said Mr. Burneston, far too happy in having his wife down-stairs again to suspect discord. Since his marriage, life had been gilded, little worries and vexations had no power over his facile temper.

“I hope so,” and then she added slowly, “though I'm afraid there is not much sympathy between us.”

Her husband smiled admiringly. “You are too good about everything, child,” he said, “and so you expect too much of others. Ralph is quite a lad, and has to learn like every one else; but don't you trouble about it, my pet, the world will teach him all that is necessary. A boy cannot be reared like a girl, remember.”

Doris sighed, but she did not attempt to dispute her husband's wisdom. As yet her faith in his judgment was implicit. It was a powerful proof of her belief in her surroundings that she failed to see the strong mental likeness between Ralph Burneston and her husband.

Her new life had been hitherto so varied that there had been no want of subjects of talk. Once only in that first visit of Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd she had been pained by some words spoken by Mr. Burneston in regard to a woman's education, but she had soon forgotten these. She found in her husband the refinement of speech and manner which she so highly valued, and he seemed to her so superior to any one else that she was quite satisfied. Mr. Raine's talk had fascinated her and roused her curiosity, but his abrupt, eccentric manner weakened the wish she had felt for a longer talk with him.

“Come and say good-night to baby,” she said to her husband, and they left the room together.

Meantime Ralph sauntered to the stables, but not finding any of the men about, he changed his mind and went out beside the river.

The evening promised rain, there was a red glow in the east, and the clouds seemed to be in a hurry to change their quarters, careering from one part of the sky to the other as if they were playing “Puss in the Corner.”

As Ralph walked on looking at the water he saw a fish dart to the surface.

“By Jove,” he said, “that's an idea! I'll have some fishing, and I'll get that fellow Ephraim Crewe to come with me; he's the only chap in the village who knows anything, unless it's old Sunley, and he's such a pragmatical old fool.”

He turned up the steep street and soon reached Crewe's farm.

Mrs. Crewe came out, red as a peony with delight and full of apologies and curtsies.

“It's maist unfortnit,” she said, “bud Ephraim hes ghen tu Redcar fer twae ur mebbe three deays, an' Ah donnut look fer 'im then, Maister Ralph—bud appen it's fer t' fishin', awd Sunley's sprack at 't.”

Ralph was tired with his journey, and it seemed to him that everything was going cross. It was all the fault of this foolish marriage. His father had not been much of a companion formerly, but he had been better than no one.

"Now," he murmured, "I suppose we shall have to go into the drawing-room after dinner instead of getting a smoke in the evening. It's a most awful bore; if she were a lady it would be different, but I can never be at my ease with a person of that kind, there's no counting on what she may say or do."

It was lighter at the top of the hill than it had been beside the river, and before he reached Church Farm, Ralph saw that old Sunley was not in his usual place outside the cottage door. His chair even was not there, and a fresh burst of impatience rose to the lad's lips.

"By Jove!" he said angrily, "it's beyond bearing, everything is against me; so seldom as I come to Burneston, they might all be ready to do what they can."

Sunley's door was fast shut, it was evident he was absent. The next door stood wide open, but Ralph had always avoided Mrs. Duncombe; he had a horror of deafness, and he turned away hastily from the cottage door.

Something, he could hardly tell what, caught his ear; he stood still listening; was it the wind among the fir branches? No, the air was calm and still spite of the restlessness among the clouds overhead. Then he thought the sound might be made by the rustle of the pigs among the straw of Church Farm yard, and he turned at once to the white gate.

There was not a pig to be seen; the only living creatures were the black and white ducks dipping their broad yellow beaks into the horse-pond as they swam merrily round it. Ralph looked on to the gate leading into the garden of the farm-house. He remembered that George Barugh had formerly been a sort of amusement to him in his holidays. "But I was only a boy then," said this man of seventeen. "I should find the poor fellow dull enough now. What could have possessed my father to make that poor homely lad his brother-in-law? By-the-by, I must have it clearly understood that I am not to be thrown in the way of those Barughs."

As his eyes rested on the farm-house he saw figures in the garden, and next minute a woman came forward to the gate.

Ralph remembered her at once.

"Good evening, Mrs. Swaddles," he said. "Where's Shadrach? He can fish, can't he?"

Mrs. Swaddles curtseyed and came out into the yard.

"Gude een, sir," Mrs. Swaddles curtseyed again, and then she shook her untidy golden locks. "Bud Shadrach's nae 't yam, he 'es gehn wiv Farner Crewe an' Maister Sunley tu Redcar, sir, tu seea t' boat reeace."

"Confound Redcar!" Ralph said angrily; then his eyes wandered back to the garden, where another slight figure stood in the shadow of the porch. "Who's that standing there?" he said carelessly.

Mrs. Swaddles grinned. She was still a young woman, but the action showed how fat her double chin was.

"Wheea, sir," she said, "yey kens Rase; sheea 's bahded i' t' village thruf t' tahme ut her fayther an' mudher deed, an' left her tu Missis Duncombe; an' that war u matter o' sixteen year sin."

"Rose Duncombe?" A small, freckled, fat face, seen years ago, rose up in Ralph's memory, and recalled an early disgust. "Oh, yes," he said, turning his eyes away, "I remember her."

But the figure had come through the gate. Rose saw that the young squire was going away without speaking to her, and she was determined to get the chance of speaking to him.

"Good evenin', sir," she curtseyed; but there was a pout on her lips at his indifference. As he turned round the pout vanished into a blush and dimpling smiles, that made Rose look her prettiest. The young man gave a slight start, and held out his hand to her.

"Why, I ought to have known you," he said, as recognition flashed on him. "How could I be so stupid? I saw you in church, Rose, on the wedding-day, but I couldn't make you out afterwards. How's Mrs. Duncombe? I'll go in and see her."

Full of sudden interest in the deaf woman, he was ready to lead the way to her cottage.

"Gran'mother's a-bed, sir," said Rose; "but I'll tell her you was so good as to ask for her. She'd be proud to see you, sir." And her blue eyes gazed at him full of admiration.

Ralph felt flattered. Rose was prettier than he had thought her.

"Has Shadrach still got that terrier, Mrs. Swaddles?" he said, catching at an excuse for lingering. "Fury he used to call her, I think?"

"Yey meean's Pickles, sir; yey called t' awd lass yursel'. Sheeas gitten fower poops, an' thur as likely as can be." Then, as

Ralph turned back towards the farm-house, she added, "Coom in an' sit ye doon, sir, an' Ah'll sheea yu t' poops."

She bustled in first, conscious that the room was in disorder, for Rose had just been lecturing her on untidy ways. Rose was a sort of queen to Sukey Swaddles. At first the girl had turned up her nose at these successors of the Barughs, for Shadrach was only the vicar's head man; but by degrees Sukey's flattery and respectful ways had grown pleasant to Rose, and she had taken to visiting Mrs. Swaddles, to the infinite disgust of Joseph Sunley.

Ralph slackened his pace. Rose held back to let him pass through the gate, which she kept open.

"You have grown so pretty, Rose,"—Ralph blushed like a girl—"that it is no wonder I did not know you." He looked at her, and Rose blushed too.

"I knew you, sir," she said, in a low voice. "I sud ha' known you anywhere."

"Should you?" Ralph's dignity as a man felt reproved. "Well, I've altered a good deal though. I'll come and see your grandmother to-morrow," he said. "Is she as deaf as ever?"

"She's a good deal deafer," said Rose, sighing. And she raised her eyes piteously, and looked into Ralph's.

There was nothing in the words, and yet they both felt that a bond was established between them. That exchange of complaint and sympathy had given them a new interest to their lives; days perhaps is a truer rendering; for Ralph's notion of life was how to make each day as "jolly" as possible; while Rose's creed arrived at the same result by an inverse process. She wanted to be free from each day's work, and each day's trouble in making her grandmother hear.

The gaze lasted an instant, and then the youth said, "Let me hold the gate," and took it from her plump fingers.

A glow of pleasure spread over Rose's face as she went into the house. She was proud Mrs. Swaddles should see the young squire's politeness to her.

"Theer's Pickles, sir." Mrs. Swaddles pointed to a basket in a corner of the dim room, from which came a murmur of sobbing and yelping; but at the sound of footsteps Pickles jumped out, and ran, first sniffing, and wagging her tail and body, and then with a prolonged whine of welcome, to introduce herself to Ralph. Sukey immediately sprawled beside the basket, and produced four creatures something like large

white maggots, with pink toes and noses, snuffling in the uninteresting fashion of very young puppies.

"Wad ye hev twae on 'em, sir, ur mair? An ye will Shadrach 'll be reet doon fain."

"No, thank you." Ralph looked disgusted. "Put them back, Mrs. Swaddles. They're regular mongrels; not one of them a scrap like the mother. I should drown them if they were mine."

"Massy! droon 'em! Tu think o' that noo." Mrs. Swaddles put back the puppies, and stood upright. Her hair had come unfastened with her exertions, and streamed over her shoulders in roughened abundance. But she stood still, unconscious of this accident, one dirty finger in her mouth, pondering Ralph's words.

"Well, good-night." He had been looking at Rose, regardless of Mrs. Swaddles's dismay at the doom he had pronounced on the puppies; and now he nodded to the dishevelled creature and turned to the door. "You're coming my way, arn't you?" he said to Rose. He spoke very low, without looking round.

Sukey Swaddles roused up, pushed the hair out of her eyes, and spoke out suddenly—

"Waaz Ah tu say tu Shadrach 'at 'e mun droond yal t' poops?"

Ralph laughed.

"He can do just as he likes. If they were mine they'd be drowned to-night."

He looked for Rose, but she had slipped out and away. He could not see her anywhere, though he loitered through the farm-yard. When he reached the gate he saw that the door of Mrs. Duncombe's cottage was now closed.

"She's a nice, well-behaved little girl," he thought. "She doesn't choose to be seen walking about the village with me."

"Good-night, Mrs. Swaddles. Don't forget the fishing."

"What an extraordinary difference there is in men's minds," said this man of seventeen, as he walked down the hill again. "I might just as well fall in love with this girl, and want to marry her; for she's prettier than Mrs. Burneston, and it seems to me my father married his wife entirely for her looks. I don't believe in her manners. I expect they're put on."

CHAPTER XXV.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR AT THE CAIRN.

THE sun has set, and a broad grey mist is rising fast from the valley, blotting out

the villages and farmsteads that lie cradled beside the river and the tall trees that mark its course; blotting out, too, the form of the hills across the valley till their tops grow confused with clouds in a grey expanse bordered by luminous red, and this as it mounts changes to pale green, across which steal narrow leaden-hued cloud lines.

The day has been very hot, so hot that George—who has been rather ailing of late—has feared to expose himself to the glare of sunshine on the unsheltered moor, and this evening he has strolled out to the highest point near the farm, a weird, desolate spot, where a heap of black grit stones, piled one on another, seem to record some crime enacted there: this is really the Cairn. All around stretches the wild moor, strewn here and there with long layers of greystone which rise up in abrupt crags at the edge of the weird platform, where valleys yawn between the Cairn and the still loftier hills miles away. These hills rise sharply from the purple line of moor and the mist which rises also from the valleys on this side of it; but the mist here does not shroud human life and dwellings as it does on the other side; even in broad noon-day glare all is desolate, one stretch of purple heather or bare brown moor and faint blue hills beyond.

George loved this vast solitude; he was often glad to get away from his mother's weak, purposeless talk, and although he was now able in many ways to share his father's work, still he had to husband his strength and often to take complete rest.

As the long leaden clouds spread westwards he turned to go home; he was two miles from the farm, and it would be almost dark before he reached it, but still he lingered.

"'Twad do Doris a sight o' good to come up here, body and mind too," he said, "'twad blow away t' mists o' self-conceit an' worldliness she's gettin'. I's feared she's sorely changed. She did ought to ha' cum an' seen father long since. Well, maybe t' babe 'll work a blessed change."

He longed sorely to see his little nephew, but Doris had not sent a second invitation to the Cairn. She had written from time to time putting off her promised visit—but only a few days ago, she had written to her mother saying she hoped, when baby was old enough to travel, to take him to see his grand parents, and this promise had healed the soreness which taxed even John Barugh's faith in his beautiful child.

George wondered what would happen about the child's bringing up; his simple mind went directly to truths without being turned aside by the zigzags circumstances seem to create for some others.

"Doris sud be like Hannah," he said, "all mothers sud; she sud give her little one to the Lord from t' first, an' make it t' child's first thought to love our dear Lord an' seek Him in ivery person an' ivery place. I'd like to hev a little chap to train fer God; an' yet it's an awesome thought, fer one 'ood hev to live fair up to one's teachin', young uns is so sharp."

He sighed as he began to descend the rocky, rugged path that led him beside the edge of a narrow gorge, dark and deep, with frowning crags bristling on either side. George was pondering the often-pondered puzzle, why resolves are so strong in theory, so weak in practice; why he failed so signally in practising what he preached. "There's a way out of it," he said at last. "We shall find Him if we watch for his light to guide us. Ah's ower apt to trust to my own light."

He looked back at the lofty expanse of moor. In the distance, a large bird, a speck in the fast deepening gloom, rose from the Cairn and swooped slowly away, as if it rested on its wings. "That's how Ah should rest," he said. "He's awllys by me, with me, in me,—if Ah'll only rest on Him, an' let Him guide my will and my tongue. Good lord deliver me."

He raised his hat and stood still.

But it behoved him to give up reverie and walk with real care, for the blocks of grit just here were so overgrown with brakes and gorse that more than once he had nearly fallen over them. A little stream came down from the hills at this point and leapt to a lower level in a double thread of glistening water.

At last he reached the bottom of the descent. Here was a sort of glen on the moor itself, formed by a spur of rock that overhung the great valley below, through this wild nook the little stream from the hills rushed noisily, half hidden by the rich tufts of heather and cloudberry, which nestled on huge grey boulders in the stream itself; breaks of tawny yellow on the banks, where the outer garbing had been rent away, were varied with tufts of bent whitening round the edge.

As George drew near this noisy chattering brook he saw some one seated on the huge block of stone which served as a bridge across it; it was not his father, the figure

was smaller, and seemed to crouch. A stranger was such a new sight at the Cairn that the lad quickened his steps with a feeling of expectation.

"Hollau, lad! yey've come doon fra t' clouds hev yey? Yer mudher sehs, sehs sheea, mah lad's oop at t' Cairn, yey mun needs gan yer weays an finnd un'. And Ah sehs 'Neea. Ah'll bahde tiv e' comes; patience iz a deal

better then brokken beacons'—sae theer noo."

George was breathless, partly from his rapid descent, and also from the surprise of seeing Joseph Sunley seated as quietly on the heather-crowned boulder as if he were sitting in his own arm-chair opposite Church Farm at Burnstone, with one of the farm dogs beside him.



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"Why, Mr. Sunley," he gasped, "who'd ha' thought o' seein' ye hereabouts?"

"Woonkers!"—Sunley waved his hand in his usual fashion, as if he wished to put aside all other thoughts and opinions than his own—"there's a mint mair thowt on an' kenned than sike as yey can think uv 'at gans meeasin' aboot at yal inds t' deea thruf."

"What is it?"—George's sympathies

roused at once. "Has aught happened at t' Hall to my sister or t' babe?"

"Neea, neea." Sunley looked discontented. "T' missis an' t' bairn's lahkely eneeaf; bud Ah'd ha' thowt, George, at their waaz yan nearer tiv' yu i' t' village then at t' Hall."

There was a sly inquiry in his small, half-shut eyes which set George's ears tingling

and made his heart beat. He looked away across the moor.

"Ye mun tell me going along, Mister Sunley," he said, crossing the brook as he spoke, "fer darkness is gaining on us o' t' moor, an' we find it none so easy to win back to t' Cairn without a light."

Sunley got up stiffly, and then he gave a sarcastic look at George.

"It mun be telled, lad; nobbut ye ken' yal, ye'd be fain to lisen tiv't at yance; bud t' yoong yallus thenks they'r reet, an' 'at t' awd foalks gans toitlin' an' toiterin' aboot at yaal inds wivoot onny wut. Yis, yis, Ah knaws t' ways on 'em," he added pettishly, and then walked on in silence.

George waited, but Mr. Sunley was really huffed. He had heard of George's visits to the rector of Steersley, and it seemed to him that he, the acknowledged Mentor and guide of the youth of Burneston, was completely superseded by "an awd craw 'at can't sae mich as fire a gun off."

"How d'ye find my father and mother?" George said at last.

"Ah sees neea chaange," Joseph said sullenly; but as they went along the straight path across the moor, which he knew must soon bring them to the farmhouse, he made a dead stop and laid his hand on George's arm. "Ah's nane comed sae far to see aither yan at'ither. Ah's comed to seea yersel', an' tu talk wi' yey aboot what's yur ain business," he said reproachfully, but with a keen look in his small eyes. He knew that an appeal to the lad's feelings was irresistible.

"It's reet kind on ye then, Mister Sunley, an' I'm sorry I was not indoors when ye cam; nut but what mother wad see to ye better than I could ha' done."

Sunley waved his hand.

"Yur nudher's yallays menseful," he said; "theer's neea takkin her unawares. Eh, lad, yey sud sea t' mummacks at t' farmhoose noo; t' lass theer's nowt bud a trail-tangs. Ah has tell'd Rase sae mair an yance an' yance agean. Ah misses ye sairly, mah lad."

George's interest quickened.

"I don't think Rose would find much to say to Mrs. Swaddles," he said. "She seemed to me a slovenly, stupid woman."

Sunley stopped and slapped George's shoulder. "Yey's sed it, lad. Them's t' wods 'at fits her. Sheea's a fondy, an' Ah tell'd Rase she'd best keep aloof; bud neea, neea, sheea'd ha' sedd Ah war a meddlin' awd fogrum. Waes me, lad; she's gangin' tu rewin her ain gate." He drew in his breath and shook his head.

George grew suddenly pale, but it was now too dusk for the sexton to note the change.

"Ah didn't ken hoo mich store ye set by Rase," he said, "bud sheea'll gang to rewin, lad, if it's 'at sheea's nut guided."

"What do you mean?" George had recovered the first shock, and he remembered the old man's prejudices. "Ye're apt to be hard, Mr. Sunley; a lass with such a face as Rose has will always have admirers;" then the uneasiness he really felt got beyond control. "What's the matter? Speak out. I'd liefer ye'd say it oot, an' ha' done wi' t. Has aught happened?"

"Tell 't oot! gently, lad, that's jist what Ah can't deea; theer's nowt deean yit, nobbut theer's mich harm owerkestin, bud theer's t' yoong lad, Ralph, littin' an' lattin' efter Rase, an' sheea thenks a deal o' 'im Ah knaws. Sheea's a fond feal an' maks leeght o' mah warnin's, bud mebbe, lad, sheea'd hearken tu ye."

George felt struck as if some one had dealt him a heavy blow; he knew that this was far more serious than any village flirtation. It seemed to him that he had himself put this idea into Rose's head. He walked on, bewildered, in silence, and Sunley did not disturb him. The old man was tired out with his journey and anxious to get to bed.

At last George spoke.

"I'll not meddle with Rose, Mister Sunley; after all it's not her fault if that foolish lad misbehaves himself, for he seeks her, Rose is not one to run after any man; don't you take notice about it to father nor mother neither, an' I'll get t' young fellow sent away from Burneston."

Sunley was surprised at his calmness, though George's caution pleased him.

"Yis," he said, "ye're reet, lad, t' leeast sed seeanest mended; oot o' seeght is maist times out of mahnd wi' t' lasses. Hallau," as the dog ran forward with a joyful bark, "theer's t' fayther."

They had reached the farm without seeing how near they were, and in the gloom there suddenly appeared the tall farmer, standing in front of the low stone wall which ran round the farmhouse and buildings.

"Hey, Maister Sunley," John called out; "Ah thowt ye war a streayed sheep, an' Ah war comin' efter yu wiv t' collie."

At supper his mother rallied George about his silence. He had made no attempt to revisit Burneston, and she had begun to hope he had given up Rose. Now she feared that Joseph Sunley had brought some message which had rekindled his love.

"Lit t' lad be, missis." Sunley never let slip the chance of snubbing a woman. "Nae doobt he's weary wi' sae mich clahmin', bud Ah's fain tu seea he can clahm reet weel, he's fahne an' hearty noo."

George laughed.

"Well," he got up and nodded to the three, "I'm real tired now, an' so I guess is Mr. Sunley. Goodnight t' ye all."

Dorothy sat silent, her lips pressed together; her motherly instinct told her that fatigue was not George's motive for withdrawing so early. She waited a short time, and then went up the old oak staircase and tapped at his bedroom door. This was made, like the floor and walls of the long dark gallery, of oak planks, and through the chinks came the glimmer of George's light.

No answer; she waited and then lifted the heavy latch.

"Stop—I'm comin'," George said; "don't come in, mother."

He came to the door without his candle—he did not want her to know that he was writing—and she could not see his face.

"George, lad," she said tenderly, "you're in trouble; tell your mother what 't is."

He waited; then he said—

"I cannut tell it, an' ye cannut help me, mother, in the way you means. I must keep my trouble to myself, thank you." He stopped.

Dorothy gave a smothered sob.

"Eh, George," she said sadly, "once was a time when your mother was more to ye than she's come to be lately."

In the dark she felt his arm round her neck and his hearty loving kisses.

"You war nivvers dearer than ye are, mother mine. Why, I cud nivver love you enough for all your goodness to me, bud this trouble's not all my own." Then more cheerfully he added, "but you can help me in a way, an' it's a powerful way, too, mother; pray for me that I may be guided to do right and not seek after my own will."

Dorothy sighed heavily.

"Eh, lad," she said, "ye don't know what ye're askin'. What good can the prayers of such as me do you?"

He kissed her yet more fondly.

"Shall I tell ye what Mr. Hawnby told me?" he said reverently; "he said, 'there's nothing like a mother's prayers, lad, remember that, and it may help to keep you in mind how much you owe your mother.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.—A WARNING.

DORIS had earnestly battled with her dislike to Ralph, but day by day, in spite of her

efforts, it grew stronger; when her husband praised Ralph she had to make an effort to repress the harsh judgment that rose to her lips. And yet all the time she knew that she was unjust, unreasonable, that in Ralph's position she should not have behaved as well as he did. She had not once complained, but she wondered her husband did not notice the complete indifference with which his son treated her. Ralph was never rude, but he made Doris feel that he did not want her, and that she came between him and his father.

But these thoughts only came to her in Ralph's presence, and these two rarely met except at meals. Her baby so engrossed the young mother that Mr. Burneston already complained that she thought of no one else.

She gave up its management implicitly to Faith Emmett, but she would sit gazing at it lying in its cradle, dreaming out its brilliant future, dreaming out, too, the part she would play of perfect motherhood. No child had ever been loved as she would love her little Philip. It was a great joy to Doris that her child could bear his father's name.

Faith was secretly aggrieved by Mrs. Burneston's long visits to the nursery, although if Doris had been less devoted the house-keeper would have railed at her want of motherly love. She was taken by surprise one morning when Doris came up sooner than usual after breakfast, and instead of sitting there with the child in her arms, only paid a short visit and then went on to her room.

She had scarcely spoken, and there was a frown on her delicate face and a slight flush. Faith noticed, too, that she was more than ever erect and stately.

"She ha' bin hevin' wods wi' Ralph. I kenned it wad be seeaner or later, an' noo we sal seea which side t' squire 'll tak awteen 'em. My wod, if it comes about 'at he turns agean his first-born!"

It was a long time since such a dire gleam had shot from the yellow eyes; it seemed to reach little Phil, for he turned uneasily in his cradle, but Faith did not heed him. Her keen wits were divining how to discover what had chanced at breakfast-time to upset the methodical ways of her mistress.

But when, at the appointed time, she went down to give her orders to Mrs. Hazelgrave, Faith could only gather that Mrs. Burneston had received a letter that morning which she had read to herself, and that, instead of lingering to chat over the morning's news with the squire, she had put the letter in her pocket and left the room.

As Mrs. Emmett went up-stairs again by the backway, she caught a glimpse of the tall slender figure of her mistress crossing the courtyard dressed for walking.

"Theer's som'at oop oot o' t' common," the housekeeper thought.

A letter from George had greatly troubled Doris. He had hesitated what to do; first he thought he would go and speak to Rose, fearing to be a means of stirring family strife at the Hall, but he could not bring himself to seek her again, and yet it seemed to him that he ought to consider her happiness before that of any one else.

"She cannot love sike a lad as that yet," he said, "but she'll be dazed an' flattered with his nonsense, an' maybe she'll go on to earnest while he's only sporting an' trifling just because he's nothing to do. I'll be bound 'tisin't Rose's fault, but for all that I must take some note on't, as Mr. Sunley says she heeds ne'er a one but me; an' settin' all else apart, I'm bound to hev a care of her."

So after long and painful thought he decided to write to Doris. He felt that the squire would have considered his interference presumptuous.

In his letter he asked Doris not to speak of him in the matter. Rose would, doubtless, get over this folly, but she would not forget or forgive the person who took Ralph Burneston's company and flattery away from her; and George had still a too painful remembrance of her sudden anger with him when they last met, to run the risk of again provoking it.

Perhaps the vexation Doris felt as she read the letter was more caused by her brother's evident love for Rose than by Ralph's misconduct; it was secretly pleasant to feel that she had not misjudged her husband's son, and that he really did not deserve her esteem. Yet, spite of the bias which her jealousy gave to her judgment, she shrank from this pleasure as from something evil. No, if she could manage any other way she would be generous to Ralph, and she would keep this matter from her husband.

"He would be so very much annoyed," she thought, "and George is very good to say he wishes to try to prevent family discord; and yet his goodness amounts to silliness. Why does he ask me to deal tenderly with Ralph? He says it is because the boy has had no mother. I wonder why sons set so much more store by the good they learn from mothers than daughters seem to do. Is it because they see so much less of the mother's daily life?

And yet in my case and George's this has been reversed, and, according to this reasoning, it is I who ought to think I owe much to my mother." There was an incredulous smile on her lip as she ended.

She had taken the longer way round by the vicarage instead of going up the steep village street. As yet she had not lived long enough at the Hall to feel at her ease with the people of Burneston. But, instead of shortening this long walk by crossing the glebe field and coming out opposite Rose's cottage, either through Church Farm or by the churchyard, she went on along the Avenue, as the road was called at this point from the grand old trees on either side of it, and then followed the dusty cross road on the right which brought her past the church on to the Steersley high road, opposite Rose's cottage.

She hated Church Farm, and above all she hated the vision which that glebe-field gate always recalled; the sunny, golden-starred meadow, and the girl swinging, with lilac pinafore and sun-bonnet and long sun-burnt arms, and then blushing under Mr. Burneston's gaze. There was an entire contradiction in her mind when she looked back at her life, as at something gone for ever, though the contradiction was as unconscious as the look over her shoulder which had then created her brilliant future life.

She was not ashamed of having been that girl, but she hated to think that her refined husband could have conceived a sudden passion for her as she then was. She always turned from this thought resolutely; it seemed to her that if she dwelt on it Philip Burneston must sink in her esteem, for mere personal beauty was in Doris's eyes contemptible, a quality that might belong to the most uncultivated; and yet she rejoiced in the remarkable loveliness of her child, "for he is lovely," she thought, "even the doctor said 'What a wonderfully pretty baby!'"

"Yes," she said pensively, as at last she paused before the stone cottages, "my boy will be quite as handsome as Ralph, but oh, how superior he shall be in everything else!"

On the door-sill she stopped a few seconds to recollect herself.

"I hope Philip will not be vexed with me for this interference; but, no,—he will see that I wished to spare him vexation, and more than once he has asked me to go and see Rose and her grandmother, and—and—I have always shrunk from it and have felt vexed that he asked me to go."

This was all that troubled Doris, only the fear of vexing her husband, not the dislike to having thoughts unshared by him, to speaking words unknown to him, to acting without being sure that he would approve the action; but from a child she had depended on herself for judgment and had drawn others to depend on her; doubt of her own wisdom was the last doubt likely to trouble her.

The inner door was not close shut; she went into the little entrance and tapped.

"Come in, please." And then Rose pulled the door open, keeping herself hidden behind it with a glad expectant look on her bright face.

"Good morning." Mrs. Burneston spoke gently, but she did not smile.

When she saw who her visitor was, Rose grew red and shy. She curtsied, and then set a chair for Mrs. Burneston, but without any of the pretty deftness usually as much a part of her as her pink and white face was. The quiet dignity and stately grace of her visitor completely took away her wits.

"How is your grandmother? Is she at home?" Doris spoke graciously, but she too felt a strange shyness creeping over her. Now that she was face to face with the offender she scarcely knew how to speak of the offence.

"She's at home." Rose had nearly said "ma'am" in her fluttered surprise. "But for two weeks or so she's been ill in bed, and t' doctor says she'd best keep there, she's stiff all one side."

Doris knew little of illness and had a shrinking from nursing, but it seemed to her that this was a case which called for her aid.

"Does Mr. Spencer know?" she said; "he always tells me about sickness in the village, and he has said nothing about your grandmother. I will send up some jelly and beef-tea; but you ought to let Mr. Spencer know, he would call and see her, or Mrs. Riccall would."

Doris's voice had been more natural in these last words, and the tone seemed to Rose to bridge the chasm which separated her from her old acquaintance. Her courage came back.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burneston, but—" she tossed her fair head,—“there's time enough, an' maybe gran'mother's in no hurry to see t' vicar. She couldn't hear a word he said—nor no one else, as to that.”

Doris looked severe; her merciful intentions towards Rose were checked by this pertness.

"Rose," she said gravely, "I will not go

up and see your grandmother to-day, but I want to speak to you about something: I want to caution you. I am told that young Mr. Burneston comes to see you, you must not encourage his visits. You—" she hesitated, "you will get talked about."

There was a pause. Rose sat quite still, but stripes of bright colour flew across her throat and face; she quivered and throbbed with passion, and yet clenched her plump fists to keep in any expression of it; her sharp wits even then told her to mind what she said. Doris waited anxiously for her answer.

"Thank you, Ah'm sure," said Rose at last with contemptuous emphasis, and getting up from her chair, "for being so very thoughtful over me, Mrs. Burneston; Ah thought you'd forgotten there was such a person as me living; but Ah fancy Ah'm equal to take care of myself, come what may; Ah've had to do it all along."

Doris flushed under the girl's insolent glance.

"You are wrong," she said haughtily; "I give you this warning as a friend; I hoped that it might have been managed quietly, but perhaps I had better speak to your grandmother." She looked on to the door which shut out the ladder staircase leading to the room above.

Rose moved quickly to the door, and set her back against it.

"You'll not see gran'mother wi' my leave, Mrs. Burneston, an' ye'll find it none so easy to see her without. You may be missis at t' Hall, but ye're not missis here. Why, Ah'm ashamed on ye, Missis Burneston; if"—she grew deeply red—"a lass do chat with a lad odd times, what harm's done, Ah'd like to know?"

"Yes"—Doris spoke with unusual eagerness, and her frown relaxed—"if it were a lad of your own class, Rose, I agree with you, though even then a girl should not flirt and get herself talked about. You have been always fond of admiration, but this is quite different; setting all other objections aside, you are injuring your own happiness in encouraging this acquaintance, and you know very well that you can end it at once if you choose."

Going up to the cottage Doris had resolved not to be over earnest, and not to provoke the girl's anger. She fancied that the shock of discovery would shame Rose, and that she would be ready to promise anything, and now she felt that she had made a false step in treating the matter so seriously.

Rose looked at her with a curling lip, and eyed her from head to foot with slow concentrated scorn.

"You'd best let me be," she said; "Ah've been trying to keep my tongue quiet, but it'll have its will, in spite of gran'mother, if you tice me on to't. You're a lady now, and Ah suppose have all you want, Mrs. Burneston, an amusement belike for every hour o' the day; but if you'd stayed just plain Doris Barugh, Ah'd like to ask, if you'd found a sudden pleasure come to your life without any seekin' of your own, if you'd hev cast it from you just because it didn't please some one who had no heart in her body to feel for your feelin's?"

"Rose, hush! you forget yourself." Doris raised one hand reprovingly, as to an angry child.

This was the spark the pent-in smouldering anger had wanted. Rose's arms fell suddenly straight, her pink fists doubled tighter than ever, this time in fury, not self-restraint, and her eyes lightened in a sudden blaze.

"You may think what you please, and do what you please, but ye'll not come here dwin' missis ovver me, Doris Burneston. What sud you, who have given up father, mother, an' brother, fer money an' a grand hoose and fine claise, know about what makes me happy or sad? Ah misdoubted yu awllays, an' when Ah looked on yur face on yur marriage morn, Ah knew what ye were doin'. Ah knew there was no love in you; your heart was still an' clot-caud all thro'. Ah had serrowed fer yur father before, but then Ah serrowed fer yur husband. Whya, fra' t' time Ah was that high"—she held her outspread hand level with her waist—"Ah worshipped the ground he walked on, an' so wad any lass who could love; there's few like him. An' now there's Ralph, his livin' image, an' he comes an' cheers up my dull sad life with a kind word an' a kind look, till Ah begins to coont t' hoors till he comes again, an' lo! walks in you, madam, an' says, 'Tisn't proper, Rose, you'll be talked of.' Talked of, posh!—wha's been mair talked of than you yourself? an' you don't feel soiled with it; an' yet Ah'd hev mair pity an' less sham fer a lass 'at lost her name fer givin' her heart than Ah'd hev for one with nae heart in her body, unless it's a heart full o' self. No—Ah'll say all Ah've gitten to say; you needn't hush at me. Whya, if you knew hoo to love, ye'd not begin by telling me to take care o' myself; ye'd say harm might come to him. Not you"—she shook her head vehemently—"you

never did think o' any one's feelings but your own. Just t' same," she laughed angrily, "when George an' Ah wanted to play, you wur awllays thinkin' o' something else."

Disgust and surprise had kept Mrs. Burneston silent and still, but at this allusion to the days she hated a bright colour flew into her face, and she looked sternly at Rose.

"You seem to have lost your senses, Rose Duncombe," she said. "I cannot talk to you at all, but I shall find some other way of stopping this acquaintance."

She walked slowly to the door, opened it, and passed out into the road.

Rose gasped once or twice, and then, clasping her hands over her face, she burst into passionate crying—such crying as Doris had never known. Shuddering sobs that made her whole body quiver as they came, and then hot streaming tears, that fell through her fingers and wetted the front of her gown.

Suddenly she looked up, and pushed her hair off her swollen, disfigured face.

"Ah hate her, Ah deca, that's sear; but Ah've been a rare fool. How could Ah own up 'at Ah cared for Ralph? and then Ah promised gran'mother Ah'd never be unmerciful to Doris; but it's served her right, that it has. But still there's no good in it, it's like cutting off my nose to get revenge on my face; an' it's givin' the proud stuck-up thing such a peg ovver me. What fur dew Ah let my tongue run away so? Well," she began to dry up her tears, "no ane 'll be the wiser, that's one comfort; nothing Ah said 'll see daylight, it 'll stick too much in my lady's throat, except it's that bit about the lad." She hid her hot face again. "Oh!" she moaned, "to say what Ah'm not sure o', just to flout her to own Ah care fur a lad who has not said he loves me. An' Ah deean't love him—Ah only likes to see him. Whatever would George say? Ah hev'n't thought o' him."

She burst into fresh tears. These lasted longer and fell more silently. Rose was conscious of a new feeling, or, to speak more truly, Doris's words had torn away the veil which the girl's careless vanity and love of admiration had wrapped round her inner feelings. Perhaps Rose had never felt so humble, so little absorbed in self, as in the hour after her visitor's departure.

"George said how 'twould be," she sighed very sadly; "he has said it over and over. 'Rose,' he said, 'if ye go on flirtin' about wiv t' lads t' day 'll come when ye 'll be caught.' Why sud Ah care so much to see

Master Ralph? He only cares for me because there's no one else he cares to talk to—or who's so pretty as me. And if he did love me, where'd be the use? he couldn't wed me, and Ah wouldn't wed with him if he'd ask me. Ah'd be too proud to do what Doris did; an', besides, Ah sud die of it like a bird in a cage. She was always fit for a cage; she never was wild an' free. Ah had enough o' that cage work when Ah was teachin'. No, it can do Ralph no harm, and me none either. Ah won't turn my back on him and let him think Ah don't care for him, just to please her—so there noo!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—A DISPUTE.

DORIS walked quickly back to the Hall. Certainly she had never been so angry since the days of her childhood.

In some ways her nature was too large to wince under Rose's personal taunts, as a more sensitive, more delicately strung temperament might have winced. She had made up her mind that Rose would be vexed, and probably would vent her vexation by pertness and rudeness, though she had not known how stinging this rudeness would prove. The point that so angered her was Rose's flat disobedience to her will. One of her own villagers! A mere dependant on her husband's goodness!—for she knew that Mr. Burneston took no rent for the stone cottages. It seemed to Doris in her indignation that her slightest wish should have been law to the vain, rebellious girl.

But, with the evidence of anger, grew a consciousness that she was angry, and Doris yielded herself up, and tried not to think, not to make any resolves till the mental storm had passed over.

"What a temper mine is," she said to herself, as she drew near the Hall. "I did not think it was so strong."

A regret, a rare feeling with Doris, rose and troubled the lull which was slowly falling on her anger. If she had put in practice towards Rose some of the lessons of worldly wisdom, learned in her close study of others during her stay in London, and in intercourse with country neighbours, she would not have failed so entirely to-day.

"That girl is so wretchedly vain," she thought, "that if I had forced myself to notice and call on her sometimes she would have yielded to my influence, and I might have done what I pleased with her now." She remembered again, with some bitterness, that her husband had said, in the early days of their marriage, "If you choose, you may

be of the greatest possible service to Rose Duncombe."

But, besides all this, there was something quite different; there was a weight, and beneath that weight a soreness at Doris's heart. It was galling to feel in herself a want, and to feel, too, that one so completely her inferior as Rose Duncombe, possessed the quality she lacked. What was it that glowed in Rose's eyes, and trembled in her voice when she spoke of giving up all for the happiness of another?

If Doris had been older, she might have consoled herself with the conviction that her passions were more under control than Rose's were, and that she would never so betray her feelings. But, as has been said, Doris had read few novels, and at school had never talked intimately with any girl besides Rika Masham. And, moreover, forty years ago novels painted life more from the outside than from the inside, and were, in consequence, healthier, though less instructive, than they are now, when, in some of the books we read, human hearts are put under a microscope, and treated like plants and insects.

Besides the look on Rose's face, her words had conveyed the knowledge of a feeling—a knowledge that some months ago might not have aroused attention, but love had begun in Doris's heart beside her baby's cradle—that only true love which is content to give itself without counting on return.

She walked along, her eyes fixed on the ground, her trouble and puzzle getting more tangled and increasing the soreness she felt. Could she then be more happy than she was? She knew that her life had its troubles; but these had been caused partly by the fact of Ralph's existence—a trouble which she never let herself dwell on—and by the avoidance and petty slights offered her by certain country neighbours; and this was a trouble which only curled her lip with scorn, so confident was she in the ultimate triumph of her influence, when what she considered her worldly education should be complete.

All at once she looked up, and saw her husband coming with his dogs along the avenue.

Even at a distance she knew that he had perceived her, and was hurrying eagerly to meet her.

"Yes," she said sorrowfully, "I suppose his love for me is more like Rose's. Why cannot I return it equally? But, then, I am not sure that women need, or ought to love in that way. I am sure I could never like

any one better than I like Philip, and I have baby."

And yet, instead of the feeling of exquisite relief—the feeling akin to that which a draught of cold water gives to parching thirst—when a perplexing doubt is solved, or a light thrown on some difficult undertaking—this answer did not satisfy Doris; the soreness at her heart increased as she approached her husband. Would it have been different, she thought, if she had been Mr. Burneston's equal, and they had met and loved when he was younger, and if his wooing had been done in less set fashion? Next moment she rebuked her own idle folly.

"It is against common sense to dream of what could never have happened. The only thing that could have happened differently would have been that I might have grown up at Church Farm and married—well, say Ephraim Crewe,"—she gave a shudder of disgust—"No." A proud and more contented expression rose on her face. "For all the joy that the feeling could give, I would not give up my position for any power of loving; and Philip is quite satisfied, I think. I am not sure that he would wish for any change in me."

Her husband had come up to her; she stopped and smiled at him.

"Where have you been, darling?" He took her hand, drew it tenderly within his arm, and then turned back again towards the Hall. "I have been studying your face as you came along, and you really looked oppressed with care and woe. I don't think I ever saw you look so troubled before, my darling. What is it? tell me, Doris."

The strong loving tenderness in his voice troubled her; and in this moment of awakened self-consciousness, she knew that she shrank from it as she had never shrank before; not because she disliked it—she felt it to be due to her as a wife; but her natural pride made her shrink from receiving that which she could not return, and Doris could not feign.

It was a relief that she had a real reason to give for her troubled face. The idea of a state of perfect union and thorough interchange of thought and feeling had not been conceived by Doris. She would have shrunk indignantly from deceit; but thorough confidence with her husband was quite beyond her grasp.

She grew very serious while she answered.

"I was coming to tell you, Philip. I had hoped"—she looked up at him with the direct truthful look that had so mastered him

when he met her in Steersdale—"that I might have saved you the worry of knowing; but as I have failed, it seems to me best to tell you and leave you to judge."

Mr. Burneston smiled at her earnestness, and Doris flushed. She felt that if he did not consider Ralph very wrong indeed she should be angry.

"I have been in the village," she spoke more quickly than usual, "I have been up to see and to warn Rose Duncombe, who has been very foolish. I have been told that something very wrong has been happening, Ralph goes and talks to her of an evening, and I did not want you to be worried about it."

Mr. Burneston looked puzzled, and then he smiled.

"You are a wonderful creature," he said. But Doris reddened; she was not quite sure how much of his praise was real or how much a playful mockery of her earnestness, for this gentle banter was the only reproof her husband ever administered. "You are playing mother in earnest; it is very good of you, and very tiresome of Ralph, my darling," he said more seriously, as he read the trouble in her eyes. "Well, how was your lecture received, and what does naughty, pretty Rose say for herself?"

"She is very headstrong and she behaved as badly as possible, and—" She felt that her tongue was going at a most unusual pace, and checked herself.

"She is a silly little girl," Mr. Burneston said cheerfully. "However, there can be no great harm done, I fancy. A girl at Rose's age is far too old to care for Ralph, and I suppose boys will be boys, eh, Doris? and talk to a pretty girl sometimes."

"I can't bear to see you so cool about it, Philip," she said bluntly, for he had begun to whistle softly to himself. "I call such a thing disgraceful. I'm sure Rose thinks a great deal too much about him."

"Indeed! Poor little girl; that's a pity." The squire looked serious and left off whistling. Doris had never spoken to him in such a decided tone; he felt roused from his easy life of happiness to consider this subject more gravely.

"Ralph is dull, poor fellow!" he said; "and I dare say Rose is amusing to talk to. Your brother George found her so, I know." Then another pleasant smile crossed his face. "Perhaps it vexes you, dear, that Ralph should talk to George's sweetheart?"

Doris's anger was getting beyond her mastery.

"I have never spoken to you about this," she said proudly, "because it pains me so much. I cannot—I will not—believe that George really cares for such a person as Rose Duncombe. No! if I did not think of the harm to Ralph I should let this acquaintance go on; it might cure George of such a silly infatuation, and then he would have eyes for Rika."

The sudden change in her husband's face startled Doris. He looked utterly bewildered.

"My dear child," he said, "you talk as if love went for nothing, or as if it could be made to grow like a cabbage. If your brother loves Rose, and I think he does, he won't give her up lightly. And I don't mean to vex you, darling, but Rose will suit George much better than Miss Masham would."

Doris crimsoned till she felt almost suffocated. They were close to the Hall now, and she stood still before she answered.

"I understand you; you mean that I forget the difference of their positions; perhaps that is not my fault," she said in a pained, humbled voice. "There is far less difference between George and Rika than there was between you and me."

It was the first time she had so spoken, and Mr. Burneston grew as rosy as a girl would have done.

"My dear child, you must not compare yourself with any one, you are beyond all rules." Doris thought she had never heard him speak with so much dignity. "If Rose Duncombe were like you, I should hold Ralph completely justified; as it is, you are right, and I will put a stop to this business."

Then they walked on in silence. Doris wished that as she had said so much she had said a few other things which often rose to her lips, while her husband wished the whole talk unspoken, and tried to forget that his wife had lost her temper with him.

They did not meet again till just before dinner. Then Mr. Burneston, instead of meeting Doris, as he usually did, at the door of her dressing-room, knocked and went in.

"I'll talk to Ralph, and settle this business," he said smiling, "so do not expect to see me for some time after dinner." His easy cheerful manner vexed Doris.

"But you will speak seriously to him, will you not?"—her voice getting stiff and hard with the struggle of her feelings—"I do not

know much about boys, perhaps, but this conduct seems to me, at Ralph's age, simply disgraceful."

Mr. Burneston laughed.

"My darling, you are making too much of it. You are only a woman after all—you see things in exaggeration; there's really nothing to worry about."

"Worry!" Doris had flushed scarlet. "To me disgrace would cause a great deal more than worry. You know, you must know that Ralph's visits to Rose Duncombe will do her harm. Why, if a child of mine acted so, I should punish him severely. I should threaten to disinherit him——"

She stopped abruptly; the words had come without her will.

He looked at her a moment; then he put his arm round her and kissed her forehead.

"You are tired, dear," he said, "and you want your dinner. Don't you know that I couldn't disinherit Ralph, even if I wished to do it? I am only a life tenant here; he must be master of Burneston. Now, come along, we are keeping dinner."

This was Mr. Burneston's way of "settling the business" after dinner, when he and Ralph were left alone.

"Do you still wish to go to Paris as much as you did last year, old fellow?" he said kindly.

Ralph's eyes brightened at once.

"I should just think I did. Why do you ask?" he said eagerly.

"I fancy Gilbert Raine is going abroad for a short time, and if you like you can go with him; that is to say, if you are willing to start for Austin's End to-morrow."

Ralph had flushed with eagerness. His two special school chums had seen Paris and many other foreign towns, and he felt himself an ignoramus beside them. One of his great home grievances was that his father had taken Doris abroad, and that he had never been asked to go with him in his previous journeys.

"All right, father; thank you," he said. "I'll go and find Faith, and tell her to have my things put up. The coach leaves Steersley at ten, doesn't it?"

He ran off in an excited bustle, while Mr. Burneston lay back in his chair and thought, "That will settle the matter; how very true is the old proverb, 'Least said soonest mended.'"

ST. FRANCIS.

PART II.

THE life of St. Francis, like that of Dominic, is steeped in miracle, closed by the wondrous glory of the *stigmata*, to which we shall afterwards advert. To attempt to analyze all the miracles attributed to him would be a useless labour. They do not admit of analysis. They were the natural imaginative growth of the time around the life of the spiritual hero. Two things need only be said of this aspect of St. Francis's career. First, that there is a marked distinction to be traced without difficulty betwixt the miraculous and historical elements of his life. The legendary matter is more or less seen to be an after-growth—the real life of the saint running beside it. Thomas of Celano, for example, his first biographer, ascribed to the saint no wonder except the cure of sickness. In the biography by Bonaventura the miraculous accretions first accumulate, and form an important element in the narrative. So far, therefore, the miracles of mediæval biographies differ from those of the gospels. They are not only less elevated and moral in meaning, but they touch infinitely less the substance of the life which they illustrate. We can see their growth almost before our eyes. Secondly, the miracles attributed to St. Francis are chiefly miracles of affection and benevolence towards the lower animals. They are the natural expressions of his divine tenderness and power of sympathy which overflowed for all living things.

The saint's love of animals was so passionate and tender as to form quite a distinct feature of his life. He spoke of the birds in the woods, the sheep in the fields, the ass on which he rode, the bees, the hares and rabbits, as his brethren and sisters. Every living creature he loved and cared for. When the birds sang around him he said, "Our sisters, the birds, are praising their Maker." And when he himself would also praise God with his brethren, and the birds ceased not their song, so that the brethren could not hear one another, the holy man turned and said, "Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered praise to God;" and so the story goes—one amongst many—"they at once were silent; and when the praises were finished they resumed their song." One day a live leveret was brought to him; his gentle heart was moved to pity, and he said, "Little brother leveret, come to me;" and although he desired the creature to escape, it always

returned and nestled in the cloak of the loving father. The same story is told of a wild rabbit: "It still returned," says his biographer, Bonaventura, "into the father's bosom, as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart." Such stories are endless. Pages might be filled with them. "Once, when he was seated on a little boat on the lake of Reiti, a fisherman taking a large fish, which is commonly called a tench, in his devotion brought it to him; and he, taking it kindly and cheerfully, began to call it by the name of brother, and, putting it into the water out of the boat, began devoutly to bless the name of God; and all the while that he continued in prayer the fish, playing in the water near the boat, departed not from the spot in which he had been placed until, the prayer being finished, the saint of God gave him leave to depart." But the most notable of all these stories is one given at great length in the "Fioretti,"* telling how he tamed a wild wolf which had made great ravages in the country, "a wolf of enormous size, terrible and fierce, which devoured not only animals, but men," in the neighbourhood of the city of Gubbio. "No man was strong enough to defend himself against the beast, and through fear matters were come to such a pass that none dared go forth of the town." The saint, "taking compassion on the men of the land," resolved to encounter the wolf; and going forth alone, and making the sign of the cross as he went, he spoke thus to him: "Brother wolf, I command thee in Christ's behalf that thou do no evil to me or to any one." Wondrous to relate, the animal approached him gently, like a lamb, and crouched at his feet. The saint thereupon made a short sermon to the wolf, who, "with gestures of body, tail, and eyes, and with head bowed," showed that he was deeply impressed. And St. Francis, requiring a pledge of repentance and amendment from the hitherto savage animal, "the wolf raised his right forefoot and tamely placed it in the saint's hand." Good faith was established betwixt them, and the wolf "went obediently with him like a gentle lamb, at which all the citizens, when they saw it, marvelled greatly. The wolf kept his pledge of good behaviour, and lived two years afterwards, going tamely from door

* "Fioretti di San Francesco"—the Little Flowers of St. Francis; a collection of legendary stories about St. Francis, very popular in Italy to this day.

to door, "harming and being harmed of none," till, at last, he died of old age, "at which the citizens were sore sorrowful." We may smile at such stories, but there must have been a great depth of love in the heart of the man around whose memory there gathered such a collection of beautiful and touching legends.

Immediately connected with this aspect of St. Francis's life his poetry claims to be mentioned. He is one of the first vernacular poets of Italy. Montalembert, in his preface to the *Life of Elizabeth of Hungary*, is eloquent in praise of his songs and hymns—if his pieces can be definitely called by either name; and a distinguished French art critic and historian, Ozanam,* has devoted a volume to the early Franciscan poets. It is evident that in all the life of the saint there is a poetic element—a mystic tenderness and enthusiasm, a gentle grace and pathos, which break forth everywhere and touch it with a beautiful glow. One of the most characteristic of his songs is a *Cantico delle Creature* (Song of the Creation)—a mere recitative rather than a song or hymn—in which "sister moon," and "brother wind," and "mother earth," and "sister death" are all pictured as praising God. Mrs. Oliphant has given a translation of these verses, which are very simple and touching in their broken and artless utterance. As Ozanam says, "The poem is hardly a lyrical composition—it is nothing but a cry, but it is the cry of a new-born poetry destined to grow and make itself heard through the whole earth." The rhymes are very imperfect; sometimes only at the beginning and end of a stanza, and sometimes replaced by mere assonance. But our readers will thank us for the following brief specimen :

" Praised by His creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God
By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day,
Radiant is she, with his great splendour stored,
Thy glory, Lord, confessing."

" By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised
When clear and fair they in the heavens are raised."

" By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said,
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed."

" By one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised."

" And praised is my Lord
By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night,
Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright."

" Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth;
Thou who sustainest her and governest,
And to her flowers, fruit, herbs, dost colour give and birth."

It is now time to pass on to the concluding events of our saint's life. St.

Dominic and he were united as the promoters of a common object—the revival of Catholicism in the thirteenth century. They also came into a certain degree of personal contact in the furtherance of this object. It is needless to point out what very different men they were. The one a well-born, high-bred, learned, and intolerant priest; the other born from the middle-classes, of a childlike, simple, and affectionate nature—a great popular preacher, as we would say nowadays, but not a priest. I have not adverted to this fact before, but it is a fact deserving of notice as showing a species of liberality which has always more or less guided the Roman Catholic Church. St. Francis was never a priest, and had received no ecclesiastical education. When the religious impulse first began to move him, and he became both by voluntary impulse and by force of circumstances a religious leader, the Church authorities might have said to him, "You have no qualification for such a task; you are a poor and uneducated trader, you had better go back to your shop, and leave the affairs of the Church alone." Probably this was the first feeling with which his claims were met. But the Bishop of Assisi was a man of sagacity as well as an official, and he saw the capacities of the youthful enthusiast beneath all his apparent madness. The Pope and the cardinals at Rome discerned also the promise of a great movement in the poor mendicant. It is foresight of this kind which distinguishes the highest Conservatism, from that which often goes under that name. And if the Church of England had only been conservative in this sense when the great Wesleyan movement began, it might have presented a very different spectacle to-day both in England and America.

But not to pass from our subject. Not only did the Church of Rome accept the mission of the poor enthusiast at Assisi as well as of the learned controversialist and missionary in Languedoc, but it extended approval to the Franciscan order some time before it did so to the Dominican. We have already seen the occasion on which it first received the papal blessing and sanction. Again in 1215 the saint was in Rome, after a long journey into Spain, intent upon a more formal recognition of his mission. St. Dominic was also there, intent on the same purpose of founding an order of Preachers. Sanction came to him also in the following year, but not till his great rival had again carried away the papal blessing. On this

* A *Life of Ozanam* has recently appeared, and is well worth reading.

occasion they are supposed to have met for the first time. St. Dominic, enlightened by a vision as to the character of a meanly-clad man in a brown tunic that he saw before him, ran forward, and, falling on his neck, saluted him with a kiss, saying, "Thou art my companion—thy work and mine is the same." "And they were made one heart and one soul in the Lord," says the devout chronicler. Let us not discredit the picture of brotherly unity, all the more that we know how difficult it is in matters where human ambition and human passion mingle to preserve the higher spirit which in higher moments seizes all great hearts.

Once again at least the two great leaders met in very different circumstances—in 1219, when the Franciscan order had already grown into a great company, and held its memorable chapter known as the *Chapter Stortearum*, so called from the rude tents erected on the great plain below the Portiuncula by the Frati who swarmed from all quarters. St. Dominic is reported to have been present at this famous chapter, and to have been greatly amazed at the sway exercised by St. Francis over his followers, and the manner in which Divine Providence provided for the wants of so great a multitude. It is pleasant in the view of the many controversies, which were afterwards to divide the orders, to contemplate the two founders thus bound together, if only for a little, in the bonds of unity.

But the career of St. Francis was now drawing to a close, and the great glory of the order was being wrought in his person. Formerly in GOOD WORDS* I gave the history of this final "miracle," which is of so remarkable and interesting a character. I then analyzed and tried to estimate the value of the evidence on which it rests. Nothing can be more curious than this evidence, or more illustrative of the mixed simplicity and duplicity which probably enter into all the mediæval narratives of saintly miracles. It is a coarse and really unhistorical view which would at once push aside such narratives as mere imposture. Imposture does not play a large part in history, although no doubt it has its part; but whenever men have been greatly moved, especially in a moral direction, by some great event or idea, it is generally found to rest on some nucleus of fact, and not on mere deliberate invention or falsehood.

The great miracle of the stigmata was the supposed formation of the marks of our

Lord's Passion on the body of St. Francis. The story told is as follows. In the solitude of Mount Averno on the borders of Tuscany, near the sources of the Tiber and the Arno, the saint was praying and meditating on our Lord's passion. The burden of his prayer was, that he might know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and be filled with His love for the souls of men. And as he prayed there appeared stretching over him a great figure as of a seraph, with the arms extended and the feet as if fixed to a cross. As he thought in his heart what this vision might mean its awe passed within him, and there began to appear on his head and hands and feet signs of nails as he saw on the holy Crucified One. The impression of the stigmata, or wounds of our Lord, was henceforth stamped on his body.

Marks of such a nature seem beyond doubt to have been found on the body of the saint after his death. But how the marks came to be there is another question, and we must refer any of our readers who desire to look into what is said on the one side or the other to the article which we formerly devoted to the subject. We need only repeat, that while the sincerity of the saint himself is beyond all question, and it is possible to conceive how the ardent longing of his soul to resemble his dear Master in all things may have expressed itself in some manner on his physical system, the sincerity of those who had charge of his body, and especially of his friend Elias of Cortona, his companion and successor as the head of the order, is by no means equally beyond suspicion. The after-history of Elias is an evidence that he was capable of deception, and that he may have made more than they really signified of any signs that seemed miraculous to the eye of faith.

Doubtless the saint had dwelt on our Lord's passion till it really passed into his heart, and he could say with St. Paul (Gal. vi. 17), "From henceforth let no man trouble, for I bear on my body the marks (*stigmata*) of the Lord Jesus." "I must become like Christ in His sufferings," he said literally, "even as I have sought to follow Him in all the acts of His life." The spiritual meaning was with him, as with the apostle, the main meaning. The passion of self-sacrifice consumed him, and transfigured him with the glory of the Lord. But this did not satisfy his followers. The purer aspirations of the saint became to his successors the likeness of nails upon the hands and feet of the saint, and a fleshy wound in his side.

* Vol. 1867, p. 38. "History of a Miracle."

It is the same melancholy story which the history of the Church is always illustrating—that the living idea of one age became the materialised tradition of the next.

The story of the stigmata forms the subject of one of Giotto's most famous pictures in the Convent at Assisi. The saint is seen receiving the streaming glory of the Passion from heaven. And it was impossible to look upon the awe-struck, half-kneeling figure, thrown back in a deprecatory yet solicitous agony of earnestness, while the mysterious influence was shed upon it, without being deeply moved. Yet even in the picture the deepest impressions are caught, not from the outward incidents of the story, touching as these are, but from the thought of the beautiful life of self-sacrificing devotion which rises before the mind.

The story of such a life can never fail to interest while the world lasts, and men feel that there is something better in all life than any materialism of wealth, or splendour, or learning, or science of any kind—the spirit, viz., of being good and of doing good—of living for an ideal to be realised in ourselves and in others. It is this spirit or passion of goodness, as born of God, and capable in its lowest form of rising to the likeness of God, which is the uniting link of all great Christian

hearts and Christian Churches. It is here that Franciscan and Dominican, Protestant and Catholic, meet together. It is here—almost nowhere else—that the Christianity of the nineteenth and of the thirteenth centuries are capable of understanding one another. The dogmas of St. Francis, and still more the dogmas of St. Dominic, are far away from us. Political economy has destroyed the one, modern toleration has undermined the other. There may be still, indeed, at the outposts of all the Churches, *Dominicani*—or watch-dogs of the Lord—ready to pounce upon heretics, and devour them when obdurate. But more and more, through many painful struggles, it has got near to the heart of Christendom that it is not the weapons of war, but the words of peace—not the spirit of St. Dominic, but that of St. Francis—that is really powerful; and that the great brotherhood of the future, come when it will—after many long delays still, it may be—will be a brotherhood of spirit, and not of dogma—of common aspiration and of mutual helpfulness—rather than of common opinion or of uniform ritual. “The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.” The form vanishes continually, but the mind that was in Christ—and in lower degree in St. Francis—will never perish.

JOHN TULLOCH.

THE SIPHON RECORDER.

IN this age of mechanical contrivances every one must have felt the peculiar poetry and personality of mechanism. A locomotive rushing along at express speed, the smooth and stately play of some great beam engine, the sudden drop of a distant railway-signal while we are looking at it, strike us with feelings of admiration and even of awe. These mysterious and orderly motions impress us, besides, with a sense of the singular personality of the machine. They seem to betray the agency of a hidden life. Impetuous, grand, exact, according to the nature of their action; but always silent and remote, as if they were beings captured from another sphere. Reason naturally turns our admiration from the creature to its creator, and we honour the human genius which has enriched us with these captives from the unknown.

Perhaps no class of instruments impress us so much with this kind of feeling as those telegraphic instruments which “receive” the message from a distant station, whether it be

the intelligent clicking of a “sounder,” the ink-marking of a Morse “printer,” the spot of light wandering over the screen of a “speaking” galvanometer, or, above all, the glib and noiseless writing of the “Siphon Recorder.”

In April of this year I happened to be standing beside one of these instruments in the office of the Eastern Telegraph Company at Marseilles, about six o'clock one morning. The Recorder is always joined up to the cables and can receive its message whether any one is in attendance or not. The worn-out night clerk was at the moment fast asleep in his chair. All at once the instrument began to “speak.” The delicate glass pen commenced to move and inscribe its tiny message from the sea on the moving scroll of paper which passed by. Rapidly it came, letter by letter, word by word, “The Prince of Wales, Indore, to the Princess of Wales, Windsor—Many happy returns of this dear day.” (It was the anniversary of his wedding-day.) “Sorry we are so far apart—

kiss the dear children for me,"—and was then passed on to England, overland through France, outdoing the sun by four and a half hours, for it was half-past ten o'clock at that time in Bombay.

Sir William Thomson's Siphon Recorder, in all its present completeness, must take rank as a masterpiece of invention. As used in the recording or writing in permanent characters of the messages sent through long submarine cables, it is the acknowledged chief of "receiving instruments," as those instruments are called which interpret the electrical condition of the telegraph wire into intelligible signals. Like other mechanical creations, no doubt, its growth in idea and translation into material fact was a step-by-step process of *evolution*, culminating at last in its great fitness and beauty.

The marvellous development of telegraphy within the last twenty years has called into existence a great variety of receiving instruments, each admirable in its way. The Hughes, or the Stock Exchange instruments, for instance, print the message in Roman characters; the bell instruments strike it out on bells or gongs of different tone; the needle instruments indicate it by oscillations of the needles; the Morse daubs it in ink on paper, or embosses it by a hard style; while Bain's electro-chemical receiver stains it on chemically prepared paper. Meyer's French instrument receives four messages at once and records them separately; while Mr. Elisha Gray of Chicago can receive as many as eight simultaneously, by means of notes excited by the current in eight separate tuning forks.

But all these instruments have one great drawback for delicate work, and however suitable they may be for land lines they are next to useless for long cables. They require a certain definite strength of current to work them, whatever it may be, and in general it is very considerable. Most of the moving parts of the mechanism are comparatively heavy, and unless the current is of the proper set strength to move them, the instrument is dumb, while in Bain's the solution requires a certain strength of current to decompose it and leave the stain.

In overland lines the current traverses the wire suddenly, like a bullet, and at its full strength, so that if the current be sufficiently strong these instruments will be worked at once and no time will be lost. But it is quite different on submarine cables. There the current is slow and varying. It travels along the copper wire in the form of a wave

or undulation and is received feebly at first, then gradually rising to its maximum strength, and finally dying away again as slowly as it rose. In the French Atlantic cable no current can be detected by the most delicate galvanoscope at America, for the first tenth of a second after it has been put on at Brest; and it takes about half a second for the received current to reach its maximum value. This is owing to the phenomenon of induction, very important in submarine cables but almost entirely absent in land lines. In submarine cables, as is well known, the copper wire which conveys the current is insulated from the sea-water by an envelope, usually of gutta percha. Now the electricity sent into this wire *induces* electricity of an opposite kind to itself in the sea-water outside, and the attraction set up between these two kinds "holds back" the current in the wire and retards its passage to the receiving station.

It follows, that with a receiving instrument set to indicate a particular strength of current, the rate of signalling would be very slow on long cables compared to land lines; and that a different form of instrument is required for cable work. This fact stood greatly in the way of early cable enterprise. Sir William (then Professor) Thomson first solved the difficulty by his invention of the "mirror galvanometer," and rendered at the same time the first Atlantic cable company a commercial success. The merit of this receiving instrument is, that it indicates with extreme sensibility all the variations of the current in the cable, so that, instead of having to wait until each signal wave sent into the cable has travelled to the receiving end before sending another, a series of waves may be sent after each other in rapid succession. These waves, encroaching upon each other, will coalesce at their bases; but if the crests remain separate the delicate decipherer at the other end will take cognisance of them and make them known to the eye as the distinct signals of the message.

The mirror galvanometer is at once beautifully simple and exquisitely scientific. It consists of a very long fine coil of silk-covered copper wire, and in the heart of the coil, within a little air-chamber, a small round mirror, having four tiny magnets cemented to its back, is hung, by a single fibre of floss silk no thicker than a spider's line. The mirror is of film glass silvered, the magnets of hair-spring, and both together sometimes weigh only one-tenth of a grain. A beam of light is thrown from a lamp upon the

mirror and reflected by it upon a white screen or scale a few feet distant, where it forms a bright spot of light.

When there is no current on the instrument, the spot of light remains stationary at the zero position on the screen; but the instant a current traverses the long wire of the coil, the suspended magnets twist themselves horizontally out of their former position, the mirror is of course inclined with them, and the beam of light is deflected along the screen to one side or the other, according to the nature of the current. If a *positive* current, that is to say a current from the copper pole of the battery, gives a deflection to the *right* of zero, a *negative* current or a current from the zinc pole of the battery will give a deflection to the left of zero, and *vice versa*.

The air in the little chamber surrounding the mirror is compressed at will, so as to act like a cushion and "deaden" the movements of the mirror. The needle is thus prevented from idly swinging about at each deflection, and the separate signals are rendered abrupt and "dead beat," as it is called.

At a receiving station the current coming in from the cable has simply to be passed through the coil of the "speaker" before it is sent into the ground, and the wandering light spot on the screen faithfully represents all its variations to the clerk, who, looking on, interprets these and cries out the message word by word.

The small weight of the mirror and magnets which form the moving part of this instrument and the range to which the minute motions of the mirror can be magnified on the screen by the reflected beam of light, which acts as a long impalpable hand or pointer, render the mirror galvanometer marvellously sensitive to the current, especially when compared with other forms of receiving instruments. Messages have been sent from England to America through one Atlantic cable and back again to England through another, and there received on the mirror galvanometer, the electric current used being that from a toy battery made out of a lady's silver thimble, a grain of zinc, and a drop of acidulated water.

The practical advantage of this extreme delicacy is, that the signal waves of the current may follow each other so closely as almost entirely to coalesce, leaving only a very slight rise and fall of their crests, like ripples on the surface of a flowing stream, and yet the light spot will respond to each. The main flow of the current will of course shift

the zero of the spot, but over and above this change of place the spot will follow the momentary fluctuations of the current which form the individual signals of the message. What with this shifting of the zero and the very slight rise and fall in the current necessitated by rapid signalling, the ordinary land line instruments are quite unserviceable for work upon long cables.

The mirror instrument has this drawback however, it does not "record" the message. There is a great practical advantage in a receiving instrument which records its messages; errors are avoided and time saved. It was to supply such a desideratum for cable work that Sir William Thomson invented the Siphon Recorder, his second important contribution to the province of practical telegraphy. He aimed at giving a *graphic* representation of the varying strength of the current, just as the mirror galvanometer gives a visual one. The difficulty of producing such a recorder was, as he himself says, due to a difficulty in obtaining marks from a very light body in rapid motion, without impeding that motion. The moving body must be quite free to follow the undulations of the current and at the same time must record its motions by some indelible mark. As early as 1859, Sir William sent out to the Red Sea cable a piece of apparatus with this intent. The marker consisted of a light platinum wire, constantly emitting sparks from a Rhumkorff coil so as to perforate a line on a strip of moving paper; and it was so connected to the movable needle of a species of galvanometer as to imitate the motions of the needle. But before it reached the Red Sea the cable had broken down and the instrument was returned dismantled, to be superseded at length by the Siphon Recorder, in which the marking point is a fine glass siphon emitting ink, and the moving body a light coil of wire hung between the poles of a magnet.

The principle of the Siphon Recorder is exactly the inverse of the mirror galvanometer. In the latter we have a small magnet suspended in the centre of a large coil of wire—the wire enclosing the magnet, which is free to rotate round its own axis. In the former we have a small coil suspended between the poles of a large magnet; the magnet encloses the coil, which is also free to rotate round its own axis. When a current passes through this coil, so suspended in the highly magnetic space between the poles of the magnet, the coil itself experiences a mechanical force, causing it to take up a

particular position, which varies with the nature of the current, and the siphon which is attached to it faithfully figures its motion on the running paper.

Diagram No. 1. represents a front view of the Siphon Recorder. The principal parts are the signal coil S; the great signal magnets M M, between whose poles the signal coil is suspended; the writing apparatus, including the siphon *t*, and the pulleys *b d e* for running off the paper "slip"; and last of all the "mousemill" D, whose two-fold functions are to force the ink through the fine bored

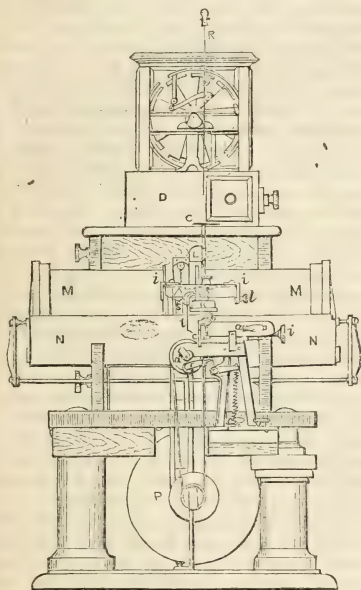


Fig. 1.

siphon by means of electricity and to drive the "slip" forward past the siphon.

The use of the signal magnets M M, of which M and M are the two separate poles, is to create an intensely magnetic space for the signal coil to hang in. When a wire conveying a current traverses such a magnetized space, or "magnetic field" as it is called, the wire experiences a real mechanical force and tends to be displaced in a particular direction. Thus if A B, Fig. 2, be a wire conveying a current across the poles N S of a magnet, the wire will tend to be carried towards the reader or from him according to

the direction of the current. And if (Fig. 3) the wire be bent so as to form a complete turn or convolution, the current will pass down one side and up the other, and consequently one side will tend to move towards the reader while the other moves from him. If such a convolution be suspended at top and bottom, it will tend to rotate when a

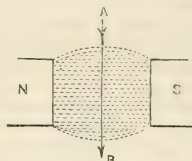


Fig. 2.

current passes in it; and such is the fundamental principle of this Recorder.

The signal coil consists, not of one turn, but of about six hundred, in order to multiply the effect. They comprise about three hundred feet of wire and they are wound into a hollow rectangular coil two inches long by three quarters wide, and weighing some sixty grains. The coil is suspended at top and bottom, so that it is free to oscillate to one side or the other according to the current passing through it. The upper suspension is a single thread of silk wound on the pulley *p* (see Fig. 4); the lower a double thread or bifilar suspension, *g g*, attached to weights, *w w*, by which means their tension can be regulated and the oscillating period of the coil adjusted to different rates of signalling.

The signal-magnets M M, Fig. 1, are not *permanent* magnets like the "loadstone,"

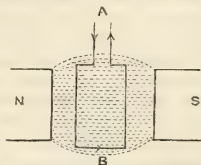


Fig. 3.

but *electro-magnets*, or magnets excited temporarily by electricity. Each pole, M, is a complete electro-magnet in itself, and consists of a coil of thick silk-covered copper wire wound helically round a big core of soft iron. When the current, from a suitable galvanic battery, is passed through this wire the core becomes a magnet, having a north pole

developed at one end, and a south pole at the other, and so it remains as long as the current is permitted to pass. The inner poles of the electro-magnet, M M, thus developed, are of opposite character. The same may be said of the outer poles; but these are joined together, and so virtually blended, by a curved iron plate or "armature," N N, which also forms the bed in which the signal magnet lies.

The inner poles are brought very close to the sides of the signal coil, and their force is further concentrated on the latter by a centre-piece of soft iron, filling the empty space inside the coil, so that the coil can move freely around it. A powerful current is kept circulating round the helices of these magnets,

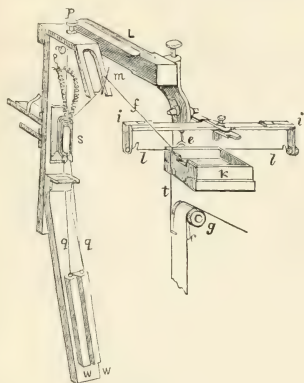


Fig. 4.

so as to keep them always excited when the instrument is in use. The batteries which supply this current would rather surprise any one whose ideas of a galvanic cell are gathered from the laboratory or the text-book. Conceive a flat wooden tray nearly three feet square, lined with lead inside, and on the bottom a sheet of copper laid over the lead. Conceive a solid grating of cast zinc, nearly two feet square, supported over the copper-plate, flush with the lips of the tray, on four stoneware props. Each zinc is sheathed underneath by a square of parchment paper to act as a porous diaphragm separating the solutions. Sulphate of zinc (or white vitriol) solution fills up the tray between the copper and zinc plates; and lumps of crystallized sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) are dropped down upon the copperplate, where they dissolve. Conceive a pile of these trays, say

ten, standing one upon the other, and you have the immediate source of the power which excites the signal-magnets. Throughout the pile the copperplate in the bottom of one cell is in contact through the wood with the zinc of the cell on which it rests; the terminal plates from which the current is led to the magnets being of course of zinc and copper. This battery is merely a modified form of the ordinary Daniell battery, and differs but little essentially, however much in appearance, from Volta's "crown of cups." Each cell is complete in itself, and has its own chemical decompositions and combinations. The zinc plate is gradually consumed away through oxidation by the water, the copper sulphate dissolves and is decomposed, copper is deposited on the copperplate, zinc sulphate is formed and hydrogen gas is given off. All these molecular changes are taking place wisely beyond the reach of our senses. In standing beside a pile of these cells in operation one hears no sound, save the occasional evolution of a gas bubble on the surface of the liquid. Yet it is a source of energy, as active as the roaring furnace of a steam-engine, and is teeming with motion and change. The massive zinc is so much fuel that is being silently burned up; the salt crystals, so many molecular edifices that are being silently demolished by the unseen artificers of nature. The chemical forces at work are transforming themselves in some mysterious way into an electric force. An amazing stir and drill of molecules is going on, and transfer of power, by which weights may be raised, heat, light, magnetism, and even sound produced; but the process itself is noiseless, unfelt, and unseen.

From the large surface of plates these cells supply a large *quantity* of electricity, and hence their suitability for magnetizing purposes. The great mass of the zinc plate, too, renders it very durable. I lately saw the remains of a pile of cells which had worked constantly night and day for a year. The parchment covering of the zinc plate was full of a grey paste composed of salts of zinc mostly, while here and there mere shreds of zinc in the mass were all the vestiges left of the original grating. A layer of copper, a quarter of an inch thick, had been deposited on the copperplate, and glittering crystalline nodules and bosses of pure copper were scattered here and there like nuggets over its bright metallic surface. These cells had been carefully tended upon theoretical principles. An allowance of water and sulphate of copper to make up for the loss had been

daily supplied, and the excess sulphate of zinc regularly taken away.

We come now to the siphon, which is a capillary tube of the fineness of a bristle. The short upper limb dips into the reservoir of ink, and the point of the long limb is bent inwards and ground smooth off parallel to the paper. It is carried by a little aluminium "cradle" or "hammock," *e*, Fig. 4, which is slung on a tense platinum wire, *f* *l*. A fibre *f* connects the long leg of the siphon to the coil, and sometimes the tiny multiplying lever *m* is introduced to magnify the motion of the coil, and thereby increase the size of the recorded signals.

The ink is a solution of aniline blue, very bright and fluid. The paper or "slip" is thin, white, and smooth, cut in a long strip a little less than an inch wide. It enters the instrument by the spring *a*, Fig. 1, passes over the pulley *b*, down the face of the writing-tablet *c*, and out between the pulleys *d* and *e*, where it is given off.

The point of the siphon does not touch the paper, although it is very close. It would impede the motion of the coil if it did. But the "capillary attraction" of so fine a tube will not permit the ink to flow freely of itself, so the inventor, true to his instincts, again calls in the aid of electricity, and electrifies the ink. The siphon and reservoir are together supported by an *ebonite* bracket, *L*, from the rest of the instrument, and *insulated* from it; that is to say, electricity cannot escape from them to the instrument. The ink may, therefore, be electrified to an exalted state, or high *potential* as it is called, while the body of the instrument, including the paper and metal writing-tablet, *c*, Fig. 1, are in connection with the earth, and at low potential, or none at all, for the potential of the earth is in general taken as zero.

The ink, for example, is like a highly-charged thundercloud supported over the earth's surface. Now the tendency of a charged body is to move from a place of higher to a place of lower potential, and consequently the ink tends to flow downwards to the writing-tablet *c*. The only avenue of escape for it is by the fine glass siphon, and through this it rushes accordingly, and discharges itself in a rain upon the paper. The natural repulsion between its like electrified particles causes the shower to issue in spray. As the paper moves over the pulleys a delicate hair line is marked, straight when the siphon is stationary, but curved when the siphon is pulled from side to side by the oscillations of the signal coil.

It is to the mouse-mill that we must look both for the electricity which is used to electrify the ink, and for the motive power which drives the paper. This unique and interesting little motor owes its somewhat epigrammatic title to the resemblance of the drum to one of those sparrow wheels turned by white mice, and to the amusing fact of its capacity for performing work having been originally computed in terms of a "mouse-power." The mill is turned by a stream of electricity flowing from the battery above described, and is in fact an electro-magnetic engine worked by the current.

The body of the revolving wheel or drum is set round with a series of compound bars of brass and iron. Suppose that *a* and *b*, Fig. 5, are cross-sections of two of these bars set on the body of the drum *D*, the unshaded part representing iron and the shaded brass. And suppose that *N* is the pole of an electro-magnet excited by the current. The iron

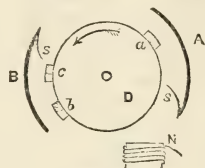


Fig. 5.

portion of the bar *b* will be attracted by this magnet, and the drum will turn round in the direction of the arrow. And if it be arranged that the current in the coil of the electro-magnet shall be interrupted when *b* is above *N*, the electro-magnet will be demagnetized from that instant, and will consequently exert no further attraction on *b*. But *b* will move on by the momentum it has already acquired, and be carried past *N*, while another bar (*c* for instance) is approaching *N*; and if, when *c* gets nearer to *N* than *b*, the current be again allowed to magnetize *N*, the bar *c* will be pulled forward in turn. In this way the rotation of the drum is kept up. Each bar *b*, directly it is over the magnet *N*, touches a spring which interrupts the magnet current until *b* has cleared *N*, and the next bar has come up. The pole of the electro-magnet is a mosaic of soft iron set in the floor of the mill. The current from half-a-dozen tray cells is sufficient to set the drum whirling rapidly. Its motion is communicated by a train of pulleys, of which the large pulley *P*, Fig. 1, is the chief, to the paper. It is only necessary to vary the current strength (and this can be

done in a moment) in order to slow or speed the drum, and thus to vary the velocity of the paper.

We come now to the other function of the mouse-mill, namely, that of generating the *exalted* electricity for the electrification of the ink. Suppose that A and B, Fig. 5, represent two plates of brass curved so as partially to enclose the drum. And suppose A to be insulated from the rest of the instrument, and to contain a charge of positive electricity, while B is in connection with the rest of the instrument, and therefore with the earth. If *a* and *b*, before they have cleared the shelter of A and B, are connected *together* by a wire, the positively charged plate A will *induce* a charge of negative electricity on the near bar *a*, and positive on the remote bar *b*. This momentary connection being again broken the bars are left insulated from each other by the ebonite as before, and each carries a charge of electricity with it, till, in revolving, *a* is made to yield up its negative charge to B, and *b* to yield up its positive charge to A, by passing contact with the springs S S. The negative charge of *b* is, of course, lost in the earth; but the positive charge of *b* adds to that already on A, and, as this process goes on, A becomes charged by a very high potential, and is capable of giving off strong sparks. From this ever-replenished store the excess is led away by the pointed brass rod R, and the brass disc O beneath. R is in connection with A, and therefore highly charged with positive electricity. From its pointed nature there is a great accumulation of the charge just at the end. It therefore *induces* electricity on the opposed disc; these two opposite kinds of electricity stream through the intervening air space, and neutralise each other, leaving the ink highly charged positively. In fine we have here the action of the lightning rod on a thundercloud. The highly charged plate A represents the cloud, the metal disc and ink the earth. If the rod and disc changed places the parallel would be complete.

We have now seen how it is that the signal coil moves under the action of the current transmitted along the line from the distant sending station, how the motion of the coil is communicated to the siphon, how the ink flows and the siphon marks, how the paper moves past the siphon point, how the mouse-mill turns and propels the paper, and how it generates and supplies electricity to the ink; we have next to see how the Recorder is applied, in connection with other apparatus, to the actual recording of messages.

Suppose, then, that the instrument is in working order—that the current from ten tray cells is circulating round the coils of the big electro-magnet whose cores are strongly magnetized. And suppose that the intermittent current from six cells is driving the mouse-mill so that the siphon is spurring its thin jet of ink in a straight line on the slip, which slides uniformly past its nozzle. In Fig. 6, let station A on the left be the receiving station to which station B is sending. At station A the copper conductor inside the cable, shown by a dotted line, is led to one side of an apparatus called a condenser or accumulator; the other side of the condenser is led to one end of the signal coil of the Recorder or receiving instrument, the other end of the signal coil being put into good connection with the earth by a wire E running to a sheet of copper, or “earth plate,” sunk deep in the ground. The condenser is an *accumulator* of electricity. It has the power of suddenly taking up a considerable charge.

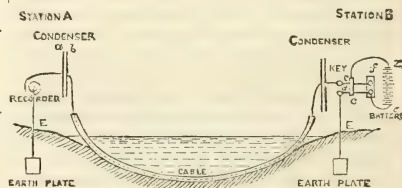


Fig. 6.

The opposed plates *a* and *b* are sheets of tin-foil, and if *b* be suddenly electrified it will induce a sudden electrification on *a*, and also on the coil of the Recorder connected to *a*. This is what takes place in sending a message. The plate *b* is successively electrified by the intermittent currents coming in from the sending station, and accordingly it induces sudden electric impulses on the plate *b*, and on the coil of the Recorder. These impulses are the signals of the message.

We have now to see how the intermittent currents are sent into the cable at station B. There the wire of the cable is also led to a condenser, and the condenser to the key, or sending instrument, by which the operator controls the current entering the cable. In this instrument *c* and *d* are two spring levers worked up and down between the cross-bars *e* and *f* by the pressure of the sender's fingers. The copper pole C of the battery is connected to one of these bars, say *f*, and the zinc pole Z to *e*. The cable through the condenser is connected to the lever *c*, and the earth plate

to the lever *d*. When the key is at rest both levers press against the upper bar *e*, and the cable is "put to earth." But if the bar *d* be pressed down by the finger into contact with the under bar *f*, the copper pole is put to earth through the bar *d*, and the zinc pole is put to the condenser by the bar *e*, which still remains in contact with *e*. In the same way, if the bar *e* is depressed the zinc pole will be put to earth, and the copper pole will charge the condenser. These sudden charges into the condenser induce corresponding charges in the cable, which travel to station A, and are there received in the manner described. According as the zinc or copper poles are applied to the sending condenser, so does the signal coil rock to one side or the other; in other words reversing the current by the key reverses the motion of the coil, and consequently the signal curves marked on the paper. With a succession of zinc and copper currents alternating, the line drawn by the siphon point takes the form of a series of waves across the slip on both sides of the middle zero line. The alphabet of signals employed is the "Morse code" so generally

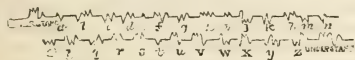


Fig. 7.

in vogue throughout the world. In the Morse code the letters of the alphabet are represented by combinations of two distinct elementary signals, technically called "dots" and "dashes," from the fact that the Morse recorder actually marks the message in long and short lines, or dots and dashes. In the Siphon Recorder writing dots and dashes are represented by curves of opposite flexure. Thus in Fig. 7, which is a *fac-simile* of recorder slip showing the alphabet, the letter *a* is formed by a curve upward, followed by a curve downward, or a dot and a dash; the letter *b* by a curve downward, followed by three upward curves, and so on. Each of these curves indicates a distinct current sent into the cable by the manipulation of the sending key. The condensers are merely used to sharpen the action of the current, and render the signals more concise and distinct on long cables. On short cables, say under three hundred miles long, they are rarely if ever used.

The speed of signalling by the Siphon Recorder is of course regulated by the length of cable through which it is worked. The instrument itself is capable of a wide range of

speed. The best operators cannot send over thirty-five words per minute by hand, but a hundred and twenty words or more per minute can be transmitted by an automatic sender; and the recorder has been found on land-lines and short cables to write off the message at this incredible speed. When we consider that every word is, on the average, composed of fifteen separate waves, we may better appreciate the rapidity with which the siphon can move. On an ordinary cable of about a thousand miles long the working speed is about twenty words per minute. On the French Atlantic it is usually about thirteen, although as many as seventeen have sometimes been sent.

The "duplex" system, or method of telegraphing in opposite directions at once through the same wire, has recently been applied, in connection with the recorder, to several long cables of that most enterprising of telegraph companies—the Eastern—so that both stations may "speak" to each other simultaneously. Thus the carrying capacity of the wire is in practice nearly doubled, and recorders are busy writing at both ends of the cable at once, as in the intelligence came up out of the sea itself.

We have thus far followed out the Recorder in its practical application to submarine telegraphy. Let us now regard it for a moment in its more philosophic aspect. We are at once struck with its self-dependence as a machine, and even its resemblance in some respects to a living creature. All its activity depends on the galvanic current. From three separate sources invisible currents are led to its principal parts, and are at once physically changed. That entering the mouse-mill becomes transmuted in part into the mechanical motion of the revolving drum, and part into electricity of a different nature to itself—into mimic lightning, in fact, with its accompaniments of heat and sound. That entering the signal magnet expends part of its force in the magnetism of the core. That entering the signal coil, which may be taken as the brain of the instrument, appears to us as *intelligence*.

The Recorder is now in use in all four quarters of the globe, from northern Europe to southern Brazil, from China to New England. Nearly all our recent Indian intelligence was passed on to us from recorder to recorder. Many and complete are the adjustments for rendering it serviceable under a wide range of electrical conditions and climatic changes. The siphon is, of course, in a mechanical sense, the most delicate

part, but, in an electrical sense, the mouse-mill proves the most susceptible. It is essential for the fine marking of the siphon that the ink should neither be too strongly nor too feebly electrified. When the atmosphere is moderately humid, a proper supply of electricity is generated by the mouse-mill, the paper is sufficiently moist, and the ink flows freely. But an excess of moisture in the air diminishes the available supply of *exalted* electricity. In fact, the damp depositing on the parts leads the electricity away, and the ink tends to clog in the siphon. On the other hand, drought not only supercharges the ink, but dries the paper so much that it *insulates* the siphon point from the metal tablet and the earth. There is then an insufficient escape for the electricity of the ink to earth; the ink ceases to flow down the siphon; the siphon itself becomes highly electrified and agitated with vibrations of its own; the line becomes spluttered and uncertain. Various devices are employed at different stations to cure these local complaints. The electrician soon learns to diagnose and prescribe for this, his most valuable charge. At Aden, where they suffer much from humidity, the mouse-mill is kept surrounded with burning carbon. At Malta a gas flame is used for the same purpose. At Suez, where they suffer from drought, a cloud of steam is kept rising round the instruments, saturating the air and paper. At more temperate places the ordinary means of drying the air by taking advantage of the absorbing power of sulphuric acid for moisture prevails. At Marseilles the Recorder acts in some respects like a barometer. Marseilles is subject to sudden incursions of dry northerly winds, termed the *mistral*. The Recorder never fails to indicate the mistral when it blows, and sometimes even predicts it by many hours. Before the storm is itself felt the delicate glass pen becomes agitated and disturbed, the frail blue line broken and irregular. The electrician knows that the mistral will blow before long, and, as it rarely blows for less than three days at

a time, that rather rude wind, so dreaded by the Marseillaise, is doubly dreaded by him.

The Recorder was first used experimentally at St. Pierre, on the French atlantic cable, in 1869. This was numbered 0, as I am told by Mr. White of Glasgow, the maker, whose skill has contributed not a little to the success of the Recorder. No. 1 was first used practically on the Falmouth and Gibraltar cable of the Eastern Telegraph Company in July, 1870. No. 1 was also exhibited at Mr. Pender's telegraph soirée in 1870. On that occasion, memorable even beyond telegraphic circles, "three hundred of the notabilities of rank and fashion gathered together at Mr. Pender's house in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, to celebrate the completion of submarine communication between London and Bombay by the successful laying of the Falmouth, Gibraltar and Malta, and the British Indian cable lines." Mr. Pender's house was literally turned outside in; the front door was removed, the courtyard temporarily covered with an iron roof, and the whole decorated in the grandest style. Over the gateway was a gallery filled with the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards; and over the portico of the house door hung the grapple which brought up the 1865 cable, made resplendent to the eye by a coating of gold leaf. A handsome staircase, newly erected, permitted the guests to pass from the reception-room to the drawing-room. In the grounds at the back of the house stood the royal tent, where the Prince of Wales and a select party, including the Duke of Cambridge and Lady Mayo, wife of the Viceroy of India at that time, were entertained at supper. Into this tent were brought wires from India, America, Egypt, and other places, and Lady Mayo sent off a message to India about half-past eleven, and had received a reply before twelve, telling her that her husband and sons were quite well at five o'clock the next morning. The Recorder, which was shown in operation, naturally stood in the place of honour, and attracted great attention.

JOHN MUNRO, C.E., A.SOC.T.E.

SILK-WORM CULTURE.

THE question of the rearing of silk-worms and the production of silk in England has lately come very prominently before the public. The subject has been discussed in the leading journals, and sanguine philanthropists already see golden cocoons hanging

from every mulberry-tree to reward the industry of those who will put out their hands to pluck, and card, and spin, and store the produce for the manufacture of bright and shining garments. More especially is this new industry looked forward to as likely to

become an important assistance to the willing female overplus population of these islands, who have hitherto found it so hard to obtain employment suitable to their sex and meagre attainments. Doubtless many a country lass has begun to look with unwonted interest upon the hitherto despised pets of her juvenile brothers, and to dream of the days when

"She sall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare,"

by means of the ugly crawling worms upon which she formerly looked with so much disgust.

There are, however, many obstacles to be encountered before such dreams as these can be realised, and, although we hear that thousands of eggs have been purchased by charitable ladies for orphanages, and in one instance for a prison, it remains extremely doubtful whether the rearing of silk-worms will ever become a profitable branch of industry in England. Up to the present time it is certain that there has not been enough silk produced here to make one dress per annum. However, that even a small quantity has been produced is an encouragement for those who are disposed to try this new speculation, and to such perhaps the following sketch of a visit to a silk-growing establishment in South Tyrol may be interesting.

Who that has travelled through the hills and dales of that romantic land does not know sunny Meran, surrounded by its verdant hills towering gradually into the majestic forms of Alpine ranges?—that on the north crowned with snow, cut off sharply by the soft southern breeze, reminding one strongly of a huge slice of wedding cake; whilst on the south the mountain masses stretch far away into the remote hazy distance, leading on to that land of promise, the ultimate goal of all tourists—Italy the fair, the home of history and mystery, of all that is bright and lovely in nature and in art, and of all that is dark and terrible in human passion and human crime. And upon the soft white dreamy masses the warm sun delights to hover, now in crimson glory and now in bright golden hues—pointing ever to the fairer land beyond those glowing portals, the way to which seems all too bright for storm and avalanche, for dizzy precipice and dark abyss. To this enclosed and sequestered valley come invalids from all parts to try the *molken-kur*, or to eat to satiety of the grapes growing upon the surrounding slopes, which eaten there in gradually in-

creasing quantities are deemed specific for many diseases. Here, too, come the jaded votaries of fashion to rest awhile, and gather up their strength for fresh campaigns in that world from which they would here seem for ever secluded; for indeed this Alpine valley might be imagined as a fitting spot for the Castle of Indolence, wherein men might dream away the long summer days, listening only to the murmuring music of the mountain torrent, playing ever in pretty graceful curves round the great boulders of her wide and rocky bed, as though she could only by such mazy windings find her way to the far-off ocean. Yet, notwithstanding these innocent devices, indications are not wanting of moments of fury in which this simple child-like stream has shown herself a furious torrent, leaping wildly over every barrier, filling the wide bed with foaming water, scooping great holes in the sandy banks, carrying away giant trees, and sparing neither bridges nor houses, nor the lives and labours of men, in her headlong fury, and all for what?—only because the sun has been a little too fierce, and melted away some of the icy covering in which she loves to veil herself far up in her mountain home, and, lo! she straightway rushes upon her headlong course, hasting to her own destruction, and involving all who approach her in death and desolation. Even so the evil passions of mankind require but a slight stimulus to cause them to follow their natural bent, and involve many in ruin; and even from peaceful Meran evil cannot be quite excluded, for where men and women do congregate there will ever be bickerings and jealousies, envyings and slanderings, and the dyspeptic and the disappointed are ever ready to see and to imagine evil in others, and in a *kursaal* or a promenade people have nothing to do but to dwell on their own real or imaginary ailments, to discuss or to invent scandals, or to criticize the dress and appearance of their neighbours. But this sort of amusement soon becomes monotonous; the last new coiffure and the latest quarrel or newest flirtation cease in time to interest when the lovers, haters, and coquettes are alike unknown, and carry on their various diversions in a tongue which, however vulgar to those who use it, may be classic Greek to the foreign bystander. Neither can you be for ever watching the skill of the picturesque Tyrolean marksmen, so eagerly loading and reloading their rifles to try another and another shot at the swiftly-moving painted stag which serves as a target: therefore we gladly availed

ourselves of the invitation of some friends, ensconced in a romantic *schloss* high up in the mountains, to pass a day with them in their lonely but lovely retreat.

The path lay through meadows green with a greenness which might shame the Emerald Isle, and dotted here and there with flowers known only to our greenhouses; then up through pine woods fragrant with the mingled perfume of tree and flower, and bright with many-coloured blossoms, trailing gracefully from tree to tree, or nestling up to the giant stems as if for protection; emerging again high up on a sunny alp, where cattle graze and corn and wine enrich the thrifty *bauer*; on through acres of vines trained carefully over trellis-work, beneath which we walk as through an arbour, sheltered from the scorching sun, up to the very gates of the fine old *schloss*, turreted and castellated like most of these mediæval baronial mansions, but shorn of its ancient glory, inhabited no longer by a proud and lawless baron with his handful of armed retainers lording it over the peasantry, but by a simple farmer, himself little above the ordinary peasant, yet by frugality and industry rapidly rising to wealth, and consequently to power. Every inch of ground seemed turned to good account: corn waving here, hay-making there; acres of trellised vines laden with unripe clusters, orchards of pears and chestnuts, and everywhere hedges about five feet high, neatly trimmed, with here and there a small white berry resembling a raspberry. From these hedges women were diligently picking the leaves, and with them filling those huge baskets with which Tyrolean women toil patiently up their native mountains, bearing loads which our labourers would reject as too heavy. The utility of this seemingly useless labour we were soon to learn, for our friends informed us that the enterprising proprietor had added to the legitimate operations of an ordinary farm, the culture of silk-worms, that he had sent to Italy for women skilled in the management of the silk-worm, and had already begun to realise considerable profit from his novel venture. Upon our request to be allowed to see the objects of his care, we were courteously conducted to a large partially darkened room, fitted up with a double row of shelves in the centre, like those used in many farm houses for the storage of cheese. On first entering the room our ears were assailed by a rustling noise as of much munching, reminding us of the accounts we had read of an army of locusts, and as our eyes became accustomed

to the subdued light we found that the noise proceeded from a multitude which I think might be counted by many thousands, if not millions, of caterpillars, in many stages of growth, whose voracious appetites were satisfied by the huge baskets of leaves culled from the hedges of white mulberry which we had seen; and in this work alone four women were constantly employed. The shelves, which were light and movable and surrounded by a narrow ledge, were taken off in rotation, the dry partially consumed leaves, with such luckless individuals as adhered to them, being shaken into an empty basket, and the vigorous worms supplied with fresh leaves several times a day. We had supposed that this refuse would be thrown aside as useless rubbish after the worms had been carefully picked from it, but we were told, on the contrary, that this mass of withered leaves formed excellent litter for the cattle, who ate what they chose, treading the rest under foot for manure; and as for the few worms adhering to the refuse, the fact of their doing so proved them to be weak and unhealthy, and therefore useless; so they were consigned to their doom to be trodden to death by the cattle. Having examined the worms in all their various stages, from the tiny recently hatched to the great ugly looking creatures as large as a finger, just ready to spin, we were shown into another room filled with branches of trees upon which the more advanced worms were busy spinning their cocoons. Some of these are carefully selected and reserved for a supply of eggs for the next year, while the remainder are wound off for silk, the moths thus treated being, I believe, generally killed by the process, or too much injured by the necessary immersion in hot water, to be depended upon for fertile eggs. In yet another room lay the rich produce of the previous year, great masses of rich creamy silk, ready for delivery to the merchant, to be carded and spun, and prepared by many processes for the manufacturer. The manner in which the worms are reared and managed in this Tyrolean *schloss* is strictly analogous to that employed in China, and is, doubtless, that which has been found by experience to be the most simple and profitable. In China, we learn from "Fortune's Wanderings in China," the worms are kept in dark rooms, on shelves one above the other, and only differ from those we have been describing in being placed in round bamboo sieves upon these shelves. Then again, we learn that "the trees, or rather bushes, of white mulberry, are planted in rows on the

banks of canals, and not allowed to grow more than from four to six feet in height. The natives cut all the young shoots off close to the stump, and the leaves are stript from these and taken home. The Chinese seem very particular in stirring up the earth round the roots as soon as the young branches and leaves have been stript from them." Now one of the greatest obstacles to the successful rearing of silk-worms in England is, undoubtedly, the backwardness of the mulberry tree. The worms are hatched before their natural food is ready for their consumption; resort is then had to the lettuce; but experience has proved that although the young worms will readily eat lettuce, yet they do not thrive upon it; the pulsations of the heart become gradually more feeble and they die; or even if put upon mulberry leaves early, the silk produced will not be so good and even in quality, nor so large in quantity, as that produced by worms fed wholly upon mulberry leaves. The mulberry usually cultivated in this country is the *black* mulberry, which is a tree of slow growth and by no means easily reared, whereas the mulberry upon which the worm thrives best is the *Morus alba*, or *white* mulberry, which, as I have already shown, both in China and in the farm in the Tyrol above described, is grown abundantly as hedgerows or low pollards, and never suffered to attain the size of trees; whether this is only for the convenience of plucking the leaves, or whether it has been found that by thus restricting the growth a larger crop of leaves is produced, I know not. But as far as I am aware, very few attempts to grow the white mulberry have hitherto been made in England. Captain Mason, writing to *The Times*, January 20th, 1877, suggests that the white mulberry might be grown abundantly on pieces of waste land and on railway slopes; and perhaps in sheltered situations, if confined to the size deemed the most suitable in silk-producing countries, they might be profitably employed here as hedgerows in arable fields, but in pasture land they would require to be fenced from the sheep and cattle, or very few leaves would remain for the silkworms. That the climate of England presents no insuperable obstacle to the growth of the mulberry and the rearing of silk-worms is proved by a fact quoted by Captain Mason, that in 1848 "Mrs. Whitby had the honour of presenting to Her

Majesty the Queen twenty yards of silk damask the produce of her estate in South Hants;" and in the present depressed state of agriculture silk-worm culture would at least seem worth a trial by such farmers as possess land suited to the growth of the white mulberry. Already it has attracted the attention of our enterprising colonists in Australia, and silk bids fair to become one of the future products of that rising colony. Mrs. Mill and other benevolent ladies look forward to silk-worm culture as likely to become a remunerative employment for women; and it certainly might be combined with farming occupations with a fair chance of profit, although, of course, like everything else, subject to fluctuations in accordance with the seasons. There are at present a few silk throwsters in England. One establishment of the kind which I lately visited in the old historic town of St. Albans employing three or four hundred young girls, each earning good wages by work suited to their age and strength; but the silk treated in this establishment is all of foreign growth, for, as the manager observed, "All the silk grown in England would not make a single bale." Yet I believe, with a little care and perseverance it might be so increased as to form a veritable source of industry, if not of wealth, to many of our hard-working and poorly remunerated agriculturists. But the first step towards such a success must be the introduction and growth of the white mulberry in place of the unproductive and unprofitable thorn hedges at present grown, or at least as supplementary to them and to the stone walls in use in many counties. In fact, the hedge and the wall might, on suitable soils and in congenial situations, be made to form an admirable shelter for the useful but somewhat delicate white mulberry, protecting it from the chilly spring blasts and enabling it to expand its vigorous leaves in time to prevent the young worms from being injured by the ever-ready but pernicious lettuce.

The white mulberry once acclimatized, the rearing of the silk-worm would become an easy task, and we might reasonably hope that silk would be added to our national products and our national industries, although probably, from climatic drawbacks, never to a very large extent.

A. W. BUCKLAND.





SPRING'S SECRET.

GIRDLED with gold, my little lady's bower
Stands at the portals of a world in flower ;
And on her shield the changing blossoms mark
How the Spring grows each day from dawn to dark.

When forth she moves, her dainty foot is set
On cowslip, hyacinth, and violet ;
And all day long the woodland minstrels ring
Changes of measure for her pleasuring.

And all night long a passionate music stirs
Without her walls the guardian belt of firs ;
Hushed in their waving boughs, the low winds brood,
Murm'ring the sea's song for an interlude.

Within the darkness does my lady wake,
To hear her nightingales their music make,
And musing, weep and wonder at the pain
That breaks through all the rapture of their strain ?

Does the dawn rouse her with its murmurous flight
Of swallows glancing grey against the light,
To dream again of all the joys that lie
Folded within the new day's mystery ?

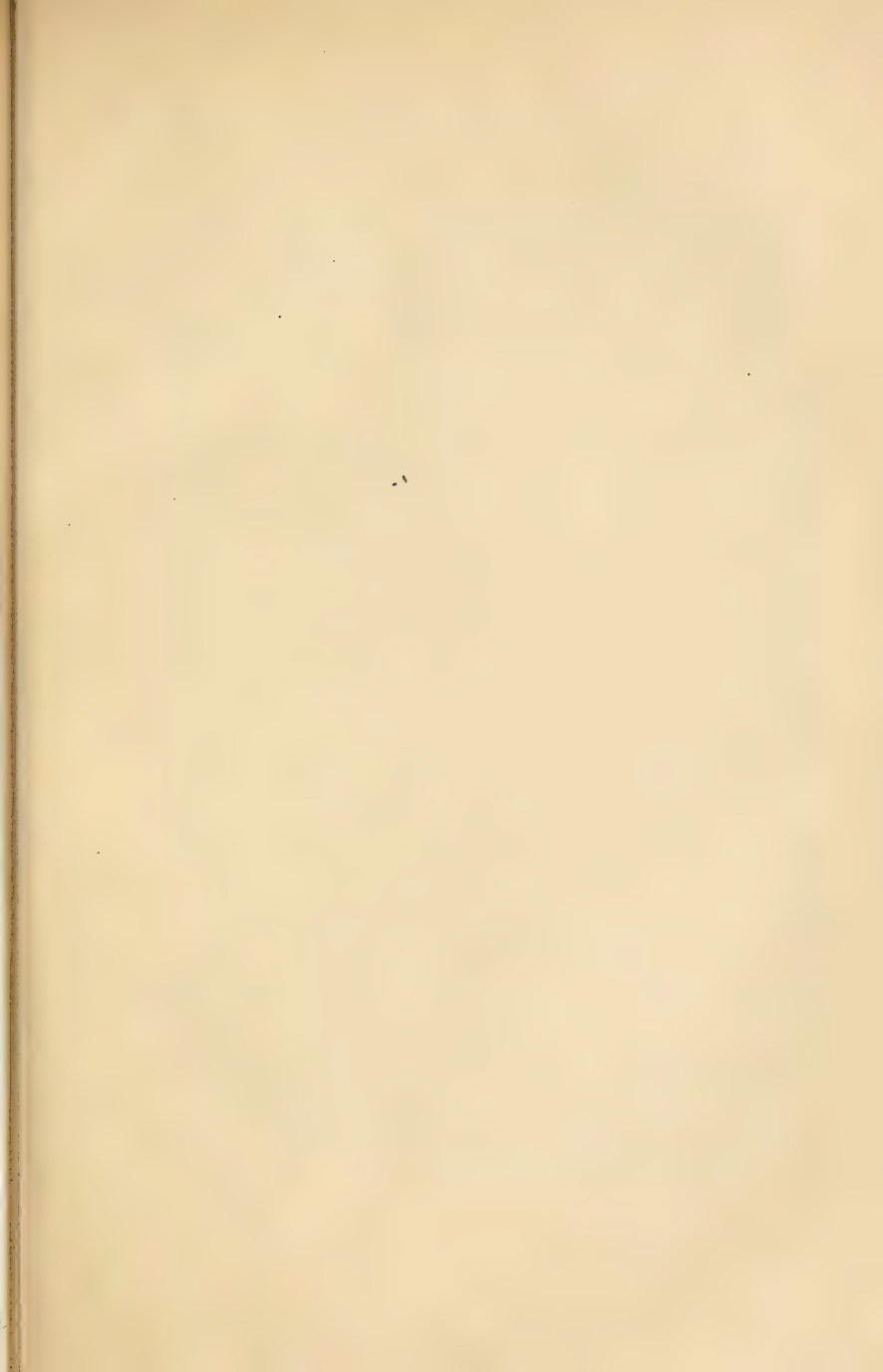
Nay, through her world of blossom, flowerwise,
My lady moves with unawakened eyes ;
She heeds not if the apple bloom be shed,
Nor if the hours pass by rose-garlanded.

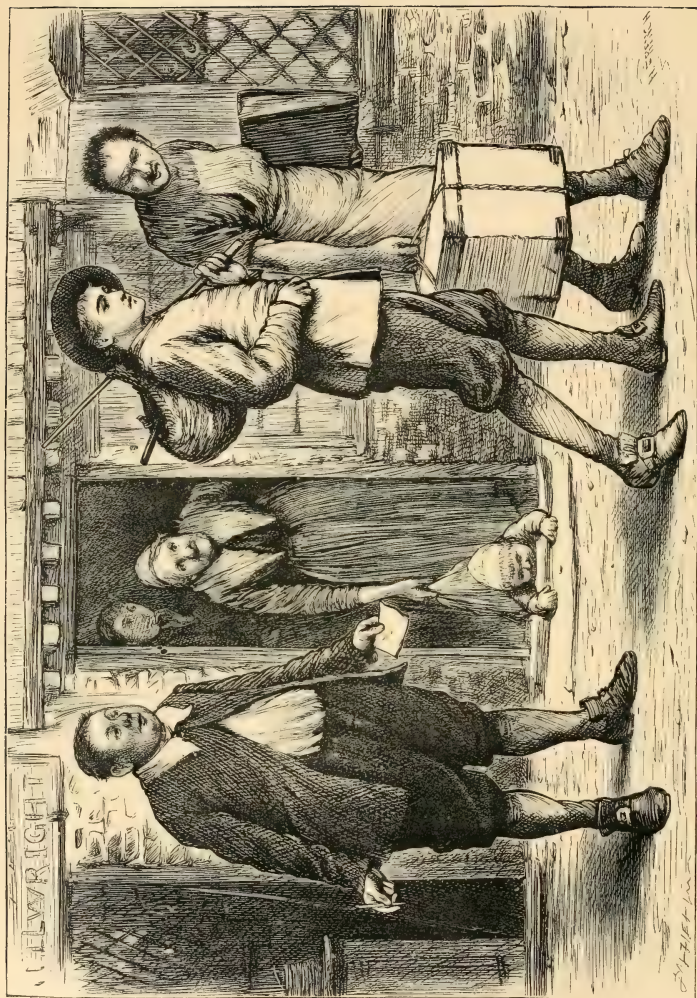
No soft hopes greet her with first lily bells,
No memories smite her in wan asphodels,
Nor hears she when the autumn winds are borne
By their low cadence in the summer corn.

While thus unmoved my lady keeps her state,
Without her walls I year-long watch and wait ;
Till she awake and summon me to bring
Low to her feet the secret of the Spring.

C. BROOKE.







"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE;" ETC.

CHAPTER I.—A POEM IN CARVING.

THE doors of St. Stephen's, Charlsbury, an ancient but decayed town in one of the south-eastern counties, had long been the envy and glory of all the neighbouring churches. Generation after generation had passed through them to be christened, to be married, and to be buried; had looked on them in joy and in sorrow, in triumph and in humiliation, in hope and in despair; had read in their mutely eloquent carvings, as in a book (for many their only book), of the heights and depths to which humanity could ascend and descend; and drawn comfort and courage from the lessons there taught for the fighting of their own battles against enemies within and without.

For in those old black doors some humble-minded, unknown man of the dark ages had seen, in the light of his faith, a pair of gigantic tablets, on which to tell the tragic story that he believed his country was doomed over and over again to repeat in anguish and in tears; the victims of to-day becoming the executioners of to-morrow.

And well, indeed, though somewhat grotesquely, did he fulfil his purpose.

On the square border that surrounded the left panel, were exhibited demon figures with long tails curiously twisted together; all squatting among and crushing roses and lilies; all, whether above, at the sides, or below, facing the common centre, in grotesque attitudes, no two alike; all with cheeks puffed out in the blowing of trumpets, as if calling the whole creation to witness their devilish revelry. Such was the frame of the central picture, where the martyr Stephen was seen standing amid an infuriated mob, each man with a great stone in hand, he with a winning and appealing smile on his face.

In the right panel the martyr lay on the ground wounded unto death, his eyes fixed ecstatically on an angel hovering above with a crown of glory for the martyred head.

But the border to this panel was the strangest part of the whole work. No cherubs, saints, or angels were there to triumph over the defeated powers of evil. The demons of the other panel were here again the sole spectators—the same, but how changed! And how changed too the scene! The

flowers were up-springing once more. The trumpets had fallen from the grasp to the ground; the tail-circles were loosened, and the tails ludicrously pitiable in their droop and hang; while the faces of the demons were marvellous in their varieties of rage, astonishment, and scowling consciousness of utter, final overthrow. One of the figures was almost pathetic for the imaginative sense of the magnitude and value of the lost domain of man's soul, as displayed in the listless squat, the fixed stare of the eyes, and the hard pressure of the clenched fists against the withered cheeks. The whole made a rude, but grand poem in carving.

Such were the doors on which three rustic children of Charlsbury, two boys and a girl, had many a time gazed in the intervals of their play, and spelled out, each in his or her own fashion the details of the wonderful story.

And these were also the doors on which two men and a woman directed their last glance from the stake erected opposite them, in the days of the cruel bigot Queen Mary. Yet, even then, the sufferers had no curses, but only blessings for the grand old carver; who had unconsciously to themselves led them on from those happy days of seemingly thoughtless childhood to share, at last, in maturer years, the anguish and glory of the dear old church's patron saint.

And as the fierce strife between the old and new religions began to lull, fresh elements of warfare were evoked by the political contests of king and people. Charlsbury had its own share of the consequences. The church was turned into a stable and barrack for a troop of Ireton's horse; and its precious doors narrowly escaped destruction while becoming the cause of a fresh tragedy.

Orders had been given by the commanding officers that no injury should be done to the edifice; but a drunken trooper, who had shared in many an iconoclastic feat, seeing a Romanist cross himself as he stood for a moment before the carvings in earnest and reverential admiration, caught up a heavy hammer from an anvil close by where two smiths had been at work for the soldiery, and poising it above his head, while steadying himself for a tremendous blow at the centre of the nearest panel, was about to strike, when he

himself was stricken, and fell like an ox under the blow of the butcher. The Romanist, who had caught up the other hammer, killed the iconoclast by that single blow; and fled in safety before any one even knew of his presence.

And when sectarian and political violence no longer threatened the beautiful doors, it was discovered that another and more insidious foe had been at work—age; which, while it softened and spiritualised the old carver's materialised thoughts, and so made them more tender and suggestive, left their surface also more liable to injury from slight and accidental causes.

One day, when a fight with sticks and stones, such as the neighbourhood was notorious for, took place between the youths of Charlbury parish and those of Watcombe, the latter, hard pressed, cut off from the way home, and having no time to collect fresh ammunition, took to their heels, ran till they saw the open doors of Charlbury church, rushed in pell-mell, and clapped to the doors, which then received the terrific shower of stones sent after the fugitives, and which made the aisles reverberate as with the rattle of artillery, or of a sudden thunder-storm.

From that day of injury and mischief to the fine old doors by native hands, up to the day of completed reparation, some years later, Charlbury bore its shame in silence; and looked askance and loweringly when tourist artists would sketch the still famous and still visited carvings—would ask with annoying curiosity and pertinacity how they became so damaged.

CHAPTER II.—MASTER AND APPRENTICE.

BEFORE a house and shop which had once been a manor house, in the main street of Charlbury (which was also the high road through it), there were nearly at all times some waggons or carts standing, as having been—or about to be—repaired. This blocking of the narrow way caused many a violent quarrel. Neighbours got used to the inconvenience; but strangers from distant parts, driving their loaded wains past, would shout and swear till they were hoarse at the owner of the shop; who took care to keep in the background, but whose name they saw on the heavy sign above, and made unpleasant use of so that he might hear.

"Godfrey Trimmer, Carpenter and Wheelwright," such was the inscription on the sign. And looking into the shop on the morning of a day in the third quarter of the seven-

teenth century, when this narrative begins, a spectator would have seen an odd mixture of things belonging to both trades. Cart-wheels, iron-axles, carriage-poles, and tail-boards were visible in all sorts of positions, among unfinished pieces of carpentry, such as the ornamental exterior frame-work of houses, quaint window casements, and timber of all shapes and dimensions, roughly prepared for rural and domestic purposes. Adzes and other tools used in both vocations were also interspersed confusedly about or hung on the walls. As a kind of finish to the whole, there was suspended midway over the devious route from the front to the back of the shop, the rounded roof or canopy of some vehicle, under which it was necessary to duck the head in the passage through.

Most customers were content to stop just within the threshold; where, as they gazed on the picturesque chaos, they could hear the wheeze and puff of the smith's bellows, the musical fall of the hammers in quick succession, and see the golden sparks fly about in the dark shed at the rear of the house.

Ascending to the story above, the cause of much of the confusion below became apparent. The carpentry portion of the establishment was there, but the ordinary materials and tools had been moved to the ground floor many weeks ago, to make room for a couple of bulky intruders, who would be content with nothing less than the best place, that is to say, near the broad mullioned windows which opened directly on the street. These intruders were the famous carved doors of Charlbury, brought hither to be repaired.

On the morning in question they were so placed, side by side, that there was barely room to pass between them. And the young workman in whose charge they were was continually walking to and fro between them and the windows, and ever keeping his face towards the carvings as if to study their general effect.

On each occasion of his return to the doors, he touched with a sponge dipped in some liquid those parts of the new work that seemed too light of colour to match perfectly with the old.

At times he would stop and turn right or left to look on the wall, where at the very beginning of his labours he had hung outline drawings of both panels of the exact size of the originals, one on one side and one on the other. These were divided by horizontal and perpendicular pencil lines into an infinite number of small squares; the object

being to enable him to paste into their right places careful separate drawings in detail of every part of the carvings that could be distinguished, and so to obtain a guide for the restoration of those portions that had become dim or undecipherable.

He was now once more asking himself, what he had often waked in the night to ask himself in alarm, Was the new carving worthy of the old?

He passed many times from the soiled sketches on the wall to the tangible results of his handicraft on the doors, to try to satisfy himself that the question might be answered satisfactorily.

"Well, anyhow, they are done," he said, speaking aloud, after a long pause before the work, without movement of any kind. "Ah, yes," he murmured, "done at last! and that's about all I dare yet to say."

He sighed, but it was a sigh rather of relief than of regret. Again he gazed a long time in that deep expressive silence which told how his work engrossed him, and again he sighed; but this time it was a sigh that seemed full of measureless content, and as if he were quite satisfied.

"'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' said our good old parson last harvest festival-day, as a broad hint to the richer farmers among his flock. That's what I call good sense and good feeling, as well as good divinity. And as my only hire will be praise, growing perhaps to fame, let me take care of that, and be thankful while I may."

So communing with himself, he began to carve the letters of his name in the darkest and least conspicuous spot he could find; which happened to be an enclosure made by the fantastic twist of a couple of demons' tails at the bottom—and in the corner—of the left panel.

While letter after letter was being cut deeply into—not raised like the carvings upon—the general surface of the door, the carver's face broadened with a smile, which soon turned into a loud laugh, as he exclaimed,—

"What will old Trimmer say when he sees this? Ay, but suppose he do not see? He shall not!" And he at once so darkened the newly-cut letters, that only eyes seeking for such a record were likely to find them. And then, as if in fear of interruption, he darkened each letter as he cut it.

Presently, his thoughts flying off in a different direction, he wondered what the glorious old fellow, monk or other, who first made these carvings would say to him, if he, the "bold 'prentice," were only bold enough to call his

ghost from the grave, tell the awful apparition in what state the doors were when brought hither, and then ask him to look mercifully at them now.

"By heavens!" he broke out suddenly, "much as I have loved, studied, and almost worshipped his work, I see now I have not admired them half enough. And if I only had them to do over again, the carver's ghost should see the difference."

The inscription was completed. And so ingeniously and artistically arranged in curved lines, as to appear on a casual glance to be a mere ornamental flourish filling up the vacant space.

Revelling in the beauty of his own handicraft, in the dreams of the future that he saw opening like the promised land to Moses's messengers, and in the delight mingling with these, that he already saw by anticipation in the eyes of a certain person when she should look on the doors restored to their old place, and whisper to her loving and proud heart, "And this is my sweetheart's doings!" the young artist-workman forgot everything but the rapture of the moment; and the conviction, growing with every fresh study of the panels, that he had accomplished a true artistic triumph.

And as he stood there gazing, still gazing, he was himself, in spite of the paper cap, the shirt-sleeves tucked up at the elbow, the grey vest, grey breeches, and grey stockings, with thick clumsy shoes, the embodied ideal of all that was at once manly and picturesque, in the rich fall of his curly brown hair; the slender, well-shaped form of middle height and supple strength; the features at once strong and expressive of a sensitive temperament; the lustrous forehead and swelling throat vying with sculptured marble; the full and finely-shaped lips when at rest, but which were apt to be pursed up in moments of thought, or while carving some particularly delicate bit of work; and, above all, in the tender, dreamy light of eyes that would suddenly blaze in the conception of some grand idea, or become fiercely penetrating and aggressive at the suspicion of intended insult or wrong.

He was awakened from his pleasant reverie by a touch on his shoulder. Starting, he turned and saw his master; who had what the apprentice thought a villainous habit of stealing in upon his workpeople as silently as if his shoes were shod with felt.

"Done, Jasper?" asked Mr. Godfrey Trimmer, who was a short, thick-set man, with a certain something in the cunning

twinkle of his bright eyes that tended to contradict the loud monotonous voice, the pompous manner and bearing, and the vacuity of the round purplish face, which looked like that of an ugly cherub.

"Quite done, master," was the response. "The doors may be re-hung in time for the feast-day services to-morrow."

"As far as you are concerned, that is to say; as far as you are concerned." And therewith he tapped the young man twice on the breast, as if to strike home the idea.

It was Godfrey Trimmer's habit to use few words, but to attach such value to these as often to repeat them with a smile, and in a more emphatic way; as if he at least knew how much there was in them, and that his hearer would know too, if he studied them in a right frame of mind, as no doubt he would.

While he takes out his glasses, wipes them deliberately, and still more deliberately puts them on, looks through them at various objects around till he settles them at last into the right place, and then sits down on a low tressel in front of the door, a brief glance at his history may be useful.

Trained simply as a wheelwright in a neighbouring county, and having a little money left him by a relative, he went to his master, a prosperous man, on the very last day of his apprenticeship, and proposed to him to be his partner. The wheelwright stared, laughed till he almost choked himself, and declined. Godfrey Trimmer then wished him good-bye, and left without an hour's warning, and with the shop full of unfinished work.

He then set out on a tour to examine the whole country for some fifty miles round in every direction, till he reached Charlsbury; where, finding the only wheelwright was an aged man with a great arrear of jobs always by him, he settled down at once right opposite, and frightened him into resignation of his business for a mere life-pittance, which he did not long live to receive. Before a year passed Godfrey had numerous hands in his employ, and was beginning to extend his operations far and wide.

Being, however, one of those men who not only know on which side their bread is buttered, but have a keen eye to the improvement of the quality and quantity of the said butter, Mr. Trimmer had soon discovered that Charlsbury and its neighbourhood were not rich enough to let him get rich by one trade alone; so he astonished everybody one morning about six months after his arrival by hanging out above his shop a heavy, gorgeous sign, announcing himself as "Car-

penter and Wheelwright," and then waiting till orders flowed in, before even engaging a journeyman for the new branch of trade.

When he did engage he found a treasure—a man in the decline of life, but who was at once an amateur artist in wood-carving, and a first-rate workman in carpentry. That man was Ralph Deane, father of Jasper, and his first teacher in the beautiful art of which, after the father's death, the son was to make such good use in dealing with the carvings of the old church doors; and from Ralph Mr. Trimmer had picked up what little of skill and knowledge he possessed of the carver's art, being himself, however, clever in a commonplace way.

"Hum! Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Trimmer, after a prolonged examination of the doors. "Not badly done; not at all badly done—for an apprentice! You'll do, Jasper, in time—in time, my boy."

Throwing off his coat as if he were going to be very busy indeed, and taking up a sharp tool, he began to touch the carvings here and there, every touch seeming to enter into Jasper's soul. He literally trembled with rage and fear—rage at the audacity and ignorance of the man who had over and over again compelled him to substitute secretly fresh work for the poor stuff Godfrey had thrust in; fear for the effect on the work, which might be simply ruinous; whilst, by the immediate removal of the doors, it might also be irremediable.

He dared not speak or move, thinking any interference with so positive a person might increase the evil.

Meanwhile, Mr. Trimmer began to talk with unwonted frankness about his doings and plans. He was already on the scent of another and more important commission for the church of Doddington, where the entire chancel was lined with carvings, said to be by the same man as these doors.

"I can contradict that, master," said Jasper sharply.

"And how should you know anything about the matter, sir?"

"I can distinguish the touch of a great carver in wood from all imitators, as well as I can distinguish the lines in my own palm from all similar lines in other men."

Mr. Trimmer seemed to be pondering over this to him inexplicable assertion for a long time before he ventured another remark.

"Do you insinuate that the Doddington carvings are by imitators?" he said at last.

"I am sure of it."

"How?"

"The touch is feeble, hesitating, uncertain"—like yours, he would have added had he dared.

"Jasper, look at that demon's face. It won't do at all. Compare it with the others; I mean the old ones. You must do that over again. It really is vexatious—all this delay. I say, sir, it really is vexatious."

It was hardly in human nature to repress a smile, when Jasper, going to the sketches on the wall, cut out with his penknife the drawing of the head in question, and took it to his master, saying,—

"That I drew from the head you are complaining of, the very first day I saw the doors in the workshop. Compare, and you will see that head has never been even touched."

"Really?" said Mr. Trimmer, and became suddenly interested in the drawing, "and very well drawn too! Jasper, I shall take care of you; I have great things in my mind for you some day. We shall see—we shall see," and he touched Jasper's breast again almost lovingly.

Moved by this, Jasper thought he would tell him of the inscription, and obtain his assent. But while he was trying to see his best way to do so he was spared the trouble, for a noise caused him to turn round, and he saw that Mr. Trimmer, by a sudden movement, had upset the tressel, and was on his knees anxiously peering into the dark corner of the left panel.

Presently he turned, and said in a strangely quiet tone,

"Come here," and Jasper went. "Will you kindly read out to me that little inscription? That little inscription, Jasper," he said, and smiled with cruel irony.

"Jasper Deane, Restorer, A.D. 1668," said the apprentice, standing bolt upright, and with hard, stern voice, as if he felt the moment had come to defend himself, but with a face where the colour seemed to come and go in painful and rapid succession.

"Well, sir?" said the master, as he regained his feet, his purplish cherubimic face almost black with the posture he had been in, and with the excitement he could no longer restrain.

"Well, master?" responded Jasper, looking Mr. Trimmer full in the face, but with as much of deference as he could.

"But it's not well, sir; it's very ill."

"I made the drawings of the carvings as they were"—

"Under my direction at every step, sir," interrupted Mr. Trimmer.

"I have supplied every one of the most important heads that were defaced."

"But who did the tails? Who did the tails, sir?"

"I left them, master, to you—as you wished—and they are well done."

"Oh, you own that?"

"I think, master, that on the whole you must see I am entitled to call the restoration my work."

"Your work? Yours?" And the loud voice passed almost into a scream. "Isn't this my shop? Aren't these my tools? Didn't I get the commission? Don't I find you food, and clothes, and lodging, and pocket-money? Not my work, indeed! Why, you are mine—body and soul, sir, body and soul."

Jasper laughed—he could not help it, though he was sorry a moment after.

"An apprentice to dare to talk to me like this! Jasper!"

"Yes, master?"

"Bring your tools, and erase these letters in my presence."

"I cannot."

"You must! You shall!"

"Never, master!"

"Then I will." And so saying Mr. Trimmer again went on his knees before the panel, to cut away all that Jasper had inscribed there.

A moment of terrible temptation assailed the unlucky apprentice. He has never since been able to recall the precise form of violence to which he was on the point of giving way; all he knows of the matter is, he was tempted, and was saved by the sudden recollection of the tragedy of the drunken trooper and the Romanist before these very doors, in the time of the Civil War; an event to which he had often ascribed certain stains on the carving that might very well have been stains of blood.

"Master!" he said with a trembling, passionate voice of appeal, "please listen to me, before—before"—Emotion here overcame him, and he was constrained for a minute or so to silence.

Mr. Trimmer, who had his own obvious reasons for desiring to be on good terms with his apprentice, turned round, and sat on the floor, with the cutting tool in his hand.

"Go on; be quick."

"Master, I am free to confess I was wrong to put my name on the carving without first obtaining your consent. I beg you to forgive that neglect of duty."

"Help me up. There's an end of the matter. We'll say no more about it. Nobody will know what you put in, any more than they'll know what you took out. So that's settled."

"I am sorry, master, for the method of doing—not for the thing done, which I think you will not wish undone when you hear what I have to say." So said Jasper pertinaciously, and there was an increasing sternness in the voice that had the effect of reminding Mr. Trimmer he was not exactly in the position to curb with dignity a rebellious apprentice.

Declining, therefore, the offer of the hand he had asked for a minute before, he rose, and stood with his eyes fixed on Jasper's, with an expression that changed strangely, as Jasper thought, from menacing to conciliatory two or three different times, as he proceeded,—

"My father was, as you know, my first teacher in this art. One day when I was about thirteen years old, he surprised me as we were going past the church by bidding me look at the carvings. I did look, but saw nothing that I was not perfectly familiar with, and I turned to his face in wonder. Tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Jasper," said he, 'do you know—has anybody ever spoke to you about the martyrs who were burned where now stands the cross yonder—burned, boy, a great many years ago?'

"No, father, but I read about them in a book, and I was very much interested," I said.

"Why?" he asked me.

"Because, father, it was so strange that one of them was called Jasper Deane."

"And you do not know that that man was your grandfather?"

"No, father; no. Was he really?"

"He was, my boy, and I gave you the name of Jasper in memory of him. But it was not merely to say this I called you here to look once more on those doors. It was to tell you that the dream of my late years has been that I might restore the carvings, from which, I doubt not, your grandfather drew inspiration, courage, and, finally, the strength and endurance for martyrdom. But the struggle for bread has allowed me only time to prepare myself fitly for the work, and now that I am ready—capable, I think, of not dishonouring so glorious a theme—I find my sand is nearly run, and even if I may yet live a year or two longer, I dare not trust my failing eyesight and tremulous hands for so solemn

and difficult a task. Jasper, boy, can you not guess what else I would say?"

"Oh, father, do you think," I said, 'do you really mean that—I'— Then father said to me,—

"My boy, God gives you the gift; use it for His honour and glory. I found yesterday a carved bunch of fruit of the wild rose in a drawer where you had hastily thrust it, I suppose, on my coming in. It is not so complete as I might have done it, but there are touches in it worthy of a master, and which I cannot pretend to equal. Study, then, these doors; study the Bible record from which they are drawn; grow in virtue and in wisdom as you grow in years, and then, but only then—do you mind me?—I predict that you shall be famous; and I conjure and command you, in that case, to see to the restoration of these panels, which will bring with it the restoration of self-respect to all who inhabit our dear native village of Charlsbury."

"Master," continued Jasper at the close of this narrative, "I have been permitted to do the thing my father gave me to do, and I ask only that in consideration of him, my name—or if that be too much my initials—be put somewhere in the work."

"Your wish under the circumstances is so reasonable that"—

"You consent?" interrupted Jasper in glad excitement, and thinking that his own pleasure might give pleasure to his master by generous recognition.

"Well—yes, I would if I could—but you see, Jasper, I have had always to treat with possible customers in my own name, and on my own responsibilities."

"Oh, that was quite right and natural master," again interrupted the apprentice.

"There—I knew you would soon come round to reason. Come, come, Jasper, the fact is, I am too deeply committed to be able to do for you in this matter what you would like, and what I should like. Let me see. You have five months yet before your time is out; when that happens, leave all to me. We'll do great things together by-and-by. What say you to?"—here he came close and whispered, or did what he meant for whispering, in Jasper's ear the word—"Partner! Only you must be patient. Rome wasn't built in a day. Aha! you must own that, Jasper, Rome was not built in a day."

Ceasing to speak, he was the better able to estimate the effect of his eloquence. Jasper stood there, with folded arms, no longer even listening; for he saw under all the glazing

words the fixed purpose to make him erase his name from the doors.

He took a turn or two along the room, to remove himself from the near observation of Mr. Trimmer, while he decided what to do.

Mr. Trimmer saw that, and continued,—

"I'm not fond of exposing my secrets, Jasper, but I'm going to tell you something that is and must be kept a great secret. I've a friend at court, mark that, Jasper—a friend at court! And that friend knows the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren. And I know you. There's a pretty little circle for you to square. But hold your tongue, bide your time, trust me, and all will go well."

"Let my name stay there, and I'll follow you to the end of the world," cried Jasper aloud, for he was now by the window.

"I can't—it's quite impossible. Ask me anything but that."

Jasper's silence after this may have made his master believe he had conquered; for on the apprentice's next return towards his employer, something of triumph in the latter's face seemed to Jasper to be mocking his own suffering, and turning him to derision, so he hesitated no longer.

"Master, I will not remove that inscription; and if you do, I will declare the truth before all men."

"Idle talk, idle talk, Jasper; my word will go further than yours, any day. You are angry, and, like all angry men, say unwise things. Come to me by-and-by, and let's have a pipe and a glass of my best old ale, and we'll set things straight."

Jasper walked excitedly to and fro before he again spoke.

"Master, I pray to God we may part, if we must part, in peace."

"Part, nonsense! Say no more till we meet to-night."

"I must say more, and now. I have another offer to make—my last. I will erase those letters myself, and restore the unbroken surface; I will hold my tongue as to my share of the work; provided you at once cancel my indentures and let me go."

Godfrey Trimmer was again about to try the soothing process, but the averted looks and ill-concealed disgust of his apprentice warned him the time had past for such dealing, and that he had better look sharply to the details of what was becoming the only practicable solution.

"You undertake not to interfere with me or my customers in any way?"

"I would not stay here, or within fifty miles of the place, for any earthly consideration."

"And you will swear, on the blessed Testament, not to contradict in any way my claim to be considered the restorer?"

"Beyond the assertion that I was your apprentice and worked on the carvings, I will make solemn affirmation not to speak on the subject at all."

"Will you put that in writing?"

"How would that help you? Every one would see that so guarded a statement meant more than it said."

"And you have the impudence to say so to my face?" cried Godfrey Trimmer, all his seeming placableness changed in an instant into a burst of fury.

"Master, my statement must be guarded, or it will lie. That it shall not do. Choose your course. Keep me here so that we may be an annoyance and trouble to one another, or let me go as the price of my silence."

"Can't I satisfy you in some other way?"

"No," responded Jasper.

"Wilful man! Wilful man! Must have his way, I suppose." And therewith Godfrey recovered his equanimity and benevolence, and went off to fetch the indentures.

"Is he lying?" speculated Jasper. "Has he gone to get help—arrest me—take me before a magistrate, and get me punished ignominiously? I was told he did once so serve an apprentice."

Godfrey, however, returned with the indentures.

"Now, Jasper, since you will not listen to reason, I consent, and here are your indentures."

Jasper held out his hand.

"You said you would cut out the inscription, and I should not like to do it," shrewdly observed Mr. Trimmer. Jasper took the hint, and at once with a few strokes of a tool the inscription disappeared.

"There is one thing I have just recollected, Mr. Trimmer, which in honesty I must tell you. May Engleheart"—and he paused as if thinking how best to speak to such a man of one whose image appeared desecrated by even the slightest connection between them:—

"Your sweetheart?"

"She knows all I know—all I think—all I feel about this business."

"Then doesn't that put an end to our bargain?" and while waiting for an answer Mr. Trimmer put the indentures in his pocket.

"I think not," said Jasper, placing himself between the two doors, so as to bar the way out.

Now, with all Mr. Godfrey Trimmer's virtues, he had not the element of courage. He saw in a moment the true nature of his position—and danger.

"What is it you want?" he asked Jasper, with an air of innocent surprise that really did seem cherubic.

"My indentures," was the reply.

"My good fellow, why didn't you say so? There they are." And he gave them.

Jasper satisfied himself the document offered was the one he wanted, and immediately advancing towards the window, tore it up into minute fragments, and sent them in a shower into the street.

Turning to leave the place, and half closing



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his eyes in the determination not again to let them look on the loving and arduous labours of so many weeks, he saw Mr. Trimmer waiting with outstretched hand and effusively kind-looking face to bid him good-bye.

Jasper pushed the hand out of his way and left the workshop. An hour later he removed, with the aid of a friendly workman, whatever he was worth in the way of clothes, books, and carvings, and left the house for ever.

"What's the day of the month?" queried Mr. Godfrey Trimmer, as, watching his departure, he took from his pocket a letter. "The 6th of June. Give him a fortnight—that'll be till the 20th—to seek work, which I shall be very much surprised if he finds anywhere within a goodish many miles of me. I'll give him till the 20th to be back here, sitting down to work and eating his humble pie. Very much surprised!" he repeated, as he

watched the late apprentice striding down the street as if the whole neighbourhood belonged to him.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE IN SACRIFICE.

NEXT day was a saint's day, and there was morning and evening service in the fine old church.

One would not like to answer for the minds of either congregation being in a suitable state to share in the ritual, or to listen usefully to the exhortations of the minister. For to reach their places they had to pass once more through the carved doors; and the church threshold became quite a scene of wonder and excitement, which had scarcely lulled with one group as they passed in before it was again in full buzz with another.

Jasper had an appointment with May Engleheart after the evening service, when he was to meet her at the doors; she, like every one else, ignorant at the time of making it, of the delicious surprise her sweetheart believed he had in store for her.

Jasper's state of mind while waiting for the evening was simply fearful. He had told Godfrey Trimmer only one of the motives he had for attaching such extreme importance to the retention of his name on the carvings. He could not speak to such a man of the other and dearer question involved. He had within the last three days proposed marriage to May; and in spite of all she could urge as to the imprudence of such a step in his present dependent condition, he had by his passionate eloquence so moved her, and beaten down all her sweet modest defences, that she had finally consented to report the whole matter to her mistress, the Rector's wife, and abide by her counsel.

Thinking over his desperate position now, and recalling what it was he had said to his sweetheart that made even such an assent from her possible, he was obliged to own it was his boundless confidence in himself and in his work—the immediate results that he had assured her were to flow in upon them like a golden stream—and the fame and glory that awaited him if he were secure in May's love, and had only to think of the measures necessary to realise so grand a future.

"Fool, idiot that I was!" he exclaimed, "not to see that all these visions depended on one fact—my being recognised as the restorer of the church-doors, and on one man, and that man Godfrey Trimmer! Grub, waddling, beast that he is!"

All the morning and afternoon Jasper

wandered restlessly in the fields and woods around Charlbury; evading frequented paths or roads, but occasionally crossing people who were talking of Godfrey Trimmer and the famous carvings that "really looked as good as new," and who were full of wondering admiration that he had never had any instructor. As to himself, he did not once hear his name mentioned, or anything said that even remotely implied Godfrey had received assistance from him. Jasper did not know that his late master had never lost an opportunity of showing or insinuating wherever he went that the restoration was his affair, or he would have been less astounded now.

What was he to do about May? Tell her how egregiously he had deceived himself and deceived her? That he was out of work, penniless, and committed to a departure from the place? And if so, would she—could she—ever trust in his good sense or considerateness for her again? She would, no doubt, have had her talk with her mistress, and the decision might be they must wait. Ah! if it were but so, what a relief!

But suppose he were accepted? Suppose May, coming full of her sweet secret, too happy and too sensitive to let it out till he should give her fresh assurances of his earnest, irresistible desire, and then he obliged in decency to cut it all short as soon as possible, and say, "I know I asked you to marry me, but I find I can't"?

While ministering thus to his own unhappiness, and inclining at times to leave a message for her, and depart at once from Charlbury, he heard the bell sounding for evening service. He thought then he would like to be sure that May was, as usual, one of the congregation, and drew near to a group of trees that shut in the church on one side, thinking to watch from their shelter unseen.

At that moment he saw the Rector approaching, and knew that the Rector saw him, for he lifted his hand, and changed his route to come towards Jasper.

"What can this portend?" queried the young man, as he quickened his steps in respectful acknowledgment.

The Rector was a reverend-looking grey-haired man, who had known much sorrow, but still kept an ever serene countenance when his own trouble affected him, and changed only when he saw and mourned over the grief and affliction of others. He had been one of that large body of clergymen who refused the oath imposed by the Govern-

ment of the Restoration, and who prepared to resign their livings on "Black Bartholomew's Day," when the Act came into operation. Dr. Marten, however, drew back at the last moment, and joined the still larger body of his clerical brethren who conformed. He had been then renounced, denounced, and virulently attacked by his relatives and former friends, as a renegade for worldly gain. The poisoned weapon pierced deeply the breast of the sensitive man. He knew the accusation was unjust, but would not answer it in any way except by living it down. And he had lived it down. In a time when the general spirit of corruption affected nearly all classes, and when the clergy were perhaps the very worst, Dr. Marten became widely known as a man who lived the life he taught; and who as a guide and counsellor never failed to comfort and enlighten the weary and heavy laden.

"Well, Jasper," he said, "so the doors are done, and well done. I have not yet seen your master to thank him for so conscientious a work, in which May—a very reticent person, as you know—tells me you have had a hand."

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, and at once became silent, to the Rector's evident surprise, who thought to have set him off, and so hear the truth about the respective shares of master and apprentice; which his knowledge of the two men inclined him to think of as no one else was thinking that day, Jasper's sweetheart excepted.

"I wanted to speak to you, Jasper, about May," continued the Rector, after a pause sufficiently long to satisfy him Jasper meant to say nothing more of the carvings.

Jasper coloured, and shifted his position uneasily.

"You know the affection and respect in which she is held by myself and all my family."

"Your son included, sir?" asked Jasper, wishing in the bitterness of his heart to stop the conversation, and not sorry to let the rector know that his son's attentions to May had been noticed. The truth, which Jasper had up to this moment refused even to own to himself, must be told, that in pressing May for a speedy marriage, the thought of possibilities with regard to the Rector's son had been a moving, though unrecognised influence.

"I should not have been sorry, Jasper, to see my son get so good a wife," was the Rector's grave comment.

"Hadn't he better try, then?" said Jasper, ashamed of his words the moment they left

his lips, but yielding to the temptation to go on as he had begun.

"Do you not know May rejected him?"

"God bless her!" cried Jasper, while the tears started to his eyes, "and she never told me." Then, after a pause, he said, "Pray, sir, forgive me! I know I am very ungrateful for all your kindness to me."

"May has rejected him; and that which she did not think proper to speak of, I certainly ought to be silent upon; but as I have spoken, I expect, Jasper, that you will act with all delicacy in regard to my son."

"Most assuredly, sir, I will; and I am deeply thankful for your confidence."

"Well, I must be moving soon into the vestry—so come, Jasper, to business: you love May?"

"With all my heart and soul."

"And you like your probable future calling as a carver in wood?"

"I love that only less than I love May."

"And of course for her sake and your own you wish to succeed?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, I do."

"And are willing to pay the price. You would do nothing in a personal, egotistic, not to say selfish, spirit to retard that success; or, to put it all more briefly, for I see people going into the church—no, that is a mistake," and the Rector smiled; "they all stop at the door, and no wonder. Well, Jasper, to put all briefly, you have the good sense and right feeling—have you not?—to work for May's and your own future welfare, even at the cost of some present sacrifice?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so. I think so."

"That's right, and manly, and implies the only true and noble kind of love. I want you then not to speak of marriage until you have had your first great fight with fortune, and stand a conqueror in the lists."

Seeing and misconceiving the signs of distress in Jasper's face, the Rector continued,—

"You are but an apprentice, remember that. You have—must have—much to learn in your art. You are poor, and may have to struggle as a journeyman for the means to live, before you can even think of the vocation by which you would like to live. And when you do get fairly started as a wood-carver, you must take into your reckoning the possibility—nay, the probability—that it may be long before you are recognised as an artist of talent, and therefore sure of fitting recompense. Ah, Jasper!" said the Rector, with emotion, "the sight of you recalls one of the saddest experiences of my career. I

knew one, older than you, at least as able as you, a church architect, who, by an early marriage—I mean by “early” one made before he had obtained any clear and sufficient position—not only spoiled by the sordid conditions of his home the happiest period of human life, the first year of marriage with the loved one, but found the conditions of his struggle as an architect so altered by the cares and weight of his family as to turn to failure what otherwise must have been success. Jasper, think of this. If I judge you rightly, even a partial success, that kind of twilight life which some married artists attain, would ill content you. Men like you, Jasper, must create in a certain sense the world in which they are to live. I must go now. Think of what I have said. All may be summed up in this:—Don’t ask May to marry you till you have obtained a certain foothold for domestic comfort and reasonable security for artistic progress. God bless you—good bye!” And the Rector hurried away, and had barely time to huddle on his surplice, before he had to rush into the church and begin.

“Well,” mused Jasper, “one comfort comes out of all this—he doesn’t know I have asked May to marry me; and I had better make the most of it, for, Heaven knows, all else is dark—dark indeed! There needs only one drop more in my cup, and that, perhaps, the rector’s wife may already have dropped in, by giving May, out of pure kindness of heart, the very opposite advice to that which the Rector has given me.”

And yet Jasper could scarcely persuade himself he wished for such a relief, unless he was very sure of the reason for Mistress Marten’s advice against the marriage. The truth was, May Engleheart’s parents had been Puritan friends of the Rector’s wife; and soon after the child’s birth had to fly for their lives, leaving May in her care till they should be able to send for her, or return in peace to their own country. May’s mother died on the voyage to America, and her father in that land where he had hoped to make a new home found a grave. At the time this last news reached her, Mistress Marten was not in circumstances to bring May up other than in the humblest way, and with no prospect but that of honest servitude before her. It was only lately that Jasper had heard all this; and he had ever since been haunted by a dread that the liking of Mistress Marten’s son for May, of which he heard much gossip—though nothing from May herself—might cause her benevolence

to try to break the engagement with Jasper on the plea of May’s gentle birth.

This thought so affected him that he once more resolved to go away without seeing her, and he set off towards his temporary lodging to write a long letter of explanation.

He had already sketched out his plan, one as simple as poverty and desperation usually generate. He had a friend, a farmer, living a few miles from Charlsbury; rough, but kindly as his own fruitful fields and hedgerows, who was sending a waggon-load of clover-hay to London before daybreak in the morning, and which had already reached Charlsbury. Why should he not travel on that with his baggage, chiefly consisting of carvings on which he had practised for years past?

He had no money, but a lucky thought occurred to him, and even in his present mood he smiled at the recollection of the incident it referred to. On one of his excursions with May to the farm he had, in a moment of effusion, taken from his pocket a carving of a pair of cherub heads, expecting to hear the farmer praise them to his mistress. But that worthy and uncultured man, looking at them upside down, wanted to know the use of cherubs, and if Jasper had ever seen any; and when Jasper owned he had not, the farmer, with a loud laugh, cried out,—

“I thowt so! Lookye, Jasper; d’ye see that sow and her litter o’ young uns under the window?”

“Yes,” said Jasper.

“Well, carve them!” and, with an air of triumph over the impossibility of such a task, turned to May, as if she would share his contempt for so useless an art.

But Jasper did “carve them,” for the fun of the thing, and had shown the work to the farmer; who stared, forgot his incredulity, and ended by inquiring if a couple of guineas would buy the “wooden pictur.”

Jasper had excused himself without offending the farmer, for he could not bear the idea of any one being able to say he had devoted himself to so low a subject, but promised his friend he should have the carved sow and litter if he ever parted with them.

He could no longer afford such indulgence. The farmer was close by, he should have the carving, and the two guineas, aided by his journey on the loaded waggon, would take him to London, and keep him, with strict economy, till he might get work.

Within a short time he saw his friend, sold him the carving, and settled to go on the clover-hay top to London with the waggoner an hour before sunrise next morning.

TWO PICTURES OF OLD WOMANHOOD.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of persons in the world generally less thought of or less esteemed than the class of "old women." Of those who have lived or do live in barbarous times and countries one can hardly bear to think. Even in our civilised Christian time and country there must be hundreds and thousands of poor women whose old age is one sad, hard, and dreary struggle. Yet old women fill a place in our lives which none else can fill; and in spite of helplessness their especial sphere may be one of peculiar helpfulness to their fellow-women.

A good old woman!—tender, sympathetic, wise, full of experience, looking at life from a point nearer to the "Delectable Mountains," where the air is clearer and the path less beset with storms and snares, than middle life—what a soothing, peace-giving, elevating influence she may be! A veteran, no longer mingling so actively in the warfare, with what healing gentleness, what strength-inspiring lovingness, she may cheer and soften the pain-worn, storm-tossed spirits of those who are yet fighting in the very thickest of the battle. They may be wrapt in a darkness through which she has passed—almost swept away by a terrible tide whose force she has known. And though she can neither make them see the light which she may perceive beyond the thick clouds, nor give them a sure footing amidst the shock of the waves that beat them down, yet she may breathe comfort by the assurance that the light is brightening more and more on her own horizon; and she may give them hope against being drifted away altogether by the depth of her conviction that on that other side of the sea whither she is hastening there is a safe haven of rest in a glorious land. Her eyes may be failing, her limbs may be feeble and helpless; yet through the dim windows the soul will shine forth, while the very fading of the outer sheath makes the ripening of the spirit more apparent.

This beautiful influence is recognised in the beloved grandmother or the dear old nurse among all classes. But there are others who, with no tender ties, no near objects of interest, with no apparent power of being anything but a burden, yet shed around them an unconscious ennobling influence. They may have to struggle with poverty, want, loneliness, sickness, neglect, all of which would demand our pity; but

their uncomplaining patience, their grateful contentment, their pure unselfishness, their unconscious heroism, call for our honour, admiration, and affection. Many an aged bedridden woman may rouse the same feelings that so impressed Wordsworth when he wrote,

"I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor.'"

I have read of one old woman who for years was paralyzed from head to foot, yet never saw a friend without expressing her gratitude because she was able to move *one* joint of *one* thumb, so that with a fork tied to it she could turn over the leaves of her Bible; and of another in yet sadder plight, to whom it would be certain death only to lift her head from the pillow, yet who with perfect calmness watched the flames of her burning room draw nearer and nearer to her bed, whose very curtains were scorched before their progress was checked. And there is no story of Hans Andersen's more beautiful than the one about old Margery on the sea-wall, who, lying bedridden in her tiny hovel, saw all her townsfolk out on the ice of the sea, and heard the ominous sound in the air that told her, and her only, that the great spring-flood was coming which would break up the ice in a few moments, and engulf all those who were rejoicing upon it. How should she save them? With her own hand she set fire to her own bed, that the glare might attract and bring back her neighbours, while with difficulty she dragged herself outside the door. The cold and the shock soon ended the feeble life, but she had saved all her townsfolk; for when the great flood came rushing after them there was not one on the ice. They had all hurried within the dyke to rescue the old woman who left them such an example of self-sacrificing heroism.

Among many old people, I know two who seem perfect specimens of two different types of "old womanhood," each of which possesses such beautiful features. The first is a dear old lady, the very picture of happy and beautiful old age. In her bright and pleasant northern home she lives cherished and revered, surrounded by sons and daughters, with grandchildren, relatives, friends, all within easy reach. The stranger who comes before her as her daughter's friend is received with open arms, with a gentle affectionate kindness that has an irresistible charm and

grace about it. The tall slender figure to which age only gives a slight bending motion, the soft voice and slow gentle speech, the sweet old face with tender bright eyes framed in almost white hair—all suit with every ideal of a beautiful old lady. A partial deafness forms no hindrance to conversation with one; and she will sit, with your hand in hers, exchanging talk on almost every variety of subject. She will speak of her own ancient ancestor, who was one of England's earliest martyrs for truth and religion in the times of the Reformation; or of the forefathers of her younger friends whom she may have known in her own young days. Her well-remembered grandmother carries one's thoughts back a long way into the past, for, living to nigh a hundred, she was born in the reign of Queen Anne; while in her own near ninety years she has known six generations. Her strong, tender interest is always awake for all whom she knows—for the bride just entering the family, for the young wife leaving England to join her sailor husband, for the tiny baby who as the first great grandchild becomes her namesake. And as I think of her peacefulness united with her living interest in the lives of others, I feel as if she would say of life as did Mrs. Barbauld in her old age

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

I must turn to my other picture—an old woman living amidst poverty, loneliness, feebleness, in a back street of a large town. She should have been in more comfortable circumstances; but her husband's reckless ways were such that he wasted all her earnings for years, and then left her when a widow entirely dependent on her own exertions as a small dressmaker. For twenty years have I known her living thus, with no children, and hardly a relation to care for her. Year after year her custom has grown smaller, her earnings scantier, her difficulties greater, as infirmities have crept upon her; yet she has always been cheerful, contented, resolute, grateful, for every kindness shown her, every alleviation permitted to her; working on honestly and bravely, yet with "a heart at leisure from itself" to give help and sympathy to her fellow poor. Almost the only occasion when I have seen her in low spirits was when a young man, whom she had nursed as a baby and cared for ever since, the son of a dear friend, was dying of decline. Day after day would she go to see her "poor boy," as

she called him, giving him out of her own scanty meals anything that she thought would tempt his failing appetite. Week after week would she take to him the one dinner of meat given her by a nephew for Sunday. And all her unselfish acts were done in such an unconscious, simple, cheerful manner that one felt only the truest spirit of love and piety could have inspired them.

I had not seen her for many months, when one hot summer's day I met her at a school festival in a beautiful park, whither she had been invited by her clergyman with a number of old people for their annual "tea." Very feeble after recent illness, she was scarcely fit to bear the fatigue, but the honour of the invitation and the unusual sight were a great pleasure to her. She had never been at any such meeting before, and the thing most striking in her eyes was the look of the long tables covered with quantities of attractive food, piles of fruit, and baskets and vases full of lovely flowers. "I never saw anything like it; it is all so beautiful!" was her remark again and again. Her childlike pleasure was touching; and as I watched the poor wizened, battered face, with its dim, peering eyes, and the little shrunken form cowering under a thin wrap in the cool-blowing evening air, the thought came to me, "What may she be one day when seated at another feast—even the marriage of the King's Son—a free guest in a glorious wedding-garment, in a home where all want, and feebleness, and struggling toil will be unknown?"

The thought haunted me, and came with yet greater strength the next time I saw her—lying with bound-up side and bruised face in a hospital-ward. She had been much agitated by the death of her dear young friend and his mother also, within a day of each other. Her sorrow was keen and her anxiety great for the five young children left orphans and destitute. She was hurrying eagerly to make inquiries about a place for one girl, when, between nervousness, weakness, and a high wind, she had a bad fall, and was taken up much hurt. In a few days we went to visit her; and as the door into her ward was opened there was the poor old woman stretching out her unhurt arm with eager delight towards us from the far end of the long room. "Oh! it's Miss E—come to see me!" "Oh! I am so pleased to see you," came again and again from her lips; and then she would cover her poor bruised face and burst out crying from very weakness and excitement. We dared not stay long with her, and there was her accident to

describe to us ; but her old grateful, unselfish spirit came into play even then. She spoke warmly of the kindness of the doctors and nurses, and of the comfort of every arrangement ; and then pointed out with pleasure how the texts printed up on the walls were so large that she could see them even without her glasses. " See, Miss," spelling out at the other end of the room the words ' I will be a Father unto you,' " I can lie and think of those beautiful words." She took the greatest interest in her sick companions ; especially in a tiny child of two years who had cut off two of his little fingers, and in a lame girl of twelve, and tried hard to make up a frock for this last with her one able hand. Her age being seventy-eight, we did not expect ever to see her out of the hospital again ; but the injuries proved less than had been thought,

and, in spite of the shock, the care and good food after a time rather improved her general health. In two months she was back in her lodging to work for her livelihood again.

The last time I saw her she came tottering into the room, looking very thin, worn, and aged, and not having a farthing in the house. But on my inquiring how she felt, " I can't walk well, Miss, but I'm quite well, I'm thankful to 'say. The Lord is very good to me in every way." So spoke the brave, trustful spirit hidden under the humble, plain, battered form ; and again I thought, " Surely, surely, one day this seed so full of life, and goodness, and mellowness, no longer wrapt in a withered husk, shall blossom into some unknown, lovely, fragrant flower growing in the garden of the Lord !"

CECILIA LUSHINGTON.

AMCÆBÆAN.

HE.

THE sky has lost the happy lustre
It borrowed from her azure eyes ;
The unruly winds around me bluster,
Unsoftened by her balmy sighs,
And for my true love's loss alone
The thronging town's a desert grown.

HE.

By arch triumphal, lordly tower,
With thoughts like these I soothe my way—
" What sculptured flower could match her
bower
With wreaths of living roses gay ?
And piles superb, and courtly hall,
For her sweet cot I'd change you all."

HE.

In art supreme, around us, o'er us,
Sweet Southern voices rise and float,
Or swells sublime the lofty chorus,
Or dies on one voluptuous note—
But how can mimic transports move,
After her unfeigned words of love ?

HE.

Oh ! what are city pomp and pride,
If Celia be not by my side ?

SHE.

Along the glen and o'er the heather,
With spring's return, once more I stray,
Through scenes where oft we've roamed to-
gether
At rosy dawn and gloaming grey ;
But all these former haunts of bliss,
Love, without thee their beauty miss !

SHE.

Now blooms each freshest, fairest blossom,
By woodland wild and garden wall,
Yet pressed unto this aching bosom,
These faint blue stars are worth them all.
For being too sad to speak the thought,
With these he sighed, " Forget me not."

SHE.

Let skylarks spring to meet the morrow
With lays of jubilant delight,
And Philomela's voice of sorrow
Most passionately plead the livelong night.
If of sweet music I have choice,
Waft me one echo of his voice.

SHE.

Oh ! would that I my way might win
To that sweet town he sojourns in !

AUTHOR OF " SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

A CHAT ABOUT EELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

"IT is agreed by most men," saith poetically-prosing Piscator in the "Complete Angler," "that the eel is a most dainty fish; the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts, and some the queen of palate-pleasure." Readers of "Tom Cringle" also will remember how (no doubt, a story founded on fact) Mr. Paul Gelid and his friend Mr. Pepperpot Wagtail crossed the Atlantic during the hurricane months for the express purpose of eating eels at Biggleswade; how disappointed they were to learn, on reaching England, that the fall was not the season in which eels could be eaten in perfection; how delighted they were to hear that one pot of the last season's catch was still on hand; and how disgusted they were to discover, after their instant rush down into Bedfordshire to secure the prize, that the Lord Mayor of London had been beforehand with them, and was regaling his friends at the Mansion House on the precious eels, whilst, after all their Argonaut-like adventures, the crestfallen *gourmets* from the West were obliged to content themselves with fish of the new catch, which tasted of nothing but red worms and mud.

The little *jeux d'esprit* with which Dr. Kitchener enlivens his work do not disguise the fact that he must have thought the originator of the saying, that men ought to eat to live, not live to eat, a very heretical Protestant against the Catholic culinary faith. According to this genial authority, eels to be stewed "Wiggy's way" should be fine silver eels, rather more than a half-crown piece in circumference; yellow eels tasting muddy, olive-coloured being inferior, and those tending to green still worse, whilst the beau-ideal of an eatable eel should have a bright copper-coloured back and a silver-white belly. The Doctor would have even spitchcocked eels skinned before cooking, but as "the humane executioner does certain criminals the favour to hang them before he breaks them on the wheel," so he, not believing in the adage that eels get used to skinning, advises his cook to pierce their spinal marrow with a skewer before slipping their slippery jackets off.

But what is this comparative kindness to the infatuated fondness which the Romans had for their eel, the *muræna*? They made a pet of the yellow-mottled, greenish-brown wriggler; ringed him with gold, fed him on slave specially drowned for his delectation,

and wept like bereaved Rachels, refusing to be comforted, when at last their queer darlings went the way of all fish. In another mode, through the stomach rather than the heart, London street boys, and, indeed, a good many street adults, seem to be almost as fond of eels. (A good many Scotch folk would as soon eat adders.) The cheap ices appear to be the on' competitors on a par with them in the boys' favour. It is curious to see how, even when a goose-skinning, tooth-chattering wind is blowing, the boys cluster around the wheeled stalls of the Italian ice-vendors, how angrily they resent the interference of the policeman when he orders their purveyor to move on, and how eagerly they buzz after him like a swarm of flies following a waggon laden with perspiring sugar-hogsheads as it lumbers along the Commercial Road. Those, moreover, who take delight in the spectacle of human happiness, shaded only by a consciousness that it is too exquisite to last, I would advise to watch a knot of tram-boys, waiting for their turns, as they sit, perched like monkeys on their "unicorn"-team steeds, munching, meanwhile, the spoonless yellow ice-portions that are handed up to them, banana-fashion, and protracting their feast by scooping out the last little remnant that clings to the ice-holder, and then making finger-glasses of their mouths. And akin to this is the manner in which our *gamins* patronise the street sellers of hot eels; sometimes, when flush of money, exciting the envy of less pecunious comrades by taking cupful after cupful of the chopped-up fish sauced with its own liquor, flour, parsley, spice, vinegar, and pepper. These street-consumed eels are Dutch, and so, indeed, in the proportion of nearly fifteen to one, is the bulk of London's eel supply. Eels do not mind salt water, and therefore can be brought from Holland in welled boats—those buxom-bowed, glossy craft which, with their stage-smuggler-like crews, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the Thames off Billingsgate; especially when the boats of their motley-garbed customers are clustered about them in the morning, and the skippers are, so to speak, ladling the fish into the scales and getting rid of them in "draughts" of twenty pounds.

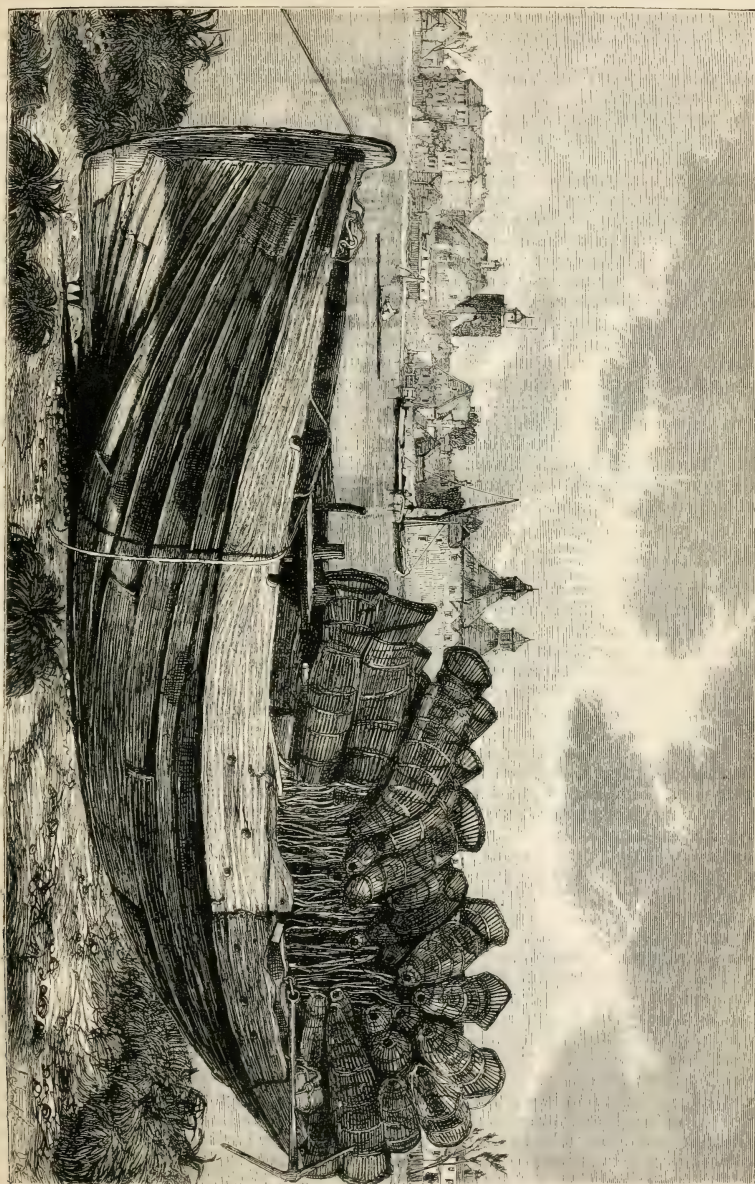
But there are plenty of eels in the rivers on which the eel boats float. In the spring the young elvers, or eelfare, go up the

Thames in, most literally, a monster procession, turning off to the right hand and the left, as this or the other tributary takes their fancy. A long line of merry little grigs has been traced in May from London's Waterloo to Oxford's Folly Bridge; and up the Severn and other rivers flock other swarms, which, unfortunately, are often caught wholesale. Wholesome, toothsome food is thus wasted to an almost incalculable extent, since sharp-nosed eels have been known to expand from a mere thread into a weight of thirty pounds. A good many of the fry commit suicide in their eagerness to surmount obstacles to their up-river course, and over the stepping-stones of their dead comrades, piled in heaps, the luckier elvers mount to higher streams. It was owing to the sudden appearance of these armies of little fishes in spring and early summer the belief originated that the eel, really oviparous, was made out of a special kind of dew which fell in May and June—a more agreeable legend than that prosaic analogue of the poetical phoenix-myth which affirms him to be the product of the corruption of his dead ancestors. In pre-drainage days the fen districts must have swarmed with eels. "Ely," writes Bede, "is in the province of the East-Angles, a country of about six hundred families, in the nature of an island, enclosed, as has been said, either with marshes or waters, and therefore it has its name from the great plenty of eels taken in those marshes."

When winter approaches and the water begins to get cold, eels either bury themselves in the mud, or else flock down rivers, as in spring they had swarmed up, to enjoy the warmer semi-brine of estuaries. Although he can bestir himself actively enough on occasion, Mr. Eel is, as a rule, a rather lazy gentleman. Except when, in Shakespeare's phrase, a thunderstorm has awaked their beds, eels, for the most part, lie in them all day, getting up after sundown. Sometimes they come ashore at night and wriggle over marshes and moist riverside meadows in search of worms. Moreover, on the approach of the season for their sojourn at the seaside, they will, if imprisoned in a pond, crawl out and wriggle their way across country to the nearest stream which will bear them into brackish water. Eels do not object to muddy, but they do to troubled waters. *Murana anguilla*, like Lucretius, is an admirer of

He takes his ease in some curious inns. Fine eels are said to have been caught in Pentonville—to wit, in the New River Head. They are found in far less limpid, even in loathsome places, but in many a quietly picturesque one also. There is a certain similarity between the eel and the monk, and the likeness extends to their choice of localities to live in.

I can see now an old Abbey mill, a water-mill, in the merry month of May. The hawthorn is not out yet, but the hedges are sprinkled with milky sloe blossom. The meadows on both sides of the stilly-flowing river are almost as flat as table-tops, and yet they are not tame. For that there is too luxuriant a look of young life outbursting in the lustily-springing grass, in the buttercups and celandine that spangle it with gold, and the bugle that plumes it with purple. Beaked parsley patches with white the hedge-bank of the shady lane we get a glimpse of between the bars of yonder grey old gate. More gold fringes the river-bank, the water crowfoot, and the bank itself is gay with prettily untidy pink ragged-robin and drooping purple comfrey. The pollard willows, that stand sentry on both sides, have lost their worn-out broom-like look, are hung with foliage that turns from green to silver as the river-cooled warm breeze goes by, and the row of poplars at the foot of the mill-garden have begun to rustle ruffled greenish-yellow leaves. The gooseberry and currant bushes have put on their tassels, and the black branches of the fruit trees are buried beneath a billowy cloud of white and pink blossom. In the garden, in bib-apron, and deep-flapped sun-bonnet, with sleeves rolled up high on a pair of arms a prize-fighter might envy, the miller's buxom wife is cutting cabbages for dinner. A white butterfly flits past her, and ceasing from her cutting, she chases the insect, which, if left unmolested, may, by its offspring, spoil her culinary goods; flapping at it with her pocket-handkerchief, dodging and doubling after it with an adroitness which brings a heavy smile of amused approval upon the floury face of her lazy old husband, who watches her, lounging in his floury shirt-sleeves half out of a window under the eaves, of the lichen-embroidered, house-leek-rosetted tiles of the roof of the old mill—a jumble of floury weather-board and brick-veined grey stone. Quietly the river glides on to the battens between which it falls on the dripping, splashing wheel, and to the chinks in the flood-gates, through



which it leaks in little cascades. If it were not for those ear-cooling sounds, it would be hard to believe that the water was in motion—easier to suppose that the humming mill was purring in the sunshine, *proprio motu*, like a basking cat.

The big pond below the mill is ruffled in the middle for a little way by the current which the fall from the mill-wheel makes, but the greater part spreads in glassy calm, only broken by rare tiny ripples or a string of silver bells from a bubbling fish. The bright blue flowers of the brooklime and the tiny turquoise blossoms of the forget-me-not scarcely stir. But although everything now stands and spreads so nearly still in the bright sunshine, there was a thunderstorm just before sunrise, and the eels are still lively. Perched on the sun-cracked top of a green-slimy pile, which rises slantingly from the water a little in front of the flood-gates, sits the miller's grandson bobbing for the same. The sunburnt little fellow, with his bleached white curls showing through the gaps in his sun-bronzed straw hat, looks as solemn as St. Simeon Stylites—as if

"A sign betwixt the mill-pond and the cloud,
Patient on that tall pillar he would bear
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet and snow,"

so he might but get a good catch of snigs for that savoury eel-pie which his soul loveth, and his grandmother can make so well, with its egg-glazed crust and lemon-flavoured liquor. It matters not how she may cook them, in savoury pie or spicy soup, stewed with catsup, fried with egg and bread crumb, spitchcocked in a wreath of parsley, collared in vinegar, broiled with melted, or potted beneath a coverlet of clarified butter; however it may be, little white-headed Bob knows that there is a fishy treat in store for him if he can but furnish the raw material for the feast. At last his luck sets in. His rod is a mopstick, his line a bit of cord, at the bottom of which, beneath a tangle of worsted, dangles a bunch of lob-worms. The bait has taken and been taken. Bob pulls it up with three eels writhing on it—their gills are caught in the woolly thicket. Bob shakes them off into the leaky punt moored to the pile on which he sits, and once more drops his bait. Good luck go with it!

It is a month later. Bladderwort lifts its bright yellow blooms above the water, and the golden flag looks down upon its golden image like a beauty hanging over her mirror. Green spikes of milfoil stand up above the ditches, where the mare's-tail, too, is in flower, and the water violet, washed-out purple, pink,

and yellow. The hedges are pink and white with dog-roses, but here, by the river-side, hanging over to look at itself, is a stray solitary rose-bush, which seems more beautiful than all its sisterhood in its lonely loveliness. A willow-tree is also hanging over the water, dipping her tresses into it, indeed, for the trunk is almost horizontal. Below and above the water there is a wealth of weeds, fattening on mud. Their combined odours might not be agreeable in a town canal, but here they blend, pleasantly cooling, with the luscious clover-scents that come in wafts on the warm summer wind. The little reach of river is bounded at one end by a little mossy brick bridge, the side arches of which are to the central one as the little door in stable-yard gates is to the unpierced valve beside it, and at the other by a plank foot-bridge on tarred piles, fenced with a rail which once was painted white. Under the water, and rising out of it like black, jagged teeth, there are some half dozen rotten and rotting tree-stumps. There should surely be also some dozens of eels.

The snigger slips his line through the ring of his lithe little rod, which bends at the top like a waggoner's whip; to the end of his line he fastens his horizontal hank of fine cord, and beneath that he hangs by the middle a tempting lob-worm impaled upon a darning needle. Then he hauls in the slack of his line until the little hank of cord is chock-a-block with the ring, and, guided by their air-bubbles, proceeds to probe forth gaping eel-mouth with his lissome implement. Presently he feels that the worm has been gulped, gives a short sharp pull, and the needle, swallowed vertically, sticks horizontally into the gullet of the poor fish, which, thereupon, is dragged out of his mud-hole under the water, where he thought he was going to take his breakfast in bed so comfortably.

Eels—hundredweights of them in a night—are also caught in "bucks" set by weirs; the buck being an osier trap with an orifice which it is very easy to enter, but—*vestigia nulla retrorsim*.

But now, upon this glorious July evening, let us go out to set other eel-traps. We are in what may be called a region of sop, a district in which what professes to be dry land sinks beneath the foot with an oozing squelch, and water spreads in sleepy sheets and meanders in sluggish streams, large and little. The pools are plated with duck-weed and pond-weed spiked with green and brown. The fragrant sweet sedge thickly

fringes them, lifting up its spadix like a horn. The bur-weed asserts dominion with its stately swords and bristly orbs. Cat's-tails shoulder their maces, arrow-heads are decked with flesh-coloured flowers, starfruit with yellow-spotted whorls of white, and water-plantain with its panicles of lilac. Rushes are out in rosy blossom, and bogs that seem made of blacking are made beautiful by the golden stars of asphodel, and white and pink buckbean flowers. Corn-flags blaze above the inky water. Rose-coloured and purple orchises smile gratefully upon the spongy soil from which they have their being. The water-soldier sports his white feather proudly, as well he may, coming up to the surface to show it, and sinking into obscurity once more when he has made his display. On a low island, surrounded with reeds like serried ranks of pennoned spears, there is a grove of osiers, and on another a clump of alders, interspersed with snowy-cymed guelder-roses. Gigantic docks droop their broad leaves over the water-courses, persicaria floats in them plumed with rosy spikes, and butterwort spots their banks with nodding pink and purple. Mudwort's white, figwort's dull indigo flowers, ragwort's golden, the pale yellow blooms of downy St. John's-wort, the brighter cups of the marsh marigold and spear-wort, purple marsh thistles, blushing marshmallows, the white umbels of the water-parsnip, and red-rattle's crimson blossoms, clothe mere and marsh, however melancholy they may look at times, with a coat of many colours. In stream and pool float white and yellow water lilies, but the white ones are beginning to shut up and sink beneath the surface; and though it will be still some little time before the sun goes down, that humming hive-bee which has strayed into this lonely place ought surely to be thinking of getting under way if it would be home in decent hours. The little blue-winged butterflies that are still fluttering about in the westerling sunbeams need not hurry, for they are at home already; the dusky waterhens that may now and then be seen slipping in and out among the glossy green rushes are also natives of the district. What a solitude it is! A church steeple miles away is the only sign of human habitation that can be seen as the punt is poled along the reed-walled lanes of water. When a curlew that has come from the seaside to spend his summer here raises his melancholy wail, it sounds like the very voice of desolation personified.

But the old fellow who is poling the punt

along indulges in no such sentimental fancies. He is simply looking out for the best places to drop his eel-pots and set his night-lines in. It does not much matter what he baits them with—lob-worm or minnow, sliced loach or perch—for, although objectively “a dainty,” the eel is subjectively, as Izaak proceeds to point out, “a greedy fish,” will gobble indiscriminately a tiny duckling or a young water-vole.

Weighted with stones or brickbats the pots are sunk among the weeds close in shore; weighted with plummets the many-hooked lines are laid across the stream; and the old fenman poles homeward, determined to be up betimes in the morning, lest, when he hauls in his lines, he should find that the finest eels that they had caught have wriggled off.

Next, in a drearier season, on a dull December day, let us visit a more melancholy mere. It is the backwater—at lowtide a vast spread of mud, along which the little streams that find their way through the backwater into the sea trickle in meandering threads. The inky-dyked, white-gated marshes on the right and left are bushed with sea-lavender and wormwood and bristle with yellow reeds. The cattle that are grazed upon them in the summer are snugly sheltered in stall or straw-yard, or have been, or are on the point of being, assimilated as fat beef. There is not a barge upon the backwater, and the *raison d'être* of the solitary tavern on the ramshackle wooden-piled, rusty-ringed wharf at the backwater's head is hard to realise. Here and there a white, yellow, or red farm-house peeps out in the distance between ricks and stacks and trees, sheltering though leafless; and the deserted inn, lonely as “the Dragon on the heath,” seems to eye them enviously with its dim casements, as its sign creaks and its shutters shiver in the bleak east wind.

Where it blends with the dull green ocean the backwater is shored with sand: littered with grass-wrack, tangled with sand-wort, prickled with salt-wort, and sparsely bushed, tufted, and sprinkled with withered eryngs and buckthorn, thistles and sedge, wild cabbage, sea-kale, beet, sea-campion, yellow poppies, purple rocket and bindweed leaves. Still more barren-looking spreads the leaden water beneath the low-hanging leaden sky. Somewhere or other on it doubtless there are black duck and shovellers and teal, and peradventure wild geese; but they are invisible. Only a few harshly screaming gulls flock the dark heaven and the dark mere. But see, a boat comes round yonder corner, and creeps

towards us hugging the shore. One man is pulling, and another is standing in the bow, making prods into the mud which tell another story about the barrenness of the backwater. It is an eel-spear he is prodding with, and it

is not often that he pulls it up without finding one or more wriggling on its half-dozen prongs, or between them—fat fellows, that will not boil away to slush, like their far-away cousin, the blind slime eel.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

(TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.)

HE stood within the wilderness and cried.
From hearts innumerable went up a
groan

But voice was none, nor any that replied ;

Not Europe, vowed to lofty prudence,
tied

To dull convention, colder than a stone ;
Not Asia, fierce and fawning, sleek of hide ;

Nor thou, brute Africa! a patient, strong,
Mute ass, between two burthens couchant
long.

He stood within the wilderness and cried ;

Then all at once, as when a mighty tide
Hurls a huge wave before it, heaved and rose
The world's high heart to battle with its foes :
He stayed within the wilderness and died.

DORA GREENWELL.

ST. ONOFRIO AND TASSO.

PART I.

ONE of the most romantic shrines of pilgrimage in Rome is the church of St. Onofrio. It is situated in the Trastevere, that portion of the city beyond the Tiber which is almost unchanged since mediæval times, and whose inhabitants boast of their pure descent from the ancient Romans. A steep ascent on the slope of the Janiculum, through a somewhat squalid but picturesque street, and terminating in a series of broad steps, leads up to it from the Porta di San Spirito, not far from the Vatican. The ground here is open and stretches away, free from buildings, to the walls of the city. The church has a simple old-fashioned appearance ; its roof, walls, and small campanile are painted with the rusty gold of lichens that have sprung from the kisses of four centuries of rain and sun. It was erected in the reign of Pope Eugenius IV. by Nicolo da Forca Palena, an ancestor of that Conte di Palena who was a great friend of Torquato Tasso at Naples, and became afterwards Prince Conca and great admiral of the realm. It was dedicated to the Egyptian hermit Honuphris, who for sixty years lived in a cave in the desert of Thebes, without seeing a human being or speaking a word, consorting with birds and beasts, and living upon roots and wild herbs. A subtle harmony is felt between the history of

the hermit and the character of this building raised in his honour. A spot more drowsy and secluded, more steeped in the dreams of the older ages, is not to be found in the whole city ; and there is something in the general look of the place which suggests thoughts of desert solitudes and mountain wastes. In front of the church there is a long, narrow portico, supported by eight antique columns of the simplest construction, in all likelihood borrowed from some old pagan temple. Under this portico is a beautiful fresco of the Madonna and Child by Domenichino. To the right are three lunettes, which contain paintings by the same great master, representing the Baptism, Temptation, and Flagellation of St. Jerome. On the left of the arcade are portraits of the most prominent saints of the Hieronymite order. Exposed to the weather at first, the colour of these invaluable frescoes faded very much, showing mere spectres of pictures ; but they are now protected from further injury by glass.

Usually the church is closed, except in the early morning, and visitors are admitted by the custode on ringing a door bell under the portico. The interior is dark and solemn, with much less gilding and meretricious ornament than is usual in Roman churches. It contains, in the side chapels, many objects of

surpassing interest; frescoes and altar-pieces by Annibale Caracci, Pinturicchio, and Peruzzi; and splendid sepulchral monuments. Of the last the most conspicuous are the fine tomb of Archbishop Sacchi, who died in 1502; the marble tomb of Alessandro Guidi, the Italian lyric poet, who died in 1712; and the simple cenotaph in the last chapel on the left of one of the titular cardinals of the church, who died in 1849, the celebrated linguist Mezzofante. Here also lies the body of Madruccio, Archbishop of Trent, another diocesan of the church, and German ambassador during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., no less distinguished for his great personal beauty than for his elevated sentiments. But the tomb upon which the visitor will gaze with deepest interest is that of Torquato Tasso, who died in the adjacent monastery in 1595. The chapel of St. Jerome, in which it is situated, the first on the left as you enter, was restored by public subscription in 1857, in a manner which does not reflect much credit upon the artistic taste of modern Rome. Previous to this the remains of the poet reposed for two hundred years in an obscure part of the church close to the door, indicated by a tablet. Above this spot there is a portrait of the time, which from an artistic point of view is very poor, but is said to be a good likeness. Removed on the anniversary of his death, about twenty years ago, to the chapel of St. Jerome, the poet's remains are now covered by a huge marble monument in the cinque-cento style, adorned by a bas-relief of his funeral and a statue of him by Fabris. Whatever may be said against the artistic merits of this monument and its surroundings, no one who has read the poet's immortal epic, and is conversant with the strange, sad incidents of his life, can stand on this spot without being deeply moved.

Connected with the church is a monastery dedicated to St. Jerome, the patron of students and founder of western monachism. In one of the upper corridors is a beautiful arched fresco of the Madonna and Child, by Leonardo da Vinci, with the donor of the picture in profile kneeling before her. The picture is surrounded by a frame of fruit and flowers on an enamelled ground, somewhat after the manner of Andrea della Robbia. The soft, tender features of the infant Jesus, and the quiet dignity and grace of the smiling Madonna, are so characteristic of the style of Leonardo da Vinci that the picture would be at once referred to him by one who did not know its origin. The chamber where Tasso spent the last days of his life is on the upper floor, and

is the most conveniently situated in the whole building. It is left very much in the same state as when he lived in it. The walls and ceiling are bare and whitewashed, without any decoration. Here and there are several pale marks, indicating the places of things that have been removed. In one part is painted on the plaster a false door partially open, behind which is seen the figure of Tasso about to enter. As a deception this is cleverly done, and gives the spectator a shock of surprise when it catches his eye; but every person of good taste must condemn such a melodramatic exhibition, and wish that he could obliterate it at once with a daub of whitewash. The custode directed our attention to it with an air of great admiration, and could not understand the scowl with which we turned away our faces. It is strange how a relentless fate has pursued this unfortunate poet in life and death. Neglect and contumely attended him continually. While Ariosto and Dante had the grandest monuments erected at once to their memory, he alone was left without a fitting memorial for two centuries, and the tomb that was at length erected is a disgrace to Rome. And here in this chamber, where he breathed his last, he is made ridiculous by appearing in the attitude of a ghost to startle the spectator; and as if this were not enough, there is a bust of him in the room which produces a most disagreeable impression, owing to its unnatural appearance. It is composed of a mask in reddish wax moulded from the dead face of the poet, and placed upon a plaster bust—a most fantastic combination. From this mask, which is an undoubted original, numerous copies have been taken, which are scattered throughout Europe. It is in consequence somewhat effaced, but it still shows the characteristic features of the poet—the purity of the profile, the fineness of the mouth, and the spiritual beauty and fascinating expression of the whole face. But the incoherence of the adaptation makes it painful to think that this is the best representation of the poet we possess.

There are several other most interesting relics of Tasso preserved in this chamber—his table, with an inkstand of wood; his great chair covered with Cordova leather, very aged and worn-looking; the belt which he wore; a small German cabinet; a large China bowl, evidently an heirloom; a metal crucifix of singular workmanship, given to him by Pope Clement VIII., which soothed his dying moments; several of his letters, and an autograph copy of verses. In one

corner is the leaden coffin, broken, and bent, and much corroded, in which his remains were originally deposited, and which was discarded when his bones were removed to their present resting-place. The sacristan keeps a book in this room, in which visitors inscribe their names; and I was glad to find that not a few of our own greatest writers had paid a pilgrimage to this shrine of genius. The window is so situated that it commands a most magnificent view of Rome and the surrounding country from almost every part of the room; and it was pleasant to think that this was the last outward spectacle upon which the poet's eyes rested ere they closed for ever upon all earthly beauty. I have visited many of the rooms consecrated by the dying hours of genius; among others, the study of Sir Walter Scott in Abbotsford House, with its affecting relics; the room in the Casa Guidi palace at Florence, where Mrs. Browning expired, now the drawing-room of Professor Parlatore; the apartment in the Christianborg Palace in Copenhagen, where Thorwaldsen laid down his magic chisel for ever, and the upper room in his Museum, with his old furniture and the last work on which he was engaged, and the clock that still indicated the hour of his death; but I have had in none of these places such solemn thoughts as in this monastic cell.

There is much in the life and death of Torquato Tasso that appeals to our deepest feelings. He was one of those "infanti perduto" who ate the honeycomb of poetry, finding it sweet in the mouth but bitter in the memory; to whom life was one long avenue of darkened days, with celestial gleams shining in at intervals. No sadder or more romantic life than his can be found in all the annals of literature. Hercules, according to the old fable, was afflicted with madness as a punishment for his being so near the gods; and the imaginativeness of a brain which had in it a fibre of insanity, "near which genius often perilously lies," may be supposed to account for much of Tasso's wayward and sorrowful career. The youngest son of Bernardo Tasso, a most accomplished poet and statesman, whose estimable character and refined manners were combined with great personal beauty, Torquato was born when the most exciting events in the history of Europe took place, events which mark the era as peculiarly the age of romance. The place of his birth was a fit cradle for a poet. On the cliff that forms the promontory of Sorrento, with steep hills rising behind and orange-groves spreading

around, and in front a glorious view of the Bay of Naples, with the enchanted isles of Capri and Ischia sleeping on its bosom, and the reflected images of domes and palaces charming to constancy its blue tideless waters, there stands a house known to travellers as the Hôtel de Tasso. There, while his father was busy with the composition of his best-known poem, the beautiful "Amadigi," Torquato first saw the light. Scarcely had he passed the first months of infancy when his father became involved in political events which led to his banishment from Naples, his separation from his wife and family, whom he never saw again, and the confiscation of his property. These misfortunes darkened the home of the youthful poet; and the image of a mother worse than widowed, pining for her banished husband, deeply impressed his tender heart. At an early age he was transferred to Bergamo, under the shadow of the Alps, his father's birthplace, to be brought up and educated by his relatives. Thus the snows of the north and the fires of the south, the wild grandeur of the mountains and the soft beauty of the sea, the solitudes of nature where only the effects of storm and sunshine are chronicled, and the crowded scenes of the most inspiring events of classic story, had their share in moulding his temperament and colouring his poetry. When twenty years of age, such was the reputation for genius which he had already acquired, he was invited by Cardinal d'Este to reside with him at the court of his brother Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara. This city was the cradle of modern epic poetry, and was celebrated as much for its classical elegance as for its spirit of romance. The ancient family of Este had long reigned as dukes of Ferrara, and being themselves distinguished for talent, they delighted in gathering around them the principal poets and literary men of the day. Ariosto, Boyard, and the celebrated poetess Vittoria Colonna, had been among their most intimate friends. It was at this brilliant court that Tasso met the beautiful and accomplished Leonora, sister of the duke, who became to him what Beatrice was to Dante, and Laura to Petrarch—the star that dwelt apart and yet ruled his life. Fostered by the intellectual associations of the place, and by the smiles of the fairest ladies of the land, his genius developed rapidly, and he produced his immortal "Gerusalemme Liberata," in which he makes frequent reference to the family of his princely patron.

But all this was not enough to make him happy. Possessing more than the proverbial sensibility of the poetic temperament, he suffered much from the attacks of inferior poets, particularly from the members of the Della Cruscan Academy, who were jealous of his reputation, and underrated his great work as much as his friends overrated it. Besides, like Rousseau, he was perpetually fancying conspiracies against him. Of these attacks he complained so frequently at court, that the duke at last grew wearied of them, and began to treat the poet with coldness. His passion for the beautiful Leonora was also doomed to disappointment, although the lady herself favoured his suit, and often interceded for him with her offended brother. When the duke discovered it, his anger at the presumption of the poet knew no bounds, and, under the pretext of insanity, he caused him to be imprisoned in the hospital of St. Anne, in the part appropriated to lunatics. Here Tasso languished for several years in great misery. No greater contrast could be imagined than between his present and former life. Accustomed to the luxuries of a court, he was subjected to the privations of a dungeon; for the treatment of the insane, at this period, was far worse than that of the vilest criminals. Worn out by the horrors of his imprisonment, the health of the caged eagle gave way, and his mind became really tinged with symptoms of insanity; his person and dress were neglected, and he brooded continually over his wrongs in a bitter and despondent spirit. From the shock he never wholly recovered; for when liberated at length, owing to the repeated solicitations of powerful friends, from the Pope downwards, he wandered throughout Italy, incapable of remaining long in any place, and vainly seeking in change of scene for the rest of mind and heart which had for ever departed from him. During this aimless wandering life, he was dependent wholly for his support upon the precarious bounty of a few noble friends, the lawsuit which he carried on for the recovery of the property which he had inherited from his mother having failed. And all the time he cherished faithfully in his heart the image of Leonora d'Este. But for this passion, and Tasso's celebration of it in exquisite verse, the name of the proud Leonora, despite her remarkable beauty, talents, and lofty rank, would have gone down to oblivion. The Duke of Ferrara himself, who despised this passion as presumption, and treated it as

madness, is only interesting to future ages because of this association. At last, utterly broken down in health and spirits, he came to Rome, and applied to the monks of St. Onofrio for a refuge from his sorrows. He said that, worn out with the long disease of life, he had come to die among them; but notwithstanding the injuries he had received, his heart still retained its love for mankind; and all the vicissitudes of his lot, and the temptations of glory and neglect to which he had been exposed, had not weakened his attachment to the religion of his childhood. To such a faith, the solitude and peace of this monastery offered a delightful retreat. We love to think of the poet in this quiet resting-place, where the noises of the great world reached him only in subdued murmurs. Heaven was above him, and the world beneath. In the monastery of St. Onofrio, a bent, sorrow-stricken man, old before his time, joining with the monks in the duties of religion, Tasso appeals more powerfully to our feelings than when, in the full flush of youth and happiness, he shone the brightest star in the royal court of Alfonso, and charmed beauty and rank by the spell of his genius. He had proved how little the world could do for its votaries, and now he felt how satisfying and soothing was that peace which the world could neither give nor take away.

The garden behind the convent is an extensive piece of ground, combining a considerable variety of natural features. The monks grow large quantities of artichokes, lettuce, and fennocchio; and interspersed among the beds of vegetables are orange and other fruit trees, and little trellises of cane, wreathed with the young, downy leaves of the vine. A large tank is supplied with water from a spring whose murmur gives a feeling of animation to the loneliness of the spot. The garden rises at the end into broken elevated ground, showing the native rock through its grassy sides. A row of tall old cypresses, the Virgin's-tree, that ever points towards heaven, crowns the ridge; their fluted trunks grey with lichen-stains, and their deep green spires of foliage forming harp-strings on which the evening winds discourse solemn music, as if the spirit of the poet haunted them still. On one side are the picturesque ruins of a shrine, over-arching a fountain, now dry and choked up with weeds and fringed with ferns. Cyclamens—called by the Italians *viola pazze*, "mad violets"—grow on its margin in glowing masses; purple anemones gleam among the

grass like living jewels ; sweet-scented violets in profusion perfume all the air ; scarlet poppies, with the sunlight shining through them till they look like embodied flames, rock and nod to each other ; and a few Judas-trees, loaded with crimson blossoms, without a single leaf to relieve the gorgeous colour, serve as an admirable background, almost blending with the purple clouds on the low horizon. On the other side the hill slopes down in a series of terraces to the crowded streets of the Trastevere, forming a spacious out-door amphitheatre, in which the Arcadian Academy of Rome used to hold its meetings during the summer months, and where St. Filippo Neri was wont to give those half-dramatic musical entertainments which, originating in the oratory of the religious community established by him, are now known throughout the world as oratorios. Between these two objects on the slope of the hill still stands the large torso of a tree which bears the name of "Tasso's oak," because the poet's favourite seat was under its shadow. It suffered much from the violence of a thunder-storm in 1842, which blew down the huge historical pine-tree in

the Colonna Gardens on the Quirinal ; but numerous branches have since sprouted from the old trunk, and it now affords a capacious shade from the noon-day heat. It is a variety of the *Valonia* oak, with delicate, downy, pale-green leaves, much serrated, and contrasts beautifully with the dark green spires of the cypresses behind. The leaves had but recently unfolded, and exhibited all the delicacy of tint and perfection of outline so characteristic of young foliage. The garden was in the first fresh flush of spring—that idyllic season which, in Italy more than in any other land, realises the glowing descriptions of the poets. Plucking a leafy twig from the branches and a grey lichen from the trunk, as mementoes of the place, I sat down on the huge mossy bole, and tried to bring back in imagination the haunted past. Nature was renewing her old life ; the same flowers still covered the earth with their divine frescoes ; but where was he whose spirit informed all the beauty and translated its mystic language into burning human words ? The permanency of nature, and the vanity of human life, seemed here to acquire new force and significance.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

HE spoke to her with manly word,—
With honest speech and slow ;
She felt she loved him as she heard,
But yet she answered "No."

She saw him rise, she saw him stand,
As staggering from a blow ;
She could have kissed his trembling hand,
But still she answered "No."

And so he goes—to come no more !
But let him only go,
Her voice will call him from the door...
Who trusts a woman's "No" ?

F. JAMES.





A Woman's "No."

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

PART II.

"Obvius in palatio Julius Atticus speculator, cruentum gladium ostentans, occisum a se Othonem, exclamavit; et Galba, 'Commilito,' inquit, 'quis jussit?' insigni animo ad coercendam militarem licentiam, minantibus intrepidus, adversus blandientes incorruptus."—Tacit. Hist., lib. i. cap. xxxv.

AT the beginning of our inquiry we must settle with ourselves what we mean by "manliness, manfulness, courage." My friends of "the Christian Guild" seemed to assume that these words all have the same meaning, and denote the same qualities. Now is this so? I think not, if we take the common use of the words. "Manliness and manfulness" are synonymous, but they embrace more than we ordinarily mean by the word "courage;" for instance, tenderness, and thoughtfulness for others. They include courage, which lies, indeed, at the root of all manliness, but is, in fact, only its lowest or rudest form. Indeed, we must admit that it is not exclusively a human quality at all, but one which we share with other animals, and which some of them—for instance, the bulldog and weazel—exhibit with a certainty and a thoroughness which is very rare amongst mankind.

In what, then, does courage, in this ordinary sense of the word, consist? First, in persistency, or the determination to have one's own way, coupled with contempt for safety and ease, and readiness to risk pain or death in getting one's own way. This is, let us readily admit, a valuable, even a noble quality, but an animal quality rather than a human or manly one. And it is obviously not that of which the promoters of the Christian Guild were in search. For I fear it must be admitted that it is a quality by no means incompatible with those savage or brutal habits of violence which the Guild was specially designed to put down and root out amongst our people. What they desired to cultivate was obviously, not animal, but manly courage; and the fact that we are driven to use these epithets "animal" and "manly" to make our meaning clear, shows, I think, the necessity of insisting on this distinction and keeping it well in mind.

We should note, also, that the methods proposed were, with one exception, not really adapted as tests even of animal courage, much less of manliness. For they proposed that the possession of the Royal Humane Society's medal, or the badge of excellence in athletic games, should be the qualification for the first members. Now the possession of the medal does, indeed, amount

to *primâ facie* evidence, not only of animal courage but of manliness; for it can only be won by an act involving not only persistency and contempt of danger, but self-sacrifice for the welfare of another. But proficiency in athletic games has no such meaning, and is not necessarily a proof even of animal courage, but only of muscular power and physical training. Even in those games which, to some extent, do afford a test of the persistency, and contempt for discomfort, or pain, which constitute animal courage—such as rowing, boxing, and wrestling—it is of necessity a most unsatisfactory one. For instance, Nelson—as courageous an Englishman as ever lived, who attacked a Polar bear with a handspike when he was a boy of fourteen, and told his captain, when he was scolded for it, that he did not know Mr. Fear—with his slight frame and weak constitution, could never have won a boat race, and in a match would have been hopelessly astern of any one of the crew of his own barge; and the highest courage which ever animated a human being would not enable him to stand for five minutes against a trained wrestler or boxer.

Athleticism is a good thing if kept in its place, but it has come to be very much overpraised and over-valued amongst us, as I think these proposals of the Christian Guild for the attainment of their most admirable and needful aim, tend to show clearly enough, if proof were needed.

We may say, then, I think, without doubt, that its promoters were not on the right scent, or likely to get what they were in search of by the methods they proposed to use. For after getting their Society of Athletes it might quite possibly turn out to be composed of persons deficient in real manliness. While, however, keeping this conclusion well in mind, we need not at all depreciate athleticism, which has in it much that is useful to society, and is indeed admirable enough in its own way. But as the next step in our inquiry, let us bear well in mind that athleticism is not what we mean here. True manliness is as likely to be found in a weak as in a strong body. Other things being equal, we may perhaps admit (though I should hesitate to do so), that a man with a highly trained and

developed body will be more courageous than a weak man. But we must take this caution with us, that a great athlete may be a brute or a coward, a truly manly man can be neither.

Having got thus far, and satisfied ourselves what is not of the essence of manliness, though often assumed to be so, as by the promoters of the Christian Guild, let us see if we cannot get on another step, and ascertain what is of that essence. And here it may be useful to take a few well-known instances of courageous deeds, and examine them; because if we can find out any common quality in them we shall have lighted on something which is of the essence of, or inseparable from, that manliness which includes courage, of which we are in search.

I will take two or three at hazard from a book in which they abound, and which was a great favourite here some years ago, as I hope it is still, I mean Napier's Peninsular War. At the end of the storming of Badajoz, after speaking of the officers, Napier goes on, "Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who in his resolution to win thrust himself beneath the chained sword blades, and then suffered the enemy to dash his head in pieces with the ends of their muskets." Again, at the Coa, "a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called 'the Boy,' because of his youth, nineteen, and of his gigantic stature and strength, who had fought bravely and displayed great intelligence beyond the river, was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round, he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: 'So this is the end of our brag. This is our first battle, and we retreat! The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said.' Then striding forward in his giant might he fell furiously on the nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them."

"Still more touching, more noble, more heroic was the death of Sergeant Robert McQuade. During McLeod's rush, this man, also from the north of Ireland, saw two men level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank, awaiting the uprise of an enemy. The present Adjutant-General Brown, then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend at the fatal spot. McQuade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, in a calm decided tone, 'You

are too young, sir, to be killed,' and then offering his own person to the fire, fell dead pierced with both balls." And, speaking of the British soldier generally, he says in his preface, "What they were their successors now are. Witness the wreck of the Birkenhead, where four hundred men, at the call of their heroic officers, Captains Wright and Girardot, calmly and without a murmur accepted death in a horrible form rather than endanger the women and children saved in the boats. The records of the world furnish no parallel to this self-devotion." Let us add to these, two very recent examples of which we have all been reading in the last few months: the poor colliers who worked day and night at Pont-y-pridd, with their lives in their hands, to rescue their buried comrades; and the gambler in St. Louis who went straight from the gaming-table into the fire, to the rescue of women and children, and died of the hurts after his third return from the flames.

Looking, then, at these several cases, we find in each that resolution in the actors to have their way, contempt for ease, and readiness to risk pain or death, which we noted as the special characteristics of animal courage, which we share with the bulldog and weazel.

So far all of them are alike. Can we get any further? Not much, if we take the cases of the rifleman who thrust his head under the sword-blades and allowed his brains to be knocked out sooner than draw it back, or of "the boy Stewart." These are intense assertions of individual will and force—avowals of the rough hard-handed man that he has that in him which enables him to defy danger and death—this and little or nothing more, but a very valuable and admirable thing as it stands.

But we feel, I think, at once that there is something more in the act of Sergeant McQuade, and of the miners in Pont-y-pridd—something higher and more admirable. And it is not a mere question of degree, of more or less in the quality of animal courage. The rifleman and the boy Stewart were each of them persistent to death, and no man can be more. The acts were, then, equally courageous, so far as persistency and scorn of danger and death are concerned. We must look elsewhere for the difference, for that which touches more deeply in the case of Sergeant McQuade than in that of the boy Stewart, and can only find it in the motive. At least it seems to me that the worth of the one lies mainly in the sublimity of self-

assertion, the other in the sublimity of self-sacrifice. And this holds good again in the case of the Birkenhead. Captain Wright gave the word for the men to fall in on deck by companies, knowing that the sea below them was full of sharks, and that the ship could not possibly float till the boats came back; and the men fell in, knowing this also, and stood at attention without uttering a word, till she heeled over and went down under them. And Napier, with all his delight in physical force and prowess, and his intense appreciation of the qualities which shine most brightly in the fiery action of battle, gives the palm to these when he writes, "The records of the world furnish no parallel to this self-devotion." No more weighty or valuable testimony can be called than that of such a man; and, if he is right, as I think he is, do we not get another side light on our inquiry, and find that the highest temper of physical courage is not to be found, or perfected, in action but in repose? All physical effort relieves the strain, and makes it easier to persist unto death, under the stimulus and excitement of the shock of battle, or of violent exertion of any kind, than when the effort has to be made with grounded arms. In other words, may we not say that in such circumstances self-restraint is after all the highest form of self-assertion, and a characteristic of manliness as distinguished from courage?

But we have only been looking hitherto at one small side of a great subject, at the courage which is tested in times of terror, on the battle-field, in the sinking ship, the poisoned mine, the blazing house. Such testing times come to few, and to these not often in their lives. But, on the other hand, the daily life of every one of us teems with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battle-field, or fire, or wreck. For we are born into a state of war; with falsehood, and disease, and wrong, and misery in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within calling on us to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against these.

And in this life-long fight, to be waged by every one of us single-handed against a host of foes, the one requisite for a good fight, the one proof and test of our courage and manfulness, is our loyalty to truth—the most rare and difficult of all human endeavours. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection, asks ever more and more of us, and sets before us a higher standard. And this is the great lesson which we shall learn from

Christ's life the more earnestly and faithfully we study it. "For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth." To bear this witness against avowed and open enemies is comparatively easy. But to bear it against those we love, against those whose judgment and opinions we respect, in defence or furtherance of that which approves itself as true to our own inmost conscience, this is the real strain and test of courage and of manliness. How natural, nay how inevitable it is that we should grow into appreciating and judging things mainly by the standards in common use by those we respect and love. But these very standards are apt to break down with us when we are brought face to face with some question which takes us ever so little out of ourselves and our usual groove. At such times we are driven to admit in our hearts that we, and those we respect and love, have been looking at and judging things, not truthfully, and therefore courageously and manfully, but conventionally. And then comes one of the most searching of all trials of courage and manliness, when a man or woman is called to stand by what approves itself to their consciences as true, and to protest for it through evil report and good report, against all discouragement and opposition from those they love or respect. The sense of antagonism instead of rest, of distrust and alienation instead of approval and sympathy, which such times bring, is a test which tries the very heart and reins, and it is one which meets us at all ages and in all conditions of life. Emerson's hero is the man who, "taking both reputation and life in his hand, will with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob, by the absolute truth of his speech and rectitude of his behaviour." And even in peaceful and prosperous England absolute truth of speech and rectitude of behaviour will not fail to bring their fiery trials, and in the end their exceeding great rewards.

We may note too that in testing manliness as distinguished from courage, we shall have to reckon sooner or later with the idea of duty. Nelson's column stands in the most conspicuous site in all London, and stands there with all men's approval, not because of his daring courage—Lord Peterborough in a former generation, Lord Dundonald in the one which succeeded, were at least as eminent for reckless and successful daring—but it is because the idea of devotion to duty is inseparably connected with Nelson's name in the minds of Englishmen that he has been

lifted high above all his compeers in England's capital.

In the throes of one of the terrible revolutions of the worst days of imperial Rome,—when probably the cruellest mob and most licentious soldiery of all time were raging round the palace of the Cæsars, and the chances of an hour would decide whether Galba or Otho should rule the world, the alternative being a violent death,—an officer of the guard, one Julius Atticus, rushed into Galba's presence with a bloody sword, boasting that he had slain his rival, Otho. "My comrade, by whose order?" was his only greeting; and the story has come down through eighteen centuries, in the terse strong sentences of the great historian prefixed to this chapter, a test for all time: Comrade, who ordered thee? whose will art thou doing? It is the question which has to be asked of every fighting man, in whatever part of the great battle-field he comes to the front, and determines the manliness of soldier, statesman, parson, of every strong man, and suffering woman.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: knowledge, will,
These two are strong; but stronger still the third,
Obedience: 'tis the great tap root, which still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill."

I think that the more thoroughly we sift and search out this question, the more surely we shall come to this as the conclusion of the whole matter. Tenacity of will, or willfulness, lies at the root of all courage, but courage can only rise into true manliness when the will is surrendered; and the more absolute the surrender of the will the more perfect will be the temper of our courage and the strength of our manliness.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

our laureate has pleaded, in the moment of his highest inspiration,

"Our wills are ours to make them thine."

And that strong Son of God to whom that cry has gone up in our day, and in all days, has left us the secret of His strength in the words, "I am come to do the will of my Father and your Father."

THOMAS HUGHES.

AT GHEEL.

A GLANCE at the map of Belgium will show Gheel, printed in very small type, as forming one point of a triangle, of which Antwerp and Brussels form the other two. Gheel is a small quiet town situated in the midst of a tract of flat and comparatively sterile country, contrasting strangely with the surrounding districts, which have long been celebrated for their numerous and thriving population, and for their remarkable productiveness and wealth. Gheel is little known to tourists, for it is far from any railway, and must be reached by the *diligence*, which plies twice a day between the railway station at Herenthals and Gheel, where it arrives in about two hours.

The traveller having left the bustling and picturesque city of Antwerp after a leisurely breakfast, finds himself in time for the early dinner hour at Gheel, and the contrast is so great between the two places, that he almost fancies himself in another world; but if Gheel possesses none of those treasures which in the former city so delight the lovers of art, it can compete with it in antiquity, and has at least much to interest and to engage the deepest thoughts of the lovers of humanity.

We shall now ask our readers to carry their thoughts back to the seventh or eighth

century, and to follow in imagination the circumstances which gave rise to the present condition and treatment of the insane at Gheel. Tradition is in this case more than usually interesting, harmonizing, as it does with existing facts and therefore bearing the stamp of truth. In that early age then, there already existed in the Campine a small Christian church dedicated to St. Martin; thither fled an Irish princess from the cruel and unnatural treatment of her pagan father. She was accompanied by a priest who had been the means of her own and her mother's conversion, and there the young and noble maiden, with her protector, hoped to end her days in peace. Her father, however, enraged at her escape, pursued and found her, and determined that she should not again elude his grasp. He ordered his servants to put to death his daughter and her priest; the latter was soon dispatched, but all refused to give the death-blow to the innocent girl; when her father, impatient of delay, struck off her head with his own hand. Whether it was supposed by those who witnessed this tragic scene, that either the princess or her father was the subject of mental disease, tradition does not say; but Dymphna (for such was the name of the heroine) soon became a

saint, and wonderful cures were said to be effected on the victims of such maladies by a visit to the spot where the body rested, and which was also the site of her martyrdom. The fame of the new saint soon spread, persons from a distance brought their mentally infirm relatives in the hope of a miraculous cure, and St. Dymphna was recognized far and wide as the patron saint of the insane. The few and poor inhabitants of the vicinity thus became gradually familiar with the presence of this afflicted class, and associating with them St. Dymphna and her miracles, looked upon them with a sort of superstitious awe, and it became a work, partly remunerative and partly religious, to receive and tend them in their humble homes. The relatives, finding themselves thus relieved of an anxious and painful charge, and convinced that their weak ones were on sacred ground, and under the special protection of their patron saint, became willing to leave them under the care of the simple peasants, who gladly welcomed them under their roofs.

By degrees, the few huts which originally surrounded the chapel of St. Martin increased in number, till a village was formed, which in its turn developed into a town; farms and hamlets sprang up in the neighbourhood until a flourishing commune was established.

In the twelfth century, the little chapel of St. Martin gave place to a more imposing edifice, dedicated to St. Dymphna, whose history was portrayed in the painted windows; and from that time to the present the harmless and quiet insane of Belgium and the surrounding countries have flowed in an unbroken current to Gheel. From the first the pittance paid for the cure of these afflicted ones was very small; but this, contrary to our usual theories, led to two very beneficial and important features in their treatment. The poor housewife found it more economical to feed her lodgers at her own table, so that they became part of the family; and time being too precious to be given up to watching them at home, they were taken out into the fields to aid the peasant at his work.

In such circumstances a healthy mental reaction frequently took place, and the individual, formerly inert and mischievous, became once more a useful, active, and even happy member of society; no longer a mere burthen, but a boon in the household in which he was located. While in cases where the results were less favourable, the patient was at least treated as a human being, ate and lived in the society of his fellows, and participated in, even though he could not be

said to enjoy, the blessings which heaven provides for all, namely fresh air, and sunlight, with the beauties which it reveals and the healing it disseminates—no slight alleviation of the sad condition of the lunatic, as it was, in days happily gone by.

We must now make a hasty survey of the Gheel of to-day. It occupies an area of twenty miles in circumference, with a population of about eleven thousand. It includes the town proper, the scattered farms and houses at a little distance, and lastly a number of small hamlets near the boundary of the commune. The centre of the peculiar work among the insane which is identified with Gheel is the "Institution," situated in the town, and under the able management of Dr. Bulckens. Into it all new patients are received for a longer or shorter period, that their cases may be thoroughly studied, and a just estimate made of their individual requirements; they are then, if proved to be harmless and tractable, boarded out in families suitable to their social and mental condition: for not only the poor, but persons occupying the middle rank of life, are ready to receive such inmates.

The poor are received into humble homes at the rate of little more than £9 per annum. They literally live with the family, as members of the same, taking their share of home or field work, or assisting in the care of the children, which last is found to be both a beneficial and a favourite employment. Sometimes the boarders work with the householder at his trade, such as tailoring, shoemaking, or in the making of Brussels lace, this being one of the chief industries of the district; they then are allowed a small proportion of their earnings while their host retains the remainder. The insane thus become a source of profit to those who have the care of them, instead of being maintained as with us at a heavy cost. The outward circumstances of course vary with the social position of the householder and his patient, but the principle is the same; the higher rates of board are from £40 to £100. The patient is still considered as a member of the family, but has his own private room or rooms, to which he retires at his pleasure; these are furnished and adorned, according to the bent of his mind, with books or maps, musical instruments, scientific appliances, pictures, flowers, &c. No householder is allowed to receive more than four patients; a fact which in itself conduces to the family arrangement, it being impossible that the formality and routine of asylum life should

creep into so small a company. Dr. Bulckens has four medical men under him, and these see each patient at short intervals, varying with their condition, none being unvisited for more than a few days at a time. It is also the duty of these coadjutors to inspect thoroughly every household, giving special attention to the sleeping accommodation of the patients, cleanliness, ventilation, the clothing, and so on. Besides this medical staff, there is a body of men, whom for lack of a better name we may call "constables." These are responsible for the general good conduct of the patients, both at home and abroad, and have also the constant surveillance of those who board them. In the town there is a church, besides a public library and reading-room, and a hall for musical entertainments; to each of which the patients have access under certain restrictions, intended merely to secure good behaviour. The musical performers include many of the patients in their company. The general aspect of the place is that of any small quiet continental town, and few visiting it would suspect that the commune contains about one thousand two hundred and fifty insane persons. The quiet and orderly patients are kept within the town proper, while those who are noisy and more peculiar in their habits are located at a short distance in the outlying farm houses or in the more remote hamlets. During our short stay at Gheel, we saw nothing in our perambulations of the town which could shock or distress the most sensitive mind.

From our acquaintance with the existing state of things we of course expected to come frequently in contact with persons exhibiting symptoms of abnormal mental condition, and in this we were not disappointed. Here is a gentleman, for example, in whom an overwhelming bashfulness is evidently the foible; a turn in the street brought us face to face with another individual who evidently fancied himself a person of great distinction. But these delusions hurt no one, and it was a deep satisfaction to us to feel that the gentle victim of such aberrations had at least the gratification of asserting his self-love in this innocent manner, instead of having it continually mortified by solitude or the enforced society of those whose mental disease exhibits itself in a more repulsive form. Early in the morning we saw from our window a boy, whose gait betrayed him as one of the weak ones; he was carrying a basket of rolls and

was met by a group of the boys of the town; they joked him and pretended to take his basket, but there was no malice in the encounter, they took no unfair advantage of him, and even in this fun there seemed an acknowledgment of his claim upon their sympathy; they made fun with him, but not at him. We went into many houses quite unannounced and found the patients variously occupied as above stated; and it was a curious and interesting feature of this inspection, that our guide, a Dutchman of good social standing, had himself been a patient, and is now a voluntary resident at Gheel. He was a man of good abilities and of considerable acquirements; he had been educated for the legal profession, spoke English well and was a good musician, being the conductor of the orchestra at the musical entertainments. He gave us much interesting and valuable information regarding the colony, and finding that we thoroughly sympathized in its doings, he told us his own history, which was very touching, and affords an excellent illustration of the good effects of the system pursued at Gheel. He spoke freely of his unsoundness of mind at an early age, when he was placed by his friends in one of the ordinary asylums in Germany. Here he was conscious of receiving much injudicious and unjust treatment, and under this sense of injustice he, amongst other acts of rebellious retribution, struck down the medical officer. He was most explicit in stating to us that this was not an act of madness, but a deliberate assertion of his own rights. After this event, his treatment was as might be expected more severe than ever, and he formed the resolution to make his escape. To prevent this he was deprived of his clothes, but overcoming every difficulty he succeeded in releasing himself. His friends, at a loss what to do, brought him to Gheel, when, finding that he was no longer controlled by brute force, but by moral suasion, and that he was at liberty to walk when and where he liked, and to do as he liked, so long as he interfered with no one else, he soon became quiet and contented. He is now considered well, and is at liberty to leave the commune; but with a sense of having unfitted himself for his original place in his family and in society he prefers remaining where he is.

Much regarding Gheel is left unsaid; but if we have led our readers to give one thought to the possibility of ameliorating the condition of the mentally afflicted, we shall be more than satisfied.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Coming to God.

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."—Hb. xi. 6.

MEN have ever been in quest of God and do still seek Him. God-seeking is essential to their nature. He only answers to their deepest wants. The Psalmist says, "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God." He "who giveth to all life and breath and all things, hath made of one blood all nations of men that they should seek the Lord." If all things seek their source, it is only natural that the offspring of God should seek Him of whom they are.

But though natural it is none the less wonderful. That creatures of the earth who would deem it presumptuous to think of approaching some of their fellows should seek to come into the presence of the Majesty of Heaven is very wonderful. No creature seeks to transcend the sphere of its birth. For a fish to try to leave the water, a bird to rise above the atmosphere, or an ox to forsake the pleasant pasture, would be contrary to nature; but when man separates himself, seeks solitude and silence, closes all the avenues of his senses, that on bended knees he may rise above the world and self and come to God, it is felt to be only in accordance with his nature.

If, reader, you have ever chanced to come unexpectedly upon any one engaged in prayer, it immediately silenced and deeply awed you. You felt it to be an exercise of man's deepest, loneliest nature, which you could but profoundly respect and approve. It caused your own deepest nature to speak, and made you feel that you too were made what you are that "you should seek the Lord, if haply you might feel after Him, and find Him in whom we all live and move and have our being."

"Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home."

But man's coming to God, though an intensely individual act, is no mere self-movement. Christ said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," and also, "No man cometh unto me except the Father which sent me draw him." He who is "the light

which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and is also "the light of the world," exercises, with respect to men, both an inward propulsion and an outward attraction. The Lord says, "I am found of them that sought me not: I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name." God can neither cast off nor forget those whom He has made "in His image and likeness," and who live upon the breath of His life. "Can a woman forget her child? Yea, she may forget, yet will not I forget thee." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee," yea, "with cords of a man, with the bands of love." He who cannot forget His child will not allow His child to forget Him. And as He surrounds every creature with the influences necessary to quicken the instincts of its future life, He certainly has not left His child destitute of awakening powers, nor Himself without resources. The King of Heaven and Father of men is not slow to devise means to fetch home again His banished ones.

God is ever beforehand with us. We are already found of Him when we seek Him. Our seeking is but in consequence of His, and the assurance that we shall not seek in vain. And when we find Him we are not discoverers, but the discovered. And if He is found of those who seek Him not, those who seek Him may be assured that if He hideth Himself it is but for a brighter revealing—if their eyes are holden it is but for a fuller discovery. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Nevertheless, though our coming to God is no self-movement, it is with no divided heart that we come. Not against but with our will are we moved and drawn to Him. There is no act so free as that by which a soul yields himself to the Divine constraints.

"Not by the terrors of a slave
God's children do His will;
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil."

"How sweet," says St. Augustine, "did it at once become to me to want the sweetnesses of those toys! and what I feared to be parted from was now a joy to part with. For Thou didst draw me from them, Thou

true and highest sweetness. Thou castedst them forth, and for them enteredst in Thyself, sweeter than all pleasures, though not to flesh and blood; brighter than all light, but more hidden than all depths; higher than all honour to all but those high in their own esteem."

In the coming of a soul to God there is a sweet concurrence of what is human and what is divine. It is achieved not by God alone, nor by man alone, nor partly by God and partly by man, but entirely by God and man in the happiest co-operative unity of spirit. The exhortation to "work out our salvation" is made upon the ground that "God works in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." "My people," He says, "shall be willing in the day of my power." His children reply, "Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is," and also in what He is—the God and Father of man, and the Redeemer of all who trust in Him. And his faith will be more than a credence in divinely-communicated words, more than a principle held in the understanding. It will be that which "verifies the solemn reality in a vitally pervading sentiment of the soul."

Not without mediation do the divine influences move and draw men to God. "I drew them with the cords of a man, with the bonds of love." The bonds of the Divine love hide themselves in human attractions. Divine powers unmediated, unattenuated, would either be powerless with men or destructive of their freedom. Therefore from the first it was made known that man's deliverance and salvation would be by his own "seed." By "the seed of the woman" his deliverance and salvation are wrought out. God draws men by man, by "the cords of a man." "At sundry times and in divers manners He spoke in time past unto the fathers by the prophets; to us in these last days by His Son," who is and has been the "one Mediator between God and man, the Man, Christ Jesus."

The "Son of God" became "the Son of Man" that God in Him might reconcile the world unto Himself—that He might most humanly mediate His Divine powers, and so reach and act upon the springs of human thought and feeling as to induce their own free exercise in yielding to the constraints of the Divine wisdom and love. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else, saith the Lord." And that the ends of

the earth may behold Him, Jesus was sent forth to "bring Him out to view." And "He that seeth me seeth the Father" is the testimony of Jesus. And as one consciously possessed of Divine powers, and exercising more than human charms, He saith, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me;" and accordingly issues His invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In coming to God we come to ourselves. "The kingdom of God is within." That "the gods dwell within" was taught by the heathen. And Jesus spoke of the Father as "dwelling in secret," and exhorted His disciples to enter into their closets that they might find Him there. And the great Church father we have already quoted taught that, "The descent into the human was the ascent to the divine." Coming to ourselves awakens those slumbering but imperishable instincts which give the little child God and its heaven-surrounded life. And the faith of our manhood is but those instincts awakened and made intelligent by the shining upon them of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," who is "the way, the truth, and the life," and in whom all the works and ways and words of God are united, finished, and crowned.

"Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know.
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow."

SECOND SUNDAY.

Drawing near to God.

"Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you."—
JAMES iv. 8.

The earliest literature appears to teach us that the distance between man and God was not felt then as it is now. When men were ignorant of the world they had a knowledge of God. Now they have some acquaintance with the world they have not the same knowledge of God. As they have entered into and taken possession of the earth, God would appear to have retired from it. He was then near at hand, now He is far off—"if anywhere." At the time the Scriptures were written He was "all in all;" heard in the thunder, seen in the lightning, present in the light, felt to be near in all creatures, and at work in all the processes of nature. Now the great impersonal "*it*" occupies His place. *It* does everything, and God nothing. And some of the leaders of modern

thought would have us to suppose that He is, after all, but the creation of the creature, the imagination, "the image of their dream." For one of them says that, "After having organized society, the next duty of thinking men will be to organize God." But surely the discovery of a wider plan, a more perfect order, an all-embracing forethought would seem to be indicative of more of His presence, and not less. For by what consistency of thought do we arrive at the conclusion that He is not to be found because the evidences of mind are much more abundant, and fill a wider sphere than men at first had any conception of?

So likewise when "the beginning" was thought to lie within the range of an easy arithmetic, God appeared to be not so far off. But now we discover that He has been at work for untold ages, and no one knows when "the heavens and earth rose out of chaos," we discredit His nearness, if we do not doubt His existence. But again, I ask, by what consistency of thought do we conclude that He is only a God afar off because His creation is older and His constant working of longer duration than men at one time supposed?

And, similarly, when we were children God appeared to be with us, and heaven to lie round about us; but since we became men we have been unable to discover His presence. When reason was less ripe, the understanding less active, and self-consciousness as yet was not, God was more with us and we were more with Him. But now that we remember, experience, and anticipate; now that we have become acquainted with ourselves, and have learnt self-reliance, God is not in all our thoughts, and we do not find anywhere Him in whom we once seemed "to live, and move, and have our being." Were then, I ask again, the instincts of our childhood, which gave us God, less to be relied on than our reason, which, if it does not deny His presence, doubts, and removes Him afar off? Do I hear you say, "Yes, certainly!" Then let me ask, "Will you always be so sure of it? Will you henceforth always look to reason for light and guidance? Or will not 'the appointed hour,' which early or late comes to all, when the senses fail, when reason becomes dumb, and with inverted torch confesses she has no further light, make you glad to fall back upon those instincts of youth which felt, and trusted, and knew? Is that not to be relied on as a safe guide which is first and last with us, which is with us when the world has not yet overcharged

our hearts, and again presents itself as our guide when it is passing away, that by which "heaven lies about us in our infancy," and to which alone she presents an open gate when heart and flesh fail? We know who it was who said: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

"—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Without this vision vouchsafed to the "open eyes of the heart," whether is greater the loss or the gain, when, as men, we acquire a knowledge of the world which costs us the loss of the knowledge of heaven and God we as children possessed? Within our own experience we compare and estimate the profit and loss. We were once "babes;" we have become "wise and prudent." We can call to mind what was revealed to us then, and compare it with what is hidden from us now. We can judge whether our learning has compensated us for what we have forgotten. Let us ask ourselves, What has been our gain since we ceased to look up? Since we ceased to bend the knee in prayer? Since we lost sight of the Creator in the multitude of His creatures?—of the Law-Giver in the depth and unmeasured reach of His laws?—the Father in the innumerable multitude of His children? What has been our gain since, through the multiplicity of our knowledge, the finite became the grave of the Infinite One, time denied the existence of the Eternal, "the earth and the world" left no room for heaven, and our present hours, in order to be undisturbed by any fears of the past, have learnt to deny us the great future? Whether has been greater, our loss or our gain?

We are wont to think that *life*, the life proper to man, is the only true measure of value. Reader, let us ask ourselves, Do we

live more or less than we did? Or, while we are so full of things, have we not become empty of life—so empty, that we no longer care to come home to ourselves, the cold and destitute loneliness being more than we can endure? Christ taught that “Who-soever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall save it. For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself?” And we know what He meant by *life*; not that which consists in the abundance of the things which man possesses, or that which is fed by the perishable food he eats, but that which *He* lived and had power to bestow, and of which He says, “This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent.” And long before He became manifest in the flesh He had said by the lips of His prophet, “Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exerciseth loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.”

But so long as the earth is enough for us, so long as the creature satisfies, and self is sufficient, so long heaven will address us in vain. Though we have ears we shall not hearken to “the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely.” But this vain dream of our existence—life it is not—cannot last. In the inevitable hour of our approaching destitution the “high instincts” and craving wants of our imperishable nature will awake and cry out for God, for the living God. And He who ever lives and waits, watching His opportunity, will in mercy draw near and cause His inviting voice to be heard: “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

But am I to wait for those inevitable necessities to drive me to draw near to Him? Can I do nothing to awaken my thirst for Him? I seek to arouse all the other slumbering powers of my nature: why should I allow those to sleep from which, be they what they may, have sprung man’s best and noblest life? “The greatest things in mind and art have been done unto God.” And we know that the only perfect life was the most prayerful, and, being the most human, was also the most divine. And it was He who possessed and lived this life; He from whom flows the regenerative powers of our humanity, who said, “Men ought always to pray and not

to faint.” And it is one of His disciples who, having learnt of Him the way to the Father, exhorts us to “Draw nigh to God,” and adds, “He will draw nigh to you.”

But how are we to draw near to Him? By what means may we so lessen the distance as to become sensible of His nearness? Not by the putting forth of a determined will to unravel the mystery of His Being and make the discovery of His Presence, but in the exercise of a dependent child-like trust, greatly desirous of Him, mourning His absence and patiently waiting for Him. As soon as the prodigal came to himself, he drew near to his father. The true knowledge of ourselves is inseparable from the knowledge of Him on whom we are absolutely dependent. In the exercise of that trust which an awakened sense of our dependence calls forth there is given us a knowledge of the Father in no other way possible. The little child knows not its parent by the exercise of anticipative thought or reflective reasoning on his goodness and wisdom, but in the instinctive trust of its unconscious life. And this immediate knowledge of our first experiences afterwards becomes by the exercise of reason the mediated knowledge of our self-intelligent life.

The whole life of Jesus was one of prayerful trust, and therefore one of an ever-increasing experience and knowledge of the Father’s will. He knew because He trusted. We want to know before we trust. It cannot be: for knowledge comes of faith.

“We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.”

But how are we to think, much less speak, of the nearness possible to those who partake of that nature “made nigh by the blood of Christ?” For as the graft is made nigh, not merely by being brought to the tree, but by being put into it, and made one with it by being taken up into the circulation of its life, so man is “made nigh,” taken up into unity with God, by being grafted in, and so receiving the life-blood of Jesus into his spirit that he is “joined to the Lord” and “is one spirit.” Wherefore we joy in God through Jesus, “by whom we have received the atonement.” Thus planted in Christ we grow up into Him in all things, and are destined to have the “all things” of Christ revealed in us. Oh, the sweet “mystery of godliness! God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up

into glory" in order that God and His redeemed humanity might be brought into that inseparable nearness which the Eternal Word enjoys with the Father; and prays that it may be repeated in those who believe on His name—"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Acquaintance with God.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee."—JOB xxii. 21.

Acquaintance is more than knowledge. There is often knowledge without acquaintance. In acquaintance the knowledge is personal, intimate, familiar. It is not knowledge afar-off, nor at second hand. He who has become acquainted with another has drawn near to him, been received and had his approach reciprocated. Where there is acquaintance there has been personal intercourse.

He who seeks acquaintance with God no longer cries, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, I would come even to His feet." He has found Him and drawn near to Him. God has become his delight, his chief joy and expectation.

In our last "Reading" we saw that so long as the prodigal remained far from himself he kept at a distance from the father, but that when he came to himself he came to the father. This self-knowledge, which in his case led to a knowledge so much higher and so blessed, has ever been extolled as man's great duty and privilege. That "the study of mankind is man" is an accepted maxim. But self-knowledge, though a most important branch of our knowledge and inseparably associated with our chiefest, is not our first. We know much, both of persons and things, before we know ourselves. Father, mother, brother, sister—are all familiar expressions long before that little great word "I," indicative of self-acquaintance, escapes our lips. At first we only know ourselves in the third person. It is somewhat late in our history before our subjective life of self-acquaintance begins. Our first knowledge of self is not self-conscious, but a happy self-enjoyment without thought of self. If we have been rightly trained and duly taught we know Him who made the stars and the flowers, and to whom our parents bow down, who sees in the darkness and knows all things—before we know ourselves.

But this our first knowledge both of self and God is not an acquaintance. It conditions acquaintance and should lead to it. For as the true knowledge of ourselves is inseparable from the knowledge of Him whose secret presence gives us our consciousness, so likewise acquaintance with ourselves should make us acquainted with Him who is the hidden ground of all manifestation, the secret presence in all power, the unconditional source of all dependence, the personal fountain of all self-hood and the unfathomable deep underlying all Life and Being. The wants of creatures are their constituted relations to the Creator's fullness. To be acquainted with our needs is therefore to be brought into a relation of acquaintance with Him whose fullness is a waiting love to supply them.

Acquaintance with God is more than knowledge *about* God. All knowledge of God must be very precious, but knowledge about God is knowledge at a distance, knowledge mediated and notional, which may give us opinions while it leaves us strangers to Him. Knowledge about God often separates from God and is a knowledge of His works, His ways, His words, which, as separated from Him, becomes dead and ineffectual, if not a positive barrier to all knowledge of Him. We may thus know much about God and yet remain "alienated from the life of God." But we cannot know Him and remain destitute of His spirit. For only by the spirit of God is God truly known.

Knowledge about God is related to knowledge of God, much as the knowledge of light is related to the knowledge of the sun. The two, though in themselves inseparable, may be held separate in our minds. In like manner the word of God may be separated from Him and be made a dead knowledge about Him. "Ye search the scriptures," Christ said to the unbelieving Jews, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. But ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." The word of God may be made to stand between Him and us instead of being "the living word" in which He comes to us and by which we may go to Him. His word is not in order to separate and keep us at a distance, but to bring us near that we may acquaint ourselves with Him.

Paul taught men about Christ, but he felt that his teaching would be worse than in vain if his hearers were not by it led to Christ to hear Him for themselves and be

taught "in Him." He even weeps over those who had only heard of Christ from his lips and had remained satisfied with a verbal knowledge—as "the enemies of Christ." But to the Ephesians he writes, "Ye have not so learned Christ, if so be ye have heard Him, and have been taught in Him, as is the truth in Jesus"—as is the truth, living, personal, loving, and free.

All outward knowledge about God can only make us acquainted with Him by an inward discovery of His indwelling and besetting presence, as the spirit of our spirit and the light of our life. When Jesus gave His disciples the promise of His spirit to make known to them that "He was in the Father and they in Him and He in them," He adds, "for He dwelleth with you and shall be *in* you."

There is a light of God "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," but it is a light shining in a darkness which does not comprehend it until Christ, as "the Light of the world" and "the Light of Life," appears and connects it with Himself. The revelation of God in Jesus discovers to us what of God in us had in vain been seeking to make Him known. "Therefore," Paul says, "we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Cultivate then a genuine self-acquaintance that your heart and flesh may cry out for an acquaintance with God. He will make Himself known to us in answer to the cry of our soul's need. His fulness is ever present for the supply of our wants. We only require to feel our need of Him. "My God," says Paul, "shall supply every need of yours according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus." When "out of the depths" we cry to Him He will incline to us and hear our cry. David says: "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it and fear and turn to the Lord." Such experiences leave not the soul unacquainted with Him who has wrought such deliverances and who ministers such comfort and joy.

When God lives in the affections He will be "the light of all our seeing." We shall see Him in all things and all things in Him.

But until, through our need of Him, our hearts are open, His light will shine for us in vain. Yea, "the god of this world" may make us blind to God by His own light. In the present condition of this world it is not difficult to misread God, in His works and ways, in nature, providence and man. Indeed "every revelation of God has been designed to show us the opposition between what actually *is* in this world and what God *would have to be in it*." We can only know God so as to be at peace with Him in Jesus, of whom it was said, "I will make him, my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth," and in whom all the wants of our nature are divinely met and supplied. For when He appeared He was found to be "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners and made higher than the heavens," that He might make peace, reconcile our souls to God, and open up to us, by His spirit, "the manifold wisdom of God." Reader, if not before, "acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace: thereby good shall come to thee."

"God through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound with all the saints below
The depths of love divine."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Waiting upon God.

"On Thee do I wait a'l the day;"—PSALM xxv. 5.

"Coming to God" implies a distance to be encountered and overcome; and the exhortation to "draw near to Him" seems to say that the soul who has come into His presence is "standing afar off" in the coldness of dutiful constraint and respect; or, like the publican, in a penitent humility which shrinks from a nearer approach. But those who are called upon to "acquaint themselves with God" stand more in the relation of scholars and disciples. They have come to Him; they draw near and sit at His feet. They know Him, and desire to learn of Him, and become acquainted with Him. They are inquirers, and wish to know Him and His ways more perfectly.

Whereas those who *wait* have found what they sought. They proceed no farther. They tarry and find rest. Inquiry has been satisfied. They no longer cry, "Who will show us any good?" Nor pray, "Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." God has put joy and gladness in their hearts, has become to them "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely one," so that their souls cry out, "Whom have I in heaven

but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." "On Thee do I wait all the day." They rest and are satisfied. In them is fulfilled more than was promised in the beautiful words of the prophet: "They shall sit every man under his vine and fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid." In quiet fearlessness and restful satisfaction they wait in God's presence, and the light of His countenance, clear and tender, resteth upon them, like the morning dew on summer flowers.

This is not the devout soul's first life, nor the exercise of her first instinctive faith. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." Those who thus wait upon God are no longer "babes" in the restful enjoyment of an unintelligent life, nor are they children needing to learn "the first principles of the oracles of God," but men of full age "who by reason of use have had their senses exercised to discern both good and evil," and their spiritual perceptions opened to know and enjoy the light of life, in which they now wait in trustful, worshipful repose. Their present state carries in it a history in which coming to God, drawing near to Him, seeking to know Him, wishing to please Him by the exercise of a conscience void of offence and a Christian trustfulness in the faithful discharge of all duty—are chapters. The newly regenerate do not "rest in the Lord," and find a home of freedom and a heaven of joy in His presence. Not all who have believed and come to God are able to *wait* upon Him. Many seek God and find Him; many draw near to Him after they have come into His presence; many who have drawn near further acquaint themselves with Him and grow in the knowledge of Him. But are they *many* who *wait* upon Him? To whom His works, and ways, and words no longer come between them and Him, but who, by these, have ascended the holy hill, from which they look out upon unclouded skies filled with the light of His presence on whom they wait in worshipful expectation.

The temper and tone of the life which thus waits are not in keeping with that prevailing haste which finds nothing great enough, profound enough, attractive enough to be arrested by it. Waiting implies stillness, rest, expectation. Neither is this waiting attitude of soul characteristic of that superficial diffusiveness which perhaps may be regarded as another of the features of life in our day. The soul that waits is gathered up and knit together; its life has tarried long enough to

deepen and become strongly self-centred. The precious burden it carried makes it pause and wait. Neither would you expect to find this waiting attitude in a society of literal, matter-of-fact persons, or men of merely critical and scientific awakening. Those who truly wait on God, while loving all the lights of science, cherish mysteries and are so profoundly impressed with the marvellousness of man's nature as the crowning wonder of creation, that they can wait only upon what is above, not upon what is below themselves. To walk as seeing the Invisible, and to wait on His unseen presence, requires other eyes than those of the senses. God is more than can be given to those who are satisfied with the knowledge of the husk of his works and words. There is much that he who runs may read, there are also many things which only discover themselves to humble souls who wait on bended knees. Waiting, too, exercises patience and trustful expectation, and is incompatible with the present demand for "immediate results." The Supreme Presence declares Himself in the slow progress of growing transformations which elude the unwaiting eye. The patient power which causes the seed to pierce the sod, the blade to grow, the blossom to unfold, and turns the green corn to golden, hideth itself from all but loving eyes which wait in patient watchfulness. In like patient progress does the kingdom of God discover itself to us, "first the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear;" and the King himself draws near without observation. Neither can the Word of His kingdom be forced open, nor wilfully compelled to give up its hidden meaning. But to those who wait upon it in prayer "wonderful things" still open themselves up in His Word.

But waiting upon God not only implies a spiritual temper of mind and disposition of heart which are not common, but presupposes a relation of intimacy between the soul and God which is the fruit of experience. To *wait* upon a person you require to know more of him than that he is great and powerful, wonderful and mighty. You must know his character, and, above all, his disposition towards you. A person not related to us, or not disposed towards us, has no power to induce waiting upon him. In those who wait upon God acquaintance has ripened into friendship. They have "tasted that the Lord is gracious," and have made proof of His love, and known that His will towards them is not only "good and acceptable and perfect," but divinely helpful and comforting.

They know Him not merely as "the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen, nor can see," but also as the Father, who has made Himself known to us in Jesus Christ, who "exerciseth loving-kindness, and mercy, and judgment in the earth, and delighteth in these things," who not only invites all who are weary and heavy laden to come to Him for rest, but gives them to know His own "peace which passeth all understanding," and makes them partakers of His hope.

Their waiting, therefore, upon God, further implies expectation. Not that the waiting soul is impatient for any benefit or further result—his present enjoyment satisfies—but it is not possible to wait upon the Supreme Goodness without expectation. There is a present delight, a calm, respectful satisfaction and enjoyment, but the Supreme Person who is also the Father of those who wait upon Him, must be their expectation. He must be in every way infinitely lower and less than He is not to excite expectation. The Psalmist says, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him is my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation." But this contemplation of his present experience has scarcely escaped his lips before he exhorts his soul: "Only for God wait thou, all hushed, my soul; for from Him is my expectation. On God rests my salvation and glory."

Need I to add that this waiting upon God is an exercise of soul which is pre-eminent? It rises above every other. All other thought and desire are taken up into it, and as such lost. Only upon God, who is her "all in all," does the soul wait. His immensity, His silence, His order, His goodness, His mercy, His long-suffering loving-kindness subdues, calms, fills and overpowers the soul rapt in reverence, awe, and love.

"O this is life, and peace, and joy,
My God, to find Thee so—
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
And all thy love to know."

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Fellowship with God.

"And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His son Jesus Christ."—1 Jo. 1, 3.

Fellowship with God presupposes and includes, but is also much more than, a knowledge of, nearness to, acquaintance with, and even waiting upon Him.

Men may be near neighbours, know much

of each other, often meet, render each other mutual service, but have no fellowship with one another. Not unfrequently is there an absence of fellowship among the inmates of the same house. "The nearest in person may be farthest in soul." Acquaintances are not friends. Among acquaintances there may be intimate knowledge, but, in the absence of friendship, there can be no fellowship.

We may wait upon our superiors in rank and station, and feel it to be a high honour, and yet dream not of fellowship with them. My lords and my ladies-in-waiting upon majesty may be drawn to and held by state-honours and "the pomp that surrounds a throne," without regarding fellowship with its august occupant as desirable, if even it were possible.

Fellowship is more than companionship, intercourse, or converse. We may companion, have much intercourse, and daily talk with one another without fellowship. Fellowship is mutual communion. It implies community of nature as the ground of a mutual sympathy which may lead to a mutual coalescence of thought, a mingling of feeling, a harmony of will, and a oneness of spirit.

Contrariety of nature or character makes fellowship impossible. But wide diversity in natures and characters essentially one, is not only no bar to, but, on the contrary, a great enhancement of fellowship. The opposite poles of the same character are mutually attractive. Friends are often very dissimilar, and yet through their natures run a mutual attraction and a "private amity" towards each other. Extremes meet and strongly coalesce, and fellowship is most intimate among those who possess the counterpart of each other and supply each other's need.

Our fellowship with God is conditioned and prepared for by community of nature. We are His offspring and of one kindred. Our being flows from His. His spirit in us, in creaturely and individual measure, clothes us in His image and likeness. Men do of God partake. Fellowship with Him is, therefore, but in accordance with our constituted nature. Into that which He made out of the dust of the ground He "breathed the breath of life," or literally "of lives." That which was formed may be unformed, but that which was not made can never perish. For "the gifts of God are without repentance." God made man for Himself, that with the poverty of his manifold wants His own manifold riches might find fellowship. He is our being's aim and end, we are His hope and joy and crown. "The blood of Christ," to the communion of

which we are called, is not foreign to but one with our original nature, and is, therefore, capable of being the blood of our Redemption. "Not with corruptible things were we redeemed, but with the precious blood of Christ, . . . who verily was pre-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifested in these last times." The blood of Christ is His Spirit, His life.

Kindred conditions fellowship. Whatever, therefore, of our original nature has been lost by sin, must be restored by our Saviour before we can enter into fellowship with God. "To as many as receive Him He gives power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Being made sons of God, members of His household and of the body of Christ, we, who were afar off, are brought nigh that we may enter into the fellowship of His life. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." And Jesus says: "I have not called you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

Natural affinities determine the intercourse possible between different natures, mark its bounds and impose its limits. There is a hidden intercourse, a "private amity," an elemental acquaintance which holds together natural elements and creatures. "Like draws to like," and all things rightly placed find themselves rightly mated, and together build that mysterious oneness which runs through all things and holds together the very ends of the earth.

And because we are of God, He is drawn to us and we are drawn to Him: He as our Father, we as His children. His need of us interprets itself in us as our need of Him. "In Christ we are made nigh" and are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom we also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

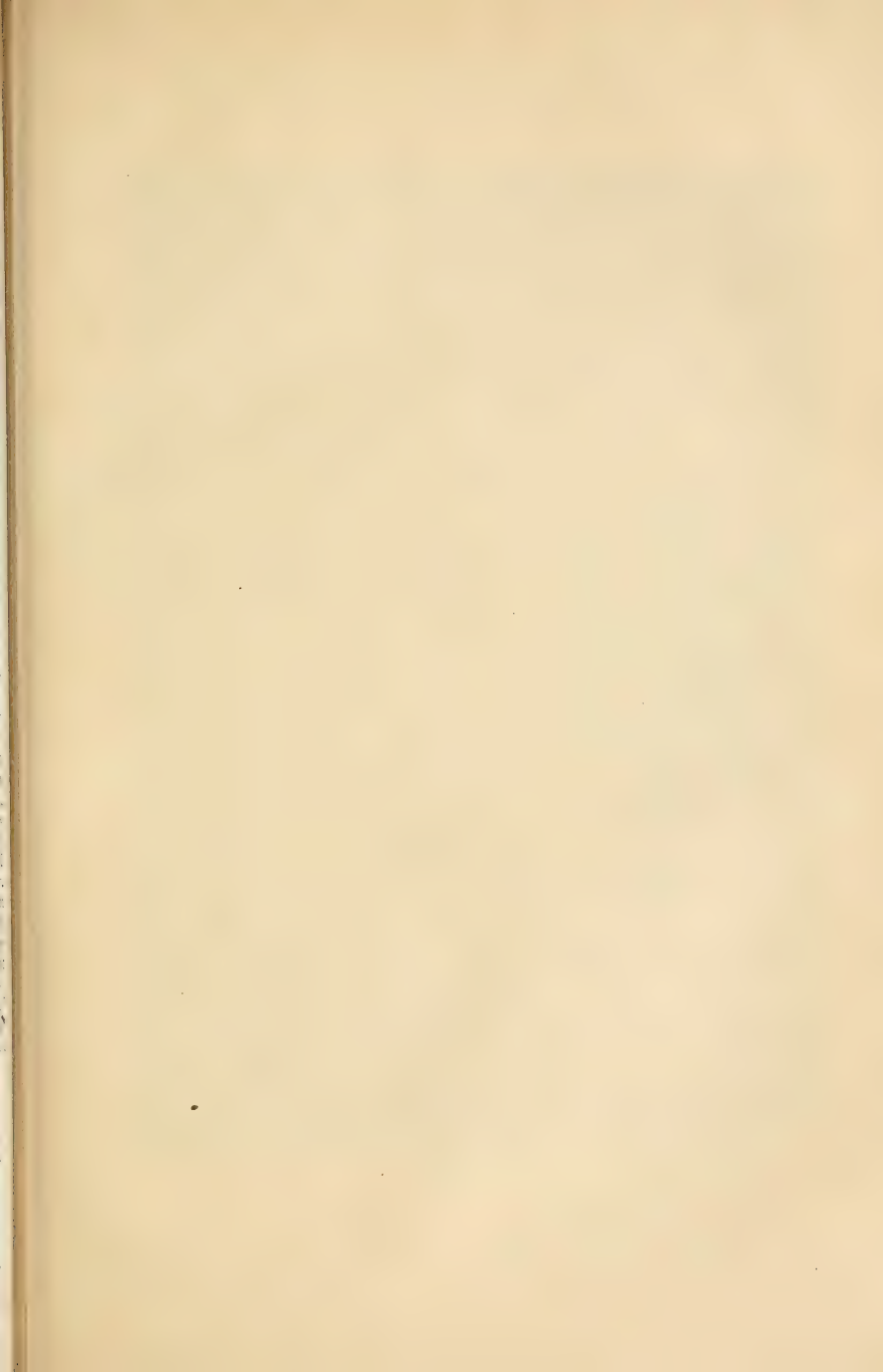
But this fellowship, conditioned by community of nature, is a mutual communion of common properties. There is a mutual giving and receiving, each doth of each par-

take. He comes to us, we come to Him; He abides in us, we abide in Him; He heareth us, we hear Him; He sups with us, we feast with Him; we are His joy, He is our rejoicing; His love finds rest in us, our love rests in Him. He says: The Lord God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing." The soul responds, "Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee. Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

Between kindred natures, of which the one is poor, the other rich; the one empty, the other all fulness; the one having life in Himself, the other nothing, and needing life and breath and all things; the one the Holy Almighty Father, the other His helpless sinful child—the desire for fellowship must be mutually keen and eager. The Father saith, "Oh, that there were such a heart in them that they would love me!" "Oh, that they were wise!" "Oh, that my people had hearkened unto me! I should have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied them." The child responds, "The desire of our soul is to Thy name and to the remembrance of Thee; with my soul have I desired Thee in the night, yea, with my spirit within me I will seek Thee early." "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments at all times." "How sweet are Thy *words* unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." "How precious are Thy *thoughts* unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! Oh, how I love thy *law*! it is my meditation all the day. Thy *judgments* are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." "I prevented the dawning of the morning and cried: My eyes prevent the night watches that I might meditate Thy word." "Show me Thy ways; teach me Thy paths; lead me in Thy truth." "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

"O Thou who keep'st the key of love!
Open thy fount, eternal Dove,
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with thee,
Till in one blaze of charity
Care and remorse are lost, like notes in light divine—
Till, as each moment waits us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,
By every sacred sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by Love."

W. PULSFORD.





"DORIS BARUGH."

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK IV.—MOTHERHOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RIKA MASHAM.



IT had rained heavily all night, so heavily that from the windows of Burneston Hall that looked across the river, the landscape had a forlorn, soaked

aspect; the leaves drooped, the roses near the house had been scattered in pink fragments on the brown moist earth by the violent pelting of so many hours. But the sun was now asserting himself, and driving the lingering clouds out of sight; and along the lane seen in the foreground of the landscape the little flowers, white and blue and yellow, were opening their bosoms widely to the warmth, though drops still glittered on the fragile speedwell blossoms and on white starry stitchwort nestling under the hedges.

Everything wore a brightened, renovated aspect, except the battered roses and a plot of balsams beneath Doris's window. The violence of the rain had strewn the rich dark mould with pink and white and scarlet blossoms.

Doris looked radiant, too, with happy expectation.

"You have not looked so young since you married," her husband said. "I believe you are far more excited at the idea of seeing Miss Masham than you were on your wedding-day."

Doris smiled at him.

"I suppose it does make me feel young to think of Rika—it takes me back to school

life," she said, with brightening eyes; "but then what a child I was in those days!"

She gave a little sigh, and a pensive look stealing over her face made her in her watching husband's eyes lovelier than ever. He had a way of quietly studying her face—learning by heart its marvellous delicacy both of skin and feature. Usually it betrayed little emotion; but to-day, in this high-strung mood of expectation, a faint pink colour came and went on her clear skin, and her deep grey-blue eyes looked moist with happiness, almost like the speedwell beneath the hedge across the river.

Doris felt strangely fluttered as Rika's arrival drew near—nervously anxious that all should be thoroughly well ordered. She had never forgotten the suffering she had gone through when Rika arrived at the cottage at Steersley. She wanted her friend to realise how completely that bit of her existence had been an episode.

And besides the pleasure of seeing Rika and renewing the old intimacy which had begun to lessen in their letters, Doris hailed her visit on another account—she meant to take her to the Cairn. She knew that her father was deeply hurt by her long delay, and that her mother pined to see the baby; but neither of these reasons could have induced Doris to take a maid with her to the Cairn, and she knew that her husband would not allow her to go alone. She did not wish him to go with her: he would be a restraint on the others, and it would be a trial to her to let him see their homely ways; but now that the Cairn was not her own home she thought that she could take Rika there without mortification.

"I do not fancy," she thought, with a slight curl of her delicate lip, "that in a poor parsonage where there are five boys and an invalid mother, the ways can be so very refined. When I knew Rika I knew no one else; she may seem different now."

It was afternoon when Mr. Burneston said, "There she is," as loud barking announced an arrival.

Doris followed him down the broad darkening stairs, and she thought of the difference between Rika driven by George in the dog-cart, and Rika as she saw her now through

the open hall-door being helped out of the luxuriously cushioned carriage by Mr. Burneston.

But Rika seemed shy and quiet, and was not laughing and chattering as she had laughed and chattered with George at Steersley. When she saw Doris the change was magical. She flew at her and gave her a long intense kiss, that made Mrs. Burneston's heart thrill with strange pleasure; but having done this Rika reddened, and looking half ashamed let go of Doris and said, "How's baby? may I see him?"

Doris was delighted.

"We will go and see him at once," she said; "you shall have some tea in the nursery."

"I see you also will be offered up to the idol," said Mr. Burneston laughing. "I warn you that Doris sacrifices us all without the slightest compunction to this new deity."

Rika stopped when she reached the staircase. "Oh, I forgot," she said eagerly. "There's something for you in that basket, Doris. I've left it in the carriage, but it's a King Charles—father said it was thrown away upon us, and so I brought it to you." Mr. Burneston went back for the basket—when it was opened a black silken head, with large liquid luminous dark eyes and a turn-up nose, appeared, wistful and trembling.

"What a dear quaint little face!" said Doris. "How very kind of you!"

Rika felt rather awed by the size and grandeur of the house. It seemed to her, too, that Doris had grown years older since their last parting; but when she saw her with her baby in her arms she thought she had grown more lovable—there was such a deep tenderness in the eyes bent on little Phil.

"Isn't he a darling?" Doris said.

As she looked up her eyes met Rika's earnest gaze.

"Well!" and the young mother laughed. Rika leaned over and kissed her.

"He is like his mother. I am so glad to come, dear; it seems years since that wedding day. I have pictured you many ways, but you never came to me as a mother, Doris, and just now I could have fancied you my own mother looking at Algy."

Doris flushed a little; the old dislike to showing her feelings was as strong as ever.

"Will you come to your room?" she said after a little; "I think you must want to rest before dinner after such a long journey. Jane, one of baby's maids, will take out your things if you will give her your keys."

Rika laughed.

"Thank you; you remember my habits, I see; but indeed I have almost left off dreaming, and am really growing punctual and methodical. I was going to say I have so much to do, but," raising her large bright eyes to her friend's face with admiring reverence, "I suppose you are so much busier that you would simply laugh."

They had reached a pretty room at the end of the gallery, and found Jane waiting and the boxes already placed in the adjoining dressing-room.

Doris held out her hand for her friend's keys, and then closing the door on Jane and her labours she seated herself in an arm-chair and pointed to the other.

"Sit down, dear," she said; for Rika had gone to the window and was hanging out of it, exclaiming at the extent of the view. "Let us have a little talk now, and then I will leave you to rest."

Rika came and seated herself beside her friend. "You think my life is so busy," said Doris. "No! I expect your life is much busier than mine is; till baby came I had really nothing to do—I mean besides music and reading and so on."

Rika's eyes and mouth opened in wide wonder.

"Why, I thought you said your rector had no wife! Who looks after your school-mistress and school-children, and old people, and sick, and all the rest?"

Doris flushed.

"Yes," she said gravely; "I know what you mean. At Pelican House I meant to do so many things when I never dreamed of having so much power; and yet perhaps it is the very circumstance of having the power that makes my way so difficult. You know what I mean," she said abruptly. She had thought to be quite frank with her old school-fellow, but somehow she could not go back to the mention of that early life at the Church Farm as easily as she had thought. Rika was altered. She seemed so much older, and there was a thoughtful tenderness in her eyes which was strange to Doris. She could not yet summon up the old power which she used to possess over her impulsive friend.

"You mean"—Rika smiled so sweetly that Doris's heart went out to her—"that one cannot do all one likes at once; that is the very lesson my father has been preaching to me ever since that day we left Pelican House. Oh, what have I said! a thing I don't mean at all. My father never preaches to me, but his practice has been showing me how very

little I can really do of all my grand imaginings, and how much better it is to do one thing thoroughly than to try at three or four and only half finish them all; but you would never have wanted teaching that, you old darling—you were always so calm and so thorough."

She took Doris's hand and pressed it warmly—these two friends had never indulged in many kisses.

"I am not sure"—Doris still looked grave—"whether after all you have not been doing while I have only been thinking. I must get you to tell me about some of your work, though I suppose I shall have plenty to do now."

Rika laughed.

"But I have come here for a holiday, you dear old thing!—I am not going to teach you,—oh, I am so happy, I must give you a kiss," she said, kissing her warmly. "I feel actually wild with happiness at having you again to talk to. I suppose the husband will not allow me much of you all to myself; but he does not look tyrannical; and yet I never trust looks in men. I don't believe in any of them, except my father and your brother George, and he is a myth at present. You see that visit last year was such a lightning-flash kind of event there was no realising anything. I seemed to eat, drink, and sleep wedding preparations and wedding from the day I arrived till the day I departed."

"Yes, it was all very hurried." Doris smiled as her friend's natural way of speaking broke through the shyness and reserve she had felt at first. "But you would believe in my father too if you knew him, he is so true. You will learn to know him at the Cairn."

"Yes,"—Rika looked delighted,—"*I am so looking forward to the happiness of that visit. Why ever should you have doubted my willingness to go there with you?*"

Their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Eyes are really the most useful of our features. It is all very well to talk of frankness and heart-to-heart communion, and doubtless there are hearts made one in marriage, or in the case of sisters, every thought is sometimes shared—nay, even the embryo thought or doubt may grow into existence simultaneously in two souls only divided by the separate bodies in which each dwells; but these are rare privileges, and most of us have to carry with us alone through our life's journey thoughts and feelings which are either too high or too low to be shared by our dearest companions. We must bear our burden, so

far as human sympathy goes, alone; and perhaps we may find hereafter that those whose cup of human love and sympathy seems fullest on earth—whose lives form the most of oneness with some fellow-being, will be farthest removed in the endless life from the Great Sympathizer, the never-absent bosom friend of all who have loved Him here.

It had seemed to Doris that the crowd of stifled, pent-up thoughts and doubts which she had borne unshared since she left Pelican House, would find release when Rika came to Burneston, and now face to face with her friend she could not force her tongue to say why she shrank from the Cairn, and why she feared that Rika, too, might shrink from it. She did not know how this trouble which so burdened her proud spirit looked out now at "the windows of her soul," and was comprehended and pitied by the warm sympathy of her friend.

Rika's colour deepened, but she only said, "When are we to go to the Cairn, Doris? Dear me! that sounds rude, as if I wanted to leave this place; but you understand, don't you? I think it will be delightful; and it is so very kind of Mrs. Barugh to make room for me."

A look of decided relief spread over Mrs. Burneston's fair troubled face.

"If you had come yesterday," she said, "I should have told you our plans were not decided, as I did not want to leave my husband all alone, but now we can go any day, as he expects a friend at the end of the week. It is that Mr. Raine, Rika. Do you remember?"

"I should think I do—disagreeable person he must be. I hope we shall go before he comes. I must always hate that man for refusing to come to the wedding, and if I saw him I might have to like him against my principles."

"We shall certainly start before he arrives," said Doris thoughtfully. "We may expect cold weather any day at this season, and it would not do for baby to travel in cold weather. But I am not sure that you would like Mr. Raine. I like him now very much, but you and he are too much alike to be friends. Now I really am going to let you rest."

But instead of resting, Rika, as soon as she was alone, went to the window. She was so full of the tumult of enjoyment which new and pleasant surroundings are apt to create in imaginative and impressionable beings, that she seemed scarcely able to contain the glad-

ness of her ecstasy as she gazed at the broad landscape beyond the river, with its hedge-bordered fields and distant lines of moorland overtopped by lofty blue hills, which made those in front of them quite puny and dwarfed, though they glowed with yellow and vivid green here and there, as if they hoped by colour to compensate for lack of size.

Rika sighed—not from envy, though at home she could never escape the sight of chimneys, as her father's parsonage lay on the outskirts of a manufacturing town—but from the delight which the very sense of space gave her. It seemed as if she grew full of rest as she gazed at the large calm English scene—a scene that might be found in many other places, so still and yet so full of hints of life. The green meadows were dotted with brown cows, and in the meadow across the river fat geese were eating grass.

"After all," the girl thought, "a view like this teaches the use of common-place beauty. There is nothing special here, unless it is the great extent of view and that brown line, which makes me dream of a wild, seldom-trodden moor, with perhaps a highroad across it," she said, with a smile at herself; "and yet the very sight of it all has made me feel ever so quietly happy. Doris must lead a happy life here."

Her eyes fell on the river that ran below her window, for her room was in one of the projecting wings of the building, and only a small strip of lawn bordered the terrace wall. The rain had swollen the stream, and it ran by in a swift, dark current to the bridge arches, dashing noisily against the piers. It had grown dark quickly, and Rika shivered as she watched the strong, dark water.

"And yet," she said, "I like the river better than that view beyond. There is life and motion in it, and mystery besides; it seems as if it might be full of weird secrets; there is nothing tame about it. I am not sure that I could live on always looking at those immovable fields and hills, with only the varying crops by way of change, but then Doris has her husband to live for; she does not care what sort of view this is." She stopped here to think. Rika was not sure that a husband would be as satisfactory to work for as a father, and mother, and four brothers were. It seemed to her that there could be nothing to do for the master of Burneston. She laughed again at herself.

"I am so absurd," she said, "so full of wild, dreamy notions, and yet in practice so very hum-drum and ignoble. What a good thing it is for me that I must mend stockings

and teach Algy Latin! I should perhaps carry my absurdities into action if I could get time even to think of myself at home."

CHAPTER XXV.—MATCH-MAKING.

DORIS liked the Cairn. There was a breadth about the wild, lonely place that could not be frittered away in Mrs. Barugh's small attempt at "genteel" decoration.

The floor of the large, low, heavy-beamed sitting-room was not nearly covered by her smart Brussels carpet; this was placed in front of the wide hearth, and as the broad latticed window with its seat below was on the same side as the fireplace, though at the other end of the room, very little daylight reached the carpet, already hidden by a heavy square table.

The last tenant of the Cairn, an old bachelor, had left all his old cumbrous furniture to be taken with the house, and John Barugh had peremptorily decided to keep these chairs and tables in their places. He said his wife's "gimcracks"—so he called poor Dorothy's attempt at modern upholstery—were more suited to bedchambers.

The old, faded chintz window-curtains, too, were far more in harmony with the wild moor outside than were Mrs. Barugh's white muslin draperies up-stairs; and on the square table Dorothy kept an old china bowl filled with dahlias, the last bits of colour that lingered in the narrow garden outside on the evening of Doris's arrival.

As they drove up to the house she thought her mother must sorely miss her garden. The former tenants of the Cairn had seemingly so loved its desolate, weird aspect that they had been unwilling to divide the house from the moor by more than a narrow strip of mould surrounded by a holly-hedge. There was not even a climbing shrub against the dark stone walls. But there was her mother at the door, her face full of eager delight, and when she had set eyes on her grandson, she pushed forward, and took him out of the carriage, and then kissed him till George called out that the baby would be stifled.

John came forward, proud and pleased to see his grandchild, but his face was troubled as he kissed Doris.

"Bless thee, lass," he said, "an' bless t' bairn; nobbut Ah thowt ye wad nut hev com."

Doris looked at him with a sweet, shy seriousness.

"Indeed I have wanted to come, father, but there has been so much to prevent it."

As soon as they reached the parlour Doris

took the baby from Mrs. Barugh's unwilling arms and held it up to her father.

The big red-whiskered man bent down and scanned tenderly, yet with a kind of awe, the little sleeping creature that lay in its white wrappings quite undisturbed by its changed surroundings.

"You'll kiss him, won't you, father?" There was a pleading in her voice; never before had she seen clearly how her neglect must have pained her father. Softly, so that no one could hear but John, she said, "He shall learn to love you dearly; you may be sure of it."

John kissed the child heartily, and then turned away suddenly; he put his broad hand on his child's shoulder, but he could not find anything to say.

"Come, come, father. Doris is not used to holding the child, she'll be faint." Dorothy took the little bundle, and carrying it up-stairs she seated herself before the blazing logs in Doris's bedroom, and with the baby in her lap warmed its feet and legs at the fire. "It's the very image of the squire that 'tis; yes, you are, you bonnie boy, and as like your own mother as two peas, bless it!" Here she buried her face in the infant, and the rest of a long sentence of endearing words became inaudible.

Rika made George laugh heartily with the account of their journey. They had travelled post as far as the town in the valley below, and there they had parted from Jane the nursemaid, who was to return to Burneston in the carriage, while they drove to the Cairn in a hired fly; and Rika declared that Doris had been more solicitous about her baby's comfort than her own mother had been about her six children put together.

"He's the first," said George; "you don't know but what Mrs. Masham made a fine fuss about you."

On that evening and through the days that followed, for Doris kept her promise and stayed a week at the Cairn, it seemed by some natural order that she was always her father's companion, and Rika went with George. Mrs. Barugh was too much absorbed in the baby, and in directing the little extra maid she had hired to attend it, to need any other companion, so that except at meal-times they saw little of her.

Very little talk passed between the father and daughter in their walks; they seemed to have gone back six or seven years, sauntering round the farm and over the moor in the silent companionship that had once made them so happy; though now instead of the

serene, idle-minded content John had been used to feel, he found himself wondering now and then whether such plain talk as his suited Doris or whether he did not weary her; while she, after the first novelty was over, used to let her mind wander as it had wandered years ago, with this difference, that formerly she dreamed a future out of chaos, and now she was often lost in retrospect, or in planning realities likely to happen. She could not bring herself to ask the question she longed to put about the future of her child, and yet she felt that her father was the only person to whom she could talk on this subject.

One great part of her reveries related to George and Rika. Every day there seemed more talk between these two; they seemed always glad to be together. The only point that disturbed Doris was their mirth; she remembered that when George was in love with Rose he had been so dreamy and serious.

"But then I never saw him alone with Rose in this way. Rika and he must care for one another after a time, they'll learn to. Why, I did not care for Philip at first. Liking grows in these cases, I fancy."

Doris had to struggle with herself at this, to stamp down a conviction that there was a higher and more mystical feeling between lovers of which she knew nothing; but her belief in this idea was so vague that she would have considered it morbid to allow thought to dwell on it consciously, especially as the only time that she had allowed herself to consider it, she had felt disturbed and unhappy.

"Father," she said one day, near the end of her visit, "how do you like Miss Masham?"

John had been walking beside her as they toiled up to the Cairn from the farm below; he had been busy showing Doris some new fields which he had lately purchased, and which were to be sown with clover, and she had been listening so attentively to his agricultural projects that he had been led into far more talk than usual. This seemingly irrelevant question startled him. He looked at his daughter curiously; his own mind, slow to move from one subject to another, could not yet grasp the connection which had helped her so quickly from clover to her friend.

"Eh well, sheea's a bonny lass, an' sheea's fair set on yu, Doris. Sheea's yalays efter yu an' wantin' yu. Ah notes that mitch."

"Don't you think she and George seem to like one another?"

John's eyebrows met in the puzzle created by her question, and his mouth grew screwed and round as he stared at her for explanation.

"Well?" he said at last, seeing that she waited for his answer.

Doris grew confused under that broad, unconscious gaze. Why should not this idea have come to her father?

"I mean," she said, "that they suit one another very well. I should like Rika for a sister if you would like her for a daughter."

John stopped abruptly in his walk. The thick red eyebrows rose suddenly, producing a series of crimson wrinkles something like a curved reed-moulding, while John's mouth opened as wide as the Dominie's did for "Prodigious," only instead of the adjective came an explosion of hearty laughter, which sorely discomfited Mrs. Burneston.

"Zookerins, lass! bud mebbe ye're reckonin' ower fast. George is nut t' lad tu tak a wahfe becos yey an mey bid him wed, he's a steadfast lad is George."

Doris reddened. "I didn't mean that, father, but I think they are taking to one another. And I want to know whether you would approve such a marriage."

John sighed. A memory came back with Doris's words of his talk with her about her own engagement. He thought she was more dutifully inclined about George's marriage than she had been about her own.

"Ye're iv ower mitch uv a hurry, lass; George is nut yan to change yeeasily, an' he's cared fer Rose Duncombe iver sin' he war a bit uv a lad."

"But, father," Doris spoke eagerly, at that moment she hated Rose, all her dislike for her came back, "you would not like Rose for a daughter. She is—she is not a fit girl for George to marry, indeed she is not."

Again John was puzzled, but he smiled down at her in the superior wisdom of simplicity.

"Ah deean't reetly gaum yu, bud seeams tu mey, lass, weddin's cannut be made as ye wad mak 'em. Gin a lad an' a lass is made yan theer mun be summat to draw 'em thegither an' Ah cann't think theer's onny mair then likin' atweens yon lass an' George, an' likin's nut eneeaf tu wed on, mahnd ye that, Doris lass.—Hollau!" This was addressed to a strayed sheep which had found its way through some gap in the fence of a turnip field, and without a word more John strode off to remove the intruder, quite unconscious of the blow he had dealt his daughter.

But she soon recovered herself. She dearly loved her father; but this visit had shown her that he and she must of necessity judge from different points, and she tried to heal the pain he had just given her by this anodyne.

"I fancy love must wear different aspects in different classes. Apart from other things, in a worldly point of view, it would be a good thing for Rika to marry George. Charming as she is she has little chance of marrying. Her father is evidently very poor, and has four boys to place in life, and my father has saved a good deal, I know, and of course George can have it all. With Rika's notions about rank and society she would not consider the marriage unequal, and it will make me so very happy to have such a sister. Oh yes, it must be."

John came back redder in the face, but showing no other sign of his run after the delinquent sheep.

"Yey mun send t' lahtle lad oop tu t' Cairn when he's big eneeaf," he said, "an Ah'll larn him hoo tu ten t' stock and sike like; t' squire wad be fain tu ken mair nur he diz, bud he wasn't reetly skealed; an' t' parson's wrang yal togither thof he thinks he kens mair an' Ah diz."

Doris looked thoughtful.

"Thank you, father, it's very kind of you, and in any case it would be useful knowledge; but I suppose my boy will not have any land or stock of his own to manage, unless—unless anything happens to Ralph Burneston." She spoke calmly, and looked hard at her father.

"God forbid!" the farmer said hastily.

"Whya, mah lass, Ah told ye afore ye married aboot t' dowment 'at's made on ye an' on onny bairns 'at ye may hev. Theer's a conny pleace wi' a farm belangin', at Loughton, 'at 'll come round tu ye; t' squire said 'at he bowt it oot o' some shares 'at turned oot better then he leaked fer, sae that's nowt tu do wi' Ralph Burneston; bud that's a poor lahtle scufflin bit of a pleace, nae chance o' keepin' stock or growing owt i' siken a stany corner. Theer's twenty yacres mebbe, bud 'twad deea fer yey, Doris, nobbut ye war left tu fend fer yersel'."

He sighed. Once he had thought that if she were left a widow, Doris might perhaps come home again. Now he saw this was impossible.

"Yes, I remember," she said slowly, "but I am not thinking about myself. Does it not seem very hard, father, that one son, just because he happens to be born first, should have

all, and the other should have nothing and have to earn his own living in a profession?"

John's shaggy eyebrows lifted in wonder.

"Woonkers! Wah, Doris lass, ye mun be dreeamin', it's t' law o' t' land, an' hes been t' law tahme oot o' mahnd, ye kened it yal afore ye wa' married, sae there's nae help fer it; an' tu mah thinkin' t' lad 'at warks fer his livin' 's t' happiest, t' tahme dizn't drag wiv him, he's yalays wantin' mair on't then he's gitten."

"Yes"—but Doris sighed—it seemed to her that a high-minded man, such a man as she meant to create in her little Philip, would always find plenty to do without being obliged to work for his living. Her husband had said he did not wish either of his sons to enter the army or the navy, and it seemed to Doris that those were the only two professions suited to a gentleman.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ON THE HILL-TOP.

THE last day of the visit had come and Doris still felt puzzled about George and Rika.

She did not know how to act. She dared not take her mother into confidence, she would immediately tell either Rika or George, perhaps both. But Doris feared to leave the matter undecided; she must at least get some insight into George's feelings, and yet private talks with George had been her great objection to visiting the Cairn.

Doris was not morbid, but like some other practical people she was apt to realise too strongly, and to create bugbears for herself. She studied George attentively, asked his opinion on some points, and was so struck by the change in his temper that she began to smile at her own fear of a dispute.

"You and I have not had a walk together yet," she said on the last day of her visit. "I want to see your wonderful hill that Rika is so enraptured with. She says it is a poem. It is a real pleasure to show her things; don't you think so?"

"Ah!" George gave a sigh of pleasure, and Doris rejoiced. "Yes," he added slowly, "she has a feeling for all that is really beautiful." He stopped as if he had checked some further words.

"She is quite made for a quiet country life," Doris said. "Well then, suppose father and I go with you two this evening? or shall you and I go alone?"

George smiled. It was new to him that his sister should care for his company, but he thought there must be an improvement in many ways in Doris or she would not have

come to the Cairn. He had not noticed any shrinking from the plain, homely ways of the farm-house, or even any impatience with his mother's flow of talk; for Mrs. Barugh's triumph of self-glorification in her daughter's visit exhibited itself in a never-ending babble—now on the make of Doris's gown, now on the perfections of the baby, and a constant analogy between him, and Doris and George, at the same age. She sometimes carried these recollections so far that George was forced to call her to order.

"Spare Miss Masham, mother," he had more than once said, when he saw Rika striving vainly to check her laughter at these baby stories.

Rika was thoroughly happy.

"You are all simply delightful," she said. "I never felt so much at home away from my own people. I never have to think what I shall say or what I shall do; you are so easy to please. And then these moors; I seem to breathe more freely on them than I've ever done. I had not dreamed of anything half so wild and grand."

Mrs. Barugh bridled with pleasure. She had just laid the baby in his cradle, and so had a few moments to bestow on inferior beings.

"I'm sure we're all much obliged to you, Miss Masham, for your good opinion of us, and the place, and everything, and we'll be proud to see you any time you like, whether Doris can come or not—shan't we, George? shan't us, father?"

Doris's eyes were fixed on George with tell-tale eagerness, and as he looked up from the collie nestling its pointed ears against his knee he met her gaze, and wondered at its intensity. So wondering he let the question slip on to his father.

But John did not answer at once with the heartiness usual to him when a welcome was required. He remembered his daughter's proposal, and he felt troubled. It seemed almost as if he should be lending himself to thwart George if he encouraged Miss Masham at the Cairn—but his hospitality conquered.

"Ay, marry," he said with a smile that beautified his face by its genial breadth, "Ah's prood tu think 'at t' leeady labkes t' Cairn. Ye sud bide here i' t' cawd weather, when there's bonny wuthermint—t' winds com' swoopin' an' sworlin' fra t' hills as if they'd lift t' thatch; nut 'at they dee 'at, bud there's a tussle atween 'em for it."

"I've asked George to take me to the Cairn this evening," said Doris; "will you come, Rika, or will you get father to show

you some of his haunts beside the river? I don't believe you have seen the stepping-stones."

Rika's face brightened with delight.

"May I? do you really mean it? It is too good to take a walk with me, and have you all to myself, Mr. Barugh. At least"—she stammered and reddened, conscious of the surprise on Doris's face—"I don't mean any disrespect to you, Mr. George, but I so want to see all over the farm."

"After all," Doris thought, when she went up-stairs to get a warm wrap, for George had warned her of the cold on the summit of the hill, "I don't think that counts for anything; the more she likes him the less she would own her liking, and she got very red just now."

The four started together for their walk. For some time they followed the yellow deeply-ridged cart-road skirting the moor that rose loftily on the left, bare except for knots of furze and tufts of heather on its rugged side; and, on the right, divided from the road by a dry grassed ditch, half-filled with clumps of peat, was a hazel hedge, barred with stumps of pollard elms. This was the boundary of John Barugh's fields, which sloped down steeply to the road beside the river.

As they walked on, above the shoulder of the moor loomed two huge blocks of grit-stone, that seemed ready to fall on the heads of those who walked below.

"We must separate here," George pointed out to Doris how the road mounted and took a sweeping curve to the left, cutting sharply against the still, blue sky. On the right, filling the gap made by the road in this leftward curve, came a lovely peep of the valley, some rich green trees near at hand standing out in bold relief from the vista of hills beyond—hills rising one behind another, the emerald tints of the meadows sinking into dimness as the mist rose from the valley.

John Barugh led the way to a gate on the right, and he and Rika were soon out of sight as they went down towards the river.

Then George and Doris slowly climbed the steep hill, and crossed the wide moor to the glen, where Joseph Sunley had waited.

"Will ye sit an' rest here?" George said, "afore ye climbs again. I's feared o' wearyin' ye, lass," he added kindly.

"I tire sooner than I did," Doris smiled; "perhaps it is because I walk less."

A year ago George would have said, "This is one of the evils of increased culture; women learn to depend on carriages and horses, and neglect bodily exercise," but one

of the most valuable lessons he had learned from the rector of Steersley had been to economise his opinions.

He had been waiting patiently for a quiet time, as he called it, with Doris. She had written him a few lines saying that Ralph had left Burneston, but he longed for, and yet shrank from, an account of the interview he felt sure she must have had with Rose.

He looked at Doris; she seemed to be thinking deeply, and to have forgotten his presence. He pulled a tuft of heather, and flung it among the stones.

"Did ye see Rose?" he said nervously, as his movement roused Doris.

"Yes, I saw her." She sate upright on the stones, and looked straight on to the hills beyond.

"Well, lass?" then, after a minute, he said sadly, "maybe ye had words. Rose has a quick tongue, but her bark's iver sae mitch worse then her bite, an' hard words break no bones, as t' old sayin' is,—do they, Doris?"

Doris felt full of pity just now for George's infatuation, and yet she thought "he may only seek to excuse her for friendship's sake; he cannot put her and Rika in comparison, and still love Rose."

George watched her face anxiously, but Doris had learned to control its expression.

"Rose was very rude"—she tried to speak without bitterness—"but that is not the worst. I am sorry to say, she gloried in Ralph's attention to her, and refused to give up seeing him."

George grew paler, but he did not answer hastily.

"She's not easy to manage, Rose isn't; an' in hot blood she'll say whatever comes in her head if she thinks onnybody's wishin' tu thwart her—mebbe she had no meanin' in what she said; it was nobbut to fret you, lass. You an' her niver drawed ovver well together."

Doris raised her head proudly. An allusion to her early knowledge of Rose seemed always to set the blood rushing hotly through her body; it flamed angrily now on her cheeks, and George saw it. He rose up from his stony seat.

"Dunnut vex yoursel'," he said gently. "Ah doesn't think of Rose as you does, but then it's different. Whiles you was at school learning to love your friend there, Rose was all Ah had, an' she was a heart's weight ov good to me."

Doris checked her vexation. She had also risen from the stone, and they went on again slowly towards the hill.

She was surprised at her brother's reticence and gentleness. She had expected a very stormy reply to her account of Rose's conduct. She began to think that Rika's influence had prevailed. Although George took the part of his old friend, he was no longer what Doris called "silly about Rose."

"You and Miss Masham seem to be great friends," she said after awhile.

"Yes, surely, she's real good she is;" he spoke heartily, he was so truly glad to be able to sympathize with Doris.

"Her goodness is only one of her qualities. She made me so happy when we were at school together by her brightness, and she is so sympathetic, she has a way of feeling personally for others that is almost comic."

"She's real kind to mother," George sighed.



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He wished Doris would treat her mother with more deference. It seemed to him that his sister received all her mother's care and tenderness as if they were her due.

But Mrs. Burneston was too intent on carrying out the plan she had proposed to herself to be turned aside to any other thought, and she only noticed George's words to contain praise of Rika.

"She is a great reader too," she went on; "it must be pleasant to you to have a companion with whom you can talk about your books. I should think you often feel the want of this, don't you?"

"Ah cannot really say," he looked thoughtful. "Ah's gotten so used to pondering on 'em whiles Ah's by myself 'at Ah thinks Ah likes it better than hearin' opinions which

donnut jump wi' mine. Ye see Ah hevn't many books, an' Ah reads 'em ovver an' ovver till Ah luovs 'em. Ay, my lass, Ah luovs 'em mitch as ye luovs your bairn."

Doris smiled at George's gauge of the intensity of her love for her little one, though she avoided discussing this question.

"Your mind is so much stronger and your will is so much firmer than Rika's that I fancy when you had been together a short while she would be easily moulded to your views."

George laughed.

"Mebbe so, lass, nobbut we'll not have t' chance o' findin' out. Mebbe we'll nivver meet again. This place isn't likely to suit Miss Masham."

"You quite mistake." Doris spoke eagerly, here was her chance, she thought. "My mother has asked her to come to the Cairn whenever she likes, and Rika says she means to come."

"Surely?" George felt contradictory; it seemed to him hard that his mother, who had never offered an invitation to Rose, should be so friendly to a comparative stranger.

Doris knew that she had better let the matter rest and trust its issue to time and opportunity, but she had no intention of revisiting the Cairn for some time, and she could not leave her work unfinished.

"George"—she spoke very gently—"you can make me very happy."

His honest brown eyes brightened, and a warm glow of pleasure spread over his pale face, while a smile of exquisite sweetness parted his thoughtful lips.

"D'ye say so, lass? Ah'll be reet fain to ken what it is."

His earnest glance was searching her, and she blushed under it and winced. Her conscience was asking Doris whether her wish was solely for the happiness of this brother so anxious to prove his love to her.

"I should like to have Rika for a sister," she said, and then she stopped.

George smiled. His first impression was that Doris must be strangely blind if she imagined that Miss Masham would take up with a mere farmer's son like himself.

"You mistake, lass," he said. "Like takes to like, an' Miss Masham an' me's not likely to suit."

"I know what you mean,"—Doris roused the whole strength of her will against this obstacle,—"but you do not understand Rika. I am sure you are just suited to one another and would make a very happy couple."

George's smile faded as she went on.

"You have forgotten, lass," he said, "a man cannot love two at yance, an' Ah loves Rose."

"George, you must not, you cannot love Rose. I tell you she's not worth your love. I am sure she would not make you happy, she is far more likely to disgrace you. I don't know which is worst, her conduct or her temper."

Doris spoke vehemently and her brother grew red, he was trying hard for self-control.

"Stop there, lass, or I may say something foolish; you and me must not talk about Rose, it isn't safe."

Doris was calm again when she answered.

"I am sorry I spoke so openly. I did not know you still cared for her; but, George, I am older than you are, and marriage and society have made me still older, and love is not the only thing to be thought of in marriage."

George looked at her more quickly than was usual to him, for his lanieness had increased his slowness of movement, then seeing that she looked in earnest he smiled.

"Do ye mind how ye said to me oop at t' Hall 'at you an' me looked at things different ways, an' it struck me there was reason in it. Well, it's the same now, you look at marriage from one end an' Ah looks at it fra t'ither."

"Ah, but I said that about matters on which there might be differences according to the differences in relative duties. This is quite another question, only a question of the change which a few years of experience and knowledge of the world must bring to you, George. You say you like Rika; well then, there is no risk, for you are sure to love her well enough when you come to know her better. She has no money certainly, but she has every other requisite. She is pretty and clever, and very, very bright and loving, and so kind in illness; then she is well-born, and all her friends and relations are people of position and culture; and with all this she is so wonderfully simple and unconventional that I believe she actually prefers the Cairn to Barneston Hall. Oh, George, think how much better it would be for you to have a wife who would help to raise the tone of the family, whom I should be able to receive as a sister and introduce to my friends; think how proud mother would be of such a daughter."

She paused. His listening, unmoved face puzzled her. He could hardly listen so patiently, she thought, if he entirely disagreed with her appeal.

"Ye make very sure o' Miss Masham," he said gravely. "Seeams to me she may look for a rise in life as well as anybody."

Doris felt rebuked. She knew well that she had no right to take Rika's consent for granted.

"I only make sure for two reasons; first, that I believe she is entirely free to love any man who seeks her love in earnest, and next, because she has told me more than once that in marrying she would only think about her husband, not about his money or his position. It is just a special chance, indeed it is. Surely you will not be so utterly selfish as to sacrifice us all to your infatuation for Rose Duncombe?"

No answer. He walked on faster, and stopped, at last, when they reached the top of the Cairn. He waited for Doris to speak, but she was too intent on his answer and the success of her project to see the wild grandeur of the scene. She had forgotten all her interest in Rika's account of the weird far-stretching moors.

"Well, lass," he said at last, "mebbe we look yon with different eyes too. Seeams to me 'at if ye were to come oop now an' agean ye'd mebbe get cleared o' theese mists which dull your sight. Eh, lass, John Bunyan would be a safer guide t' you, Ah'm thinkin', than what y're pleased t' call knowledge o' t' world."

"No, indeed, George." Doris could smile now. It was absurd that a home-bred recluse like her brother should combat her wisdom. "I never argue with you about religion, because I know you are much better than I am; you always were; but this is quite different. There would be no harm in your marrying Rika; that is, I mean, of course, if she will marry you; but there would be a great deal of harm done by marrying Rose; and, besides, Rose does not care for you, or she would not do as she has done."

She stopped. George stood facing her, looking far taller than usual on the bare hill-top, with the far-off background of distant hills. His eyes glowed; his whole body seemed to vibrate with intense earnestness as he spoke far more broadly than usual.

"Listen, lass. D'ye mahnd when we waz lahtle bairns Ah telled ye a tale, an' ye did not lahke it cos Ah telled it frev a book. It telled uv hoo a huckster man found a pot o' grease, an' when his eyes was rubbed wi' it he saw t' world was nut t' seame 'at he thowt he'd been livin' in. It's sae noo wi' you, Doris. Ye're blinded wi' pomps an' vanities an' t' lahke, or ye'd ken t' pooer an'

t' trewth o' luov. Eh, lass, ye war a rare yan fer trewth lang syne; an' noo ye bids me aks Rika Masham to wed me when Ah cannut gie her my love as a husband shood deea. What if Rose cannut luov me; that changes nowt in me. In God's sight Ah'm her man as mitch as if Ah'd wedded her. Ah've gien her all t' luov Ah can give, an' it's oot o' my pooer to take it back. My heart and my life are hers, whether she taks 'em ur leeaves them, sae noo then!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CLYTIE.

RIKA wandered round the large airy nursery at Burneston, looking at a series of prints on the walls which Faith assured her were Master Ralph's special treasures in his childhood, but from time to time she glanced with an amused look at Faith herself.

The housekeeper sat with little Phil in her lap, carefully examining him to make sure that no harm had chanced during his absence, and giving vent now and then to peevish ejaculations, aimed at the ignorance displayed by "folks," clearly meaning Mrs. Barugh, on certain points of baby management.

Faith had tried all she could to prevent the visit, and had prognosticated all kinds of harm to little Phil, and it was almost a disappointment that her charge was returned to her looking far stronger and healthier than when he was taken away.

At last she looked round, "Ah does wonder, that Ah does, Miss Masham, 'at nut one o' you could hev thought an' put a veil on him; whya if he were a bit uv a farmer's brat he couldn't be mair sunburnt, he's as brown as August corn—yis ye are, mah beauty."

Rika's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Why, that's just what we're proud of, Mrs. Emmett. I thought you'd be as pleased as possible to get such a sturdy young gipsy home again; and he did have a veil at first, but he didn't like it; and we thought he was to do exactly as he liked—I'm sure I heard you say so."

Faith did not answer. She disliked jokes from any one but Ralph, and it annoyed her that this friend of Mrs. Burneston's, a girl who did her own hair and required no help in dressing, should be invited to stay at the Hall.

Rika was rather ill at ease this morning. After a week's separation she felt that Mr. and Mrs. Burneston must have much to talk over, so she kept out of her friend's sitting-room; and Mr. Raine had contradicted her so decidedly at breakfast that she preferred to avoid the library lest she should find him

there, and get into some fresh dispute with him.

"He is clever, no doubt, and very amusing, but he is downright rude," the girl said with flushing cheeks, "and I dislike rude people."

As she reached the top of the old staircase it seemed to her that the portraits which covered the four lofty walls frowned at her; already in her bedroom one fair blue-eyed Burneston in a well-curled flowing wig and brown coat, had seemed to her to shake his head and glance at the book he held as if to rebuke her idleness.

Rika stood looking down the wide old staircase.

"What stories these massive old balusters and standards could tell!" she said; "how many sad and tender partings that old lantern hanging from the roof has lighted!"

The staircase occupied three sides of a large square well; here were shelves filled with china which nowadays would be deemed priceless, but beyond its colour china had no attraction for Rika. She lingered on the stairs studying the pictures: tightly bodiced ladies with flowing hair, round-eyed and round-mouthed; grave gentlemen with sad faces, looking all too old and prosaic for the fair dames languishing out of landscape backgrounds, not quite in harmony with their bare arms and abundant unkerchiefed charms.

Two of these pictures had a special fascination for her: one a delicate, lovely lady, in a more modern costume than the rest, whose cheek rested on her hand; there was an almost plaintive sweetness in this face which roused Rika's imagination. Opposite to it was a full-length portrait of Mr. Burneston in his boyish days, dressed as a sailor, with a background of sea.

Faith asserted that this portrait was the living image of Ralph, and Rika felt a certain curiosity to see again this heir of Burneston who seemed such a general favourite.

"Not with Doris, I think," the girl said; "she rarely speaks of him."

At the second landing of the staircase were two arched recesses at right angles; one contained a doorway leading to another gallery of bedrooms, in the other was a marble pedestal supporting a bust of the Clytie. The staircase was lighted solely from the lofty oaken roof, and light and shade fell sweetly on the exquisite face and shoulders. As Rika turned from the picture of the sailor squire her eyes fell on this bust.

"Why don't I make a study of her? It

would be good practice," she said. "That cross-looking man in red will leave off frowning when he sees I am at work. It is a rare chance for me to get an antique head placed in such a light."

She hurried back along the gallery for her drawing materials. It was delightful to have found something to do; for to Rika's hard-working habits it was difficult to take holiday alone, though it was easy for her to share the holiday-making of others.

She was soon seated on the topmost stair, beneath the arched opening to the ante-room, a charming nook, furnished with well-filled book-shelves and Indian cabinets, leading to a gallery of bedrooms.

She soon grew intent on her work; she rapidly marked out the head, and began to draw it in chalk. She did not hear the door into the ante-room open. All at once a foot-step close behind her gave her a start and sent her crayon across Clytie's nose.

"Oh!" she said, without turning round, for she thought only of the mischief done.

"I beg your pardon." But Gilbert Raine did not look sorry; he was too much amused by the originality of the whole proceeding to have much care for the false stroke. He began to think his first impression last night had been correct, and that there was some character in Mrs. Burneston's friend, an idea which her silent coldness during breakfast had quenched.

"It's too late to beg pardon now." She did not look at him. She was trying to rub out the unlucky stroke with a bit of bread.

No answer came. Raine was looking down admiringly at the bright sensitive face, full of expression, though the eyes were hidden by a deep fringe of dark lashes.

"I beg your pardon, do you want to pass?" She rose and gathered up her materials. "I quite forgot I was filling up the passage."

"Thank you." But Raine stood still as soon as he had descended a couple of steps, and looked down at her drawing. "Upon my word, you've got it uncommonly like," he said; "it's really very good for a woman."

Rika looked up now, her eyes brimful of mischief.

"Which do you mean, the face or my attempt to copy it? You may say, if you like, that it is good for me; but you must not say it is really very good for a woman."

"But there never have been any women great painters."

"The world is not ended yet, and I believe in progress," said Rika triumphantly. "Women will do something good in art, as

well as other things, before all's ended. Hitherto the weak have made themselves weaker by yielding all, and the strong women have never been taught properly as men are taught; so they never start fair."

"Then you ought not to resent my words; but I'll not shelter myself under that cover. I utterly deny that a woman can equal a man in any one thing—yes," with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I yield on two points—talking and caprice."

Rika looked aghast.

"There is no use in arguing with you; you are a misanthrope—you never had any sisters, I am sure. People are always positive of what they know little about."

Raine laughed.

"But I have history and many great writers on my side."

"Not all; there are plenty of constant women in Shakespeare who are not chatter-boxes, and every-day life will show you more. Look at that lovely pensive face shrouded in black lace," she pointed her crayon at the lady resting on her hand; "if we knew her story we should find she loved all too constantly, and as for talking, why," Rika's face glowed with sudden animation, "I believe her talk must have been like Mrs. Burneston's, full of diamonds and pearls,"—she stopped suddenly, conscious that she had been talking excitedly to this stranger, and that he was probably laughing at her. "I forgot you were here," she said abruptly; "I bore you, I know."

"If you were any one else," Raine said with a laugh in his voice that provoked her, "I should say you were complimentary, but as I am sure you have no intention of paying a compliment, bad or good, I suppose I must apologize for interrupting you and take myself off."

"Please tell me, first, who the lovely lady is with the pensive face and the lace mantilla."

"She is Ralph's grandmother. I can only just remember her, for she died young, but I fancy she was very lovable, and not nearly so sad, as the artist has painted her: but as she died so early she is no contradiction to my theory; shy women, and she was shy, don't get full use of their tongues till middle age, and she might have turned out very fickle if time had been given her."

Rika had seated herself again, and gone back to her drawing. She wished Mr. Raine would go on talking instead of looking at her so satirically.

"I am sure of one thing," she said; "women may have faults, but they are larger-

minded than men are, they are not always twitting men with being violent and overbearing, and tyrannical, and contemptuous, and teasing," she said the last word with emphasis.

"Ah, but you are incautious—you let me see that you consider men guilty of these faults and yet you never speak of them; now see how much better we behave to women, we are always trying to create in you the most impossible virtue to a feminine mind."

"What is that?" said Rika, looking up at him.

"Humility."

He said this quite seriously. Rika's lips quivered and her face glowed with vexation.

"According to you," she said, pushing the loosened brown hair from her forehead, "we are a sort of chameleon—we just reflect the colour you are pleased to throw on us, and women who don't do this exactly are capricious. Well then, if we are not humble it is because men are so self-satisfied."

"Ah, my dear Miss Masham, now you come to the great safety-valve for the soul of a man—the tongue of his better half. Tell me honestly, did you ever see a self-satisfied married man? He may and he does put on a good deal of conceit, but this is mere war paint, a try-on to deceive the outsiders. See the unhappy biped on his own hearth-rug, *tête-à-tête* with his tyrant, and you'll see him literally skinned out of all self-respect."

"Have you ever been married?" said she indignantly.

"No, I thank God," and he laughed as he looked at her.

She had got far too angry to go on with her drawing. Quite heedless that she had passed her hand across her forehead and left a crayon smudge on its centre, she rose up—

"You are extremely irreverent; but, of course, you do not know what you are talking of. Some day you will have to eat your own words; but, indeed, I pity from my heart the woman who is sacrificed to you."

With this parting shot she ran back into the ante-room.

"A malediction," said Raine. "But I wish she had stayed a little longer. It was too bad of me to tease her. I will make my peace at luncheon, she is too pretty to quarrel with."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE SORCERY OF LOVE.

BUT Gilbert Raine was more skilled in the art of raising the storm than in quelling it. At luncheon his allusions to the dispute vexed Rika, because they attracted Mr. Burneston's attention and made him, too, begin to tease.

Doris was pre-occupied and so did not attempt to help her friend, and Rika, though she had tried to keep a smiling face, got up from table with eyes smarting from repressed tears, and a feeling of sore vexation with herself, for being so easily irritated.

She hurried away to her bedroom. "How stupid I am to let him vex me! I must go home to work," she said; "this holiday life evidently does not suit me, it has made me conceited, or I should not be so touchy."

"Doris,"—Mr. Burneston had followed his wife into the garden after luncheon—"do you know that Raine is really smitten with Miss Masham? I never saw him take so much notice of any woman. You know he was jilted some years ago. Poor old fellow, I don't think your friend cares a bit for him."

"Was he jilted?" but Doris spoke coldly; she had not at all relinquished her plan of marrying Rika to George, and she went on towards the houses where she knew she should find the gardener.

"Stay here a little," her husband said, and he sat down on the seat beneath the cedar. "Slater may wait. You seem to forget we have scarcely had a moment's talk since you came back."

Doris glanced at him from under the shade of her garden bonnet. She wondered he looked so grave.

"I am not going away again for a year, Philip, so you will have plenty of time to get tired of me."

"You were very good to come back so punctually," he said, and then he prodded with his stick the dry fir needles that formed a brown carpet at their feet. Presently, in a more earnest tone, "are you really glad to come home to me, my darling?"

Doris's thoughts had gone back to George and Rika, at this she looked up. "Yes," she said simply, "of course I am glad."

But though she smiled sweetly Mr. Burneston was not satisfied. Till now his wife had been perfect in his eyes, and she was perfect still; but he had felt her absence very keenly, he had looked forward to her home-coming so ardently, that her equanimity almost ruffled him. Perhaps the contrast afforded by Rika Masham's impulsive nature had impressed him, for as he sat musing under the cedar, while he told himself that his wife's graceful self-possession was one of her rarest gifts, he felt a hungry longing that she would show a more impulsive fondness towards him.

He sighed. "You have not told me anything about your father or George; were they

satisfied with your looks? I fancy from what you say that your mother was completely absorbed by her grandson."

"My father looks older, I think; and George—well, on the whole, I think George is greatly improved;" then with her wonted directness, "I was not hearty just now when you spoke of Mr. Raine and Rika, because I so dearly want her for a sister; please do not encourage him to like her."

Mr. Burneston smiled at her earnestness, and for an instant he thought reproachfully, "She can be warm enough about anything she has at heart."

"But are you sure George is free to care for your friend?" he said; "his is not a nature to change, and he did care for pretty Rose Duncombe, I'm sure. I used to see them together when you were away, remember."

"He does not deny it." Mrs. Burneston's cheeks flushed, as all that talk on the hill-top came back to her memory. "But, Philip, surely it is only a fancy; what can a clever thoughtful man like him have in common with such a girl as that? He and Rika, who is really well-educated, are much better suited to each other, and they seemed to find so much sympathy at the Cairn."

"Sympathy is not love, my darling, it belongs more to friendship. Some of the most ardent love affairs I have seen have been between opposite natures, natures which actually clashed till love made them one."

Doris sat thinking.

"Philip! do you think," she said timidly, and the tone made his pulses beat quicker, it was so unlike the even, trustful voice he was used to—"do you think," she repeated, "that I have deteriorated, grown worldly I mean?" George says I have."

He put his arm round her and kissed her.

"George is a simpleton," he said.

"No, indeed he is not! he never speaks at random; it was about this subject: he said he loved Rose, and I said love was not the only requisite for a happy marriage, and that if he tried he would soon love Rika dearly, and he said I was worldly to set so little store by love."

"My dear child, you are simply perfect, but when you are as old as I am, you will know that this feeling, or sorcery, or whatever love may be, is the most obstinate and unchangeable of maladies. You," he glanced at her unresponsive face and sighed, "my darling, when you know more about love yourself, you will be more merciful to George."

"What do you mean?" she said. "It seems to me that you are as unreasonable as

George is. He says I am too worldly to understand love, and you say I am too young. It seems to me that each person must love according to his or her temperament. Rose is violent and uncontrolled, and she loves, I suppose, in the same manner, and"—she stopped self-convicted. George was neither violent nor uncontrolled, and then her own passionate love for her child thrilled through her reproachfully; and yet, though she knew he was waiting to be assured of her love, she could not deceive her husband.

"You are too good for me every way," she said, and her voice was so full of pain that

he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. "Have I not told you so?"

She got up hastily and went into the house. She met Mr. Raine and passed him, but neither of them spoke.

Raine hurried on to Mr. Burneston, he held an open letter.

"I say, Phil, here's no end of a mischief. It seems this letter—it's from Ralph to me, poor fellow!—was left in the bag by mistake this morning. Benjamin has just brought it in." Then seeing how pale and anxious the father looked—"He's not ill, old fellow, but he has got into a confounded scrape, and I'm afraid he will have to leave Eton."

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY.

The Discipline of Christ.

THERE are at least two things which characterize the teaching of Christ. It is, first of all, practical. The object of every recorded fact and doctrine is to make us know God and do His will. Nothing is given for the mere purpose of gratifying man's curiosity, or for quickening his intellect, or for making him a disciple in a school of philosophy, but all is directed to one point, to make him holy, to deliver him as a free and responsible being from the snares of evil, and to induce him to choose God.

Another characteristic of His teaching is, that it is embodied in His own life. The Master is Himself the most perfect lesson. To be like Himself is the high and precious end proposed to every scholar. The teaching of our Lord is, therefore, much more than the deliverance of truth, or theory, or doctrine, to be received and believed by the pupil or disciple. It is rather a process of moral discipline, so that we might apply to Him the name *Disciplinarian*, as being One Whose disciples are all disciplined or trained to practise what they know. It may be alleged that this implies something very stern and inflexible on Christ's part, that it invests Christianity with all the gloom and repulsiveness of a system of training painful to flesh and blood, so that Jesus is no longer presented to our affections as a tender and loving brother, Who passes by our transgressions, pities our infirmities, and covers our failings with a mantle of heavenly charity. I admit that the impression which I desire to give of the

teaching of Jesus Christ, is very different from the fancy sketch frequently drawn by a weak and enervated sentimentalism. I know and believe with the church of God, that there cannot beat in the bosom of any creature such meekness, gentleness, and love, as exist in the heart of Jesus Christ. When we have pondered over it, and tried to measure it by comparing it with anything we have ever met with in the tenderest mother or Christian friend, we are made to feel how the eye cannot reach to its height or depth, or discern but a portion of the love which "passeth knowledge." But it is a grievous error when men identify this love with that spirit which we call kindness or good-nature in a fellow-being, a spirit whose root is often the selfishness which does not wish to have its serenity disturbed either by the recognition of sin or its removal. Such a spirit is, at all events, not necessarily associated with a clear perception of evil as evil in the soul of man, nor is it accompanied by a proper sense of its foul and terrible character. But if we would have any understanding of the kindness of Jesus as a teacher, we must not separate it from that which is of all other things next His heart, the moral well-being of the taught. Their happiness is not His grand object in teaching them, but their good; that they shall love the right and hate the wrong; that they shall in one word love their God and do His will. Their happiness, as a matter of course, accompanies this, or is consequent upon it, but the chief end of His training is not so much a happy state to be enjoyed, as a right state to be possessed. The love of Christ manifests itself in the

intensity of His desire that beings who are wicked should become holy; that beings who do not know and love God, and are out of harmony with the whole family of God, should be brought by His power, yet through their own free will, to choose and love what is right. Such love as this is not only compatible with, but inseparable from, what may be called the severest discipline on His part. This discipline is not arbitrary, for it is not employed as if the infliction of pain were, for its own sake, desirable, or used merely to display the sovereignty of God, Who as King is able to do as He pleases with His creatures. Far less is it imposed as an arbitrary condition before entering heaven, as if heaven were too good to give to sinners without their paying something for it in the way of suffering. Such thoughts are the offspring of ignorant and unbelieving hearts. Our Lord disciplines us to learn to do the good because we are sinners and have learned to do the evil. We are like people whose bodies have become deformed, their health gone, their physical powers impaired and deranged, but who can be restored to a perfect form and to perfect health only by being subjected to such a daily process as may pain every nerve, although each day brings with the pain a comfort and ease, that are themselves a rich reward at the time, and a prophecy of the complete health that is to come. It is therefore a gross and dangerous delusion to suppose that the discipline of Jesus is pleasing to the idle, self-indulgent, worldly heart; that it is one which would make any compromise with sin; or that it is one which is not stern and unbending as the laws of God, because it is the expression of truest love towards those who have broken those laws, but who are to be taught to obey them. The love of Jesus will never be manifested in making existence comfortable to a sinner without repentance; in pampering his appetite like a spoiled child who has no self-control; or, without insisting on new obedience, in allaying the fears which an insulted conscience must excite. The love of Jesus will never take part with iniquity, nor help a responsible being to be happy, if such were possible, while he refuses to be a reverential servant of the Most High God, and a loving child of his Father in Heaven. On the other hand, what will not the Master do if we are willing to learn of Him and know His character? What sacrifices will He not make, what shame will He not despise, what cross not endure, if thereby He can teach us to carry our cross and follow Him? What sins

will He not forgive, if a sense of His mercy will only induce us to confide in Him? What slowness to learn, what forgetfulness of lessons taught, what moral stupidity will He not endure with the patience and long-suffering of years, if we will only seek to do better and persevere in following Him? What pain will He not put us to, what stripes will He not inflict, even while His heart sympathizes with our griefs as the hearts of saints or angels cannot do—rather than that we should perish in our ignorance and sin? In one word, whatever Jesus can do, will be done, in accomplishing the grandest, most glorious, but most difficult work in the universe of God, that of educating an immortal being who has chosen evil and been at enmity to God, to choose the good and live with God for ever.

SECOND SUNDAY.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

Walking by faith is not peculiar to Christians, in so far as faith means our being guided in our actions, not by what we see, but by what we believe. The impression is unfounded, which some entertain, that Christians, because they are called believers and possess a creed, are credulous, while men of the world have no creed, and are therefore reasonable. The very opposite is the truth, for the world has its creeds as well as the Church, and these contain many more articles of faith, without reason for their foundation, and demanding credulity for their reception, than what Christians receive.

But there is another and more practical aspect in which the subject may be viewed.

Assuming the truth of the principle, that we walk by faith, not by sight, I will give one illustration, out of many, of its application to the duties of life.

The most obvious example is when we walk by faith in the conviction that what is right must end in peace, and what is wrong in misery. This but assumes that there is a living and a true God, that this God has a character, a will, that His government over men is so constituted or conducted on earth, that the right, as we say, comes right, so that by no possibility nor combination of circumstances, by no power of men or devils, can the wheat bring forth tares, nor tares wheat—that never can evil consequences be separated from evil doings so long as they continue; nor can anything but good and peace come from the well-doing.

Now, while it is easy to admit this as a

very truism, yet how difficult it is to walk by the faith of this, and not by sight! For sight, that is, things according to appearance, may seem to contradict this principle. There constantly occur moments in our daily lives, far more frequently than we are aware of perhaps, when we have little difficulty in determining what is right or wrong in the abstract; but yet we may have great difficulty in choosing the one, and in rejecting the other, because the right seems to involve painful consequences, and the wrong to be much more likely to lead to ease and peace and happiness. No doubt, in proportion to our growth in the knowledge of God, and to the strength of our faith in the blessedness as well as righteousness of His ways, the conscience becomes more tender, and with a holy tact at once perceives what is right, and responds in its judgments to His will. Obedience thus becomes more prompt, and more habitual. But the most advanced Christian has his trials of faith, when the apparent certain result of entering at the narrow gate of fine honour, strict truth, and justice is one humbling to his pride, torturing to his vanity, annoying to his tastes, most unpleasant to his love of ease and happiness, confusing to his made-up plans and arrangements, and he is tempted to argue with conscience, to cross-question it, oppose it, and pervert its clear statements, as Balaam did the Word of God, so that it may give a false answer, but one more pleasing to the flesh. But if this, or something like this, may take place in a character habitually good, and accustomed to walk by faith in the right, how often does it occur to those whose sense of responsibility to God is weak, who hardly know what it is to peril the future on faith, but who are guided by their own will as the rule, and what is pleasing and profitable to themselves as the end? The question with them is not right and wrong, but present appearances, as leading to consequences which they dread or which they desire. In this light—the light of sense over faith—how fair and promising does the wrong appear, how dark and uninteresting the right! Could they be brought to consider clearly the two roads before them in this one light, right or wrong, God's will or our own, true or false, kind or unkind, generous or mean, unselfish or selfish, then faith would tell them to walk with a bold and manly step along the path so indicated, certain that in the end it would lead to peace and blessedness. But when the eye of the spiritual man is shut to the

unseen, and the eye of the fleshly man alone is open, then come in appearances, and appearances nearly all lie against the walk by faith, and witness for the walk by sight, and so, if the fool walks accordingly, he is led into snares, and wildernesses, and confusion, and misery.

How many illustrations of this crowd into our mind! Life is made up of them. Every day's history in a single city affords ten thousand instances of it. In one case the trial between faith and sight, comes in the form of a temptation to speak untruth, to utter a "yes" or "no"—so easily, rapidly done; or to do some dishonest act in order to escape bad consequences and secure present good; or it comes as a temptation to do a selfish act, to cast on others a burthen we ought to take on ourselves, or to refuse a duty because it leads into apparent trouble, or to speak a hard passionate word to gain a present triumph, or to break a promise and fly from engagements which would be burthensome or irksome, or to enter the paths of sin for a time, hoping to escape in the end. In these, and a thousand other cases, the wrong appears to be the most profitable, and the right the reverse. And it cannot be denied that for a time—a long time, perhaps—observation and experience may appear to vindicate the choice. The broad road may open upon bright prospects; those who enter it may congratulate themselves on their prudence, their sense, their independence, their good fortune in having selected it. Health and happiness, riches and honour, every form of human enjoyment, may be theirs; and for a time, verily, they have their reward. But "there is a way that seemeth good to a man, but the end thereof is death." Not in the next world only, but in this, how often does the wrong work itself out, and ripen into a harvest of misery! How often does the thunder-clap of public condemnation follow the flash of evil that was so brilliant; and all the plans of the untruthful man, the dishonest man, the cunning and cruel or sensual man, prove to be pits dug by himself to form his grave? On the other hand, it is certain that appearances are often against the right. The path is no doubt narrow, and rough, and dark, and thorny, for soul and body, for wife and children, and the right seems for a time to be bringing forth all that is wrong. So says sight. But faith says, "All is well." And so it is. "He that continueth unto the end the same shall be saved." "In thy flesh thou shalt see God." "To the righteous there ariseth light."

THIRD SUNDAY.

All things are yours . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ's is God's.

To belong to Christ, even as Christ belongs to God, is language which describes mutual possession—the possession of one person by another. Now, the only real bond between heart and heart, spirit and spirit, in one word, between persons, is the bond of mutual sympathy—the fellowship of taste, feeling, character, the devotedness of genuine self-sacrificing affection, which “seeketh not her own,” but goes out of self and seeks the good and happiness of the beloved object. Very different forces may unite material things, but love alone can unite persons, from the child on its mother's bosom up to the redeemed before the throne of God. Hence the same language which describes mutual love describes mutual possession: “I am thine, and thou art mine.” We are one! In this way only, for no other way is possible, does Jesus possess us and we Him. And of this oneness of holy character He spoke when He said, “All mine are thine, and thine are mine;” and for the full realisation of this in His disciples He prayed when He desired “that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us.”

Now this oneness of spirit with God in Christ is the eternal and essential condition of all things being ours. It is not an arbitrary condition, as if God were to give us all things as a *reward* for our loving Him, but this right condition of spirit towards Himself, the First and Best of all Beings, is from the nature of things essential to our truly possessing and truly enjoying for ever whatever other persons or things can possibly afford to us.

In regard, for example, to the possession of other persons, the law which regulates the union between man and man is the very same as that which regulates the union between man and God. For whence shall love be found to connect us with spirits here below, except in so far as it first comes to each heart from the living God, the fountain of love, and first draws each heart individually to Him, and then only to one another? The bonds by which we are united as true sons to our common Father are those which can alone effectually and eternally unite us as true brethren to each other. The golden chain which binds us to our Father in heaven is that alone which indissolubly encircles us as a family on earth. Without Him a thousand ties may seem to

unite us, such as neighbourhood, relationship, business, pleasure, social position, and the like; but these proceed from the false centre of self, and the union which is thus effected is therefore not real and abiding, but apparent only and temporary. It is self-pleasing, not self-sacrifice, and therefore is doomed to perish. The eternal God can alone be the centre of eternal love and fellowship. Our brother is ours, and we are his, only when we are Christ's, as Christ is God's.

The same principle holds true in regard to our true possession of things as well as of persons. We all know, for example, how the beauty and the glory of the world without becomes affected by the state of the mind within. What we are to other persons or they to us will more than anything else affect our relationship to other persons and things. What are music or scenery, or wealth or rank to us, if there is no rest or peace in our own spirits? It is we ourselves who thus invest all things with light or darkness, “ours is their wedding garment, ours their shroud.” In a single hour many things may cease to become the source of enjoyment to us, and therefore cease to be truly ours. And so it hath been with many a man of might, and genius, and riches; the death of a little babe who clung to his heart and returned his love with its sweet smiles and laughing eyes has made the whole world empty to him. But if a little spark like this has been, without his knowing it, a light which, when extinguished, left the world in darkness, why should we wonder if the possession of the Father of lights should invest creation with a glory otherwise impossible, and that when the heart rejoiced in Him the mountains broke forth into singing and the floods clapped their hands with joy? And it is this love which more than anything else keeps through God's spirit the heart of the aged saint fresher in its second childhood than in its first, when without this new possession. When everything else has lost its charm, this joy of possessing loving hearts, and of loving them in return, remains; while even nature in her beauty, as the art of God, sheds her glory amidst the darkness that begins to shroud his faculties, like those bright and beautiful coruscations which flash across the midnight of her wintry sky!

Verily we possess persons and things when we possess our God! They are ours in gift here, ours in full possession throughout eternal ages. “If children, then heirs, heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ.” Who would dare to anticipate such a dignity and

glory for humanity, unless it had been revealed to us by Him who cannot lie? What are all our thoughts about possessions so immense but

"Fallings from us,
Vanishings, blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised?"

How can we apprehend the joy of the living God resting with ineffable complacency on all His works, as very good, and rejoicing in the fulness of that glory which fills the heavens and the earth? Yet all this is shared by Jesus Christ. His perfected human nature is unutterably glad in God; His soul is full of His excellence as the mirror turned to the sun is full of its glory. And yet all this is ours if we are one with Him, just as all is His, because He is one with God!

If these are not mere words, but expressions of things, then do they invest the humble believer with a dignity, even in this world, which is unspeakably grand. He is placed, as it were, upon an exceeding high spiritual mountain, from which with the eye of faith he is able to scan all things to which he stands related in earth and heaven; and with a heart swelling with a sense of the magnificence of his vast possessions given him by God according to the riches of His glory, he can exclaim, "All are mine!"

He can behold "*the world*" which is spread beneath his feet in all the beauty of its adornments, and the sky which stretches above his head in all the glory of sun, moon, and stars, and exclaim, "All this is mine! This beautiful world is made by my Father, it is governed by my brother, Jesus Christ. He is heir of all things. I am joint heir with Him. He has made this picture for my eye. He has tuned those melodies for my ear. Mine is the exalted pleasure which they give. Mine is the God whose Almighty power piled those mountains; Whose undecaying activity pours forth those streams and renews those forests; Whose wisdom arranged the mighty orbs which sweep above my head, and scattered the flowers which grow beneath my feet, and Whose bounty daily supplies the wants of every living thing. He has given me, as His child, all these to find Himself in them all; and what portion of them I require to keep my body He has given me, does give me, and will give me, as long as He wishes me to remain in this part of His kingdom. The Lord of power, and wisdom, and benevolence, who made all, is my Shepherd, and I cannot want. He could lay all at my feet, as easily as He could lay a crumb upon my table, and permit me to

take of all this richness and glory what I pleased. But all the world without Him would be dust and ashes, and I leave it to Him to give me for my present support what He deems sufficient. I prefer the immense riches of a little with Himself in all, to the absolute poverty of all without Himself in anything. The world belongs to me, as it did to His own Son, Who was heir of all things, and possessed God in all, even when He had not a place where to lay His head!"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

All things are yours, whether . . . life or death, or things present or things to come.

The child of God can, in the same spirit of faith, contemplate *Life*. He can look down upon the city where his lot is cast, and survey its business in which he is to take a part. He can estimate the society in which Providence has placed him. The parents, the brothers and sisters, the wife or husband, the friends and neighbours, to whom God has related him. He can say, "*Life is mine!*" It is God who has bound me by a thousand cords in His Providence to all these countless objects. It is here that I am to serve Him and glorify Him. Here I am to work out my salvation. Here I am to prove my loyalty, and improve my talents, and advance His kingdom, and fight and conquer in the battle, and be trained for immortality. And this life is mine! I possess it. All the works done here—which can in any way affect me—must work together for my good, and every item in this complex sum of things *has* a good and a blessing for me. In no other part of God's universe could I receive or do so much good. Life is all for me! It is on my side!"

But what of the end of life? It is this death, casting its shroud over all that men call life, which checks in so many the expressions of joy. However bounteous God may seem to men and women in the midst of life, at death He is recognised by most as an exactor only. Death, His minister, is called the Tyrant. He is recognised as a grim, inexorable executioner, who leads to the scaffold, or as a mysterious reaper who cuts down with his unsparing scythe all the beautiful flowers of earth, turning them to loathsome corruption. And if death thus snatches the body from the midst of its enjoyments, and lays it down on the restless couch, and consumes it with the fire of a burning fever, or emaciates it with a slow decline, or racks it with agonizing pains, and finally strips it of all its show, and,

in spite of the tears and supplications of the nearest and dearest, hurries it away to the destroying grave, leaving behind the fatherless or motherless, the lonely and disconsolate—oh! is not God a terrible exactor here? Surely in this, at least, there is no giving, but only a taking away, which by anticipation turns all the previous giving into cruel mockery!

No! The believer can say, *Death is mine!* Should the world appear to him beautiful as ever, and should he cling to life with its dear friends, its delightful duties, its varied enjoyments, yet when death comes to him it speaks of blessing rather than bereavement. "Believer!" it may seem to say, "I am sent from God; I am His appointment, and His minister. I bring thee to a new heaven and to a new earth, wherein dwell righteousness. Fear not, for to be with Christ is far better. There are melodies yet unheard more beautiful than ever greeted thine ear on earth, duties more delightful, labours more glorious than ever occupied thee below; a society more numerous, more pure, than thou hast ever met with here. I bring thee home to more intimate communion with thy Father and thy Saviour and to those brothers and sisters who are waiting there to bid thee welcome, as on thy birthday morning above. And once there at home, never more shall I call thee away, for I can bring thee to no higher blessings than I give now. Come!" "O Death!" answers the believer, "where is thy sting? It is gone. Death is mine! Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory."

But, as if it were not sufficient to say that the world, and life, and death were the believer's portion, the Apostle adds, "*things present and things to come.*" The "things present" may be peculiarly harassing, as they were in the case of the Apostle himself when he wrote those words: "Even to this present hour," he says in the following chapter, "we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour working with our own hands." Like St. Stephen, the believer might see a present crowd about to inflict a cruel death; like St. Paul, he might await present stripes in the marketplace, a present tribunal, a present imprisonment with its insults, a present circus with its wild beasts; like St. John, he might endure a present dreary and lonely Patmos; or, like the Great Redeemer, a present cross and burial, and all that is calculated to agonize the soul. But he could survey

all, and be able to say "Things present are mine. None of these things move me. God is guiding all and governing all. If God be for us who can be against us? With these present things there is a present God who is a present help, and who will make them work for my good, and make them the means and occasion of helping me the more to glorify Him. They are all mine, for they will help onward His work in my soul, or in the soul of others; and if the storm is high and loud it bears forward for the right port, and will convey the bark which my Saviour guides more speedily to the harbour!"

There are also "*things to come.*" And what are these? Who knows what things may come out of the womb of time, or from the mysterious recesses of eternity? Could a human eye, upon the first Sabbath of the world, have been able to cast a glance through the vista of coming years, and behold all that has happened since that Sabbath until the present hour; could a man thus endowed with prophetic vision have seen the turmoil of the antediluvian world, the sweeping flood, the widespread idolatry, the Pilgrim Fathers of the church, the Egyptian bondage, the Wilderness journey, the successive captivities, the dread pause at the Crucifixion, the glorious Resurrection crowned with sunshine and pentecostal blessings; could he thence have travelled in thought, amidst the shaking of the nations, until he reached this present hour, and were he told that he must live and act throughout all those future years!—can the imagination conceive what an oppression this would have been to his spirit? We feel how readily the prayer would escape from his lips, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Yet had it been God's will for such a one to live, he might have gone forth with perfect calmness on his earthly journey, and entered on his earthly life, which was to last until time should be no more, with the meekness of Abraham when he went forth from Ur, "not knowing whither he went," and have said with full confidence, "Things to come are mine." And if we saw, at this moment, the things amid which we must live, move, and act during the endless future on which we are already entered, ought we not, while experiencing a similar awe, to possess also a similar confidence? We cannot now tell what these things may be. We are in ignorance of the afflictions, sufferings, and untold sorrows which may come to us ere we quit this world. And after this present stage is ended, other things lie beyond which we know must come. Death must come, but when

and how? The Resurrection must come, and we shall behold earth and sea heave in travail with the throes of that mighty birth by which countless millions will be born in a day. Judgment must come; and we shall behold the throne set and the books opened, and the universe assembled. And the change of all things visible must come with the advent of the new heavens and the new earth. And all these things when they arrive are but as the beginnings of things which are yet to come throughout the endless future. When I realise to myself the fact of my existence, and feel assured that I shall live with immortal powers and capacities; when I attempt to conceive what things may come to me in some age whose distance and magnitude arithmetic cannot represent; when I ask, among what new order of beings may my lot be cast, what sights and works of wonder may I behold in the vast and boundless universe of God, what employments may occupy me in some far-off and mysterious scene, whom shall I know and what shall I be doing during the never-ending, indestructible life which God has given me? and then, when I fall back upon my present weakness and insignificance, and remember how the merest trifle of the hour reveals the feebleness of my powers, and my utter inability to sustain myself, well may the "things to come" appal the soul. But they need not! The believer may look at the things to come

with as unclouded an eye, with as calm a heart and peaceful a spirit, as at the things present. Whatever these coming things may be, he can say with perfect certainty, "They are all mine! Whatever things may come, they cannot pain or injure me in any way, for they cannot come without God's permission, and He Himself comes with them and in them. I can gaze unmoved on all these things, and say with joy, 'Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me.' It is enough. With the hold of a Saviour's hand and heart I am safe. Let the valley of death come! It is mine. I fear no evil. Thou art with me. Let the Resurrection morning come! It is mine—my Saviour's voice will cry 'Come forth!'—my Saviour's hand will raise me up. Let Judgment come! It is mine. My Saviour's blood will justify me—my Saviour's righteousness adorn me, my Saviour's lips welcome me. Let eternity come! It is mine. My Saviour's presence shall rejoice me, my Saviour's power defend me, my Saviour's holiness possess me, my Saviour's saints and angels, my own dear ones and who have fallen asleep in Him, these shall ever dwell with me. 'I know in whom I have believed.'"

HOW ENGLAND LOST TWO CENTURIES.

ON the second day of the present year the Right Hon. John Bright addressed a meeting of working men at Rochdale, and he devoted a portion of his address to pointing out how much the happiness and comfort of working men depended upon the education of their children. "In the State of Massachusetts," he said, "one of the oldest and most educated and intellectual in America, there has been for the two hundred and fifty years it has been founded a very extended system of public schools. Eight generations of its population have had the advantage of being educated in these schools. The men driven from this country by the tyranny of the monarchy and of the archbishops founded that school system. . . . Now, supposing we had had in this country all that time good schools for the education of our children, to what a position should we have been raised by this

time!" In the following remarks it is proposed to show how narrowly England, at the time referred to by Mr. Bright, missed the enviable educational fortune of the State of Massachusetts.

The opening of the Long Parliament was an event of the utmost importance to all classes of Englishmen. As is customary in all periods of great political excitement, besides, perhaps, one great question round which the tug of battle centres, there are numerous other interests involved—many rights to be asserted and many wrongs to be set right—and numerous and often wild enough theories are in the air regarding the best and worst methods by which the various ends in contemplation are to be attained. Lord Macaulay informs us that on the first assembling of the reformed Parliament so many were the subjects requiring immediate

attention that it was impossible to find a man who was not either himself a member of some commission or select committee, or who had not a father or brother or some relation connected with one or other. The whole country, he says, was in commission. A similar state of affairs was found at the opening of the Long Parliament. Instead of the four standing parliamentary committees on religion, trade, privileges, and law, we find enumerated in the Journals of the House of Commons for the year 1641 no fewer than forty-seven such committees; and the House itself was so dissatisfied with this mode of conducting its business, that in the Journals of date 17th May, 1641, we find the number of committees increased by the appointment of an additional one for the lessening of committees!

That Parliament, as is well known, was sent up by the English people to check the king in his attempts to make his own absolute will the law of the land, and to prevent what the people firmly believed to be his design of undoing the work of the English Reformation and of re-establishing Popery in the country. Along with this the people felt the need and cherished the design of effecting extensive reforms in the Church; and Parliament, quite in keeping with the popular wish, appointed, at an early period of its sittings, a committee for scandalous ministers, which committee seems, *inter alia*, to have taken educational matters under its more immediate control. At all events, we find this committee, within six months of the meeting of Parliament, instructed by the House to "consider the state of all hospitals and free schools within the kingdom of England and Wales, and to consider of the misemployments and abuses of the revenues and endowments of them, and of some way of redress." Most probably, therefore, it was this same committee—although no attestation of the fact is contained in the Journals of the House—that invited Comenius, the celebrated Moravian pastor and enthusiastic educationist, to England, to assist them with his counsel in their intended attempts at the reformation of the schools and education of the country. The only authority we have for this unusual procedure of the English Parliament is the word of Comenius himself; but as Comenius was a Moravian pastor, and, as his numerous writings abundantly attest, an eminently devout and pious man, and was, moreover, much sought after by princes engaged in similar work to that of this parliamentary committee, there seems

little occasion to doubt his word. It is possible that the invitation may have been given in some informal way, and that, consequently, no record of it appears in the Journals of the House; the Journals, too, are incomplete, and the non-appearance of the invitation to Comenius may be thus accounted for. To London, at all events, Comenius came in the month of September, 1641, and he stayed there till April of the following year. But Parliament had the impeachment of Strafford and Laud on their hands, besides other business of more immediately pressing importance than the reform of schools and education, and we are not informed of any conferences held between Comenius and the parliamentary committee that invited him to England. Comenius, however, was one of the most voluminous writers of that age, and we are not without some indications of the policy he would have recommended to the committee.

We shall confine our remarks to one or two of the main points on which he insisted, and which, most probably, he would have pressed upon the attention of the committee. And first, as to who ought to be taught. On this point, considering that Comenius was a Continental Protestant, it is not necessary to say much. On the Continent, as in Scotland, the reformation of religion and popular education were inseparably connected. Education was the handmaid of religion, and the school was an essential part of the ecclesiastical machinery. It is not surprising, therefore, that Comenius's system of education—unlike that of Milton, which was designed only for "our noble and our gentle youth," and that only of the male sex—aimed at embracing all of every rank and class, the poor as well as the rich, the mischievous and stupid as well as the docile and clever, and, what was peculiarly advanced for that age, girls as well as boys. On this last point he says, "Nor, to say something particularly on this subject, can any sufficient reason be given why the weaker sex should be wholly shut out from liberal studies, whether in the native tongue or in Latin. For equally are they God's image; equally are they partakers of grace and of the kingdom to come; equally are they furnished with minds agile and capable of wisdom, yea, often beyond our sex; equally to them is there a possibility of attaining high distinction, inasmuch as they have often been employed by God Himself for the government of peoples, the bestowing of the most wholesome counsels on kings and

princes, the science of medicine and other things useful to the human race, nay, even the prophetic office and the rattling reprimand of priests and bishops. Why, then, should we admit them to the alphabet, but afterwards debar them from books? The more we occupy their thoughts the less room will there be in them for rashness, which springs generally from vacuity of mind." To secure the thorough education of all classes, he would have set up in all countries a system of schools consisting of the four following grades:—(1) an infant school for children under six; (2) a vernacular public school for boys and girls up to the age of twelve; (3) the Latin school or gymnasium, for higher teaching, to about the age of eighteen; and (4) the university (with travel), for the highest possible teaching, to about the age of twenty-five. An important point of his system was the preparation of a series of graduated school-books, fitted to carry children from the humblest elements to the highest stages of knowledge. For the preparation of such books, however, the labours of one man could not suffice, "nor is it," he adds, "perhaps a work for one age, if we would have all brought to absolute perfection. There is need, therefore, of a collegial society. For the convocation of such a society there is need of the authority and liberality of some king or prince or republic, and also of some quiet place away from crowds, with a library and other appurtenances." One object of his coming to London was, doubtless, to secure help towards the carrying out of this encyclopædic design; but his visit may readily be supposed—indeed, it is distinctly stated—to have included wider aims, especially as, shortly before his arrival, there had been published in London by his friend Hartlib, the correspondent to whom Milton addresses his tract on Education, the main points of his didactic works under the title of "The Reformation of Schooles."

But if Comenius in 1640 anticipated the English Education Act of 1870, by insisting on the principle that it was the duty of every parent to have his children instructed, and of the State to see that this was done, he also forestalled the Standards of 1870 in laying down what ought to be the subjects of instruction. "In every school," he said, "should be taught knowledge, morals, and religion." The last two subjects have, as very many people think unfortunately, been dropped from our national code; but, as regards the first—knowledge—it can scarcely be doubted that Comenius was among the

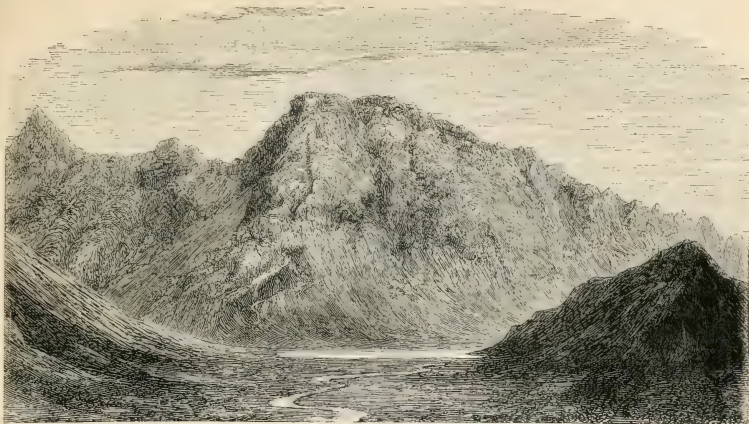
earliest to insist, and perhaps the one who insisted most effectually, on the application of the utilitarian principle to popular education. The education of children should, according to him, be such as would be of use to them when come to years of maturity; and to secure this, Things, and not mere Words, or at least Things along with Words, were to be learned. The artificial processes of education should be made to proceed more in the line of nature than hitherto; and the numerous hints he throws out for facility, solidity, and celerity of learning are such as we might expect from a practical pedagogue who had studied the subject philosophically; and they are, further, those that are coming in a daily increasing degree to be recognised as the true basis of the teacher's art. Regarding discipline, for example, he held that emulation, kindness, and occasional rebuke were to be used in its maintenance; and, as with Locke, punishment was to be administered for moral offences only. As regards the learning of languages, he differed from Milton, and anticipated Locke, in asserting that first the vernacular must be learned, then a neighbouring modern language, such as German by a Pole, French by an Englishman. Most boys and girls, in any community, would naturally stop at the vernacular school; but with proper school-books, he thinks they might be expected to leave this school with a fair stock of general culture. Still, he would have as many as possible pass on to the Latin school, and for these he provided a method by which Latin might be learned in a couple of years, instead of requiring, as apparently it does in many cases still, the labour of the better portion of a life-time. Milton speaks rather slightly of his books and methods; but many of Locke's *Thoughts on Education* are evidently derived from them.

It is to be regretted that, as above remarked, the Parliamentary Committee was prevented from holding any conference with Comenius. "But as the Parliament," he says, "the King having then gone to Scotland, was dismissed for a three months' recess, I was detained in London through the winter. . . . The Parliament meanwhile having re-assembled, and our presence being known, I had orders to wait until they should have sufficient leisure from other business to appoint a commission of learned and wise men from their body for hearing us, and considering the grounds of our design. . . . But the rumour of the Insurrection in Ireland, and of the massacre in one night of more than

two hundred thousand English, and the sudden departure of the King from London, and the plentiful signs of the bloody war about to break out, disturbed these plans, and obliged me to hasten my return to my own people. It happened, however, that letters came to me from Sweden, which had been sent to Poland, and thence forwarded to England, in which that magnanimous and energetic man, Ludovicus de Geer, invited me to come to him in Sweden, and offered immediate means of furthering my studies and those of any two or three learned men I chose to associate with me. Communicating this offer to my friends in London, I took my departure, but not without protestation from them that I ought to let my services be employed in nothing short of my encyclopædic design." This departure of Comenius, with his task unaccomplished, or rather unattempted, is matter for regret. The Parliament then assembled was exactly in the mood, and was, moreover, of exactly the composition, that was likely to put in execution, as far as was compatible with English institutions, the designs of Comenius. The English people, in alarm at the ecclesiastical policy of Charles, and animated, doubtless, by the rough and ready method adopted by Presbyterian Scotland to rid itself once for all of Charles's innovations, had, by one of those wide swings of the political pendulum to which we are not unaccustomed, sent up to Parliament a House far more Presbyterian than the nation actually was itself. This, in fact, is the key to the history of the Long Parliament; and it is not improbable that the early activity of that Parliament in the matter of schools and education was due in some measure to the influence of Scotland and to the intercourse that subsisted between the leaders of Parliament and the Commissioners from Scotland. These Commissioners—among whom was the celebrated Alexander Henderson—were, as is well known, of extraordinary importance to Parliament at the existing juncture of affairs. They represented, moreover, a nation whose Church had accepted the far-sighted and statesmanlike educational policy of Knox and his associates, as sketched in the Books of Discipline, and which, but two years before the meeting of the Long Parliament, had ordered all its Presbyteries to see to the establishment of a school in every landward parish, and of at least one grammar school within the bounds of each Presbytery. Whencesoever derived, however, there can be no doubt that the zeal for popular education which actuated the

Long Parliament was quite in keeping with its ultra-Presbyterian character; and there is, perhaps, as little room to doubt that, if the enactments of the Long Parliament had not been summarily reversed at the Restoration, a different account might have been able to be given of the present state of popular education in England. The school was an integral part of the Presbyterian parochial machinery; and whatever advantage the English nation gained by the rejection of Presbytery, one thing it unquestionably lost was such a system of cheap and easily accessible education as would have set it on a level with Scotland or the State of Massachusetts in that particular at the present day. In Scotland, it is true, the popular education, like that sanctioned by Gregory the Great, introduced by Charlemagne into his cathedral and conventual schools, insisted on by Luther, and actually practised by Sturm and the other great schoolmasters of the Reformation period, had for its aim to combine piety with learning. It was given under the authority of the Church, and was subordinate to, rather than complementary of Holy Scripture. But it may gravely be questioned if it was any the worse for that. The system as a whole, at all events, so leavened the people of Scotland that, four years ago, when the civil government took the matter of education into its own hands and removed it entirely from ecclesiastical control, the people, while educated up to the acceptance of a universal and compulsory system administered by school boards, insisted at the same time so powerfully on the retention of religious teaching as a branch of school work, that in the school board elections, from Maidenkirke to John o'Groat's, both the religiously colourless and purely secularist candidates were smitten hip and thigh. Had the ecclesiastical and educational legislation of the Long Parliament been allowed to stand, there can be little question that England, instead of having the education of the people the sport of political parties, and instead of wrangling about whether school boards, or boards of guardians, or town councils are the best overseers of popular education, would have had, like Scotland, a system *universal* AND *compulsory*, and at the same time essentially religious; and it might have been engaged, as all parties in Scotland are unitedly engaged at the present moment, in considering the best means of putting within reach of the poorest people and the remotest districts the highest education in the land.

JOHN HUTCHISON.



SKYE.

MY heart is yearning to thee, O Skye !
 Dearest of islands !
 There first the sunshine gladdened my eye,
 On the sea sparkling ;
 There doth the dust of my dear ones lie,
 In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden green fields to me,
 Here in the Lowlands ;
 Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn-tree,
 Snowy with fragrance :
 But oh for a breath of the great North Sea,
 Girdling the mountains !



Good is the smell of the brine that laves
 Black rock and skerry,
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves
 Down in the green depths,
And round the craggy bluff, pierced with caves
 Seagulls are screaming.

Where the sun sinks beyond Hunish Head,
 Swimming in glory,
As he goes down to his ocean bed
 Studded with islands,
Flushing the Coolin with royal red,
 Would I were sailing !

Many a hearth round that friendly shore
 Giveth warm welcome ;
Charms still are there, as in days of yore,
 More than of mountains ;
But hearths and faces are seen no more,
 Once of the brightest.

Many a poor black cottage is there,
 Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
 Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
 Rises to Heaven.

Kind were the voices I used to hear
 Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother tongue old and dear,
 Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
 Or plaintive singing.

Great were the marvellous stories told
 Of Ossian's heroes,
Giants, and witches, and young men bold,
 Seeking adventures,
Winning kings' daughters and guarded gold
 Only with valour.

Reared in those dwellings have brave ones been ;
 Brave ones are still there.
Forth from their darkness on Sunday I've seen
 Coming pure linen,
And, like the linen, the souls were clean
 Of them that wore it.

See that thou kindly use them, O man !

To whom God giveth

Stewardship over them, in thy short span,

Not for thy pleasure !

Woe be to them who choose for a clan

Four-footed people !

Blessings be with ye, both now and aye,

Dear human creatures !

Yours is the love that no gold can buy

Nor time can wither.

Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye !

Dearest of islands !

A. N.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

PART I.

IN former papers I have sketched briefly the two great founders of mediæval monasticism—St. Dominic and St. Francis. As these men arose in the commencement of the thirteenth century to meet the spiritual necessities of the mediæval Church, to awaken once more its dormant energies, and to plant upon the decay of the older orders new forms of monastic life and vigour, with new capabilities suited to the exigencies of their time ; so in a subsequent crisis of Latin Christianity another spiritual hero comes to the front to meet the emergencies of a new and yet more perilous time. Few phenomena of history are more remarkable than this recurrent vitality of the Roman Church, and its fertility in great men suited to great occasions. Ignatius Loyola may be much less a hero than St. Francis or even St. Dominic—there are those who dispute his title to the epithet of great ; but his personality, whether we admire it or not, is certainly one of the most commanding in Christian history, and the influence of his order has been more extensive than any other form of religious rule which the European world has ever known. It is, perhaps unhappily, the impression which a man and his work make upon the world, rather than the character of the man himself, that stamps his repute and raises him to the pedestal of what is called greatness. Without attempting to fix beforehand the proportions of an ecclesiastical figure so variously estimated as that of Ignatius Loyola, we will sketch it, and then his work, as fairly as we can, and leave our readers to draw their own inferences from the facts set before them.

Ignatius Loyola was the answer which the Roman Church returned to Luther ; and Jesuitism was the historical countercheck of the Reformation. They deserve study, therefore, not merely in themselves, but in relation to the great Protestant movement and the course of modern religious thought. Jesuitism is far more than a mere historical foil to Protestantism ; but the rise, both of the man and the system, cannot be disjoined from the crisis of the Reformation to which they responded. Even chronologically there is a far closer parallel betwixt Luther and Loyola than we are apt at first to realise. Martin Luther was born in 1483 (Dec.) and Ignatius Loyola in 1491. In other words, when the great founder of the Jesuits saw the light the Reformer was “a little fair-haired child about eight years old, gathering fagots with his mother in the woods of Mansfeld.” In 1521, again, when Luther lay in the castle of the Wartburg in hiding from those who would gladly have killed him and got quit of both him and his movement, another castle then held the shattered frame of the young Spanish soldier, struggling both for natural and spiritual life, and dimly groping after a destiny that he wot not of. The hero of the Wartburg as he fought with the devil and the pope may enlist our higher sympathies ; but we cannot withhold some feeling of admiration from the stricken hero of Pampeluna as he lay maimed and suffering in the castle of the fathers in the Biscayan hills.

It is necessary to have before us some picture of the European world, and especially of the Spanish world, at the time that Ignatius began his career.

Three great political forces then occupied the European stage, as they had long done—Germany under the empire, France, and Spain. The Empire, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was in the hands of Maximilian I., grandfather of Charles V. The King of France was Louis XII., who had extended his armies to the south of Italy. Ferdinand and Isabella exercised their joint sway over Spain. Of these three great powers Spain was the most conspicuous and splendid. It was the heroic age of Spanish history, when its political and intellectual greatness attained its highest point of development. In 1492 Ferdinand carried his conquests into the heart of the old Moorish dominion. Granada was taken, and the title of "Catholic" conferred on the victorious assailant of the Moslem infidel. The same year saw the disastrous expulsion of the Jews from Spain, and the discovery of the Western World by Columbus.

Italy was then, as it had long been, the battle-field of the great military powers of Europe. The united armies of Ferdinand and of Louis of France penetrated as far as Naples in the beginning of the century, and having quarrelled as to the spoil, the Spanish forces under Gonsalvo, Ferdinand's great general, remained masters of the field. Away in the East, as if to balance the overthrow of the Moors in Spain, the Turks, who had established themselves at Constantinople in 1453, were laying the foundation of the great empire which is now crumbling before our eyes, and by their victorious advance along the Danube were threatening Austria and the German Empire. So closely had they mingled themselves with the Christian politics of Europe that a treaty was concluded between them and the Venetians in 1502, the same year in which Luther's University at Wittenberg was founded. In the far West, again, England was beginning to meddle in the strife of European policy. Ferdinand's daughter (Joanna), and her husband Philip of Austria, the parents of Charles V., having been driven by a storm on the English coast, as they were proceeding from Spain to Holland, were welcomed by Henry VII. at Windsor, and there detained with dubious hospitality for three months, during which the wary old English monarch contrived to extort from the royal guests certain treaty advantages, more creditable to his astuteness than to their patriotism. This occurred in 1506. Three years later Henry VIII. ascended the English throne.

Turning to the ecclesiastical world, its

general aspect cannot be better pictured than in the character and doings of the succession of well-known Popes that open the century. Alexander VI. (1493), with his still more famous or infamous son, Cæsar Borgia; Julius II. (1503—13) who, enfeebled by old age and debauchery, yet aspired with an indomitable spirit to be "Lord and master of the fame of the world;" Leo X. (1513—1521), Luther's polished and sceptical opponent; the worthy Adrian VI. (1522—1523), Charles Fifth's tutor; Clement VII. (1523—34), with whom Henry VIII. quarrelled about his marriage with Catharine of Arragon; and, finally, Paul III., the special patron of our hero and of the Council of Trent. Around each of these names as we repeat them there spring up endless associations; for the most part associations indicative of the decay and corruption rather than the glory of the Church. Not in Italy at this time must we look for the home of Christian enthusiasm, or the reviving spring of a new life, but to Germany, on the one hand seething with the as yet unknown forces of the Reformation, and to Spain on the other hand, in the radiant vigour of conquest over the Moslem and insolent and cruel violence towards the Jew. Here, if anywhere, was the likely birth-place of a new power of empire for the Catholic Church.

It was, as we have said, the heroic age of Spain, and all the heroism of the Spaniard was centred round the Church. The Catholic faith was the inspiring idea of all Spanish chivalry and enterprise. It had directed the arms and nerved the ambition of both Ferdinand and his illustrious wife. It was represented alike by the terrible Torquemada, the head of the Inquisition, and the enlightened Ximenes, the founder of the University of Alcala, and the originator of the great polyglot edition of the Scripture known as the Complutensian; a work of marvellous erudition and enterprise for the time, when all the types had to be specially cast in the Cardinal's own foundries in order to print the great work.

But Spain was at this time not only strong in faith and brilliant in learning, it was moreover brilliant in the literature of romance and in ballad, lyric and dramatic poetry. The famous "Amadis de Gaul," supposed to have been first produced in Portugal at the end of the fourteenth century, was printed in a Spanish version probably about 1490. The picture of romantic chivalry fired the Spanish imagination, and

the result was a crop of endless imitations, some of them sufficiently stupid and senseless, which would fill a library. It was these degenerations of the chivalric romances, and not chivalry itself, which Cervantes intended to ridicule in his immortal fiction. Our hero was closing his career just as Cervantes was entering upon his. In fact, it was the very year, viz. 1540, in which the Jesuit order was founded that the great Spanish novelist saw the light—a singular enough conjunction, the mere mention of which is enough to show the pre-eminent degree in which Spain as an intellectual and spiritual force was then moving the world. It was a home of great men as it has never been before or since, and of all the heroes raised from its teeming soil at this incomparable era, there was none of a more dauntless, although there may have been men of a more magnanimous courage, than Don Iñigo Lopez de Recalde (for so was he formerly named), the youngest son of the house of Loyola.

The life of Loyola may be divided into three periods: I., the period of his soldierly youth from his birth to the year of his conversion, 1521, a period of thirty years. II., the time of his spiritual training and preparation, from 1521 to 1540, when, as I have said, the Jesuit order was definitely founded. But the second period must be subdivided to bring out the great era of the inception of the order, or the memorable scene at Montmartre, when Ignatius and his companions first bound themselves by an oath to the service of the Church. This occurred in 1534, or six years before the Papal foundation of the order. And III., lastly, the final period of Ignatius' administration of the order as the first General, from 1540 to his death in 1556.

We must take a rapid glance at these successive aspects of our hero's life, and endeavour as we pass them before us to bring out what was most characteristic and significant in his career.*

I.

Ignatius, like St. Dominic, also a Spaniard, was of noble family. His father

was Lord of Oñez and Loyola, and his mother a daughter of a neighbouring noble house. Both families were among the most ancient of the small province of Guipuscoa, in the corner of the Bay of Biscay, shut in by the Bay in front and the Pyrenees on the east and south. Along with Navarre and Biscay and Alava it formed one of the old Basque provinces. By his father's side his race is said to have been so noble that its head was always invited to do homage by a special edict, "de parientes mayores" (Ranke, vol. i. p. 182). He was born at the paternal Castle of Loyola in the year 1491, the youngest of thirteen children. The opening charms of his childhood are vividly pictured by his biographers. His gifts suggested a destination for him at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Possibly also the number of brothers and sisters at home may have served to point such a suggestion and give effect to it. Thither he certainly went at an early age. He spent his youth without any special signs of grace, save that while partaking of the gallantries of his age and position, he was remarkable even then by his studious avoidance of all profanity and his dislike of gambling and the frivolous pursuits which occupied others around him.* Gradually he seems to have grown tired of the luxurious idleness of a court life. He heard of the martial exploits of his brothers, and the chivalric ardour which was an endowment of his family awoke within him, he took up the profession of arms and aspired to the glory of knighthood. As a soldier he was at once daring, politic, and honourable. No danger daunted him. He had a singular faculty of mediating in the disputes of his fellow-soldiers and calming their dissensions, and when successful in the capture of a town, Najara, on the confines of Biscay, he disdained to sully his victory by sharing in the spoil. Here may be traced the germ of the great qualities which afterwards distinguished him—courage, policy, and the chivalry of a noble nature. His destiny seemed that of a great soldier; but a nobler destiny was preparing for him.

In the year 1521 he was engaged in the defence of Pampeluna (in Navarre) against the French forces. The historical scene had changed from that of his youth. Ferdinand was dead and his grandson had succeeded

* The authorities for the life of Ignatius Loyola are collected as usual in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Hollandists, vol. vii., Julius. (1.) Life by John Peter Maffei, appeared first in 1585, much of it drawn from the information of a companion of the General. (2.) Life by Ludovico Gonsalvo, who was a daily companion of the General; to be relied upon so far as it extends, but this is only to the commencement of Loyola's public career. (3.) Life by the Jesuit Pietro Ribadeneira, who expands Gonsalvo's materials, and writes in the interests of the order. There is an extended life by Bartoli in French. And further, the Life of Loyola forming first

volume of Orlandinus' great history of the society—double columns of 426 closely-printed folio pages.

* Carlyle says, "A young Spanish soldier and hidalgo, with hot Biscayan blood, distinguished, as I understand, by his fierce appetites, chiefly by his audacities and sensualities and loud unreasonable decision." There is no evidence of this.

him. He was crowned Emperor as Charles V. in 1519. Francis I. had also some time before, in 1515, ascended the throne of France. Charles held Navarre contrary to treaty, and the opportunity being convenient the French crossed the Pyrenees to rescue it from Spanish possession. Pampeluna was invested. The citizens in despair were ready to yield up everything, but Ignatius, indignant at their timidity, retired with the forces at his command into the citadel, which he resolved to defend to the last. A breach, however, was soon made in the defences by the French artillery, and as the brave young Spaniard fought in the breach he was wounded in both legs—hit on the right one by a ball, and on the other by a stone detached from the wall. He fell, and with his fall the courage of the soldiers gave way, and the French took possession of the place. Moved by the courage which Ignatius had displayed, they treated him with the greatest consideration. But as his wounds were serious they had him transported to the paternal castle of Loyola, not far distant. And with this incident may be said to open the special career of this youngest scion of the family.

The wounds of the young soldier had been hastily attended to, and his fractured limbs wrongly set. The result was that there remained to him only the prospect of permanent lameness and suffering, or his consenting to have the limbs re-broken, that they might be rightly adjusted and healed. He did not hesitate as to the alternative, and so the limbs were reset, at the cost of much pain, but without any cry or expression of emotion on his part—a fact which all his biographers emphasize to his credit and capacity of endurance. His tortures, however, terminated in an alarming illness. His end seemed approaching, and he received the last Sacrament of the Church. It was the eve of the Festival of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. Unless some favourable turn took place in the state of the patient there seemed no escape from death in a few hours, “when suddenly there appeared and stood at the foot of his bed—he seemed to himself to see” (is all his earliest biographer, Maffei, says)—“the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter, who ministered to him the aid which earthly skill had failed to give. The tide of life which appeared ebbing away was turned, and the sick man was gradually restored to strength.”

He never forgot, of course, the supernatural source of his cure. His mind gradually became absorbed in the supernatural world, and the great personalities of religion, as

pictured by the devout thought of his country, then at its utmost intensity and power of expression; and no doubt the dream of St. Peter as his physician in extremity was to himself a reality, the image of the direction in which his own thoughts were working. He had still, however, new torments to endure. His broken limbs had healed, but so as to present an ungainly protrusion. There was nothing for it but to have them removed, or to be deformed for life. He submitted again without a murmur to the necessary operation, while the character of the operation was such as to cause his attendants to faint. His biographer, while drawing attention here again to his courageous endurance, does not conceal that his motive after all was a regard for his personal appearance rather than any higher feeling—*ut habiles atque elegantes urbanos ocreas gestare posset*.

Saved from death, a long and tedious confinement still awaited the wounded soldier. He sought to beguile his leisure by reading, and his thoughts naturally turned to those tales of chivalry which were so rife a source of interest to his countrymen at this time. None of these, however, were at hand, or he had exhausted such as could be got, and so he betook himself to books of devotion, the “Lives of the Saints,” some collection no doubt of the popular semi-legendary lives, or “Sanctorum Flores,” which were then so widely circulated, and also a “Life of Our Lord,” by a Monk Landolphe. “Necessity rather than devotion,” his biographer Bentoli says, “led him to read these holy books.” But the result was blessed by God. By-and-by his interest was awakened, he read them with a growing avidity; the self-denials and heroic endurance of the saints kindled his imagination and fired his heart. The idea of a grander chivalry than that which had hitherto fascinated him began to dawn in his thoughts, and he asked himself the question why he should not imitate those heroes of the Cross, who through much tribulation entered into the kingdom of heaven. He communed much with himself in his retirement, and may have even then begun the course of that marvellously elaborate inward experience or process of self-reflection and self-discipline which he afterwards carried out more fully and embodied so definitely in his best known writing.

The conversion of Ignatius, however, was not instantaneous. He had many allurements to draw him back to the world, which was losing for him its power of excitement. His

elder brother, who had now succeeded his father as head of the family, reminded him of his military achievements and the promise of fame which they seemed to offer up to him. He was not without misgivings himself. But a new vision came to his rescue. The Divine Power of whom he was to be so illustrious a servant once more made itself present to him, so that he could no longer hesitate as to his course. The Virgin Mother with the Infant Jesus in her arms presented herself so vividly before him as to shut out all earthly splendour, and raise his desires for ever above the world. In the last year of his life, or only a year before his death, he spoke to his friend and biographer Gonsalvo of this vision. He betrayed no doubt of its reality; so far as his own consciousness was concerned, there is no good reason for doubting it, but he did not venture to affirm that it was an objective vision from Heaven. His later biographers, of course, have dropped away all hesitation on his part, and see in the vision only the expected glory of miracle surrounding so great a scene.* The old life was now gone for Ignatius. He left his home to escape the importunities of his brother, and with a vague idea of making his way to the Holy Land, there to signalise the new spirit of prowess which possessed him. He turned aside from the straight road leading to Barcelona, whence he thought of embarking on his eastern journey, in order to visit a famed shrine of the Virgin at Montserrat. A story is told of him during this his first pilgrimage, which shows at once the temper of the man and the imperfect morality which still accompanied his religious enthusiasm. He encountered a Moor by the way, a friendly and courteous stranger, who entered into conversation and discussion with him. Evidently he was this from the description, yet he is only a "miscreant" to the saint and his biographers. The Moor, naturally, did not see the story of the blessed Virgin in the same light as Ignatius. He dared even to cast doubts upon the honour of the Queen of Angels. Our spiritual hero was fired with such indignation that he not only put spurs to his mule and left the Moor to his own company, but carried on a violent debate within himself, as to whether he should not ride back and plunge his dagger into the heart of the blasphemer. He was only kept from this outrage by the sagacity of his mule in taking the right turning where two roads

met. His biographers breathe with evident satisfaction when this critical moment in the life of their hero is past.

Having reached Montserrat, he devoted himself, by confession, which lasted three entire days, and the most abject asceticism, to the service of the Church. He assumed the garb of a pilgrim, allowing his right foot, which was still swollen, the luxury of a shoe, suspended his sword and dagger in the church, and by vigil and prayer resigned his old ambitions for the new chivalrous enthusiasm which inspired him. This was in 1522. He had intended to embark at Barcelona for the Holy Land, but a pestilence having broken out in that port he turned aside to a small town about nine miles distant from Montserrat—Mauresa—which was destined to remain in memorable association with his name. Here he began his special career by adopting the profession of a religious mendicant and entering on a course of terrible self-denial which taxed his powers of endurance to the utmost. He lived by begging food from door to door; he subjected his bare shoulders to the lash three times a day—*quam acerrimè*; he spent his whole time not employed in begging or in snatching a few hours of rest, in devotion, either privately or at church; he confessed and received the sacrament every week. He hoped by such means to find peace of conscience, if not joy and strength of spiritual rest. But the more he fasted, the more miserably he brought his body under subjection, the less comfort did he find. His sins rose before him blacker than ever. He began to think that since his three days' confession had not been enough he must have omitted something which he should have brought to the light. "Day and night he wept," and went over and over again the dark catalogue of his offences. Despair beset him, and even thoughts of self-destruction passed through his darkened brain. He made a resolution that he would eat no food at all till God gave him some token of mercy, and would probably have carried out his resolution and perished in the attempt if his confessor had not peremptorily interfered. Restored by the food, of which he partook more regularly, quiet thoughts began to arise in him, but at first only partially. The cloud returned from time to time, and anon the wildness of religious despair would give way to the wildness of natural desire to return again to the world and resume his old occupations.

There was nothing unusual in the state

* "Ex quo existimari potest rem illam divinitas contigisse, tametsi id ipse affirmare non audebat."—Gonsalvo. Rebade-neira drops out, "non audebat."—Taylor's *Loyola*, p. 32.

of mind through which Loyola passed. The same spiritual tragedy is more or less repeated in every awakened conscience. It may be less common amidst the abounding naturalism of a time like ours, but it is more or less the experience of all who have come out of darkness into what they believe a marvellous light. In this respect Luther and Bunyan and Ignatius are all brethren, born to religious strength out of the same throes of spiritual birth. And far separated as Ignatius is from the other two in his doctrinal standpoint, he found freedom and peace at last very much after their manner. All at once he determined to banish the thought of his past sins—to recount them and be done with them for ever. Exactly like Luther, he came to the conclusion that his miserable thoughts were from the devil, and not from God; and he got rid of the devil in the only way in which he can ever be got rid of—by defying him, by calling him to get behind and out of sight for evermore.

So he got peace. And no sooner had he got peace for himself than he began the work of spiritually assisting others. He had gone down into the depths of his own soul, and dwelt there in darkness, but only that at last he might rise to a clearer and surer light, and bring from the depths of his own experience counsel and skill to direct others in their hour of need. Marvellous revelations were also, according to his biographers, vouchsafed to him. The awful mystery of the Trinity is

said to have been disclosed to him in some symbolic manner. He is even said at this time, although as yet he could barely read and write, to have composed a treatise upon the Trinity, the MS. of which, however, has happily perished. Certain it is that he now began the composition, in however imperfect a form, of the most characteristic and remarkable of all his works, the famous "Exercitia Spiritualia," which constitute to this day the spiritual or psychological foundation of his order—the fundamental discipline upon which it rests, and the impress of which is more or less stamped upon every subsequent product of Jesuit theology and devotion. So much is this recognised that this manual is sometimes entitled "Mauresa," or the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius."

In the next part we will consider this spiritual cradle or Bible of Jesuitism. In the meantime we need only say that if, as commonly believed, the first lines of the Spiritual Exercises were worked out and perhaps laid down at this early period, there can be no doubt that they must have been greatly enlarged and modified in after years, before they passed into the form in which we possess them, and in which they became the great religious basis of the system. This might be assumed, even if we had no direct information on the subject. But the saint himself professes to have submitted the book to constant revision, and to have greatly added to it as he became a wiser and more skilful physician of souls.

JOHN TULLOCH.

DIED HAPPY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

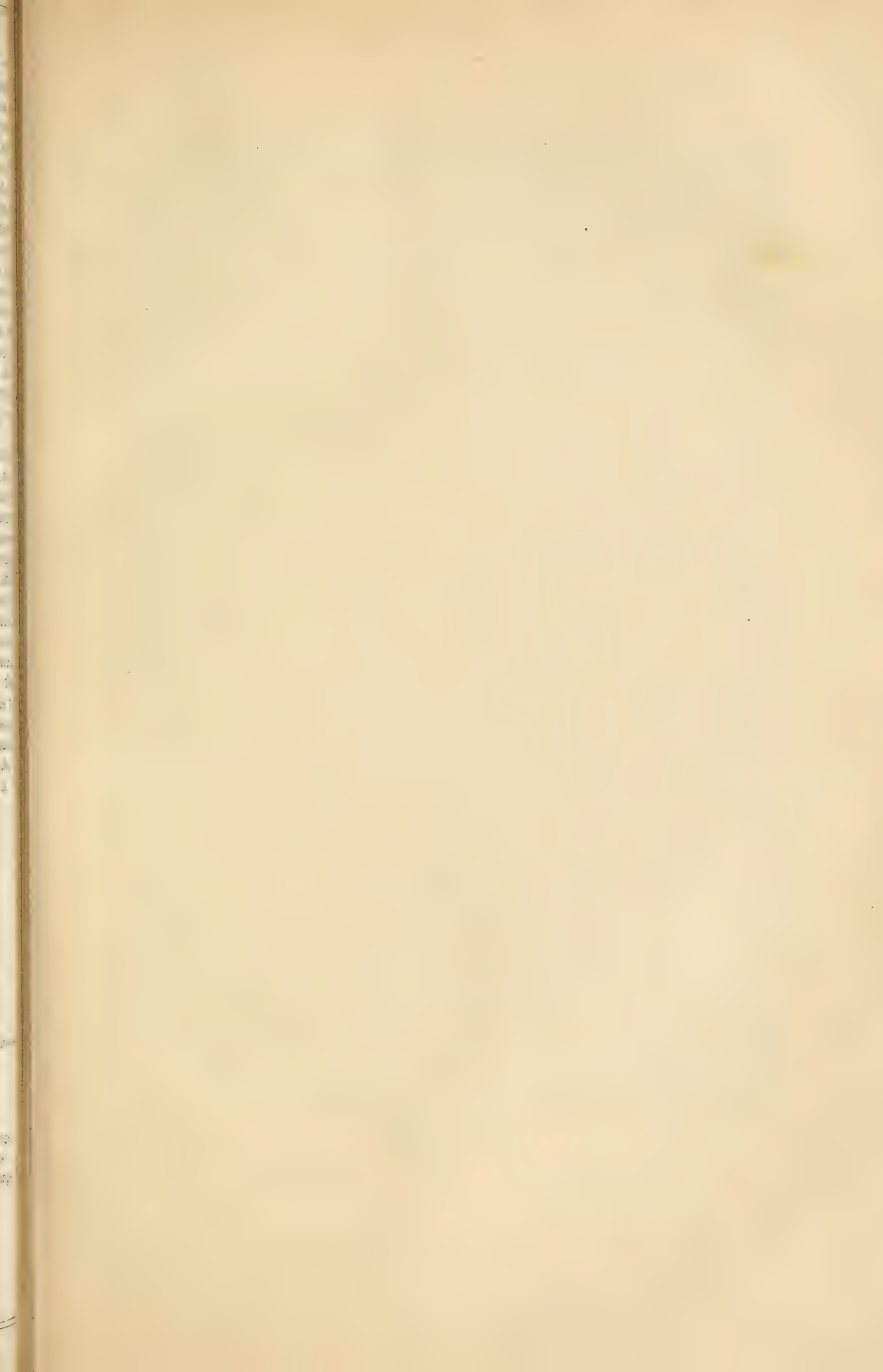
YOU say, O friends! that I am strangely altered;
My dying youth has won the calm of age;
Sweet strength has come into my voice, that faltered.
And why? Because my life has turned a page
After that day.

A page—you could not trace the writing in it,—
So blurred and blotted, faded and obscure;
Yet angels, looking down one golden minute,
Can read it all, with smile content and pure
As mine that day.

Dear sisters, walking in our pleasant garden,
Whiter than lilies, rosier than the rose,
And almost of my pale lot asking pardon,—
Wherefore? When I might pity you, God knows,
After that day.

I have no fear of life and all its noises,
Or silent death, since more than life it brings.
In halcyon nest midst earth's tumultuous voices,
My soul sits quiet, folds her wings, and sings,
After that day.







"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE;" ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW LOVE SOLVES ITS OWN PROBLEMS.

CHARLSBURY was in its early June glory; its woods were silvered in hawthorns, and its fields gilded with waving buttercups, where they were not already heaped with the mown flowers and grass.

Long shadows were falling about the church, which under their gloom, and in its own soft agedness began itself to look like a great velvety shadow against the bright pastures beyond, glowing under the last rays of the setting sun.

The service was over; and the Rector having joined his wife and May, who stood a little apart from the issuing throng of the congregation, was about to take the nearest way home, when his attention was drawn to the crowd at the carved doors, and to the many eyes turned towards him, as if wishing he might come and speak to them, as he was in the habit of doing at times of general excitement upon subjects that he considered within his province.

He went towards them, followed by his wife and by May, though the two did not enter the crowd, but stood near, May wondering if Jasper were there.

"Well, my friends," said the Rector, who was a little fond of hearing his own voice, an excusable vanity, since those he addressed listened to it with still greater pleasure; "I suppose you, like me, are glad to see the dear old doors back again in their place, and restored to so much of their former beauty?"

Words of assent were heard on all sides, and people began to look for Mr. Godfrey Trimmer; who, nothing loth, quickly presented himself, and became the cynosure of all eyes; an inflection under which his own blinked like an owl's in the noon-day sun, as he stood there to be admired.

"I must own," continued the Rector, "that I received the proposal of the churchwardens to confide to our friend and fellow-townsmen the restoration of so precious a work with many misgivings. But when a drawing was submitted to me of one of the finest of the uninjured heads—see, that is it"—and the Rector touched with his finger the head of

ing martyrdom in the left panel, while the crowd pressed forward, each one wanting to see, and so compelling the Rector to pause a little in the same fixed attitude before he thought it well to go on;—"a drawing of remarkable spirit and fidelity to the original, it was; and when, besides, I saw an actual carving of that same head prepared for the right panel, where it was so injured as to be barely recognisable, I could no longer hesitate, for the artist's difficulty there was immense. It was the same head as this you have looked at, but under quite other circumstances; the demon no longer jubilant, but wonderfully, almost pathetically, crest-fallen. Look at it! for that very piece of carving has been here inserted."

The forward pressure of the crowd to look became greater than ever, and till every one had had his or her chance of coming close, there was no possibility of the Rector's going on. But as soon as all had been satisfied, he continued—

"Well, friends, it was a great responsibility, but I am bound to say Mr. Godfrey Trimmer has relieved me. And I here, in your name and my own, very cordially thank him for so conscientious and excellent a piece of work."

And then with many shakings of Mr. Godfrey Trimmer's hand, many personal repetitions of the thanks vicariously given, they were all about to separate, when the sight of May standing beside his wife, at a little distance, reminded the Rector of Jasper, and of Jasper's absence, which he had not before noticed.

"Just one moment, friends," he said aloud, lifting his hand; and all stopped. Then the Rector, looking somewhat penetratingly into Godfrey Trimmer's face, said, with more of significance perhaps than he intended, "A good deal of work here, Mr. Trimmer, for one pair of hands, and so short an allowance of time."

"Oh, Jasper has helped me," was the too prompt reply, for it seemed prepared beforehand, and waiting to be delivered. "There's always a deal to do in such work for which the master's hand is not required if only he has a painstaking pupil like my apprentice—like my apprentice, reverend sir."

"Of course," said the Rector. "And as Art is a noble fellowship, even the humbler labourers should not be forgotten; so, friends, if Mr. Trimmer has no objection, we'll couple with his name, in our thanks, that of his worthy pupil, Jasper Deane."

"Oh, I shall be glad—delighted," said Mr. Trimmer, and he tried to show his gladness by a smile, which somehow had a ghastly effect to the Rector's observing eye.

"It may do the lad good, and you no harm," remarked the Rector, as he and Godfrey shook hands; and then there was a rapid dispersion of the people homewards.

May had heard nothing of all this, being too far off; but she guessed that the subject so interesting to everybody was the restoration of the carvings on the doors, and the restorer, Jasper. Why had he deprived himself of the enjoyment of being there? she wondered. No doubt it was his sensitiveness and modesty, and May's imagination invested her lover with fresh attractiveness in consequence.

How is it to be confessed without injury to one whom everybody considered a charming and truthful person, that May was at this very time nothing better than an artful and consummate deceiver, and that her kind master and mistress were the presumed victims?

Before the three had reached the pretty embowered lane that led to the rectory, May suddenly threw up her hands with a gesture of surprise and vexation, and exclaimed, "Oh, mistress, I have left your Prayer-Book in the pew!" and certainly if confused and guilty looks implied regret, May must have been very sorry indeed, though she did not directly say so in words.

The Rector's wife laughed as she thought of the state of May's mind and of what she had to say to Jasper when they should next meet; but her thoughts went no farther, as May hurried back towards the church.

But with the Rector's laugh mingled the thought how cleverly May had managed this little business, without telling any fibs or deceiving anybody; for, in the goodness and simplicity of his heart, he supposed May meant them both to understand the actual truth as to her little bit of finesse, but could not venture upon explanations.

By this time the church doors were deserted, save by one solitary figure, that of Jasper, who had found, after all, he must see May before leaving Charlbury. He gazed on the carvings in no mood for enjoyment of their beauty, or of triumph in his own handi-

craft, for he saw there in the compartment made by the twisted demons' tails in the left panel the initials "G. T." in clumsy and offensively prominent letters; a new piece of wood having been inserted.

Lost in the tumult of passion excited by this spectacle, he heard not the light step behind him, thought not of the maiden he had appointed to meet, and it was not till she timidly touched his arm that he started, turned, and recognised May.

But the sight of that sweet face, rosy with health, and rosier still with blushes, changed in an instant the whole state of things with Jasper; and as he took her outstretched hand, and held it long and clingly within his own, all that had happened since the moment when he had asked her to marry him seemed to pass into oblivion; and, as his eyes gazed inquiringly into hers, he looked as if all things—even time itself—had been suspended, while he waited her answer.

Whether May thought the confession of her tell-tale face was answer enough, or that she really was just then moved only by the pleasure of again meeting her sweetheart at a moment of such signal triumph; or that while perfectly conscious of all his face expressed, she thought it but right and seemly to begin by congratulating him on the success of his labours; or that, lastly, the instinctive modesty, sensitiveness, with perhaps a touch of the coquetry of her sex, forbade her speaking till he should again expressly ask—whatever the influence at work in May's mind, the effect was that, instead of replying to Jasper's tender, pleading, passionate look, she began hurriedly and a little excitedly to speak of the admiration everybody was expressing about his carvings, as she had learned from the talk between her master and mistress on their way home.

It was pleasant to listen to her while she repeated the many things she had heard about the details of the work; and thus Jasper could even enjoy May's delusions as to his personal share of the triumph achieved for her sake and his own. So while she prattled on in a tone so delicious to his ear, that he could not but yield to the delight of listening to it, not for what it said, but for its own sweetness and fascination, all was well; but when she suddenly stopped, as conscious how all the talk had been on her side, and then ended by remarking—

"Think, Jasper, what I felt to listen to these things, and to know that all the honour of them belonged to you!" his face began to darken, and he said abruptly—

"No, May, I am bound to convince you to the contrary. Look there!"

He pointed to the two capital letters G.T.; and May stared at them a moment in blank surprise; then turned her face quick upon Jasper, asking,—

"Oh, Jasper! what *can* this mean?"

"That I have been compelled to remove my own name which I had put there; that I did so only that I might not have to enter upon a ruinous war of words and publicity with my master, who has made everybody understand this is essentially his doing; and that, in return for silence, I have demanded and obtained my indentures, and destroyed them. Yes, May, I am now free to go where I like; live and work as I please; subject only to the conditions that I am penniless, friendless, and must starve unless I obtain immediate occupation, however humble or unfitting. And it is under the possibility of such circumstances I have been base enough to ask you to marry me. But I am punished. God has settled that for me, and happily in time to save you."

May's tears were now flowing fast, though restrained to a certain extent by her indignation at the outrage and wrong done her lover.

"How," she asked, "can this man bear to have a falsehood concerning him fixed on the very doors of the church where he must come some day to be buried?"

"Well," responded Jasper, "if such a thought occurs to him at all, he will perhaps take pen, ink, and paper, calculate what he gets by acting in this way and what he may lose if he doesn't, and conclude on the whole he has the best of the bargain. Well, looking at the worth of his precious soul, I am not sure but he is right."

"Oh, Jasper, dearest, do not talk so. It is wrong, it is indeed; and must make things worse for us both."

"For me, May, perhaps; not for you."

"For me, Jasper, and you. Believe me, I have no thought, or wish, or aim in life, henceforward apart from you." She passed her arm round his waist, as they sat within the enclosure of the porch, and Jasper, leaning his head on her shoulder, felt his heart give way; and though he strove in silence to conceal the violence of his emotions, May knew by the convulsive heaving of his breast, and the hot tears falling on her hand, how terrible to her lover was his double disappointment in regard to the carvings and herself. He was, in truth, drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs. It was not simply the contrast between his actual

condition and the splendid visions he had so credulously given way to and nourished, which degraded him so deeply in his own eyes; it was that other and accompanying conviction, ever the hardest trial the world can impose on a young, sensitive, and high-spirited lover, that he had hopelessly injured himself in the eyes of the woman he loved. She would forgive him, would protest against all he might say and feel, but never again trust in his good sense and safe guardianship; never yield herself, as she had done in many a blissful hour for Jasper, to the allurements of the bright vista he delighted to open, for she could not but secretly say herself, "Will not this, too, lead to the former end?"

It was not long before Jasper recovered himself, and began to put on a manlier front. He could not speak of all that he had passed through in the last few minutes, so thought it best to make a bold diversion of May's thoughts.

"And what did your mistress say to my proposal?" he asked; but no longer with the feeling his fate depended on the answer.

May, too, could quietly smile as she answered, though a slight tipt began to mantle in her face,—

"She said, if I was sure I loved you, and that you loved me—if I was sure I could bear poverty for a time in patience, and you were sure that such a time should not last too long, then she thought God would bless and prosper us, however we decided to act; and more than that she would not say."

"And how did *you* then decide?" asked Jasper, his bright penetrating eyes embarrassing May very much.

"Am I obliged to answer that, under present circumstances?" she said gaily.

"I insist upon it."

May looked at him strangely and curiously, then, with tears of joy on her face, flung her arms about his neck and kissed him. And Jasper, finding no other answer was forthcoming, was obliged to content himself with a repetition of that one. And then, to moderate the swell of the heart in its sudden revival to a new and even keener sense of happiness than he had known before, he began to narrate the whole of his late scene with his master; and had the satisfaction at the close to find May's whole soul in perfect accord with what he had done. And then the Rector's counsel was frankly told, and its wisdom acknowledged by Jasper, always provided May did not carry it too far.

But what was now to be done? That was the weighty question which hung like a dark cloud over the lovers. There was to be no thought of marriage at present, that was decided, as they looked at the dark side of the cloud. But it was also decided that this particular cloud had a faint silvery edge—very faint, it must be owned—but still an evidence of light, and warmth, and hope somewhere beyond; and that, therefore, the marriage might not, after all, have to be postponed so very long, “perhaps only a few months,” said May, thinking only of comforting and heartening her lover in his depression at the blankness of his prospects.

“Perhaps only a few weeks,” responded Jasper slyly, as if not only accepting May’s idea as hers, but as wishing to help her to carry it out as speedily as possible.

“Only a few months,” repeated May with a sort of matronly gravity and preemtness that charmed Jasper, and almost tempted him to provoke her into some fresh display.

But May, having for the moment taken the reins in hand, did not mean yet to put them down.

“I’ll tell you, Jasper, what you must do.” And Jasper found it so delightful to be told, and to gaze into her eyes the while, that somehow he felt as if all the responsibilities of life that had been so heavy and momentous a minute or two ago were gone—whither he knew not, nor cared.

“Oh, I only meant—meant—,” said May, getting helplessly confused as she saw whither she had been drifting. She stopped, made a feeble attempt at a smile, and murmured, as she hid her face on his breast, “Dear Jasper, I really don’t know now what I did want to say.”

“Was it anything like this?” he asked. “That when I have taken a firm foothold in my own dear art, when practical men can say of me I have only to go on and prosper—that then May will take me, and all risks with me? Was it anything like that you meant to say?”

“Yes,” murmured May, “but the good sense is all your own.”

“But how am I to reach that point?” asked Jasper, without, however, expecting any answer.

By this time the moon had mounted high in the heavens, and the soft light made May’s face wonderfully beautiful, too beautiful for Jasper to look on it long. So he turned, and looked away down the mown meadows, and an impatient flashing came into his eyes that made his companion slip her hand gently

through his arm, and try to suggest something that, if useless in itself, might tend to help him to discover a path to the goal.

“When they begin the repairs at Dods-worth church, is it not more than likely you might get work there on the carvings, for yourself, and in your own name?”

Jasper laughed.

“No more chance of that, with Godfrey Trimmer in my way, than of my being sent for to London, to help in the decoration of St. Paul’s, about which he pretended to be mysterious, while trying to gull me.”

May was again silent and grave; and so was Jasper, till he caught sight of what set him wondering whether any art might imitate it. This was the shadow of a spray of jasmine leaves on May’s fair cheek and tender, drooping eyelid. From the shadow, his eyes could not avoid again going to the face it played on, and contrasting the sweet sunny strength of May’s character with its occasional aspect of fair rustic fragility; and of a timid something that at first seemed weakness, but that was only a God-fearing caution of the world and the world’s ways, reminding him now of a snowdrop in stormy winter weather, a-tremble for its purity; and now of a cluster of May’s namesake blossom, disturbed and doubtful of its strength to resist the rising breeze.

As they sat there hand in hand, gazing towards that future which was yet so veiled and distant, they were as two bright new ships, fitted in every way, so far as their own strength could make them, for an adventurous and prosperous life voyage, but waiting vainly for the tide of fortune to bear them onwards.

How far off the harbour to which that tide might lead seemed to them just then!

CHAPTER V.—A BREAK IN THE CLOUD.

AFTER Jasper had parted from May at her master’s door, and was going toward his lodging at the cobbler’s, intending to put off his departure till he had discussed the subject with May, he heard some one running behind him, and calling out his name—“Master Deane! Master Deane!”

When he turned he saw it was the Rector’s stable-boy, who told him he was wanted directly at the parsonage.

Jasper obeyed, half fearing he was to be reprimanded for keeping May out so long.

In the hall of the parsonage he saw a waggoner drinking ale. He looked to Jasper like the bearer of some message or parcel from a great distance.

When he was shown into the rich old library, where there was still light enough coming in through the painted window for him to see, he judged that he had guessed rightly; for May stood there, looking flushed and agitated, and holding a letter in her fingers. The rector and his wife were present, and seemed to share in May's excitement.

"Well, Jasper," said the Rector, with a smile, "May has received an epistle from her uncle in London, and as far as we can make out from Ralph Hatheway's penman, there's some excellent news for you, since it seems you have resolved in any case to leave the neighbourhood. But we are in some difficulty in getting at the precise nature of the contents, as May is reluctant to let us help her out with the reading of the letter, yet finds herself at a loss."

May's agitation had truly frightened away such little scholarship as she possessed, which hardly extended to reading an unknown handwriting at first sight. But as she could not tell what there might be in the letter, she was naturally afraid to commit herself to its perusal by others, while distressed at the seeming want of confidence exhibited towards her master and mistress.

Jasper for the same reason also felt reluctant to offer to relieve her by reading it aloud; but besides that, he felt a certain delicacy on his own account, since he understood it concerned himself. He therefore stood silent when the Rector held out his hand and said,—

"Come, May, let us have an end to our suspense."

May yielded him the letter, and stood waiting to hear it with her chin down to her neckerchief, and her cheeks crimsoning painfully.

Her uncle's letter ran thus:—

"Att the sine of the Barbares powle, over agen the Taburd Soothwerk, June the fust.

"DEAR NIECE,—Bein no scolarid our host of the Taberd who bees one does undirtake for to rite for me to acquent you of a peece of gode fortun for your sweet herte jasper Dene. I rite to you by reson it will give you pleshur to break it to him. I must tell you your aunte has lett her spar bedrome to one of the gentlemen who are cum to London for the perpose of undertaking of some parte of the new grate building and ornamentating of St. Paules. Well, you remember how jasper Deane did give to me when I was doune on a visit to your parte of the countrey, a crucifix all carved out of a

bit of beeche wode he picked up when we wer a walkying together a yere before in the foreste as he dyd himself tell me. Well, thynking of your lettur asking of me as a grate secret not to tell jasper to try to get some grate people to the site of itt so as sum day to do him gode, I put the crucifix for its beste safetie on the mantleppeece of the gentleman's rome from St. Paules. Well, this same gentleman hade scarce lited off his lampe than he called to my wife, and made so many questions about the carver of it, and did seme so gratefully took up with admiring of it, that my wyfe sade to me when I came home there was sure to be sumthing rare and gode cum out of it for the lad jasper. Next morning he sends for me to go to him where he was at his brekfest wich I did though I hade to leve my beste custummers with their locks uncomed and their chins unshafen. Mr. Hatheway says he uncommon respectfl, your gode wyfe's kinsman ought to come to London. Then swallering a grate peece of bakon in his hasty way, he toke the crucifix to the lite at the casement. I never saw a man fall to admiring a thing so much since I toke home the lite brown wig to her ladyship the scotch banneret's mother-in-law wich I have never beene pade for, but her ladyship favers me with the present of a brase of birds every yere, wich wode be very gratyfying to me if the varlet that brings them did not alwayes stay to diner, and eate beste parte of them, besides filling of his pockets with my sented sopes and bare's grese. But as I sade the pleshur of this gentleman's looking at your sweet-hart's worke did just bring to my minde her ladyship's face when she first caste eyes at the wig I hade made her. So yore aunte and I both thinke jasper should come quickly—and if he can put up with our big garret, and the ways of our boy who sleses there, and exkuse the rats—if he sholde see any wich I hope he wout—he shall be most hartily welcom to stay with us and fare as we doe as long as ever he likes. I am in conclusion your affectunet uncle,

"RALPH HATHEWAY."

"Well, Jasper?" said the Rector after an eloquent pause.

"I shall start, sir, for London at once."

"How?"

Jasper did not for the moment answer, his pride standing in the way. But his hesitation quickly ended.

"Well, sir, I had half made up my mind to go to London before this news came:

and so I learned that Farmer Duncce's waggon starts in four or five hours for London. I will go with it. That will cost me nothing."

During the silence that ensued, the Rector took a Bible from a cabinet, went to a table, and, motioning to Jasper to follow him, began to write on a fly-leaf, and then put the book into Jasper's hand.

"Can I be of any service to you in regard to your journey?" asked the Rector with delicate significance.

"No, sir; but I am grateful all the same. And I shall treasure this book my life through."

"Jasper," said the Rector, and there was something in his eyes, look, and manner that sent the hot blood instantly to the young man's cheek, as reminding him (perhaps accidentally) of an incident a few weeks ago, when meeting, after a separation of years, a couple of his old fellow-students as boys at the grammar school, he had become intoxicated for the only time in his life, and been met at midnight as he was reeling home by the Rector, who was returning from a mission of charity—"Jasper," said the Rector, in so low a voice that no one else could hear, "don't forget in the life you are about to lead that a single false step may generate many similar mishaps afterwards, as it is its nature to do, before its evil progeny comes to an end; and then—it may be too late for remedy." Herewith he put out his hands, as if to spare Jasper words, who grasped it, and did not—perhaps could not—speak. Then, turning towards the others,—

"Wife, May, Jasper," said the Rector, addressing them in turn, "this is a bold, a perilous, but wise determination. Let us ask for a blessing on it."

He knelt, and the others followed.

Then he prayed :—

"Father, thou, who lovest and carest for all thy children, canst not but listen to our earnest prayers that thy protecting arm may be stretched over these young people. Thou knowest the hearts of both, and how they look to thee and thy dear Son for guidance. Keep them, I beseech thee, pure and lowly. And as to him—the youth to whom thou hast given much—may he never forget that much will be required in return. He goes forth into the world, let him not become worldly. He will be subject to temptation: do thou bring him forth unstained and stronger to salvation for all his conflicts. Above all, we pray thee, that he may so use the faculty thou hast given him, that, not for

the idle amusement of his fellow-men, or for his own egotistic vanity, but for his and their eternal welfare and in thy service, all his labours, all his heart shall be given. Amen."

"Amen!" responded Jasper fervently, his eyes swimming in tears.

And with that prayer ringing in his brain, Jasper took his leave of May and the others, and hurried away.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LOVING CUP.

As a matter of course Jasper's charioteer had to make his last preparations for the road at the Loving Cup, all the household of which was stirring betimes that morning to see such a wonder as a young man born in Charlbury really going to London to build St. Paul's.

Even the most hopeless idlers and sots that frequented the Loving Cup turned out to take an "eye-opening" draught on purpose to be able to say they saw him go.

Jasper's bright, health-beaming brown eyes, which nothing could dim, not even the heaviness of his spirits, moved slowly around upon the darkened landscape as if noting and cherishing for future use every little trait and incident of the hour and place.

In his sadness he did not for the moment perceive the soddened-looking group. Once more he was parting with May. Once more he was taking his last look at the old church doors, and trying to persuade himself all things might yet be for the best. Indeed, for him May and the doors might have almost been the only objects in creation, so little had he seen but them for many weeks past.

But when those bright eyes did glance forth from the clouded face at the group, it was with a look of contemptuous pity, as they stood gaping at him with their hands in their pockets, and hopeless, helpless, lack-lustre gaze.

But after Hopkins the waggoner had set his ponderous conveyance in motion, and Jasper, having returned the sentimental salutations of the ladies of the Loving Cup, and thanked them once more for the warm perry they had prepared for him as their "loving cup," and which he had done due honour to, was preparing to follow, he could not resist turning back and shaking by the hand each member of the disreputable lot.

This attention kept them all staring after the waggon as long as it remained in sight. At the turn of the road, Jasper caught a feeble cheer which they had bethought themselves to send forth when it was almost too late for him to hear it.

As the travellers, who walked one on each side of the horses, reached the black solemnly waving pines at the end of Farmer Bunce's field, who should Jasper see standing at the first gate but the farmer himself, holding in his outstretched hand the carving he had so recently purchased, of the sow and her litter of pigs!

"What's the matter?" asked Jasper, going towards his friend. "Something wrong with our live stock?"

"Naw, nathin' wrong, younker," answered Bunce, with a great Haw! haw! of laughter; "but I wantee to take un withee; it'll dooe lots o' good, an' my grate fool of a boy do nathin' but sit an' laugh at un fit to bust; so take un and let the Lunnoners see un. A can let I have un when he comes back, if a likes."

"Did Farmer Bunce want his two guineas returned?" was Jasper's first thought of alarm; but the kindly look of the farmer shamed him out of that injustice; and then, before he had time to remonstrate, the sow and pigs were left in his hand, and Farmer Bunce was hurrying away as fast as his fat little legs would carry him over the soil of his grounds, softened by recent rain.

"He, too, however, when half across the field, turned, and sent after the waggon's passenger a tremendous—

"Good luck, lad; and hurrah for Lunnon!"

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE CLOVER-HAY.

To the young, living in the seclusion of remote country life, few things are more mysterious than the character of England's great metropolis, or more calculated to excite even dormant or sluggish faculties than the thought of going thither for the first time.

And if this be so now, when the boundless opportunities for travel, and the ceaseless diffusion of facts and comments by the press, have done much to strip off all that is most fascinating and suggestive from the theme, how must it have been two centuries ago, when the rich alone could travel (in any reasonable sense of the word), and they only with difficulty, on account of the state of the roads; and when the giant pioneer of civilisation, the press, was but in its babyhood, unconscious of its wondrous future, and utterly unimportant in the particular direction indicated?

To these elements—of youth on the one hand, and unspoiled freshness of ignorance and yearning to know on the other—if we add the vigour, imaginativeness, and ambition of

the artist, just stripping for the fight in the arena of life, and with the world in the background for spectators, we may get some idea of the state of Jasper's Deane's mind a few hours after his departure from his native village.

At first he could think of nothing clearly, as he trudged on in the silence and gloom of the early morning, by the side of the waggon and waggoner; the crack of whose whip often made him start, and become conscious of the perturbed yet dull chaos of his feelings.

And when he did rouse himself and try to direct his thoughts into some useful channel, they would do nothing but pass and repass sorrowfully over the same ground—the separation from May, and the bitter disappointment regarding the erasure of his name from those dear old church-doors.

Thus hours passed; and Hopkins the waggoner began to look at him occasionally with a sort of childish suspicion and wonder in his broad rustic face, as if speculating whether he were altogether right in his head; or whether he were born deaf and dumb, for he had not yet heard the sound of Jasper's voice.

But there is for the artist-soul one true friend ever in reserve, no matter who else fails. We cannot tell the time of his coming, but whether we gratefully recognise the fact or no, it is sure not to be long when trouble assails. That friend is Nature. She gave the gifts that make sorrow so poignant while it lasts, but she also gives the gifts that charm the sorrow away, and revive the mourner once more to the taste of delight.

So Jasper found, as his grief began to wear itself out, and the sun, which had been overcast, to appear, with its genial warmth and old eternal friendliness; and then—why then within the next hour, the sunshine within and the sunshine without alike streamed forth gloriously, as if in harmonious companionship; and the first sound the waggoner heard from his long-silent companion broke forth in the low rich tones of a song which Jasper himself hardly knew he was singing.

And then the mystery of the great world of London rose before his mental eyesight in all its own richness, and in all its magnificent possibilities for him.

He strode on, as if he were a conqueror going to take possession; or, as his mood changed, like a Mahommedan pilgrim bound for Mecca; for below all Jasper's ambition lay two influences ever close to his heart—a deep religious faith, and a determination to make his artistic career move in harmony with the duties such a faith imposed.

His depression of the last night and the early morning had not been due alone to the circumstances with which the reader is familiar, but had been deepened by the hard, continuous, exciting labour of so many weeks; labour delightful in itself while it lasted, and while a rich reward was ever in view, but which told fearfully upon his mind and body when he found his toil and devo-

tion thrown away, so far as concerned his present and future prospects.

But the relief, when it did come, was in proportion to all he had suffered. The bow so long and so cruelly bent was unstrung at last, and recoiled with an elastic force that showed all its powers remained intact. And the burdens of depression and overwrought toil once cast off, it was wonderful how great a



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change manifested itself. Youth revelled in his veins; he was in love and beloved. He had achieved a real success in his art, one that he knew of, if all the world beside was ignorant. He had testimonials lying in that queer-shaped bundle on the top of the load of clover-hay, which must need only be shown to ensure him acceptance; for they were his carvings, selected ones from his store, while

making a bonfire of the rest before quitting Charlbury.

Reviewing all this, his naturally buoyant spirit became riotous. He jested with the waggoner, and told him one comical story after another till the poor man's jaws and sides ached with laughter, and he was obliged to ask Jasper to let him alone for a bit.

He made excursions from the high road,

now seeking wild flowers, to be reproduced some day in wood ; now following the course of some delicious old tangled embowered lane or some glorious ancestral avenue ; now visiting old houses framed in timber, and old churches that lay near, in the hope of finding carvings worth looking at, and from which he might sketch bits for future use.

Many a time in consequence, during this five days' journey, did he find on returning to the road that he was miles behind the waggon, and had to hurry along at his utmost speed, lest he might lose it altogether, by the waggoner's turning off at some more than usually bad piece of road to try his fate by another route.

When tired thus in the afternoon of the first day, he mounted the waggon and lay down ; having first taken from outside his great bale of carvings and books a roll, which when opened presented a mass of printed folio leaves stitched in a thick silken cover, instead of the usual binding.

Lying on his back on the new and deliciously scented hay, this flexible, black-letter book in his hand for him to read, he felt as if all the delights of the world were his, and the sweet scent that kept stealing into his very soul was the veritable dumb breath of Nature whispering to him of the beauty of life, the goodness of God, and the happiness of his own heart, which he would do well to enjoy in thankfulness. So feeling, he fell asleep.

What was the book he so much valued, but which yet could not keep him awake after so many excitements and so much healthy fatigue ? Those leaves formed the remains of an edition of Chaucer's "*Canterbury Tales*," which Jasper's father had received in its perfect state, with an old family Bible, as heirlooms from his father, which he had read only less frequently than the Bible, and which he so venerated that an injury done by careless hands to the leaves, or to the thick boarded and carved cover that enshrined them, would have been resented as if done to his own person.

But when the time came that Jasper had to be initiated in the Chaucerian lore, the good old carpenter-artist was greatly troubled in mind what to do. There were tales in that wonderful collection that no earthly inducement would persuade him to let his bright, quick-witted, pure-minded, but impulsive boy read. On the other hand, there were tales of chivalry, of self-sacrifice, of romance, of undying love, and of piety walking the earth in human shapes, but doing

the work of angels ; a whole world of literature, in its freshest and noblest forms ; a treasure for a father to hand to his son of priceless value, and which Deane could not for a moment think of refusing to Jasper.

What was he to do ? To wrap up the forbidden pages so that they could not be got at, and thus preserve the completeness and stateliness of the volume ?

Ah no ! Mr. Deane knew well that was the one way to make the temptation of forbidden fruit irresistible.

With pangs of heart, he saw there was no solution but that of breaking up his beloved treasure, taking away the things unfit, and giving only the remainder to his son. So with the stern resolve of a martyr who strips off portions of his own clothing to make him ready for the stake, he tore off the wooden covers he had himself carved, and then he divided the leaves into two portions—one to be destroyed, the other to be newly clad.

Glancing over the former, as wondering if their perusal had really been admissible while impregnated with the atmosphere of the latter as he had been accustomed to think them ; perhaps also hesitating as to whether he might still secretly preserve them, and so at some future day the book resume its pristine shape, he soon found that to look at them for himself, and to look at them for Jasper, seemed to be the whole difference between earth and heaven. He hesitated no longer, but put the leaves in the fire, and then turned with increased sense of the value of all that remained to him in the other portion.

He stitched these—now in every sense to him—sacred leaves together with silken thread, put on a silken cover cut from his dead wife's wedding gown, over that thick brown paper, and finally silk again ; and pasting all firmly and neatly together, presented the book to Jasper on his next birthday.

The reading of that book was a mental epoch for the boy. It quickened and enriched all the faculties that his father so sedulously directed towards art, and which in later years were to be concentrated in the restoration of the church doors with such admirable success.

Jasper's last dreamy thought as he glided into sleep among the clover-hay was that he should this day see Canterbury ; that very place to which the pilgrims had been going as visitors to Becket's shrine, when all these tales were told on the journey ; and he felt as if he could almost like them go—

"The holy blissful martyr for to seeke."

How great then was his annoyance on waking to find they had passed right through the town. But the cathedral towers were yet full in sight. He must go back. With great persuasion he at last drew an unwilling consent from the waggoner to return to the nearest inn, and there wait for him a couple of hours.

Had Jasper known the reason of the waggoner's hurrying through the town while he was fast asleep, and being so reluctant to stay now, he would probably have resigned his long-cherished desire to see so hallowed a place. The waggoner had once before stayed there, and stayed too long; got drunk, and lost his situation. No wonder then that he did not feel altogether sure what might happen now, unless he closed his eyes and ears to the enticements of the Royal Oak, and got safely away from it; yet that was the very inn to which he was returning.

But he did not care to tell this to Jasper, who entreated him so earnestly to stay that the waggoner forgot his own part of the business in thinking of Jasper's, and consented.

Away went Jasper, full of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," and of all the early traditions his father had told him about the first establishment of Christianity in this country and its connection with this place.

At first, however, the surroundings of the cathedral embarrassed him in regard to his enjoyment of the building itself. There seemed to him such an odd mingling of very large and very small things. There was the little road crowded with big oxen on the way to or from the big market-place with its tiny stalls. The shops, diminutive in themselves, appeared still further dwarfed by the burly shopkeepers, standing in the ancient doorways, each under his own showy, significant, and creaking sign. The pathways were of the narrowest, and made of huge uneven stones. So, too, the cathedral, thought Jasper (bringing his fancy home to himself as he stood near, reverentially contemplating its hoary grandeur), made all that he had before known or thought of art seem trivial, while present and future alike sank into nothingness when contrasted with the greatness of its past.

And then shutting out the accidents and environments of this the earliest of all the long series of grand temples of Christianity in Britain, Jasper roamed spell-bound round and through the edifice; stopping only before Becket's shrine, which presently revived for him the characters of the immortal Prologue

to Chaucer's great work; and left him lost in reverie, till he was startled into consciousness by the sounding of the great bell, and he knew that his two hours had expired, and he could no longer think of sketching bits of detail he had made mental note of, to be returned to as materials for future carvings.

He looked at them again long and yearningly, as if he would at all events imbibe inspiration from a clear recollection of their beauty, and then returned in hot haste to the inn.

There, outside, stood the unhorsed waggon of hay, and Jasper had half a mind to hurry back to the cathedral, and make a snatch at those two subjects he so much coveted. He thought, however, it would be as well to make sure about the stay of the waggoner, and went inside to seek him.

He found him with head and arms resting on the tap-room table, asleep and drunk. The old associations of the place had been too much for him. No boon companions were there to make him forget he was alone, so he had got miserable, and only went on drinking one quart of ale after another (as he subsequently assured Jasper), to get rid of the blue devils, and to think over a mortal lot of commissions his master had given him to see to in Lunnnon.

The host narrated to Jasper, as if it were a merry jest, the waggoner's former drunken visit, but took care to add that the man and horses would be cared for, and after a good sleep he'd be able to go on again, and his master never the wiser. Remembering who that master was, the good old farmer Bunce, and that but for his money the present journey could not have been undertaken, Jasper quietly said,—

"No, we must rouse him, and start."

In vain they tried. However often the head was lifted up, down it dropped again when let go.

"You see I am right," said the host, "and you must stay and make yourself comfortable."

Jasper remonstrated with the landlord, who, however, retorted indignantly. He seemed to think that so far from having acted selfishly he had been a martyr in resisting Hopkins's offer of not only Jasper's wood carvings for another quart, but the whole waggon and horses, which he declared had been solemnly offered him for even one more pint.

"Put the horses in," said Jasper, restraining with some difficulty a laugh. Let a couple of your men deposit him safely on

the waggon, and I will myself drive till he recovers."

And in that fashion, shouldering the long whip, as if he were to the manner born, the young artist marched by the side of the horses, boldly facing the stare of the good citizens of Canterbury; one of whom, however, a beautiful girl, the daughter of a canon then in residence, brought a blush to Jasper's cheek, by her pause and undisguised look of astonishment to see such a man playing such a part.

When the waggoner waked long after, and slowly understood all that had happened, his looks of stupid surprise made Jasper roar with laughter. The man had thought in his slow way after Jasper's revival that morning, that he was the most wonderful being he had ever come across in all his born days; but now wonder itself failed to express his state; a superstitious awe took its place, and he hardly dared venture to resume his duties till Jasper put the whip into his hand, and helped him down from his lofty perch, for his head and eyes were still dazed with sleep and drink.

When night came, the horses stopped for rest till the morning at a picturesque wayside inn, and for a brief space Jasper thought how nice it would be to sit and sup in that pretty parlour, which was half hidden by the great honeysuckle plant that was trained round it outside; and to sleep in the room above, where the little casement was open as if to invite his eyes to try to penetrate to

the white-curtained interior; but he resolutely put down such temptations to indulgence, for he had resolved not to spend a shilling that he could in any honest and decent way avoid. So after a confidential talk with the waggoner, he lay down with him on a truss of fresh straw in the stable; and took a share of the waggoner's frugal meal, bread-and-cheese and ale, the two having agreed to divide the expenses of their board, while the waggoner was to secure the necessary supplies.

And thus passed the journey, one of intense happiness for Jasper, who felt ashamed to be so happy when he thought of May, but recovered his equanimity as he attributed that seemingly awkward circumstance to his satisfaction at the growth of his artistic wealth of sketches, and his keen appreciation of the niceties of the art they embodied, which he became hourly more and more delicately apprehensive of and sensitive to.

It was night when the waggon reached the Tabard in Southwark, the famous old inn, from which the pilgrims to Becket's shrine used to start in long procession; and a few minutes later saw him with all his worldly wealth sitting in the back parlour of Ralph Hatheway's shop, enjoying the demonstrative hospitality of May's uncle and aunt in undemonstrative but grateful and happy fashion, and narrating to them the particulars of his journey, which seemed to them as good as any romance.

REGAINED.

I.

LIKE the notes that stir and die
When a harp-string snaps in twain;
Like a fading sunset-sky
After driving wind and rain;
Like a sound within a shell,
Like an odour on the air,
Like an echo in a dell,
Like a star, remote and fair,
O, my child, thou art to me!
And thy soul is linked to mine,
As the pale moon draws the sea
Or the sun lifts up the vine.

II.

In the passion of my tears,
In the blindness of my grief,
Through the melancholy years
I eschewed the sweet relief;
And I stretched my yearning hands
Through the dark, to clasp thee near,—

But to bind me in the bands
Of an ever-haunting fear.
I smiled on those beside me,
And deemed I did thee wrong,
And dreamt thou mightst deride me
For sharing joy or song.

III.

Now, thy face comes back to me,
All free from tear or stain:
A brighter image of thyself—
Triumphant over pain.
I sought it not, for heedless,
I nursed my own despair;
And so I hold it likeness
Of reality, most fair:
No picture could unfold it
To any stranger's eye;
'Tis like a starlet shining
Within a winter sky.

E. CONDER GRAY.

ST. ONOFRIO AND TASSO.

PART II.

THE spot on which I sat commands one of the finest views of Rome and the surrounding country—grander far than that from the Capitol. I have gazed on many a glorious panorama, but never on one so truly perfect as this. Down below, a little to the left in a hollow of the hills, is the enormous group of buildings connected with the greatest of all Christian churches and the most famous of all palaces, built of travertine, whose warm yellow colour glows in the afternoon sun like dead gold. Beyond rise the steep green slopes of Monte Mario, with vineyards and olive-groves nestling in its warm folds, and crested with the Villa Mellini beside the "Turner pine," a familiar object in many of the great artist's pictures, and the Villa Stuart, where "bonnie Prince Charlie" passed his last days, gleaming among groves of cypress and dark ilex. Stretching away in the direction of the old diligence road from Florence is a succession of gentle ridges and bluffs of volcanic rock covered with brushwood, among which you can trace the bold headland of the citadel of Fidenæ, and the green lonely site of Antemnæ, and the plateau on which are the scanty remains of the almost mythical Etruscan city of Veii, the Troy of Italy, destroyed after a splendid career, when Rome was in its infancy. The view in this direction is bounded by the advanced guard of the Sabine range, the blue peak of Soracte; its rugged sides and the connecting mountains darkened by the Cimmerian Forest. In front, at your feet, is the city, a perfect wilderness of reddish brown roofs, broken up into the most picturesque masses by the irregularity of the ground; here and there a brighter light glistening on some stately portico or campanile or cupola, resting lovingly as it has done for nineteen centuries on the great round dome of the Pantheon, and flashing back from the graceful columns of Trajan and Antonine, wreathed from base to summit with folds of spiral sculpture. The Tiber flows between you and that sea of houses in a graceful curve, like a gigantic scimitar cleaving the city in twain; its dull yellow waves rushing resolutely between its high banks crowded with houses. For a brief space you see it on both sides of the Bridge of Hadrian, overlooked by the gloomy mass of the Castle of St. Angelo, and then it hides itself under the dark shadow of the

Aventine hill for awhile, and at last emerges beyond the walls, to pursue its desolate way to the sea through one of the saddest and loneliest tracts of country in all the world. Away to the right, where the mass of modern buildings ceases, the great shattered circle of the Coliseum stands up against the sky, indicating by its presence where lie, unseen from this point of view, the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, the Forum, and all that enchanted ground, where for long ages the mighty pulse of ancient Rome beat loudest. Beyond the city stretches away the soft undulating bosom of the Campagna, bathed in a misty azure light which gives it the appearance of some lake of Ghostland, changeful and fitful as the element it imitates. Out of its depths arise, here and there, some bit of lonely, pathetic ruin, speaking with "a vagueness sadder than any story" of a past too remote to be remembered or deciphered; while it is bridged over by the weird, endless arches of the Claudian aqueduct, throwing long shadows before them in the westerling sun, and linked with the hills by the long reach of the sorrowful Appian Way gleaming white between its avenue of tombs. Worthy framework for such a picture, the noble semicircle of the Sabine Hills rises on the horizon to the left, terminating in the grand rugged peak of Monte Gennaro, whose every cliff and scar are distinctly visible, and concealing in its bosom the romantic waterfalls of Tivoli and the lone ancestral farm of Horace. On the right the crested Alban heights form the boundary, crowned on the summit with the white convent of Monte Cavo—the ancient temple of Jupiter Latiæ, up to which the Roman consuls came to triumph when the Latin States were merged in the Roman Commonwealth—and bearing on their shoulders the sparkling, gem-like towns of Frascati and Albano, with their thrilling memories of Cicero and Pompey; the whole range melting away into the blue vault of heaven in delicate gradations of pale pink and purple. In the wide gap between these ranges of hills—beyond the stone pines and ilex groves of Præneste—the far perspective is closed by a glorious vision of the snow-crowned mountains of the Abruzzi, giving an air of alpine grandeur to the view. And all this vast and varied landscape, comprehending all glories of nature and art, all zones and climates, from the tropical aloes

and palms of the Pincian hill to the arctic snows of the Apennines, is seen through air that acts upon the spirits like wine, and gives the charm of a picture to the meanest things, and under that indescribable blue sky of Italy, which seems like a compound of daylight and moonlight, having all the liquid clearness of the one, and all the mystic tenderness and depth of the other. Apart from its associations, that landscape would have been one to gaze on entranced, and to dream of for years afterwards. But with its countless memories of all that is greatest and saddest in human history clinging to almost every object, it is indeed the most impressive and wonderful in the world. There the past overpowers the present, and the imperial figures who ruled the destinies of the world, the immortal poets painters, and sculptors who charmed the ear and eye with the magic of their art, haunt the horizon more than the living inhabitants. All classic history rises there into stereoscopic relief and distinctness, and in the interminable series of centuries that pass before you in your *Mirza*-like vision, the early ages of our era seem but as yesterday.

Such was the panorama that revealed itself to the eyes of Tasso when he sat under the shadow of the oak in the garden of the Monastery of St. Onofrio. The great natural features of the landscape would be the same then as now, but the appearance of the city would be different. Much of ancient Rome has since been exhumed from its grave of ages; but, alas! many of its most interesting ruins have perished to supply building materials for the palace of some upstart prince, or columns and pavements for some pretentious church. The triumphal arches, baths, tombs, and even the Coliseum itself, had been turned by the feudal barons into embattled fortresses; and among clusters of mean houses, without any pretension to architecture, would rise up in great numbers, the square lofty towers of the aristocracy, of which the dark *Tor di Milizie*, which still survives "like a warrior in armour," is a specimen; and instead of the three hundred and sixty-five churches, whose cupolas or campaniles now adorn Rome, only the renovated ancient basilicas, and a few churches of the Roman Renaissance, principally built or restored by Sixtus V., would be seen. But the Rome of Tasso was, nevertheless, "the city of the soul" then as now; and as the poet watched the sun of his life setting behind the everlasting hills, he would gaze upon it with that inspired

vision which creates half the beauty it beholds, and with that enhanced appreciation caused by the near prospect of the coming darkness which would hide it for ever from his view.

Tasso came to Rome in November. It was thought that the elevated position and salubrious air, as well as the quiet life of the Monastery of St. Onofrio, considered at the time the healthiest place in Rome, would have a beneficial effect upon him. But his constitution was utterly worn out. He suffered from a complication of troubles, and many cares and sorrows weighed heavily upon his mind, so that this remedy was found at a very early stage to be hopeless. As if awaking for the first time to the true appreciation of his genius, and the loss that Italy was about to sustain in his death, his friends and admirers proposed that the Pope should confer upon him at the Capitol the laurel of Dante and Petrarch. Cardinal Cynthio Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII., who had brought him in his own carriage to the monastery, and had otherwise befriended him on many occasions, resolved that this ceremony should be performed with the utmost splendour, and be thus an atonement for all the wrongs the poet had endured. But the weather all the winter proved singularly unpropitious. Rain fell almost every day, and constant sirocco winds depressed the spirits of the people and prevented all outdoor enjoyments. And thus the season wore on till April dawned with the promise of brighter skies, and the day was fixed, and all the *élite* of Rome and of the chief cities of Italy were invited to attend the coronation. Extensive preparations were made; the whole city was in a flutter of excitement, and the people looked forward to a holiday such as Rome had not seen since the days of the Cæsars. But by this time the poet was dying, fever-wasted, in his lonely cell. He could see from his window, as he lay propped up with pillows on his narrow couch, across the river and its broad valley, the slender Campanile of Michael Angelo ascending from the Capitoline hill, marking the spot where at the moment the people were busy preparing for the magnificent ceremony of the morrow. But not for him was the triumph; it came too late. "To-morrow," he said, "I shall be beyond the reach of all earthly honour. The crown they offer me is but a faint type of the one that awaits me there." He received the last rites of the Church from the hands of the diocesan, and passed quietly away in the arms of his friend,

the celebrated doctor and botanist, Cæsalpinus, while the concluding strains of the vesper hymn were chanted by the monks. And they who came on the morrow to summon him to his coronation found him in the sleep of death. The angel had crowned him with the crown of eternal life! The laurel wreath that was meant for his brow was laid upon his coffin as it was carried on the very day of his intended coronation, with great pomp, cardinals and princes bearing up the pall, and deposited in the neighbouring church of the monastery. Ever since, the anniversary of his death has been religiously kept by the monks of St. Onofrio. They throw open on that day the monastery and grounds to the general public; ladies are

freely admitted, and a festival is observed, during which portions of the poet's writings are read, his relics exhibited, and his tomb wreathed with flowers. On the 25th of April I was unfortunately absent from Rome, wandering among the Alban mountains, and thus missed the opportunity of witnessing this most beautiful and touching commemoration. But I shall not soon forget my visit to the scene consecrated by his dying hours and by his ashes; for since an early period of life no poet, whether by the greatness of his genius or the greatness of his misfortunes, has fascinated me more, and anything connected with his name has an indescribable charm about it.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

WALKS IN LONDON.

VII.—FLEET STREET.

ON passing Temple Bar we are in the City of London. The Bar separates the City from the Shire, in allusion to which "Shire Lane" (destroyed by the new Law Courts) was the nearest artery on its north-western side. We enter Fleet Street, which, like Fleet Market and Fleet Ditch, takes its name from the once rapid and clear, but now fearfully polluted river Fleet, which has its source far away in the breezy heights of Hampstead, and flows through the valley where Farringdon Street now is, in which it once turned the mills which are still commemorated in Turnmill Street. Originally (1218) it was called the "River of Wells," being fed by the clear springs now known as Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and the Clerk's Well or Clerkenwell, and it was navigable for a short distance. The river was ruined as the town extended westwards. Ben Jonson graphically describes in verse the horrors to which the increasing traffic had subjected the still open Fleet in his day, and Gay, Swift, and Pope also denounced them; but in 1765 the stream was arched over, and since then has sunk to the level of being recognised as the most important sewer—the Cloaca Maxima—of London.

Having always been considered as the chief approach to the City, Fleet Street is especially connected with its ancient pageants and processions; though perhaps the most extraordinary sight it ever witnessed was when Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, aunt of King Henry VI., was forced to walk bare-headed through it to St. Paul's,

with a lighted taper in her hand, in penance for having made a wax figure of the young king and melted it before a slow fire, praying that his life might melt with the wax.

Just within the sight of Temple Bar, on the right of the street, is Child's Bank, which deserves notice as the oldest Banking house in England, still kept where Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of Charles I.'s time, married the rich daughter of his master, William Wheeler the goldsmith, and founded the great banking family. Here, "at the sign of the Marygold"—the quaint old emblem of the expanded flower, with the motto "Ainsi mon ame," which still adorns the banking-office—Charles II. kept his great account and poor Nell Gwynne her small one, not to speak of Prince Rupert, Pepys, Dryden, and many others. Several other great banks are in this neighbourhood. No. 19 is Gosling's Bank, with the sign of the Three Squirrels, represented in iron-work on the central window, founded in the reign of Charles II. No. 37 is Hoare's Bank, which dates from 1680: the sign of the Golden Bottle over the door, represents the flask carried by the founder when he came up to London to seek his fortunes.

Fleet Street retains its old reputation of being occupied by newspaper editors and their offices, and it is almost devoted to them. But it also contains many taverns, where lawyers and newspaper writers congregate for luncheon, and which are more frequent here than almost anywhere else in London, and many of these, of great antiquity, are cele-

brated in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Spectator*.

It was next door to Child's Bank that the famous "Devil Tavern" stood, with the sign of St. Martin and the Devil, where the Apollo Club had its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson, which began—

"Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;
Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home;
Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
And modest too; nor be choice liquor slighted;
Let nothing in the treat offend the guest;
More for delight than cost prepare the feast."

We hear of Swift dining "at the Devil Tavern with Dr. Garth and Addison," when "Garth treated," and of Dr. Johnson presiding here at a supper-party in honour of the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first book.

In Shire Lane was the "Kit-Kat Club," (which first met in Westminster at the house of a pastry-cook called Christopher Cat) where the youth of Queen Anne's reign were wont to

"Sleep away the days and drink away the nights."

Thither it was that Steele and Addison brought Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, on the anniversary of William III., to drink to his "immortal memory," and thence, as Steele dropped drunk under the table, the scandalised bishop stole away home to bed, but was propitiated in the morning by the lines—

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

The members of this club all had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Jacob Tonson, their secretary, and the half-size then chosen by the artist has always since caused the term "Kit Kat" to be applied to that form of portrait. The pictures painted here by Kneller are now at Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire.

Hard by, also in Shire Lane, was the tavern—"the Bible Tavern"—which was inappropriately chosen by Jack Sheppard for many of his orgies, because it was possessed of a trap-door, through which, in case of pursuit, he could drop unobserved into a subterranean passage communicating with Bell Yard—an alley which is associated with Pope, who used to come thither to visit his friend Forsetius, afterwards Master of the Rolls.

Opposite the first gate of the Temple, No. 201 in Fleet Street, marked by its golden bird over the door, is the Cock Tavern, one of the few ancient taverns remaining unaltered internally from the time of James I., with its long low room, subdivided by settees, and its carved oak chimney-piece of that period. It was hither that Pepys, to his wife's great

aggravation, would come gallivanting with pretty Mrs. Knipp, and where they "drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." Tennyson begins "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, made at The Cock," with the lines—

"O plump head waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock,
Go fetch a pint of port."

As we pass the angle of Chancery Lane we must recollect that the gentle Isaac Walton lived as a hosier and shirtmaker in the corner house from 1627 to 1647, and that, just beyond, in the bow-windowed house which is still standing (No. 184, 185), lived the poet Drayton, next door to St. Dunstan's Church. In a house close by, now demolished, Abraham Cowley was born in 1618, being the son of a grocer, and studied the large copy of Spenser's 'Faery Queen' which lay on his mother's window-sill, till he became, as he himself tells, "irrecoverably a poet."

The chief feature of Fleet Street as seen on entering it is the Church of St. Dunstan in the West, built by Shaw, 1831, on the site of the church in which the great Lord Strafford was baptized. This old church was famous for its clock, in which two giants struck the hour; they are commemorated by Cowper in his Table-talk:

"When Labour and when Dullness, club in hand,
Like the two figures of S. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately in measured time
The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme."

It was here that Baxter was preaching when there arose an outcry that the building was falling. He was silent for a moment, and then said solemnly, "We are in God's service, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat." In the middle of the last century the church became well-known from the lectures of William Romaine, author of "The Life, the Walk, and the Triumph of Faith." When he preached, the crowds were so great as entirely to block up the street; but he was opposed by the rector, who placed all possible hindrances in his way, and during his sermons, was prevented having more than a single candle, which he held in his hand.

Over the side entrance towards the street is a statue of Queen Elizabeth holding the orb and sceptre, which is of much interest as having survived the Great Fire of London, when the building in which it stood was consumed, and as one of the few existing relics of the old City gates, for it formerly adorned

the west front of Ludgate, one of the four ancient entrances to the city.

In Falcon Court, opposite St. Dunstan's, was the office of Wynnyn de Worde, the famous printer, whose sign was the Falcon.

In Fetter Lane (named from the professed beggars, called *Faitours* or *Fewters*) which opens now upon the left, is a Moravian Chapel (No. 32) replete with memories of Baxter, Wesley, Whitfield, and in later times of Count Zinzendorf. Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in this street, and used to quarrel in verse. In 1767 Fetter Lane obtained notoriety as the abode of Elizabeth Brownrigg, the prentice-cide, commemorated in the inscription for her cell in Newgate in the poetry of "The Anti-Jacobin."

"For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cills

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline."

On the left of Fetter Lane is the new *Record* Office, erected 1851-66 from designs of Sir James Pennethorne, to contain the National Records, hitherto crowded into St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, the Chapter House of Westminster and four other offices. It is a stately Gothic building, and is perhaps most effective when seen from the north-east angle. The greatest of the many treasures preserved here is the Domesday Book, compiled in the time of the Conqueror and written in two volumes on vellum.

On the left of Fleet Street, beyond Fetter



Drayton's House, Fleet Street.

Lane, is the opening of Crane Court (formerly Two-Crane Court), rebuilt immediately after the Fire and retaining many houses of Charles II.'s time. In the first house on the right (rebuilt) Dryden Leach, the printer, was arrested at midnight on suspicion of having printed Wilkes's *North Briton*, No. 45. The site for the end house, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was purchased in 1710 by the Royal Society, from "Praise God Barebone," who gave his name to a parliament of which he was a conspicuous member. The situation was recommended by Sir Isaac Newton, then President, as "in the middle of the town and out of noise." Here the great discoveries of Newton were investigated, and an amount of substantial good was effected, which ought to make the history of this old house deeply interesting to all lovers of science, and its ancient chambers deserving of the most careful

preservation. The Society held their meetings here till 1782, when they moved to Somerset House, and sold the house in Crane Court to the Scottish Corporation, an excellent national charity, founded soon after the accession of James I., for the relief of persons of Scottish parentage who have fallen into distress, and which now gives constant assistance to as many as six hundred indigent persons of Scottish birth within ten miles of London.

The Hall of the Royal Society, where Sir Isaac Newton sat as President, exists in its ancient condition, with a richly stuccoed ceiling of 1665. It is hung with curious portraits, including a most interesting picture of Mary, Queen of Scots—"piissima Regina Franciæ Dotaria, 1578"—attributed to Zuccherò. The adjoining room, which the Royal Society employed for their large meetings, and where

the ladies' gallery with its narrow oak staircase still remains, is now used as the chapel of the Scottish Corporation.

Fleet Street is peculiarly associated with Dr. Johnson, who admired it beyond measure. Walking one day with Boswell on the beautiful heights of Greenwich Park, he asked, "Is not this very fine?" "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." "You are quite right, sir," replied the great critic. Thus, passing over the recollections of a tavern called "Hercules' Pillars," where Pepys enjoyed many a supper-party, and the "Mitre Tavern," whither Boswell came so often to meet Johnson, let us, if we care for them, visit in the swarthy courts and alleys on the left, a number of the different scenes in which Johnson's life was passed. Here we may fancy him as Miss Burney describes him—"tall, stout, grand, and authoritative; but stooping horribly: his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looking often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from its chair to the floor." The dismal court called Gough Square still exists, where he resided (at No. 17) from 1748 to 1758, in which his wife died, and where he wrote the greatest part of his Dictionary and began the "Rambler" and the "Idler;" in the narrow blackened Johnson's Court (not named from him), he dwelt (at No. 7) from 1765 to 1776; while he lived at No. 8 in Bolt Court from that time, and there, in December, 1784, lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by the faithful friends of his life. With Johnson in Bolt Court dwelt a curious collection of disappointed, cross, and aged persons, chiefly old ladies, who depended upon the bounty of the man whose bearish exterior ever covered a warm heart. It was not a very harmonious household. "Williams," he wrote to Mr. and Mrs.

Thrale, speaking of one of these ladies, "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both, and Poll Carmichael loves none of them." "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson," was Goldsmith's answer when someone expressed his surprise at one of the objects selected for the friendship of the lexicographer.

While Johnson was living in this neighbourhood Goldsmith was residing at No. 6, Wine Office Court, and the favourite seat of the friends, in the window of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, is still pointed out. It was in this court that Goldsmith received Johnson for the first time at supper, who came—

his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered, wishing, as he explained to Percy (of the "Reliques"), who inquired the cause of such unusual neatness, to show a better example to Goldsmith, whom he had heard of as justifying his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting his practice. It was from hence, while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him within indoors and the bailiff without, that Dr. Johnson took the manuscript of a novel he had written to James Newberry, sold it for sixty pounds, and re-



House of the Royal Society in Crane Court.

turned with the money to set him free. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, and was then published without a notion of its future popularity. It was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

An offshoot of Shoe Lane, a narrow street on the left, called "Gunpowder Alley" (now destroyed), was connected with the sad fate of another poet, Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier, who died here of starvation. Anthony Wood describes him when he was presented at the Court of Charles I. at Oxford, as "the most beautiful and amiable youth that eye ever beheld. A person too of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex."

From 1648 to the King's death, he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster for his devotion to Charles I., and when he was released he went to serve in the French army, writing to his betrothed Lucy Sacheverell, the lines ending

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

But he was left for dead upon the field of Dunkirk, and when he came back his Lucy was married. He never looked up again: all went wrong, he was imprisoned, ruined, and died here in miserable destitution.

Bangor House, the town residence of the Bishops of Bangor, stood in Shoe Lane till 1828, and hard by, the entry of Poppin's Court in Fleet Street still marks the site of Poppingaye, the town palace of the abbots of Cirencester. No. 109, Fleet Street, near this, is an admirable specimen of a modern house in the olden style.

One of the streets which opens upon the right of Fleet Street still bears the name of Whitefriars, which it derives from the convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241. The establishment of one of the earliest theatres in London in the monastic hall of Whitefriars was probably due to the fact of its being a sanctuary beyond the jurisdiction of the mayor and corporation, who then and ever since have opposed theatrical performances within the boundaries of the City. The first playhouse was at Blackfriars, and Whitefriars followed in 1576. After the Dissolution this district retained the privilege of sanctuary, and thus it became the refuge for troops of bad characters of every description. It obtained the name of Alsatia—a name which is first found in Shadwell's Play, "The Squire of Alsatia." In the reign of James I., almost as much sensation was created here by a singular crime in high life as in Paris by the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin in our own time. Young Lord Sanquhar had his eye put out while taking lessons in fencing from John Turner, the famous fencing-master of the day. Being afterwards in France the young king Henry IV., after inquiring kindly about his accident, said condolingly but jokingly, "And does the man who did it still live?" From that time it became a monomania with Lord Sanquhar to compass the death of the unfortunate Turner, though two years elapsed before he was able to accomplish it—two years in which he dogged his unconscious victim like a shadow, and eventually had him shot by two

hired assassins at a tavern which he frequented in Whitefriars. The deputy murderers were arrested, and then Lord Sanquhar surrendered to the mercy of the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he was sentenced to death, and was hung before the entrance to Westminster Hall.

Bordering on Alsatia is Salisbury Court, marking the site of the town house of the Bishop of Salisbury. Here we have again literary reminiscences, Richardson having written and printed his "Pamela" there and Goldsmith having sat there as his press corrector. In 1629 the Salisbury Court Theatre was erected, which was destroyed in 1649. It was rebuilt in 1660, in Dorset Gardens, near the river, and attained great celebrity under the name of "The Duke's Theatre." Being burnt in the Fire, it was rebuilt by Wren in 1671 and decorated by Gibbons. It is described by Dryden as "like Nero's palace, shining all with gold." It faced the river, and had a landing-place for those who came by water, and a quaint gabled front resting on open arches. Pepys was a great admirer of the Duke's Theatre. Here he saw *The Bondsman*—"an excellent play and well done"—and here he reports that while he was watching Sir William Davenant's opera of the *Siege of Rhodes*, "by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fall into the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport." The theatre declined in 1682, but was still in existence in 1720. Its site is now occupied by the City Gas Works.

Through Alsatia, the abode of the rogues, we descend appropriately upon the site of their famous prison of Bridewell, which was demolished in 1863-4. It was founded, like Christ's Hospital, by King Edward VI., under the first flush of emotion caused by a sermon on Christian charity which he had heard from Bishop Ridley, who urged that there was "a wide empty house of the King's Majesty, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in;" and was used as a refuge for deserted children long known as "Bridewell Boys." Gradually, from a Reformatory, it became a prison, and the horrors of the Bridewell Prison are described by Ward in "The London Spy." The prisoners, both men and women, used to be flogged on the naked back, and the stripes only ceased when the president, who sat with a hammer in his hand, let it fall upon the block before him. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! pray, Sir Robert, knock!" became afterwards often a

cry of reproach against those who had been imprisoned in Bridewell. Here died Mrs. Creswell, a famous criminal of Charles II.'s reign, who bequeathed £20 to a divine of the period upon condition that he should say nothing but what was good of her. It was a difficult task, but the clergyman was equal to the occasion. He wound up a commonplace discourse upon mortality by saying—"I am desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say therefore is this—that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born a Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

The prison was, as we have said, founded upon the old palace of Bridewell, which, in its turn, had occupied the site of the tower of Montfiquet, built by a Norman follower of the Conqueror. The palace embraced courts, cloisters, and gardens, and close against the walls ran the Fleet. It was to the Bridewell Palace that Henry VIII., after he had been captivated by Anne Boleyn, summoned the Members of Council, the Lords of the Court, and the Mayor and Aldermen, and communicated to them that scruples had "long tormented his mind with regard to his marriage with Katherine of Aragon." Shakspeare makes the whole third act of his *Henry VIII.* pass in the palace at Bridewell, which is historically correct. It was there that the unhappy Katherine received Wolsey and Campeggio, "having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens."

The name of Bridewell comes from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's Well, a holy spring with supposed miraculous powers like that of St. Clement, which we have already noticed in the Strand. The well here, of which Milton certainly drank, has shared the fate of all the other famous wells of London, and has become a pump; but St. Bride's Church was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and its steeple is one of those on which he bestowed particular pains, though it is often not unjustly compared to the slides of a telescope drawn out. It stands effectively at the end of a little entry at the foot of Fleet Street, but it should be remembered that, owing to its having been twice struck by lightning, it is somewhat shorn of the lofty proportions which were originally given to it by the great architect (226 ft. instead of 234). Wynkin de Worde, the famous printer, who rose under the patronage of the mother of Henry VII., and published no less than 400

works, was buried in the old church, which also contained the graves of the poets Sackville (1608) and Lovelace (1658), and of Sir Richard Baker (1645), author of the very untrustworthy "Chronicle of the Kings of England," beloved by Sir Roger de Coverley. In the existing building Samuel Richardson (1761) is buried with his wife and family. John Cardmaker, who suffered for his faith in Smithfield, May 30, 1553-4, was vicar of this church.

Here, in the churchyard of St. Bride, still a quiet and retired spot, John Milton came to lodge in 1643 in the house of one Russell, a tailor; here he wrote his treatises "Of Reformation," "Of Practical Episcopacy," and others; and here he instructed, and very often whipped, his sister's two boys. "Here," says Aubrey, "his first wife, Mrs. Mary Powell, a royalist, having been brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing, when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, found it very solitary; no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry." Her parents also, reports Milton's nephew Phillips, "began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought that it would be a blot on their escutcheon." At length the poor young wife found married life "so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill." This visit was indefinitely prolonged, and the poet's letters remained unanswered. He sent a messenger to bring her back, who was scornfully dismissed; but after a time Mrs. Milton's jealousy was excited by the belief that the poet was paying attentions to the beautiful Miss Davis, and she entreated for a reconciliation of her own accord, an event which had a happy result for the Powell family, as they were able to take refuge in the house of their republican son-in-law when the royalist cause became desperate. The poet's royalist wife Mary died in 1653, leaving her husband, who was then becoming blind, with three little daughters, of whom the eldest was only six years old.

It was in defence of this house in St. Bride's Churchyard that, on the advance of Prince Rupert's troops after the Battle of Edgehill, Milton wrote his sonnet—

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

At the entrance of the passage down which the tower of St. Bride's is seen from Fleet Street, the well-known figure of "Punch" will always attract attention to the office whence so much fun has emanated since the first establishment of the paper in 1841.

Bridewell was not the only prison which was waiting on the outskirts of Alsatia for its frequenters. The great prison of the Fleet was only demolished in 1844, having been first used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber. It is an evidence of the size of the river Fleet in old days, difficult as it is to believe possible now, that the prisoners used to be brought from Westminster by water, and landed at a gate upon the Fleet like the Traitor's Gate upon the Thames at the Tower. It was here that poor old Bishop Hooper was imprisoned (1555) before he was sent to be burnt at Gloucester, his bed being "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering," and here, to use his own words, he "moaned, called, and cried for help" in his desperate sickness, but the Warden charged that none of his men should help him, saying, "Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him." Here Prynne was imprisoned for a denunciation of actresses (which was supposed to reflect upon Queen Henrietta Maria, who had lately been indulging in private theatricals at Somerset House,) was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, to be burned in the forehead, slit in the nose, and to have his ears cut off. Hence, six years later, for reprinting one of Prynne's books, "free-born John Lilburne" was whipped to Westminster, and then brought back to be imprisoned, till he was triumphantly released by the Long Parliament. The cruelties which were discovered to have been practised in the Fleet led, in 1726, to the trial of its gaoler, Bambridge, for murder, when horrors were disclosed which appalled all who heard of them. Bambridge was found to have frequently be-

guiled unwary and innocent persons to the prison gate-house, and then seized and manacled them without any authority whatever, and kept them there until he had extorted a ransom. In several cases the prisoners were tortured, in others they were left for so many days without food that they died from inanition ; in others, Bambridge having ordered his men to stab them with their bayonets, they perished from festering wounds. Hogarth first rose to celebrity by his picture of the Fleet Prison Committee, inquiring into the horrors of the prison, and its formation is commemorated by the Poet Thomson in his "Winter."

The precincts of the prison were long celebrated for the notorious "Fleet marriages," which were performed, without licence or publication of banns, by a set of vicious clergymen confined in the prison for debt, and therefore free from fear of the fine of £100 usually inflicted on clergymen convicted of solemnising clandestine marriages. No less than 217 marriages are shown by the Fleet registers to have been sometimes celebrated there in one day ! The "marrying houses," as they were called, were generally kept by the turnkeys of the prison, and the different degraded clergymen of the Fleet maintained touts in the street to beguile any arriving lovers to their especial patrons. Pennant, walking past the Fleet in his youth, was often tempted with the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" In the curious poem called "The Humours of the Fleet," we read—

" Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare
 But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair ;
 The busy pliers make a mighty stir,
 And whispering cry, 'D'ye want the parson, sir ?
 Pray step this way—just to the 'Pen in Hand ;'
 'The doctor's ready there at your command.'
 'This way,' another cries. 'Sir, I declare,
 The true and ancient register is here.'
 The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
 And haste with soothing words to invite them in."

Before leaving the Fleet we may recollect that Dickens paints Mr. Pickwick as having been imprisoned there for several months, and that he has given a vivid picture of the latter days of the old debtors' prison.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



S. MARIA, LAACH.

PART I.

EVER since I was a big school-boy I have wanted to see Laach, its lake and abbey. With Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," which I got for a prize, was thrown in as a make-weight a little book by the same many-sided author, called "Notes on German Churches." This had a frontispiece of Laach, which took my fancy immensely. The name, moreover, was such a fine mouthful for a Gael proud of his hereditary capacity for gutturals. Altogether I have never forgotten Laach, though, till last summer, I was never able to get to it.

And yet it is quite within easy reach of the Rhine. Here, where I am writing, in the garden, at Bad-Toennistein, a short hour up the Brohl valley, I am less than two hours from Laach Hôtel. It is about the same distance from Andernach, a fact realised by few of the thousands who yearly pass so near a place so well worth seeing. Popular guides, too, have sometimes been at fault. *Galignani*, a great authority, writes thus about a fire, which in 1855 destroyed the little lake-inn and the neighbouring buildings: "The old abbey of Laach, near Düsseldorf (!), one of the most remarkable historical remains in Rhenish Prussia, was lately burnt to the ground. Originally it was a fortress, and belonged, says the legend, to Lancelot of the Lake, the famous knight of the Round Table. For a number of years it has been in the possession of a family named Delius, who, having a large export trade, use it as a dépôt for goods of various kinds. Adjoining the abbey is a splendid church, which the King of Prussia built in 1847." French newspapers have a trick of making random shots in history and biography; but this beats anything that I ever saw in any language. Talk of evolving a description out of one's own consciousness; there is not one word of truth in all the paragraph, except the bare fact of the fire and the name of the proprietor. The idea that Laach lake is a sort of little Zuyder Zee, valuable as a water-way for export-merchants, is too ridiculous. The quiet humour with which my host pointed it out to me was delicious. Yet, no doubt, some people, reading *Galignani*, would say: "Oh, the church was built in '47; what's the use of going to see it, when I can see the fine new St. Apollinaris, at Remagen, without leaving the Rhine?" Moral: study, don't merely carry about, your

Murray or your Baedeker; and beware of trusting to newspapers, especially French ones.

But I did not reach Laach either from Brohl or from Andernach; I went up the Ahr valley, stopping at the famous baths of Neuenahr, where a company has done wonders in the way of building, planting, laying out pleasure-grounds, and of course in the way of advertising. In this last it is rivalled by the Apollinaris company; whose springs, surrounded by mountains of bottles, are about a mile from the Neuenahr Curhaus. By the way, if you buy any of these foreign waters, get them in glass bottles, not in earthenware jars; the former have twice as much fixed air as the latter; the jars will not bear the pressure necessary for forcing it in.

From Neuenahr it is a short walk to Ahrweiler, a quaint little walled town, with very fine church, against the north wall of which a recent mission has left its mark in the shape of a huge wooden crucifix.

Just beyond Ahrweiler the valley narrows to a gorge—the much over-praised "kleine Schweiz," a bit of North Devon and Dove-dale mixed—by no means so good as either, in spite of the addition of ruins on most of the peaks, and terraces of vines wherever vines will grow. These terraces, sometimes supported by walls, sometimes filling the ledges between two precipices, are wonderful instances of making the most of things. But I am afraid they can't altogether be put in the scale in favour of small proprietorship—many of the vineyards being bought up by Cologne companies; though still on plenty of little houses between Walportzheim and Altenahr you read the tempting offer of "wine of our own growth in cask or bottle."* Here let me say, once for all, that, however it may be in general, for the Rhine provinces peasant ownership has been an immense boon. Before the Revolution, one-third of the land belonged to the religious houses; the population might be roughly classed as priests, nobles, and beggars. Now, if the nobles are gone (and you may travel for days in the Eifel without seeing broadcloth, except perhaps on a bagman's back), so are the beggars and the monks. The people work hard,

* One or two *Morgen* of *Weinberg* (the fourth of a *hectare*, i.e. about five-eighths of an acre, is a *Morgen*) and four or five of plough land is the average peasant property.

women and girls far too hard (not in "gangs," though ; but generally mother and daughter, or sisters, side by side). They are at it early and late ; we saw them hoeing away under the blazing sun, and still hoeing when the dusk warned us that it was time to look out for a halting-place, and, as is too often the case in England, they have to come a long way to their work ; lone houses are almost unknown, and the village is sometimes several miles from some of the allotments. The crops were of all sorts ; here and there a patch of splendid red clover—enough of it, on the whole, to sweeten a very hot walk ; many ribbon-patches of tall, stout rye, and promising barley ; but the potatoes looked poor, and so did the mangolds. I am told, however, that it's all nonsense about one or two bad seasons ruining the peasant ; if his roots fail he perhaps makes his corn or his vines pay ; and at worst he usually has a stockingful of dollars for a rainy day. Besides, he is not too proud to go out as a day-labourer, either on some bigger farm or at the millstone and cement-works which form the true riches of the district. The notion that almost all the little properties hereabouts are mortgaged up to their full values, is a British delusion. Wherever there is a good market, and a subsidiary industry to fall back upon, the peasant thrives, even on very poor land.* No doubt he lacks culture ; but would he have more of it if he was somebody's day-labourer, with the workhouse as his goal ? Yes ; peasant ownership is a boon ; but the Rhinelanders are not duly grateful to the French for having done at one stroke what successive peasant wars, cruelly carried on, and causing fearful misery, failed to accomplish. Everybody here is Prussian to the backbone. In every little inn there is a photograph of the soldier son, or a grand coloured print (the central figure, of course, painted in to order) representing him surrounded by warlike trophies, and entitled "Zur Erinnerung aus meine Dienststreit." Then there are engravings either of Düppel or Nachod or Weissembourg, and, of course, portraits of the Emperor and the Crown Prince, and perhaps "Napoleon III. before the Emperor at Sedan"—a contemptible little yellow-breeched, pot-bellied flunkey in a swallow-

tailed coat and cocked hat, handing his sword to a majestic figure in spiked helmet and full regimentals. The artist seems to have held the Darwinian theory, with limitations. To Napoleon he has given the look and manner of an anthropoid ape ; but his Emperor William is as much an ideal in its way as the Jupiter of Phidias. Verily Bismarck must have rejoiced when that infatuated Louis Napoleon did the very thing which, of all others, would be most certain to weld the fatherland together !

The view from Altenahr Castle, which stands on an insulated hill, is worth seeing. Here the valley changes character, becoming less wild ; vines, too, giving place to wood. The flora all along has been singularly English. In the glades any quantity of butterfly orchis, and rare patches of heather (a little *tetralix*, but very little), scentless broom instead of English furze, broom-rape growing profusely both on broom and beech ; along the wayside the usual English plants, jack-by-the-hedge, bryony, quaking grass, bugloss (not the common kind, but that larger *viperine* which is found in West Cornwall—it is here so abundant as to be quite a feature in the landscape), blue salvia, lesser convolvulus, paquerette or oxeeye daisy, and on the rocks a little red pink which I think is English, though rare. Nothing new did I find but a yellow foxglove and (round Laach) a big white mullein. Among insects, there is a fair number of swallow-tailed butterflies, and a small luminous beetle which gives some notion of what fire-flies are like. I expected to see more novelties in a district which has been subjected to at least two volcanic upheavals.

At Dümpelfeld I turned off, up a thoroughly Exmoor valley, to Adenau, where there are still a few of those fine old wooden houses which are everywhere getting so rare. I remember how ruthlessly, five years ago, they were pulling down a block of them, far the finest I ever saw, not merely carved, but with the old colours still fresh upon them, at Angers ; and they tell me it's the same in the German towns where, years ago, I used to admire the rich gables and doorways. Baron Haussmann has a good deal to answer for. Nor does sweetness always accompany the greater light of new constructions ; not to speak of Cubitopolis and Victoria Street, Westminster, the fine new parts of Coblenz yesterday stank far worse than the still remaining narrow streets.

From Adenau you soon get on the Eifel plateau. The Hohe Acht is close by the

* The families, too, are large—swarms of children everywhere. That depopulation, which the *Times* charged on the French property laws, would seem rather to be—not something in the race, for the French are Celts—but a sort of temporary epidemic. Here, in Rhineland, people emigrate, that's the difference ; the son in America is almost as common as the son in the army. No, you would never dream here that the Code Napoléon brings sterility into households.

road, and the view from it is said to be grand; but there is a limit to human endurance under a blazing sun with a thunder-storm in prospect. So I only walked over his shoulder, through a beech wood which reminded me of the Quantocks near Bishop's Lydiard. Thence to Laach the country may well be compared to Charnwood Forest; it is on a larger scale; instead of Bardon Hill and Mount Sorrel there are a score of *Kopfs*, many of them craters. One of these, the Forstberg, highest of all, I thought it my duty to go up next day. Don't do likewise; there is, indeed, a fine view of the Rhine Valley and the Seven Mountains about four-fifths the way up, and round the other side a peep or two of the further Eifel; but, as the name shows, the hill is thickly wooded; and though there is a little clearing round the big beech on the top, this does not help you; to see anything you would have to swarm up the big beech. Even the crater is better traced from below; like most of these craters (it is different in the upper Eifel, where some of them are full of water, forming so-called *Maars*), it is rent open on one side, and looks from below like a mere shoulder to the main hill; indeed, wherever hereabouts you see such a shoulder along with a depression in the side suspect a crater.

The approach to Laach is very beautiful, softly beautiful, an Englishman would say, "schauerlich romantisch," say the German guide-books, written for people who live where there's not a hillock between them and the Ural Mountains. Woods mostly of beech, with a few splendid oaks, gird it in almost all round. Whether it was a crater or not, is still a vexed question among German *savants*. Humboldt said no; but a good many are bold enough to differ with him. If not a crater, it was formed by the damming up of the valley, probably by the upheaval at one end of the densely-wooded Veitskopf, while at the other the low red hills (the only treeless part of the bordering), called Kruft Ofen, would do very well for a dyke of scoræ. The lake thus formed is rather more than a mile each way, nearly round, and some hundred and seventy feet deep at the deepest. Of old it was considerably larger, and used at times to threaten to flood the monastery; the monks therefore made an *emissorium*, which in 1845 was so enlarged, that the lake sank some twenty-five feet, and a broad belt of rich meadow land was gained. Apprehensions were entertained that the example set at Haarlem would here be imitated; and among a great deal more deprecatory writing

a local poet sent a copy of verses to the king, praying him not to let their lovely piece of water dwindle away to a mill-pond.

The Laach Hotel, standing just above the reclaimed land, is a capital place for lotus-eating. We had it pretty much to ourselves, for the season had not yet well begun. The only permanent guests were, a young German trying the milk-cure (not uncombined with tobacco, and wine, and beer), and a Dutchman and his wife, neither of whom, for a wonder, could speak English. He was one of the merriest fellows I ever saw. I told him, "You're not a bit like our ideal, phlegmatic Hollander." "What a mistake!" said he. "Come to Amsterdam, and you will see that *bei us mann macht immer Spasz*." I'm sorry to say his ideas were not lofty. Money and pleasure set everybody at work, chiefly money. "You learn French. Why? All for money. You learn German. It's the same." I suggested duty as a motive, the young German grunting an approving *Ja*; but mynheer wouldn't see it. He was very hard on his own clergy "They call and call again where they were well fed; but where the fare is bad, they think one visit enough. I'm a Protestant; but I can't abide one of those fellows in superfine cloth going to see some half-starved sick man, and saying, 'You're badly off here; but up there things will be better for you and for us all.' I think the poor man would rather have some of his good things down here." Perhaps he was only poking fun (making *Spasz*). I had been trying to get something out of him about the Broad Church in Holland, and he may have meant to remind me that Laach was not a place for theological discussion; much better loaf under the trees or in the veranda and talk of nothing more serious than the vegetation of Java, where his wife had been for ten years, and which she spoke of, as everybody does, in terms of rapturous admiration.

In the afternoon up came a party from Neuwied—father, mother, married daughter with her husband, and three daughters ready for husbands. To watch the four girls running with German artlessness about the garden, waltzing through the tall grass (a shaven lawn is not to be expected at Laach), curtsying to the great tall standard-roses, and pretending to gather whole armsful of them to the tune of "Ach, wie schön!" was very amusing. Next morning we and they breakfasted under adjoining trees, keeping up an intermittent fire of conversation, for I was anxious to learn (what no German ever seems

to know) the common names of plants. It was provoking to get nothing but *Verbascum* for mullein ("woolly leaf," they call it in Switzerland); I was glad when one of the girls suggested *Koenigs Schleif*, though I felt sure it was a made-up name. Pretty, however; yet the maker of it, who was also the pretty girl of the party, with a huge plait of hair (I'm sure it was her own) hanging down far below her waist, soon showed her national fondness for practical jokes. A few bold bantams had begun to gather round; one even ventured to fly up on the table; instantly Fräulein had caught it, and placed it gently but firmly in her brother-in-law's straw hat, saying: "Look at it on its nest, pretty thing." We then all went on the water together, the Dutchman laughing because we chose the hot morning—it was hot, not a breath of air. "I go in the evening," he said, "and fish; but I never catch anything—haven't got patience." However, we went; it was then or never, for the Neuwied folks were going back soon. But "Ach, wie schön!" accompanied by dipping hands and arms into the water, became wearying; and I am afraid I was glad when mamma began to complain of sea-sickness! and the boat was put about. We didn't go ashore at once, however, for the sight of a white water-lily—water-rose is its more suitable name—sent the girls wild, and, in spite of mamma, we were half-an-hour dodging in and out among the reeds, and fishing up buds and flowers. There is a splendid echo from the woods behind, not far from the hotel bathing-house, where also are kept the fish, which are found to lose their earthy taste if they live for three

or four days in sunken fish-boxes; there are four kinds of fish—pike, white-fish, *schleich*, and *barsch*. Laach, if you don't find it too enervating, is a good centre from which to "do" the lower Eifel. Niedermendig, for instance, ought to be seen; the lava-stream which poured over it from the Forstberg, has made it famous for splendid millstones; at any rate, since the Romans first came into the country they are worked out of the basalt, and Murray says some of them have been found among Roman remains in Britain. It is curious to see close together the imperishable basalt, the rotten finely laminated clay slate, the light pumice that you can almost crush in your fingers, and the *tuff*, hardened volcanic mud, light also, but very durable, as its use in most of the Rhine churches right on into Holland proves. The basalt is quarried to the depth of about a hundred and fifty feet; and the worked-out quarries are used as beer vaults—Niedermendig is the German Burton. The strange thing in the quarry that we went over was, not the big barrels, but the heaps of ice and hardened snow, and the remains of ice pillars. The ice never wholly melts, the principle is the same as that of the ice-caves in the Jura. Niedermendig, built of blackish stone, looks as gloomy as a Charnwood Forest village; but the houses seem likely to last till the next eruption, and they ought to be comfortable inside, for wages are good—a dollar a day and upwards in the breweries, and averaging nearly as much in the quarries; though there, as it is piece-work, "the stuff do sometimes turn against them," as they say in West Cornwall.

H. S. FAGAN.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

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VI.—NEW ZEALAND.

IF in the countless islets of Polynesia we find the latest born of the birds of the Oceanic islands, in New Zealand, on the contrary, the pedigree of its bird-life carries us back to an antiquity which is even geologically remote. While old oceans were rolling over the surface of the British Isles, when the rocks of the Lias had not yet formed the seabed, before the ammonites of the Oolite were called into being, or the foraminifera had deposited the Chalk of Southern Britain; through all these changes of the northern

hemisphere the future Britain of the southern remained unchanged, while elsewhere, time after time, continents rose and sank, and rose again.

The massive mountain ranges of New Zealand are composed of trap rock and basalt, over which the still active volcanic forces have poured forth from time to time streams of igneous rock. On every part of the axis of the New Zealand elevation are to be found craters, many of them still active, boiling lakes and springs, hot mud pools, sulphur

deposits, and all the other phenomena of volcanic action. In the lower plains the chief sedimentary deposits are layers of sand and pumice-stone, ejected from volcanoes. Nearer the coast there have been in very recent times continued and rapid upheavals, and raised beaches are common. So rapid is the elevation, that a vessel which had been stranded in 1814 was found, thirty-five years afterwards, two hundred yards above high-water mark, with a tree growing through its bottom. But yet there are few traces of the sedimentary rocks subsequent to the epoch of the Coal Measures. We are therefore justified in assuming that these islands have remained since that period above the sea-level, and have consequently participated less in the geological changes of our globe than any other portion of the earth's surface.

Man, in fact, in these regions stands on a more ancient platform, and, as we shall endeavour to show, is surrounded by far more antique forms of animal and vegetable life than did his grand progenitor Adam at the Creation, for he is standing on the oldest surface of our planet remaining above the ocean.

Many geologists have suggested that at some geological period, coincident probably with an epoch of great cold in the northern hemisphere, there was a vast southern continent, the whole of which, excepting New Zealand and some distant islet peaks, has since been submerged, and that the animals and plants of these islands are the last remains of a once widespread area of life. Captain Hutton maintains that existing facts can only be accounted for by a former land connection in various directions, and that there was a time when New Zealand, Australia, Southern Africa, the Mascarene Islands and South America were united. At this period he assumes that mammals had no existence in this southern continent, and that reptiles and birds reigned supreme. The progenitors of the ostriches of South Africa, of the long extinct gigantic *Aepyornis* of Madagascar, of the emeus and cassowaries of Australia, of the huge moas and kiwis of New Zealand, were from a common or an allied stock; and in like manner he would explain the presence of many other groups of birds, reptiles, and insects which have no powers enabling them to cross the ocean.

Mr. Wallace, on the contrary, while fully admitting the superior antiquity of the New Zealand fauna, holds this hypothesis to be quite unnecessary, and explains the present or recent existence of so many birds in-

capable of flight by the gradual and slow absorption of unused or useless organs, which gradually became rudimentary, as we see them to-day in the undeveloped and rudimentary wing-bones of the emeu or kiwi (*Apteryx*). He assumes a common ancestry for the various forms of great struthious or ostrich-like birds, and that these ancestors had powers of flight. The fact of there being two or three very distinct families of these birds in New Zealand he holds to prove that these islands were isolated at a very early period, and that the original type being not exposed to competition by the presence of any mammals or other animals, had full scope for variation and became more differentiated than elsewhere. He adduces also the interesting fact that in a climate and country most suitable for their development no snakes are found, as a proof that the bird-life of the islands was not dependent for its introduction on any land connection; for in that case the snakes, so abundant in Australia, must certainly have been existent in the neighbouring islands.

Another theory is, that New Zealand was at a remote period part of a southern continent now submerged, and that it is, with a few islets to be hereafter referred to, the only portion remaining above the surface of the sea; but that Australia was submerged before the miocene period, and afterwards was raised again, having then a connection with Asia, and that it still possesses the peculiar plants and animals of the period following the changes which separated it from New Zealand. Still later, according to this view, America as well as Africa was severed from the remaining portion of the southern continent, each preserving the fauna and flora of a later period, so that each portion presents a step of ascent from the lowest flora of the earth's ancient surface to its most recent one, from the epoch of the Lias to the age in which we live; and that thus we are enabled to see in actual existence, what, in the northern hemisphere, is only to be found in a fossil state.

Whichever of these theories be adopted, under all of them we have a like conclusion: that these regions of the southern hemisphere form a geological flight of stairs connecting the oldest with the most recent platform of the earth. The first and lowest step is New Zealand and its dependent islets with their wingless birds; next Australia with its marsupial animals, serpents, saurians and antique fishes; then South America, with its sloths,

tapirs and armadillos; then Africa and India, with their elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses and giraffes; and lastly Europe and the palearctic region, with its familiar families of creatures over which man presides.

It seems probable that the southern continent, of which so small a portion survives, is again rising, and will be eventually revealed, with the Polynesian Islands for its mountains, and with superincumbent strata more nearly resembling the later formations of the northern hemisphere, and that the cretaceous deposit which is now chiefly represented by the coral islands will be then the predominant surface of the plains.

Let us allow our imagination to carry us back a very few centuries, and what is the picture of New Zealand life as it had existed undisturbed for countless ages? Man had but just arrived on the scene. The physical appearance of the region, at the first glance, differed not from what it was when Tasman first sighted its volcanoes or when Cook cast anchor in the Bay of Islands. Yet had we penetrated into the interior we should have witnessed forms of life which have since passed away for ever. The king of creation was a comparative stranger, a newcomer—man—but not the tall, muscular, straight-haired Maori of recent times. A short, black-skinned, woolly-haired savage, with no knowledge of metals, which the islands did not produce for him, had made his home on piles over the warm waters of the lakes and pools. There he dwelt and fabricated from stones and shells the tips of his lance, and the rude hooks with which he secured from the pools beneath his door his scanty meal of fish. His isolated hut was only to be reached by swimming, and his enemies were none save his own kind. Nature had provided for him only prey, not foes. On the lower plains stalked, unconscious of danger, so soon as the sun had set, huge giraffe-like bipeds, the moa or *Dinornis*, tall birds with massive legs, rounded bodies with no semblance of wings, and long necks stretching sixteen feet above the ground. With a feeble bill these defenceless creatures pastured on the foliage of the ti, or cabbage palm, the karaka, and many other dicotyledonous trees, or, stooping down, with their massive feet tore away the soil, and fed on the esculent roots which they laid bare. Over their heads, high as they might stretch, the feathery fronds of gigantic tree-ferns and the dense foliage of many a strangely shaped pine shaded the dank herbage from the sun's rays. The noble kauri, the prince of pine-

trees, exuded its fragrant gum on all the low-lying marshy grounds, and rose to a height of two hundred feet—perhaps one of the oldest of New Zealand plants, for its traces and masses of its resin are found in all the ligneous (or carboniferous, as they are called) deposits of the country. Behind the trunk of the forest-tree the Negrite patiently lurked, dart in hand, waiting the approach of the simple moa. One of these would supply the great oven of the village, scooped in the ground by the shore of the lake, and provide a barbaric feast for many days.

But man was not the only enemy of the bird-giant. For ages before the drifting canoe brought the first human stragglers he had been the quarry of the huge *Harpagornis*, a colossal bird of prey, though of feeble flight, compared with which, in size, the noblest eagle was merely a pitiful sparrow-hawk. Yet stranger forms lurked among the dense foliage of the swamps and amid the thickets of the fern-brakes. Gigantic water-hens (*Aptornis* and *Notornis*) waded in the mud and fed on the succulent rushes, the former almost a rival of the moa in bulk; while a gigantic goose (*Chenornis*) swam on the lagoons, and had neither the will nor the power to extend his flight to less tranquil scenes. All these have gone, but they have left behind them the traces which enable an Owen or a Haast to depict for us the New Zealand of the olden time with the exactness of an eye-witness; and they have left in the fast-vanishing kiwis, kakopoes, and wekas, feeble and diminutive successors, their poor relations, to illustrate their habits and explain their mode of life.

As we have said, we have few true fossils, no geological record of New Zealand life, and it is the birds, and the birds alone, which can tell us the past history of these oldest of the isles of the sea. Yet, strange as are the living forms, we could have had little conception of the colossal size of their former compeers but for the ground-ovens, which have stood the naturalist in as good stead as have the kitchen-middens of Northern Europe. The village or tribal oven seems to have been used for the cooking of great feasts time after time, and the larger bones of the game have been left, often partially calcined, in heaps which are perhaps the accumulation of many years. In these we find, intermingled, the bones of the extinct giants, of existing species, and, alas! of human victims. Thus I lately received from one oven a number of thigh, leg, and toe bones, and the pelvis of one of

the smaller species of *Dinornis*, with the tarsi and other fragments of *Apteryx* or kiwi, and portions of at least three young children, probably all parts of the same feast.

The birds also give us a key to the date of the separation of the two main islands of New Zealand. That the two islands were once united we may conclude from the fact that there is no single peculiar genus of birds, whether with or without powers of flight, which does not occur in each island. That the islands have been separated for a vast period of time may be proved from the fact that in the great majority of cases each island possesses a distinct species of the same genus very closely allied.

Thus we can discriminate the kiwi (*A. Mantillii*) of the northern from that of the southern (*A. Australis*). The weka rails of each are distinct in plumage and coloration. The New Zealand chough, or crow, rejoices in blue wattles in the north, but orange ones in the south. The thrush of the one island is mottled, that of the other of an uniform brown. The representatives of the warblers, of the wrens, of the titmouzen, of the stonechats, differ in each island—not that any wrens, titmouzen, or tree-warblers, are found in either, but that the antipodean birds have a certain analogy in function and appearance to our familiar friends. The *Orthonyx*, one of the most peculiar New Zealand forms, has a yellow head and breast in the southern, but is white in the northern island. It is in all these cases impossible to doubt the common ancestry, but the disruption must be very ancient to have produced these permanent modifications through almost the whole range of bird life.

It is difficult to decide, even approximately, the date of the last moa, or whether he survived the last dodo or not. At least in his case the European is not responsible for his fate. Many of the bones found seem so fresh that they may have lived within the last half-century, but Captain Cook heard or saw nothing of them. Still we may fairly conclude that they became extinct in the Northern Island, which was comparatively thickly peopled, and was doubtless the first settled by man, long before they finally disappeared in the Southern Island. Dr. Haast strongly supports the view that these giants were not contemporaneous with the present Maori race, but were exterminated by their Negrite predecessors; yet there is in the museum of the Philosophical Society of York a magnificent skeleton of *Dinornis giganteus*,

found a few years since under a sand-drift, with many of the integuments and fragments of skin and hairy feathers remaining attached, while large fragments of an egg or eggs, on which, perhaps, the parent bird was sitting when overwhelmed by a sudden convulsion or earthquake wave, still retain their rich green colour.

On another occasion, in the hands of a skeleton buried in an upright sitting posture in a cave, was found an egg of a moa, entire, with a small hole bored at the end immediately under the chin of the skeleton, and preserving all its freshness of colour. This egg was brought to England, but has finally returned to the antipodes, to be placed in a public museum. As the skeleton was that of a Maori, there seems here a proof of the coexistence of the two, and that the egg was placed in the hands of a deceased chieftain, to supply him with sustenance on his journey to the land of spirits. It has been suggested, on the other hand, that the egg may have been placed where it was found as being a great rarity, the most precious possession of the tribe. But the late Rev. R. Taylor, who probably knew more of the native history and traditions than any other European, and who collected many of the native songs twenty years before colonisation began, has written down many songs which record the exploits of Maori heroes in hunting the gigantic moa; and a solitary feather, said to be the last relic of the bird possessed by the tribe, was buried with a great native chief, Rauparaha, in 1849. One of the native legends is based on the story of a chieftain who went in quest of a tuft of moa feathers, and who, when he had secured the plume, received in exchange the finest greenstone mere in the land. We may infer from this tale that at a very early period of the Maori settlement the moa had become extremely rare.

But this colossus among birds was not alone. No less than eleven distinct species have already been discovered, varying in size from five to sixteen feet, grouped into two families—one, *Dinornis* proper, having the hind toe obsolete, of which seven species are recognised, and the other, *Palapteryx*, with the hind toe developed, of which four species have up to this time been described. Perhaps the most extraordinary form was that called *Dinornis elephantopus*, not so tall as the great moa, but of massive elephant-like proportions, with an immense breadth across the body, and the massive legs set far apart. Probably the Madagascan *Aepyornis* was a

bird of like proportions. All these species have evidently been recent contemporaries; but in the alluvial deposits many other birds have been found, of which the natives have no tradition. The giant bird of prey, *Harpagornis*, already alluded to, was one of these, a veritable roc, which could easily have carried away a man, and of stature sufficient to have made the largest moa its quarry. Other families of birds attained like gigantic dimensions—*Cnemidornis*, the gigantic goose, far exceeding the swan in bulk, and of which a fine skeleton may be seen in the British Museum. The giant purple water-hen, *Notornis*, has existed down to the present time, though but two living specimens have ever been obtained, both now in the British Museum. These were procured by Mr. Mantell at Dusky Bay, at the southern extremity of the South Island; but its bones have been found in alluvial deposits much farther north. It is interesting to compare this bird, with its wings incapable of flight, and its short, stout legs and feet, with the parallel development of the great ralline géant in the island of Rodriguez.

But the *Notornis* was not the only extraordinary development of the rail family. The bones of another, named *Aptornis*, which seems to have been extinct for some time, and of which two species are recognised, may be seen in the British Museum. It is to be noted that each island has its own species, a fact to be borne in mind as bearing on the geological antiquity of the separation between the two islands. The *Aptornis*, of which the larger species seems to have been about four feet high, bears also some analogy to another extinct Mascarene water-hen, the *Aphanapteryx*, in its long down-curved beak, so unlike any other of the group. Its beak is adze-shaped, adapted for frequent, long, and deep thrusts into the ground, telling us that its food was animal, not vegetable. The earth-worms of New Zealand are, like its birds, remarkable for their great size, and are of many kinds and in great numbers. The larvæ of the largest and most numerous of the New Zealand moths are burrowing in their habits, and the uniquely shaped bill of the *Aptornis* is admirably fitted for extracting these from their recesses. Thus one peculiar structure is marvellously correlated to another peculiar natural feature.

Every year is adding to our knowledge of the extinct New Zealand fauna; and as we have already found gigantic forms of the ostrich type recalling those of Madagascar, and of the rail recalling those of the Masca-

renes, we may yet find analogies to the giant pigeons, the dodos, and solitaires of Mauritius and Rodriguez. It will be contrary to analogy if the pigeon type be absent in a region adjacent to those most prolific of this family, and near islands which, like the Samoan, exhibit in the *Didunculus* a tendency to aberrant and exaggerated forms of this very family of birds.

When from the extinct we turn to the living birds, there is shown the same distinctive character, marking off New Zealand from the rest of the world. No other region contains so large a proportion of peculiar genera; nowhere else are those genera so distinct and isolated; and in the genera which do also occur in other regions there is hardly a species which is not confined to New Zealand. Of the whole one hundred and forty-five species of birds enumerated as native, only three land birds are identical with those of other parts of the southern hemisphere, and of these two are migrant cuckoos, and the third, the Australian white-eye (*Zosterops*), which seems to have arrived and multiplied from the latter country within the memory of living settlers. The wading birds and many of the webfooted species are hardly less peculiar.

Many of the most beautiful and peculiar forms are either already exterminated or on the verge of extermination since the commencement of the colony. Here, as elsewhere, we have the same story. The pig, the dog, and the cat do the work which man does not interfere to prevent until it is too late. Other less suspected, less direct agencies, following in the wake of man's arrival, continue to accelerate the process. Thus the introduction of English birds, chiefly in order to repress the plague of locusts, is driving out many species, not so much by direct attack, as by absorbing the supply of food, and being better fitted to adapt themselves to changing conditions.

A curious instance of human agency indirectly disturbing the balance of nature may be adduced in the case of the bell-bird (*Anthornis melanura*) the most exquisite of songsters, often called the nightingale of New Zealand, once most abundant, now becoming rapidly extinct. The bell bird is one of the family of the honey suckers, living principally on the nectar of flowers, and having a tongue admirably adapted for sweeping the corolla of blossoms, with a bristly tuft at its extremity. In this quest it had neither foe nor rival. There was no New Zealand honey-bee, with its sting

sheathed in its tail, till an enthusiastic bee-master imported a few communities, which rapidly multiplied, as the bell-bird dwindled. A native picking up a dead songster in the forest, noticed that the tongue of the bird was swollen, that the sting of a bee was left in the tip, and that it had in fact died of suffocation. The mystery was solved. The unsuspecting honey-bird flitted about from flower to flower sweeping up the nectar. But the bee was busy within the cup, and irritated by the liberties taken by the brush which swept round its abdomen, launched forth its sting, with a result fatal to both. Even where the hostilities of the bee and bird have not been carried so far, no doubt the honey-bee must seriously diminish the food supply of the honey-eater.

But the honey-bee will not account for the disappearance of many species of fruit-eating and insectivorous birds. Mr. Buller has given as his opinion, after many years' observation, that the Norway rat is the real and supreme pest. It now swarms everywhere in incredible numbers. He observes that all those species which nest in hollow trees, in forks of branches, or in other situations accessible to the rat, are decreasing, while those birds which suspend their nests from slender twigs, or build them secured to creeping plants, maintain their numbers. He also mentions the New Zealand pipit as on the increase. Now the pipit breeds on the ground, but then it does so only in open grass land, where the harrier keeps down the numbers of the rat.

Remarkable as are the peculiarities of many of the New Zealand shore and water birds, still it is by the land birds chiefly that we are enabled to define the limits of the region and to embrace several outlying islands, some of which would otherwise fall geographically into the Australian area. The sixty or seventy species of land birds come under thirty-four genera, of which no less than sixteen are peculiar to New Zealand. Five genera are also found in Australia, but all the resident species are distinct. There is an owl, fast disappearing, known as the laughing owl (*Sceloglaux albifacies*), a ground-feeder with weak powers of flight, which preyed exclusively on the now extinct New Zealand rat, the one indigenous mammal, but which has been exterminated by the European intruder. It is evident that this owl, though able to cope with the small native animal, has been overmatched by the stronger and more ferocious pest, the Norway rat.

Another bird, which stands absolutely alone, without a relation in the world, is the kakapo, or ground parrot, the largest of all the parrot tribe, being upwards of two feet in length. It has much of the owl in its appearance and habits. The small face is very owl-like, and it is the only parrot which, like the owls, has a facial disk of feathers. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits, and its beautifully mottled green plumage so perfectly harmonizes with the green mosses on which it feeds, that if it should be accidentally surprised outside the hollow trees or burrows in which during the day it secretes itself it is impossible to detect it. A colonist told me that on one occasion, in the early morning, he heard the note of the kakapo, and marked the spot. He carefully quartered the ground with his eye, for he was certain the bird could not have escaped from the little plot of moss. He stood watching for half an hour, but could not detect it, until at length it incautiously winked its eye, and he found the bird had been all the while within two yards of his feet. Even then, he said, had he taken his eyes off for a moment, he should have lost trace of it. The kakapo, like many other birds of New Zealand, has no power of flight; but, unlike other flightless birds, has fully-developed and well-formed wings, with good pinion feathers. How should it have wings which it cannot use? On examining the muscles it has been found that, though fully developed, they are mere masses of fat, without any strength or power. Here we have a clear instance of long-continued disuse of an unnecessary organ ending in inability to use it. The mosses cover the ground, and the roots or trunks of prostrate trees require to be sought for on foot; and to a night-feeding bird in a country where there are no beasts of prey, flight was a superfluous exertion. Anatomically there is no reason why the kakapo should not be as good a flyer as any other parrot.

Other New Zealand parrots belong to another peculiar genus—*Nestor*. Though honey-eaters, with a fine brushlike development at the end of the tongue, they are very distinct from the Australian honey-eating parrots. One species, and that the most beautiful, the kaka (*Nestor meridionalis*), for the comfort of the naturalist we may add, shows no sign of decay, at least in the wooded districts. Its plumage, though very rich in detail, yet in general effect is a great contrast to the ordinary brilliancy of the parrot tribe, and indicates the native of a humid and

shaded country. The lengthened overlapping but slightly hooked upper mandible of the beak very distinctly separates the *Nestor* from other parrots. Besides the two or three species of New Zealand, only one other has existed, the now extinct *Nestor* of Philip Island, near Norfolk Island.

When we turn to the perching birds of New Zealand, we find some peculiarities shared by species which have in other points no affinities. Thus wattles at the base of the bill appear in the representatives of the starlings, choughs and crows, though absent in the representatives of those families which in Australia frequently possess them. One of the most anomalous of the perchers is the large huia (*Heteralocha acutirostris*), a beautiful bird of the size of a jackdaw, but much more slender and elongated, with glossy black plumage and a broad white band terminating its long tail. It has large orange-coloured wattles at the corner of the bill, which is ivory white and very large—in the male bird strong, massive, and sharp, like a woodpecker's; in the female, more than double the length of her mate's, nearly five inches long, slender and gracefully decurved. This extraordinary disparity in the shape and size of the bill is absolutely unique in bird life. The huia is very scarce and local, and much sought after by the natives, who prize the tail feathers very highly, and use them as mourning for their chiefs. It was only actual observation by Mr. Buller which at length explained the uses of the two very different bills, a wonderful illustration of domestic division of labour. The huia feeds solely on grubs which bury themselves in timber and beneath the bark of trees. The male bird bores the wood, chiselling out his prey after the manner of the woodpecker, while the female inserts her taper bill into the holes, when the hardness of the surrounding parts resists the chisel of her mate. Sometimes the male removed a portion of the wood without being able to reach the grub, when the female would at once come to his aid, and inserting her long slender bill in the hole he had drilled, extracted the delicate morsel, which her gallant knight always permitted her to appropriate to her own use.

Another most beautiful and still common bird in New Zealand is the tui or parson-bird (*Prosthemadera Nova-Zelandiæ*), so called from two white tufts hanging like a pair of bands under its chin. It is easily tamed and taught to speak like a parrot. There is a story of a British commissioner addressing an assembly of natives, and when

he had ended his speech, a tame tui overhead exclaimed "Tito!" (false.) The old chieftain replied, "Friend, your arguments are very good, but my tui is a very wise bird, and he is not yet convinced."

One very marked contrast between the bird life of New Zealand and that of all the rest of the southern hemisphere is, that while elsewhere the pigeon tribe, both in the variety and number of its species, is the most conspicuous feature, here there is but one species, a large fruit-eater. Nor are game birds better represented, the only gallinaceous bird in New Zealand having been a quail, now, since the colonisation of the country, extinct. This deficiency is, however, partly supplied by the abundance of birds of the rail tribe, the weka, a large wingless rail or wood-hen, of which there are three species recognised, being plentiful. These birds, while, unlike the kiwi, they have developed the bony structure of the wing, yet are entirely without pinion feathers, or any power of flight, the wing being thus in a stage intermediate between that of the ground parrot and the *Apteryx*.

Of the other wading birds, such as plovers, &c., most of the species are peculiar, but only one, the wrybill (*Anarynchus*) possesses any abnormal peculiarity. This little dotterel has its bill turned to the right side—a provision which enables it to obtain its living as it runs rapidly round the boulders on the shore, inserting its scoop sideways as it runs, so as to collect the insects and larvæ concealed under the stones. The bird has a conspicuous black band round its breast, but this band is much less conspicuous on the left side than on the other, where, owing to its habits of feeding, it is less exposed to the observation of its enemies. This one-sided coloration thus serves to protect the bird from the hawks, to the attacks of which, feeding on the open shingle, it would be peculiarly liable. There is no other example in nature of a bird with a bill similarly distorted.

Of waterfowl, ducks are generally the most widely spread, yet very few of those of New Zealand are found beyond its limits, though they are not far removed in character from those of other regions. There is, however, one exception, in the wio or blue duck, (*Hymenolemus malacorhyncus*), which lives among the gorges and mountain torrents of the alpine districts, never descending far from the sources of the mountain streams. It has a bony knob at the end of its wings, which it uses for support in climbing the

slippery surface of the rocks, and its bill is fringed with a fleshy membrane, which it uses to shell or peel the crusts of the caddis worms which form its exclusive food.

But no remaining birds of New Zealand equal in interest the weird-like kiwis, or *Apteryx*, the wingless relations of the gigantic bipeds of the past. Of the *Apteryx* four species are generally recognised—one, nearly extinct, in the Northern Island, and three in the Southern. The country was known many years before the kiwi was noticed by naturalists, and the first skin brought to England and exhibited at the Linnean Society in 1813 was at first believed to be an artificially formed imposture. It was not until the skin had been opened and the presence of rudimentary wings detected, that the fact of a so unique a form of life was recognised. The different species vary in bulk, from the size of a duck to that of a small goose. The plumage of the whole body is of the same character, and utterly different from that of other birds. Instead of springing from the skin in small tufts, the feathers grow like the hair of mammals, each plume singly. They are lanceolate, and the filaments are merely disunited hairs or barbs, the shaft terminating in a soft point. The beak is very long and snipe-like, adapted for probing the soft ground for earth-worms at night, when alone it ventures abroad. Perhaps no creature is more defenceless or less capable of adapting itself to any change of the conditions of life. Its only strength is in its legs, which it uses for burrowing with great rapidity, so that a kiwi confined in an enclosure has been known to burrow down for more than a yard into the hard ground beneath the fence, and thence up to the surface outside, and make its escape, in a single night. The egg of the kiwi is larger in comparison with the parent bird than that of any other bird; the egg of a mother weighing three pounds will weigh fifteen and a half ounces when filled with water, and measure five inches by three.

The plain grey and brown plumage of the different species and the nocturnal habits of the whole group do not aid in making them interesting or attractive birds, for they can seldom be seen, either in nature or in captivity, save coiled up into a ball among ferns or straw. But they are the last living representatives of the creatures that once were the most advanced type of life. The skeleton is yet more remarkable than the mere outward form: the ribs, only nine in number, broad and flattened like those of a tortoise; the wing-bones under the skin and two inches

long; no furculum or merrythought; no flesh on the breast-bone, which is a small shield without any keel or ridge. The vertebrae of the neck, strong and massive; the small head and long feeble bill; the enormous pelvis with its great muscular attachments, the flesh of the bird being all on its back instead of on its breast; the huge and disproportionate thigh and leg-bones, all call up the idea of creatures not more unlike the ordinary bird of every-day life than the flying reptiles of the saurian geological epoch.

Enough has been stated to show that the land which produces such strange forms is entitled to claim for itself a genealogy and an origin widely removed from that of any other region. New Zealand stands indeed apart, or rather she has done. But it will not be for long. More than half her birds are gone as utterly as though they had been embedded in the Wealden clay, and of the remainder, almost all show signs of being dying species. In a few years, the omens are too clear, we shall have to look for the story of New Zealand, not in her swamps and fern brakes, but only in the gravel pits of her rivers or in the museums of Europe. Less ruthlessly, but not less surely than did one generation of Dutchmen obliterate the indigenous life of the Mascarene islands, is the first generation of English colonists stamping out the living records of a succession of myriads of centuries in New Zealand. Let us hope that a generous sympathy will hold out a fostering hand to protect those who cannot protect themselves, that a few acres of marsh may somewhere be left for the home of the weka, and that the last fern brake may not be exploited for the last kiwi; that an intelligent legislature will check the selfish barbarism which has already been unhappily instigated to import polecats, the most destructive and pernicious of all vermin, to the inevitable destruction of every helpless *indigène*, and that there may be room left in the olden land of the moa, beside the sheepwalks of the colonists, for the thicket of the kakapo and the kiwi and even for the taro-plot of the grand old Maori.

Whether we turn to its birds, its unique reptiles, its plants, or its lower animals, New Zealand is a living museum. Little more than half a century has passed since it was surrounded by satellites equally interesting, but of which the distinctive forms have almost wholly perished. If old continent there were, Lord Howe's Island, though so near Australia, Norfolk and Philip Islands,

the Kermadoc group to the west and north, and the Chatham, Auckland, and Macquarrie groups to the south, all must have formed part of it. Each had its own peculiar forms, specialised in each case, and of the New Zealand, not Australian or Polynesian, type. Thus Lord Howe's Island had its peculiar swamp-hen, a diminutive *Notornis*, with short stout feet and legs, and snow-white plumage, known to us now by a single specimen in the museum of Vienna. Norfolk Island had also its white *Notornis*, the only specimen existing being that in the Derbeian museum of Liverpool, brought home a century since by Captain Hunter.

Besides these, Philip Island, near Norfolk Island, had, when first visited by Capt. Hunter, swarms of a bright-coloured *Nestor*; but this parrot, like those of Mauritius, unsuspicious of the wiles of man, was within a very few months utterly exterminated by the convicts who were deposited here. It is said that one, the last of its race, lived for fifty years a cage bird in Sydney. It is very probable that the same or a similar parrot (*Nestor productus*) existed on the neighbouring isle of Norfolk. The Philip Island bird, though smaller, and differing in coloration, was very closely affined to the common New Zealand species. To the present day all the few small birds left in these islands are peculiar.

When we come down to the Chatham Islands, where the last lingering remnant of the aboriginal Negrites of New Zealand could be traced, we find almost every bird slightly differing from those of the former country, yet of the same families. Attention was first drawn to these by the voyage of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Sir James Ross. At least six species confined to this group took the place of representatives of New Zealand types. But since the deportation of New Zealand natives in considerable numbers after the war to this lonely island, some if not most of the local species have been exterminated. Farther south still, the desolate Auckland Islands have their peculiar birds, likewise connected with New Zealand.

If we were to confine our imagined old southern continent to these limits, it must

have been of much greater extent than Australia at the present day, and a continent embracing, as Captain Hutton suggests, the whole area from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope would have rivalled Asia. But there is considerable difficulty in admitting the theory of a land connection westward of New Zealand, when we study the vast depth of the ocean bottom in the deep sea depressions, as shown by the investigations of the *Challenger*.

It is to be noted that though New Zealand in character, the birds of these islets, specialised as they are, are not, or rather were not, brevipennate, or without the power of flight. It seems more in harmony with the facts of the ocean depression intervening between them, to assume that while most probably there was once a far wider land area along the axis of the New Zealand mountain ranges yet the land was not continuous, but that the progenitors of the *Notornis* of Lord Howe's, the *Nestor* of Philip Isle, and the rail of the Chatham Isles, reached them by the aid of their wings, before the Australian or Polynesian fauna was developed, and that they have become slightly specialised in the lapse of ages; while immunity from enemies has encouraged even the conspicuous white plumage of the marsh-hens, the origin of which is clearly indicated in one case by a few purple feathers in the wing of the male bird—a plumage which would have speedily doomed to extirpation its possessor in any country where it had an enemy. Again, if there had ever been a land connection during the existence of the moas and wingless birds, we should surely have found some descendants of those which once so abounded on the mainland. It were far less strange to find an *Apteryx* on Norfolk Island, than a wingless giant pigeon on Mauritius.

Weighing all the facts, it seems most reasonable to infer that while its birds tell us that New Zealand is the oldest country on the globe, its satellite islands tell us that if ever there were a great southern continent it was submerged before the creation of that wonderful and varied bird life which has down to our own time inhabited the forests and the plains of the great islands of the south.



I.—THREE EVENINGS AND ONE AFTERNOON.

Three evenings and one afternoon—
And this was all her life, you know ;
And after hopes, and fears, and woe—
Three evenings and one afternoon.

She hardly dreamed of noons to be,
She never thought of evenings spent ;
She treasured moments as they went—
The moments of the fatal three.

And that one afternoon the air
Seemed sweeter, and the sun more bright ;
The lake was hid in golden light ;
And all was glory, everywhere.

O cruel hours to pass so soon !
She wondered, as she felt the bliss,
Could Paradise be more than this—
Three evenings and one afternoon.

II.—A SWAN SONG.

What shall I leave to those I love,
And to the few I think love me ?
So few they are that I might leave
It all to two or three.

And even, of those two or three,
Will any weep when I am gone ?
One little moment's grief and thrill—
"How dark her grave and lone !"

I'll choose not, then, to leave my love—
They will not prize such legacy ;
Blessing I'll leave, and dying thanks
For their kind thoughts of me.

III.—ALONE.

"Alone, alone ! ah ! ever alone !"
This was her weary, weary moan,
From morn to noon, from noon to eve ;
Grief and sorrow, weeping and woe,
Such was her dreary lot below.
Ne'er doth she murmur, though much doth grieve.
Perchance, O maiden ! the grief and pain,
With which thou strivest again and again,
May make a martyr crown for thee
In the peaceful home of eternity.

A. C. C.

WILLIAM ARNOT.

WILLIAM ARNOT'S position for nearly forty years was that of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland—for five-and-twenty years in Glasgow, for eleven in Edinburgh; but, with at most half-a-dozen exceptions, he was known and felt more widely than the other Scotch ministers of his day. He was a big man every way, of sturdy frame, strong-brained, simple-minded, taxing the full strength of body and mind with honest labour, but above all so genial, human, large-hearted, that he drew his fellow-men to him wherever he went, those especially in the freshness of generous youth. And when he had drawn them to him he did them good. The many who knew and loved him have now the opportunity of studying how so useful a life was rooted and how it grew, for his daughter has published an autobiography covering his early years, and has supplemented it to the end with a copious and judicious selection from his letters and private papers. The incidents are few and mild, such as no one would have thought of printing but for the light in which they set William Arnot; being told, however, by his own graphic, pathetic, laughing pen, they form excellent reading.

What strikes one most is the large outcome of Mr. Arnot's life. The contrast is more than usually great between the youth at twenty and the man at fifty. There must be some remarkable elements to account for the fact that the lad who, at twenty, was working out his apprenticeship with the spade at Forgandenny, was, at thirty, the popular minister of a large city church, and, at fifty, had become one of the best-known and best-liked preachers, writers, lecturers in Great Britain and America. It is not difficult with this book in our hands to discover what these elements were. A good solid head, constant diligence, earnestness, purity, utter singleness of heart, sincere love to God, and a large measure of love to men, these together produced forty years of useful work, and secured for the worker a place in the hearts of thousands.

Born at Scone in 1808, he was brought, a motherless infant, to a little farm on the Earn, four miles from Perth, and two from Forgandenny, where his father kept a ferry boat and cultivated a few acres rented from Lord Ruthven. The most significant thing told about his father is this. On the faith of a verbal understanding with his landlord

he had expended £49 10s. on repairs, repaying himself by retaining his rent. Lord Ruthven went abroad for seven years. The factor asked for a voucher, but of course none could be given. On his lordship's return, the factor wrote Mr. Arnot advising him to get a written voucher, and the honest farmer carried the letter straight to Lord Ruthven, and received from him one to the factor. "On presenting his lordship's letter to the man of law, my father observed him smiling as he read, and asked the cause of his merriment. Whereupon he read aloud the contents of the letter, which were as follows: '*I believe whatever this man says.*'"

The boy's surroundings were plain, not to say rude, raised just one step above those of the Scottish peasant. But he grew up in the atmosphere of that vigorous sort of religion which was then and is still largely characteristic of all classes in Scotland (unless we must except the richest, not the highest, class). Never having seen his mother, he learned while still a child to think of her as in heaven; and the mental picture seems to have had a good influence on his heart, as it had on Cowper's. He never ceased to think of himself as "the child of a parent passed into the skies."

He enjoyed the advantages of one or two parish schools, as schools were then, but does not appear to have distinguished himself. He played truant, fell into burns, fought stand-up fights, and learned to read and write, like other boys in all generations. But the way in which he describes the first conscious opening of his mind gives one a glimpse of something akin to genius:—

"A curious phenomenon I very distinctly remember that occurred about the time that I had mastered the art of reading. The first time that I was conscious of being led to read a book by delight in the matter it contained, there was a very strange commotion in my inner man. Hitherto I had read, and even understood what I read, only because I was told to read certain lessons. But on a certain day an old collection fell into my hands, and of my own accord—no one bidding me, no one even looking at me—I sat down and read about a Highland soldier who was taken prisoner by a tribe of savages. This story became to me the entrance into a new world. It was sudden. I was much excited. There seemed no limit to the enlargement that now opened before me. I remembered the case of Samuel, just such a boy as myself, who met, as I supposed, with such a discovery, and at first did not know the nature of it. . . . I thought, since his call was known to me, I ought not to be ignorant of the proper way to act on the occasion. Accordingly, with all due solemnity, I said, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant

hearth.' No particular answer was given, but I retained for long the impression that at that time suddenly God had opened up a new field, and given me entrance on it—a great enlargement. It did not assume distinctively a religious shape: it was rather intellectual. I never whispered it to a living creature—no, not till I was forty years of age."—(P. 17.)

The boy had few books such as boys have nowadays; but no boy who has the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Watts's "Hymns," the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote," and who enjoys them all, finding "inexhaustible pleasure" in the historical parts of the first, can be called uncultivated. Besides, "Robert Liddel, owner and master of a sloop trading from Perth, and married to Mary Laing, my cousin," sometimes brought a newspaper, and the boy, hearing of Henry Brougham and Queen Caroline, dimly awoke to the existence of a political world.

After a time, only the winter was spent at school. During summer he herded cows beside the river and otherwise helped in the work of his father's farm; and at the age of fifteen he was sent to that of an uncle at some distance from home. Now the crisis of his life began in more ways than one. "The rude contact with men and familiarity with horses rubbed off a good deal of my constitutional bairnliness, and imparted a dash of manliness to my character. . . . I certainly do not regret that I held the plough at sixteen years of age, or that I could throw myself on the bare back of a horse while he was in motion, or that I learned horsemanship at the expense of many a fall. It has helped, I think, to wring the womanhood out of a nature somewhat soft in its original texture." All that is worth noting; but it is of more importance to learn about the struggle he had to maintain against being drawn down to the level of the "gross vulgarity" of the labourers with whom he had to spend all his time except the Sabbath evenings, and against being stained by their vices. The foreman took him once to a fair and gave him toddy in sundry public-houses; the shame and the physical loathing with which he visited a cool spring at three o'clock next morning begat a resolution from which the future temperance advocate never swerved all his days. Serious impressions left by an illness of two or three months in the previous year, impressions ripened after his return home, helped him in the struggle now and till the victory was gained. The grateful emphasis with which he speaks of the preservation of his purity, helps us to understand how he came one day to be the author of "The Foe and the Fight."

"My mind made some progress in spiritual understanding; but there was a great conflict between the claims of Christ and the claims of pleasure. One thing I ought to record with unmeasured thankfulness, that the enemy in that conflict never got the advantage over me which results from actual indulgence in vice. I am well aware that there may be, to a great extent, abstinence from vice, where Christ is not permitted to dwell in the heart by faith; but I am most firmly convinced that every defilement of the conscience by actual guilt strengthens the adversary's hold and diminishes the power of resistance. The conflict in my experience was hard enough; and I thank God *now* (1853) that elements were not permitted to enter which would have made it tenfold harder—that such giant lusts as drunkenness and licentiousness were kept at bay without the camp, and never obtained the advantage of actual possession. One touch of defilement on the conscience corrodes the very sinews of the combatant's strength. The vain thoughts—the dislike of seriousness—the pleasures of sense—these and a multitude of other sins maintained within me the conflict against the truth. But at this hour I rejoice with trembling that their power was not then reinforced by those lusts which, besides presenting enticements to the spirit, lay hold of the body and drag down the man with all the force of natural laws."—(Pp. 45, 46.)

At the age of sixteen he returned to his father's roof, and chose to be apprenticed to a gardener. For four years he worked steadily, living a pretty hard life, but soon beginning to feel himself fit for higher things. At this time, when eighteen years old, he fairly broke away for life from the drinking customs of society, moved thereto by his own good sense, and not a little helped by his father's kindly sarcasms. And it was now also (1825-6) that the event took place "which" he says, "by sovereign wisdom was made the pivot on which my life and character turned." The brother next in age above him came home to die—a most amiable youth, according to the picture drawn of him in the autobiography—handsome, refined, frolicsome and social, pure, of some mechanical genius, and a very decided Christian. The seat of his disease was the spine, inducing paralysis. For months every hour left from daily work was spent in the companionship of this brother, helping him to move so long as he could go out, and sometimes carrying him to sunny nooks beside the Earn, working with him as long as he could use his fingers, and then when he could move no more lying across the foot of his bed and talking. What talks these must have been! One fruit of them, and of the impression made by his death, was the resolution of Arnot to obtain education and devote his life to doing good to men in what he rightly judged the best way for him, the work of the ministry.

There was still some time to run of his apprenticeship, and he worked it out faith-

fully, giving himself earnestly the while to classical studies. He was his own teacher for the most part. We are reminded of the open book on David Livingstone's loom at Blantyre by the following record:—

"Even during the hours of labour I contrived to learn something. Digging, which was one of our most laborious occupations, became, nevertheless, by a little management, a favourable occasion for learning a conjugation or a rule of syntax. The management was after this manner. When three or four persons were together digging a large plot of ground, we followed each other closely, each carrying a furrow across. When the first man reached the edge with his furrow, he stood aside and waited till the others completed theirs, and turned with each a new one in the opposite direction. Then he who had arrived first at this side, struck in last when the motion began towards the other side. Thus, at each round, we obtained, in turn, two or three minutes to stand and change the position for the relief of the muscles. I latterly fell on the plan of having my elementary books of Latin or Greek in my pocket. During the moments of rest I snatched the book, ran over a tense or a portion of whatever might be in hand, and put the book in my pocket again when it was time to move on again with a new furrow. While toiling across a field, I kept conning and trying the portion I had read. At the next halting-place I corrected the errors and took up a new portion. This was done without any prejudice to the work. I found in it a double benefit. The memory in these circumstances acted very freely, the lesson was easily learned, and the employment of the mind on the subject acted as a diversion, greatly lessening the weariness of the toil."—(Pp. 67, 68.)

All this time he was saving up his wages for the purpose of supporting himself at college, and when he went to Glasgow in the autumn of 1829 he had twenty pounds in his pocket. When this ran out he sought employment as a tutor. Though giving four hours a day to such work, and living on five shillings a week, earned by himself, he took an honourable place in all his classes, enjoyed vastly the enlargement of mind and heart, and formed some life-long, happy friendships. The warm delight with which he threw himself into the teaching of a large Bible-class of factory girls was the earnest of that goodwill to mankind, constantly craving for wider opportunities, which distinguished him to the end.

We have lingered, of purpose, over the autobiography. It breaks off in the midst of his college career, but not till we have got insight into the man's secret, the key of the full good life that followed. Toward the close of 1838 he entered on the ministry, being ordained to St. Peter's, a new church in the heart of Glasgow; and there he stayed till October of 1863—a full quarter of a century. At the disruption he went with that portion of the Church of Scotland which

formed the Free Church; and his future life was all the better for his doing so, inasmuch as he thereby gave effect to his own strong convictions. But beyond that it did not greatly matter. It was as little possible for him as for Norman Macleod to be hide-bound by ecclesiastical conditions; many men in Scotland, and all beyond it who knew either, cared little to which branch of the Church he belonged. It was the same with his theology. His big head took in the system of the Confession of Faith, and was satisfied with it; but he must both receive it and give it out in his own way. He held that system of truth as Augustine and St. Paul held it, with the heart much more than with the head. It was true of him (as it ought to be true of us all) rather that he held his confession than that his confession held him; and one of the principal attractions by which he drew large, interested audiences about him in every place, keeping his own church full from week to week, and filling any church or hall in which it was known he was to speak in London or New York or anywhere, was the entire freshness of conception and of feeling with which he developed truth from the Word of God—truth, of course old, else it would not be truth—but having for him, and therefore for his hearers, all the charm and power of newness.

All through his life Arnot was constantly receiving calls; this book tells of or refers to about a score of these. Besides various places in Scotland, Montreal sought him, and London sought him more than once. Yet for twenty-five years he refused them all, moved by strong affection to the people whose love he had won. But if he did not find it in frequent changes of residence, he found outlet for his largeness of heart in other ways. He accepted invitations to preach and lecture to the full limit of what his strong frame and modern facilities of travel enabled him to execute; he wrote tracts and books which made friends for him in all parts of the new world as well as the old. During the last seven or eight years of his life he edited the *Family Treasury*; he worked for six months in Canada; twice after he was sixty he visited the United States; he took work in the Paris Exhibition and at Baden Baden, and did it with all his might. His idea of a holiday scarcely included ceasing to preach. Our last sight of him was in Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket. He was telling a huge audience, with all his old richness of tone and irresistible beaming of countenance, how to

make the Gospel simple and kindly to the young. That was about the 7th of May, 1875; on the 3rd of June he was taken home.

Those familiar with Mr. Arnot's most prominent feature, overflowing geniality, may scarcely be prepared for the proofs with which this book abounds of shrewdness—old Scottish *canniness*. It was his very nature to gush and overflow; but it seems to have been also his nature to keep his hand steady on the tap. For instance, writing to his bosom friend, James Hamilton, of London, about the call he accepted to Edinburgh, he says, "You see I have been so vexed about these matters since Buchanan moved in the Kelvinside affair eighteen months ago, that if I had rejected this I must—for my own sake and my people's—have advertised all and sundry, there must be no more of this. But there is no formula for accomplishing that object, except the announcement, with or without the use of the handkerchief, that I shall lay my bones among my beloved people, &c. That ain't in my line." Old John Brown, of Haddington, used to address his students of the first year to this effect:—"Gentlemen, ye need three things to make ye good ministers; ye need learning, and grace, and common sense. As for the learning, I'll try to set ye in the way of it; as for the grace, ye must always pray for it; but if ye have'na brought the common sense with ye, ye may go about your business." William Arnot would have satisfied the old worthy on all the three points.

If we had leisure and space we might cull from this book many a graphic picture of men and nature, many a racy saying, many a wise thought: but our purpose is already served in pointing to the springs of principle, self-denial, labour, and love, from which there flowed a full broad stream of usefulness to mankind, and of happiness to himself. For Arnot's life seems to have been thoroughly happy. He had his share of the sorrows of the common lot, but not a large share: he had many blessings, and these were multiplied a thousandfold by glowing benevolence toward men, and a constant wondering gratitude toward God.

On the 18th of May he attended the noon prayer meeting in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, "when he opened his mouth in public for the last time. Taking his text, as he so

often did, from nature, he told how that morning, on going into his vinery, he observed a branch drooping. On examining it to discover the cause, he found that it was a tie which he had himself bound round it, some time before, to give it support. The branch had grown since then, and the tie was now so tight that it impeded the flow of the sap. He took out his knife and severed it at once. He then spoke of ties around our souls, hindering us from full fruitfulness, and of the means by which the great Husbandman loosens them. "Sometimes He takes the knife and cuts them through; sometimes He sends such a rush of life through the soul that it bursts every bond." The friend who, after his death, reported the substance of what he said, added, "It seemed as if his own soul was being visited with such a blessed rush of life."

There followed a few days of weariness, rather than of sickness. He kept on his feet to the last, and, the night before his death, laughed heartily at "some girlish fun," in a letter from one of his daughters at school. Waking at three o'clock next morning and hearing the birds, he said, "These sweet birds, they are singing for me." A little afterwards, his wife, thinking she heard him speak, asked if he wanted anything: "No, dear," he said, "I was not *speaking to you*." Two hours later—

"The summer morn he'd sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awoke."

It appears that, for the last ten days, he must have been conscious the end was at hand. But, with a courage which his soft, loving nature renders all the nobler, he lived these days so cheerfully as to quite hide this from those about him. It was found that he had set his house in order, and left his life as complete as Christian love and wisdom could make it. If love and sweetness made the fair outward form, *Duty*, well understood and thoroughly done, was the back-bone supporting all: so that, rather to our own surprise, Wordsworth's verse, in his "Ode to Duty," has been occurring to us all through:

"Stern Lawgiver! yet Thou do'st wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face:
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds,
And fragrance in Thy footing treads:
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON.



SOME CURIOUS OLD SCOTCH LAWS.

A VERY remarkable historical work has recently been published by the Government. If we were to call it "A History of Scotland, in one volume," it would scarcely exhaust the claims of the work upon attention, for it is condensed history, giving a maximum of information within a minimum of space. The minimum is not, truth to tell, a small one, for the book is a magnificent folio of twelve hundred and fifty pages. A folio edition of the Parliamentary records of Scotland begun sixty years ago, to be published under the direction of a renowned legal antiquary—Thomas Thomson—was recently finished by a no less renowned scholar, the late Professor Cosmo Innes. But the twelve huge folio volumes of which this publication consisted formed a series of sealed books, not only because of the vast quantity of undigested matter they contained, but because much of that matter was in Latin, in quaint Norman-French, in Scots hardly less quaint, or in semi-archaic English. To make this collection accessible, an Index was necessary, and the Treasury, at the instigation of Sir William Gibson-Craig, the present holder of an old historical office of State in Scotland, that of "Lord Clerk Register," provided the funds to admit of this being done. Professor Cosmo Innes took the direction of the work, and lived long enough to see the compilation practically complete and the greater part of the work printed. The Index now being completed in English, the whole parliamentary history of Scotland lies before the reader in dictionary form, presenting to the future historian, whether of the social or the political life of Scotland, a mine of information on which he must draw constantly for information.

In its social aspect, the volume presents a most attractive study, and we propose here to extract some of the more curious laws and the more interesting habits which it exhibits, illustrating these by occasional references to controversies in our own day bearing upon the same points. It is in such cases very difficult to select a starting point. If we begin at the beginning, one of the earliest entries that possess literary interest is the notice of Mary Stuart's law, in 1555, that the election of "Abbots of Unreason" should be prohibited under penalties. The same act enacted that no one should be chosen "Robert Hood," Little John, or Queen of

May, and that "no women should sing around summer trees." Readers of Scott will recall the curious picture he gives, in "The Abbot," of the saturnalia which accompanied the yearly election of this caricature priest. If we turn to the end of the book, we may chance on the article "Wolves," where the laws affecting that now extinct animal will be found curious and suggestive. By accident, this head, which we take *ad aperturam*, brings us, like the former one, to recollections of Melrose and its abbey, as in 1225 the monks of Melrose were empowered by the Scotch Parliament to set snares for wolves in Eskdale. In the course of the fifteenth century two notable acts on wolves were passed. In the first, dated 1428, the barons were enjoined to search for and slay the whelps of wolves in "gaynande" of the year, and to give two shillings to the slayers for each they killed. They were also to hunt wolves four times each year, as well as "whenever one was seen." In 1457 the law became more general and more generous, the sheriffs and bailies of places where there were wolves being directed to "gather the country folks" three times a year between St. Mark and Lammas to hunt the destructive animals, and that the slayer of each wolf should be rewarded with a penny from each householder in the parish. Following up the lead this reference suggests, we turn to "Game," under which as well as some cognate heads, are to be found many ordinances of quaint character. The law of *feræ naturæ*, which substantially exists to this day, though largely modified by protective laws in favour of certain animals as "game," is early seen in the legislation of Scotland, being incorporated therein from the civil law. The best expression of this law is found in a collection of legal *Fragmenta*, frequently quoted in this volume as well as by writers on legal subjects. This collection of legal jottings probably dates from the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and points of course to the existence of the principles quoted as settled law prior to that time. The law of *feræ naturæ*, as given in those extracts, may be thus expressed: that birds or beasts wild by nature belong to no one before they are captured; that a man may be prevented from hunting or hawking on another man's ground, and if he take wild animals thereon, he acts illegally; that the animals cease to be the property of the owner of the ground when they leave it; and that a wild animal wounded

is held to be the property of the hunter so long as he remains in pursuit of it. The law is here plain and simple, founded on natural conclusions, and protecting rights of property by a trespass law only. As regards deer, the quotation runs, "they are thine as long as they have a desire to come to thee, and when they have no desire to come again, they are not thine." Some of the statutes which follow may properly be quoted as curious old laws. In 1400 we find this law made:—"No one shall hunt hares in time of snow under penalty of 6s. 8d." Other instances of the establishment of a close time are found about the same period. In 1427, the law stood that partridges, plovers, black-game, and muircock should not be killed from the beginning of Lent till August, under a penalty of forty shillings. We have the same law still, for the "Festival of St. Grouse," one of the most prominent in the modern Scottish calendar, is on the twelfth, corresponding to the 1st of August, old style. There are some interesting laws against "cuningars," against stealing "cunings" out of "cuning-garths," &c. This brings to view an old word referring to rabbits and rabbit-warrens, which were encouraged on the islands, sea-shore links, and elsewhere. Thus, the town of St. Andrews, in promising obedience to the archbishop, allowed his grace the liberty to plant "cunings and clappers" on the links, that is to say, rabbits and rabbit-warrens.

The occurrence of laws against *shooting* deer, "wild-fowl and beasts," &c., in the years 1551 and 1555—the word not being previously met in the records—enables us to fix the date when fire-arms first became generally known in Scotland. The introduction of "villanous saltpetre" has no mention in the laws earlier than 1535, when landed men in Scotland were ordained to provide themselves with "hagbuts of found, callit hagbuts of crochert," and merchants were told to import powder, and hagbuts, or metal for the manufacture of the latter. The slaughter of game by "half hag, culvering, or pistolate," was forbidden in 1551, and all through the century we find such names as hags, hagbuts, hand-guns, and pistolates, while in the following century bandoliers, pistols, &c., are named. In these references we thus get a glimpse of the names of the weapons in use; and we may draw attention to the fact that while a "demi-culverin" is known to have been a weapon of considerable size at a much later date, being named as a 9-pounder, and the "whole culverin" as a 15-pounder in works of the following century, we have here

the "culverin" legislated on as a weapon which a sportsman or poacher would use. In the turn of the century, we have an entry indicative of the severity with which offences against the laws as to fire-arms had been visited. The law of 1600 provides that those who contravene the acts anent shooting with hagbuts and pistolets should be tried before the justice or before the secret council, with probation of witnesses or oath of party, but in the latter case the *punishment of amputation* should not be incurred. Licences to use fire-arms were to be granted by the king in council only, on payment of a composition to the "thesaurer" (treasurer), and the documents were to pass under the signets and the seals. The reference to amputation points to an act of 1567, under which shooting with fire-arms was prohibited under pain of losing the right hand, exceptions being made, however, in favour of pastime, mariners, men-of-war, and the lieges at wapenshaws, *and in following thieves*. In 1574, the penalty was changed to imprisonment "for year and day," but the law of amputation was reintroduced in 1579. In order to preserve the sport of hawking, killing game by fire-arms was in 1551 made punishable by death, and in 1594, the penalty was changed to a fine of £100, there being in the interim some other modification of the severe law. The sale of game being, for the same end, forbidden in 1599, under a heavy penalty, the act of that date gives us a very interesting catalogue of the animals then held under that name in Scotland. The list embraces besides deer, hares, partridges, moorfowl, black-cock, "aithelhenes, termigans, wildeukis, teillis, atteillis, goldynis, mortyns, schiwerines, skeldraikis, herroun, buttir," or other fowl "hunted" with hawks. From this law, "cunyns," woodcock, plover, and wild-geese were exempted. The laws in regard to hawking range over a considerable period, and in 1261, during the reign of Alexander III., an inquest was held in regard to the possession of the king's garden at Elgin, which was decreed to belong to Margaret, wife of Robert Spinc, on condition of her keeping the king's hawks, she receiving a penny a day for each hawk, and twopence for each gerfalcon, besides a chaldier of oatmeal yearly. The importance of the office may be judged from those valuable allowances, as at the date the money of Scotland was not depreciated. The hawk-keeper was bound to supply greens and garlic to the king when at Elgin. As late as 1685, there were important laws passed for the protection

of the sport of hawking. Any one stealing a hawk from the nest or eyrie, or taking a vervel from a hawk, was fined 500 marks, and the sale of a hawk by any one to whom it did not belong was punished with a fine of £100. Some of the other laws with reference to hunting, sport, and forestry, are sufficiently curious to merit notice. In 1555, there is a sensible law prohibiting sportsmen from riding through growing crops from Pasch (Easter) till after harvest. In 1594, hunting *within six miles* of any of the king's woods, parks, castles, or palaces, was prohibited under a penalty of £100; and while, in 1599, hunting is referred to by parliament as a means to keep the lieges from becoming effeminate in time of peace, a law passed a few years later limits the right to hunt to those men who have a "plough" of land in heritage, the penalty being £100 for breach of this law. The *Leges Forestarum*, or forest laws of Scotland, date from about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and contain many strict provisions, though they are held not to be so complete or so severe as those in force in England.

The sumptuary laws in force at various times within the six centuries over which the parliamentary records of Scotland extend, present many points of great interest to the student of social development. What people should eat, what they should drink, and wherewithal they should be clothed were carefully regulated by statute; the question of food, however, being one which the legislature seemed to touch under pressure of necessity, rather than from choice, as in the case of dress or drink. Thus, in the middle of the sixteenth century an act of council was passed "for eschewing of dearth," which provided for "the ordering of every man's house in his courses and dishes of meat." The gradations of rank were in this act very carefully observed. No archbishop, bishop, or earl was to have at his meals more than eight dishes of meat; an abbot, lord, prior, or dean was limited to six dishes; a baron or freeholder to four, while no burghess "or other substantial man," spiritual or temporal, should have more than three; any breach of those regulations being under penalty. An exception was made so that the act should not strike at Yule, Pasch, patron-days, nor banquets to foreigners; such banquets to be given only by archbishops, bishops, earls, abbots, priors, deans, barons, and provosts and bailies of burghs. The allowances were liberal enough, and not on the whole very suggestive of scarcity. A further act "against superfluous banqueting"

was passed in 1581, when searchers were appointed to see that the act was not transgressed; and forty years later, another act was passed "against unnecessary sumptuousness in meat, apparel, and otherwise." The earlier of those two acts forbade the use of foreign drugs or confections at bridal or other banquets, by any except prelates, nobles, or landed gentry, and forbade banquets at the baptism of children under penalty of £20 for each partaker; in the later act, confections were again forbidden at banquetings, marriages, or baptisms, and the use of fruits grown out of Scotland was also forbidden, exceptions being made in favour of the king's court, ambassadors, and strangers of quality. The number of "dulleweeds" and "saulies" at burials was regulated by the rank of the deceased; and while bread and drink only were permitted at the funeral, no eating or drinking whatever was allowed at night wakings. The efforts to avoid distress from short supplies of food were directed to prevent the consumption of flesh above a certain number of days in the week, while butchers were forbidden to kill on certain days under penalties. At the same time, the law was merciful to the sick or feeble, allowing flesh under magistrate's certificate to those who were unable to eat fish; though at a later date the privilege of exemption became much more strict, so that a doctor's or minister's certificate was required, and a fee charged.

In regard to prices, a large mass of information is obtainable from the records. The *Regiam Majestatem*, dating about the twelfth century, quotes the value of a heifer at 3*s.*, a cow 6*s.*, while a document of 1262 A.D., quotes a horse at 4*s.* In those happy days, when importations of American beef were not thought of—when even America itself was unthought of—a sheep was to be had for 1*s.* 4*d.*, and wheat was quoted at from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* the boll. The quotations in the sixteenth century are rather higher, but still somewhat tempting to the victims of present high prices. In 1551, swine ("gryse" is the word used) are valued at 1*s.* 6*d.*, a goose 1*s.* 4*d.*, a capon 1*s.*, and a chicken 4*d.* A few years later "reik hens" (*gallina fumosa*) were quoted at 4*d.*, and capons at 18*s.* a dozen, while a century later we find chickens, hens, and capons quoted at 8*d.*, 1*s.*, and 1*s.* 6*d.* respectively. The prices of dress and drink, and the laws by which their use was regulated, are also fully discernible throughout the pages of the interesting record from which the above examples have been drawn.





“DORIS BARUGH.”

DORIS BARUGH.

A *Dorsetshire* Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

BOOK V.—JEALOUSY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"LITTLE PHIL."



U N E,
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sweetest
and
gentlest
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months,"
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The garden
at
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glowed
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dendrons and azaleas—the last of every hue—orange, scarlet, purple, and primrose. Showing above these were groups of scarlet hawthorn and snow-balls of guelder rose, shaded with golden showers of pendant laburnum, the luxuriant wealth of autumn, but with the tender tints and coy delicacy of spring on the leaves and on the grass.

In the dark river nook, made by the turn in the terrace wall was a plot of water-lilies. The white blossoms had opened widely, hiding their delicate green cups as they warmed their golden bosoms in the sunshine. They seemed to float like the starred queens of the river on green silken barges, here and there spangled with gold, as yellow nymphs showed between the close-clinging raft of leaves. In the terrace wall, beside one pier of the steps, a wild rose had niched itself, and flung down long sprays to the water's edge—sprays which, in the early morning, had been green, but on which the warm sunshine had opened the hidden white buds into exquisite golden-centred roses.

Towards these flowers, which grew so high in air, before their long arms flung themselves down to the river, that they were plainly to

be seen from the garden, little Phil Burneston was dragging his nurse. He was a fine little fellow, nearly three years old now, with a lovely face, not much like that of either father or mother, most like Doris in delicacy and regularity of features, but with fair silken hair and dark, sweet, brown eyes.

"I'se goin' to get Faith a nosegay, an' I will," he said in a sweet, decided voice. "I yikes to, an' gran'ma says I'se to do what I yikes, acos I'se a gentleman."

Phil's nurses had no great reverence for "gran'ma." He was allowed, while his father and mother were in London, to pay a yearly visit to the Cairn under the conduct of his grandfather, who came over to Steersley to fetch him and bring him home, and for about a month after his return he was so spoiled and tiresome that only his mother could control him.

"No, indeed, Master Phil, an' Missis Emmett wouldn't approve of such goin's on, an' your ma," added the London nurse with emphasis, "would be shocked."

"No, she wouldn't; oo are silly." Then he suddenly spied his mother at the glass door. "Mamma!"—he ran away to her, and clasped his arms round her knees—"oo doesn't mind me picking roses, does oo?"

"Don't pick those near the water, my boy. Come with mamma to the flower-garden, and Phil shall gather himself a nosegay. Come." She held out her hand.

But the little face still looked determined.

"Me wants roses. Faith yikes roses best; Ralph says so. Where is Ralph, mamma? Me wants him."

"Youshall have some roses, darling. Come."

She did not stoop to give the child one of the passionate kisses which she gave him when there was no one by to see; the child's words had stirred into movement the serpent that poisoned her life—her jealousy of Ralph Burneston.

He had been home only a few days, and little Phil clung to him with a love which hitherto the child had only shown to his mother. Phil was not much with Faith now. When he was about two years old the house-keeper had spoken her mind about his visits to the Cairn, and but for Mr. Burneston's intercession she would have been dismissed.

"She may remain, as you wish it," Doris had said; "but she can only be house-keeper for the future. She has done her duty by our darling; I do her that justice; but I can see that her influence would be prejudicial now."

"As you like, though it is hard on Faith." Mr. Burneston sometimes wished his wife would be less stern and unbending towards her servants. To the poor she was very kind and indulgent; but it seemed impossible to her now to forget, even for a moment, that she was Mrs. Burneston of Burneston; and her husband thought she was very hard in her judgment of Ralph.

Mr. Burneston had gone off to Eton with Gilbert Raine, and although Ralph's fault had been grave and disgraceful, still Raine's influence and the squire's judgment had drawn him to be lenient towards the boy, who really seemed earnest in his promise of amendment. Mr. Burneston's idea was to keep Ralph at Burneston for a year with a tutor, and then send him to Oxford; but when this was proposed Ralph begged to be placed abroad with a foreign tutor.

"He is right," Doris said; "he knows he cannot resist temptation, and he will have far less temptation to drink in France than he would have in England; besides, Philip, I really shrink from living under the same roof with a son who could so disgrace his father's name; and—and I cannot bear to think of his influence on little Phil."

Mr. Burneston was silent.

"I have vexed you," Doris said; "forgive me. I did not mean to do it. If it ever becomes possible to our little one to be as much in fault as Ralph is, be sure that I shall wish you to punish him severely."

She put her hand on her husband's shoulder; but there was no caress in the action: it was rather as if she strove to prove that she had no bias against Ralph.

Mr. Burneston looked up at her earnestly as she stood before him, then he shook his head and smiled.

"We'll not discuss that, my love. God grant that you may never be put to such a trial! I have told you before that you are apt to judge hardly of yourself as well as of others, and I don't believe you would be as unloving as all that."

"Unloving!" Doris withdrew her hand as it fell by her side. "Surely justice and truth must come first; indeed, Philip, I shall always wish you to be much firmer with our boy than you seem to have been with Ralph."

"Poor Ralph!" Then as he rose from his chair—for this talk had taken place in his wife's room—"Ah, my darling, if you loved me better—and you will some day, I know—you would not be so very hard on Ralph."

Her husband left the room as he spoke.

"So very hard on Ralph!"

Doris felt as she thought over the subject that it could not be again discussed between them; it touched them both too nearly on points which they could not see with the same eyes. "If you loved me better!" Her heart ached sorely at her husband's words. She could not accuse herself of any failure in wifely duty.

"He is exacting," she said proudly. "I do love him; I cannot always be telling him so. I like to be with him better than any one except baby."

She was deeply wounded. When they next met, her husband tried by more than usual tenderness to efface the memory of his words, and Doris was too high-minded to show any rancour or coldness; but her reserve increased, and certainly her husband's appeal did not produce the effect he had hoped.

After a few months Ralph announced himself so pleased with his French life—he was placed with a French savant close to Tours—that he entreated to be allowed to remain, choosing to spend his summer holidays in excursions to Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c., rather than at Burneston. He refused to return to England, even for Christmas, to the infinite relief of Doris.

But when the first summer holidays came she persuaded her husband to spend a fortnight with his son, while she went to the Cairn to fetch home little Phil, who had been staying with his devoted grandmother.

Last year Gilbert Raine had volunteered to accompany Ralph to the Tyrol, and now in this bright fine weather the young man had returned without invitation to Burneston.

He had shown so much affection for little Phil that Doris had softened towards him, and had even taken his part against his father. Mr. Burneston found his son greatly altered. On Sunday he had yawned all church-time, and had made jokes about the sermons; then he smoked from morning till night; and besides these "foreign habits," as his father called them, Ralph had evidently coarsened both in manner and language.

Even Faith had said, "Eh, Maister Ralph, whisht, will ye noo?" more than once; but Phil could talk of nothing but his

"big brother," and he worried to be with him all day long.

"Where's Ralph, mamma?" he said plaintively. "Me wants Ralph dreffully."

Doris stopped and clasped the baby hand in hers.

"We'll go and find him, darling," she said. Her jealousy even was conquered for the moment by that compelling power—a child's entreaty.

But when they reached the rose garden, a round plot surrounded by wire arches on which snowy clusters of blossoms with tassels of rosy buds contrasted with glorious creamy and with dark velvet-like crimson flowers, the child clapped his hands with delight.

"Me wants two—fee—four—five, all for Faith," he said. "Ralph says Faith yikes roses. Mamma, dho find Ralph; will 'oo tell Ralph me wants him arectly?"

It was the first time the child had ever sent her away from him, and she felt pained that it should be for Ralph.

On her last visit to the Cairn, George had been absent, but John Barugh had urged her strongly to cherish affection between Ralph Burneston and his little brother; this thought came back now and helped Phil's entreaty.

"Do you love brother Ralph so much?" She looked down sadly into the baby face, feeling as if it were no longer her special property.

"Welly, welly much! Me would yike to go to cool wiv Ralph," and the sweet dark eyes were lifted wistfully to the mother's face.

"Oh, Phil!"—there was such pain in her voice—"like to go to school away from mamma?"

"Dess—me would tum home adain;" then, with his little decided manner, which so perfectly imitated his mother's, he said, "Dho an' find Ralph arectly, will 'oo, mamma?"

Doris called the nurse, and turned towards the house. Her dark finely marked eyebrows were closely knit; the deep-set liquid eyes looked full of trouble, and the firm rosy lips were pressed together. All at once her troubled look turned into a smile.

"After all, it is natural; the child has never seen his brother before. The novelty of a brother is delightful to him, and I suppose there is a natural feeling towards him. Phil is so good and sweet that he may be of use to Ralph; only I must see how Ralph behaves. I can't have my precious boy injured by bad example, and I suppose Ralph will be often here now."

For the first time a chill doubt of the

power of her own influence troubled Doris. She remembered that, yielding as her husband was, he always contradicted her about Ralph, and seemed to doubt her judgment in regard to him. Gilbert Raine too in his rare visits had shown the same distrust.

"But surely," she said, "if Ralph does not treat me better than he used to, his father will not care to have him at Burneston. I will be as kind as possible; and, come what may, I will not speak against Ralph to his father. Surely then Philip will believe in my justice towards his son."

As she went into the house she met Benjamin Hazelgrave.

"Where is Mr. Ralph?" she asked.

"Maister Ralph? He's gaen oop t'village, ma'am. Ah thinks he's mebbe gaen'd te Maister Sunley's aboot t'fishin'."

Since that memorable day Doris had not gone into either of the stone cottages opposite Church Farm. She had learned at the Cairn that Rose had twice left home to fill the situation of nursery governess. She believed that she was still away.

"I hope so," she said as she mounted the hill; "though I suppose Ralph is too much of a fine gentleman now that he has been abroad and in society to care to flirt with a village girl like Rose."

She had reached the top of the hill; and, turning her head resolutely away from Church Farm, she looked on to Sunley's cottage. He was not sitting at the door; the door itself was closed, so was the window-shutter. Evidently Joseph was away from home.

While Doris stood she wondered at herself. Was it likely that Ralph would come, just to please his little brother, if he had set his mind on sport?

"But still he would be pleased I took the trouble to seek him," she said.

All at once the door beside her opened, and Ralph came out of Mrs. Drummond's cottage. Doris saw the door shut by some unseen hand, and she knew that it could not be that of Mrs. Drummond, who for more than a year had been bedridden, and was tended in Rose's absence by Sukey Swaddles.

"It may be Sukey Swaddles now," Doris thought; but the next moment Ralph, who had not yet turned towards her, tapped at the door; he put in his head and said something, and then the door closed again. But Doris had seen Rose's flushed face, and had seen too that the girl perceived her.

Ralph was unconscious of Doris's presence, and he turned to go down-hill, muttering to himself.

For a moment Doris stood undecided, then she hurried after her step-son.

"Ralph!" He turned; his bronzed bearded face looked quite unmoved by the sight of her. "You have been talking to Rose Duncombe," she said. "Ralph, indeed you must not go to see her; it is wrong."

Ralph looked first surprised, then insolent, then he laughed.

"Really," he said, "I think you had better not interfere with me, Mrs. Burneston. I can manage my own affairs."

Doris knew that she had spoken hastily and imperiously, but still she felt that she was right. She said, "I cannot see wrong done without trying to prevent it. It is not good for Rose."

"Rose!—nonsense! You had better mind your own business," he said, interrupting her roughly. "You will do more harm than good." He turned and went up-hill again, past the church along the highroad.

A bright flush rose on her delicate face, but she checked her anger.

"I said I would not speak against him to his father," said Doris; "I will not. I will show Philip the danger of keeping Rose here, and leave it all to him. She must be sent away this time."

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SQUIRE'S PERPLEXITY.

THE only chance Doris had had of speaking to her husband was as they went down to dinner.

They used the drawing-room when they had visitors. At other times Mrs. Burneston's sitting-room was the usual rendezvous before dinner, but sometimes she and her husband met in the gallery into which their dressing-rooms opened.

They met there to-day, and as the gong had sounded they went down-stairs arm-in-arm.

As they reached the bottom of the staircase, Ralph appeared above at the arched recess beside the bust of Clytie.

"Rose Duncombe is at home again just now," Doris said in a low voice; "it is not safe for Ralph, is it?"

The squire shrugged his shoulders; but the troubled look, which he had worn since Ralph's return, deepened.

"Perhaps not," he said; then Ralph joined them and they went in to dinner.

Mr. Burneston was very silent, but he was too much occupied with his own perplexity to notice the evident estrangement between his wife and his son—the forced politeness of their frigid reserve.

Doris left the table as soon as dinner was over to seek the peace and soothing which her child had such power to give to her—though now a slight dread hovered over these meetings with her darling, the dread that he should speak of Ralph. She shrank from the strong overmastering dislike, but it pursued her. Hitherto she had found a refuge from it with little Phil, but now that the baby-voice made Ralph its constant theme, Doris almost writhed under the added torture.

"I fear I hate him," she said, as she went up-stairs, "he is so weak, so vain and shallow; and now there is a new manner, that of a confident coxcomb; all the freshness of boyhood has left him, and he is only twenty. I cannot go on living with him in this way. Either I must conquer this hatred, or he must go."

Ralph left the dining-room almost directly after Mrs. Burneston did; his father's silence bored him, and besides he had to keep an appointment he had made with Rose. His father's face cleared when his son went away, but his eyes were still full of sadness. Although at different periods he had lived out of the world, he had always been full of pursuits; his time and his thoughts too had been fully occupied; he had never indulged in self-communing, nor had he, except on rare occasions, troubled himself to think out his son's future. He was an optimist; all had hitherto gone right with him and his, and therefore all would go right to the end. This would have been his theory had he been questioned on it, till Ralph came back from his self-imposed exile.

The disgrace Ralph had incurred at Eton had pained and shocked his father; but Mr. Burneston shook trouble off easily, and disliked to be reminded of it. The evident change in his son's expression and manner had disturbed him on the youth's return from France, but even then at first Mr. Burneston had laughed at his own anxiety, and told himself he was growing a fidget. Away from Ralph, he shook off the uneasiness he felt; but each time this became more difficult. His attention was constantly roused by some look or word which showed how great the change was; Ralph's utter irreverence and his frequent oaths shocked his father, and the coarseness of some of his remarks.

To-day the squire sat thinking far more seriously than usual.

"Yes," he said, "Doris is right. Ralph is just in a mood to make a fool of himself with Rose Duncombe; and though I really believe the girl is good and steady enough,

still his foolish notice of her may unsettle her; it is not fair to risk even the chance of it for the poor little girl."

He sighed, he disliked trouble, and yet he was strongly moved to go out at once and speak to Rose. He knew that it was useless to ask his wife to interfere, for he had silently comprehended the dislike she felt towards the pretty village girl. He had a good deal of fatherly liking for Rose; she had grown up under his eye, and he liked to look at her in the way he liked to look at anything that pleased him; but he had spoken to her very seldom since his marriage, lest it should vex Doris. Indeed the Burneston people generally said that marriage with the farmer's daughter had made the squire "much less free" than he had been when single.

"Yes," he said at last, "I'll see Rose at once. It would be easy for her to go to the Cairn for a bit," he thought, as he went into the hall to get his hat. "If I wrote to Mrs. Barugh I am sure she would ask her at once; I know George would thank me for giving him the chance of seeing her. Poor little girl, I should be sorry if she was made unhappy."

He looked uneasy and then laughed.

"I am foolish about Doris," he said; "she would not be human if she was not wrong sometimes, and she is quite wrong about George and Rose. This marriage would do very well. The worthy fellow would make a good woman of her."

So he sauntered quietly up to the stone cottage—not through the steep village, but round by the Vicarage, and then across the glebe-field—the secret pain and pleasure of his life. He loved to picture his beautiful wife as the child to whom he had at once given his love, and yet he felt that Doris always shrank from any reference to that first meeting.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Dear girl! Why should she not have whims as well as other people?" he said, looking at the gate. "I want her to be perfect, I suppose."

CHAPTER XXX.—ROSE AND THE SQUIRE.

It is a certain truth that true love has an elevating influence, and often rouses character in a being who without it would never have emerged from the mere monotony of commonplace. The shade of disappointment which tinged Mr. Burneston's overmastering love for his wife served to keep it unselfish and purified. He was far more sympathetic and less careless in his feelings for others

than he had been before his second marriage, and he now felt roused up to protect Rose from his son's folly.

As he drew near the hazel copse he heard a rustling; he turned his head inquiringly and stood still, just within sight of the little gate that led from the nutwood into the glebe-field, with a corresponding entrance set at right angles into the churchyard. Though it had grown quite dusk within the wood, there was a clear space round the gates, and as he stood looking Rose Duncombe came hurrying out of the wood; she pushed open the gate into the churchyard, and then closed it behind her. Having done this she stood still, leaning back on the gate, and clasped her hands over her eyes. It seemed to Mr. Burneston that she was either in pain or in grief.

He hesitated; then, finding that the girl stood still, quite heedless of any observation, he went close up to the gate leading into the field. It was so near the one against which she leaned that he could have touched Rose's shoulder.

She stood like a statue, utterly absorbed in her great grief. She saw her love for Ralph in all its strength, and she knew, with the sure insight which a true love sometimes gives, that she was wasting it on a worthless object. A pit seemed to open at her feet, dividing her for ever from Ralph. If she stretched across it after him, there was no firm hand to steady her steps and guide her safely over the yawning rent.

"It's just play to him," she said passionately; "an' it's my very life; he cares nowt for me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

But the passion was soon wept away and her sadness deepened.

"Rose!"

She gave a little cry and looked up and saw the face she had loved so dearly all her life, and which she had grown to idolise in Ralph, but now with a pitying kindly look on it which seemed to Rose older and far kindlier than the squire's. Her heart went out to him in an agony of love and remorse.

"Don't speak kind to me, sir; Ah cannot bear it. If you kenned what Ah'd been deca'in, you'd be ower put aboot to speak a word to me."

She spoke in a wild shrill voice that startled Mr. Burneston, and made him look round at the rick-yard to see if Shadrach or his wife were within hearing.

"Hush! hush, my poor child! Come home now," he said quietly, "I want to speak to you."

He stepped over the low wall of the churchyard and stood beside her. "Come!" He touched her arm and went on. Rose followed mechanically, past the grey headstones gleaming in the dark, past the screen of weird fir-trees, along two sides of the low granite wall, till he reached the entrance facing the church porch.

He held this gate open for his companion to pass through, and then followed her closely. She had spoken so desperately that he felt afraid she would run away from him.

But Rose went on to the cottage doggedly and heavily. The burst of passion had left her stupid and dazed with sorrow, for the sight of Mr. Burneston did not bring any comfort, it only strengthened the renunciation of Ralph, which she had plainly seen before her as she leaned against the gate.

"Rose, can I see your grandmother, or is it too late?"

The girl looked at him dreamily. "It's over late," she said, "but gran'mother's sure to be waking. Ah'll tell her you want to speak wi' her, but Ah doobts if she'll hear you."

She went up-stairs slowly, as if she had suddenly grown old, but came down again in a minute.

"Gran'mother's sleepin', sir. Shall I waken her?"

"Oh no, I'll see her to-morrow; and I'll see you too, you are tired now."

"No!" She roused herself and stood in his way to the door. She was very pale, and her lips trembled. "You'd best speak now; you'd best not trust me, as Ah doesn't trust myself. Oh, sir, Ah'll tell you all. Ah've been talkin' and listenin' to Master Ralph, an' mebbe if you don't forbid me Ah sa'l gan on listenin'. Ah loves to hear him talk, an' Ah's nane so much pleasure i' my life 'at Ah can give him up all at yance—sae noo, that's it!"

The desperation in her voice shocked him.

"No, Rose," he said gently, "I am sure you won't try to see Ralph again, and I'll tell you why. If you care for him you will not try to get him into further disgrace, and I am already very angry with him. These meetings are harmful to you both."

"Ah told him you would be angry, but he didn't seem to think so. But it's all my fault, sir, indeed it is—he's not to blame!"

Mr. Burneston looked stern. He wanted to counsel Rose, and did not know how to begin. The acquaintance could not have gone far, he thought, or she would be less suddenly frank. He stood looking at her. "Sit down, my poor child, and listen to me

quietly," he said presently. "It isn't right, you know, Rose, to meet young men like Master Ralph in the evening."

She looked wounded.

"Didn't Ah say Ah'd been deecain wrang? What mair can Ah say? Ah've told him 'at Ah wadn't see him again."

"Rose, you must go away for a time." He spoke very kindly. "I don't blame you so much, my poor lass. You will wish to go away, Rose, to please me—won't you?"

She looked up passionately; then, as the yearning pity in his kind gentle face stole into her heart, she clasped her hands over her eyes and sobbed.

"Dunnut—Ah told you nut—dunnut speak kind nor look kind. Ah's nut worth it; but oh, Mr. Burneston, Ah'd try all ways to please you, but dunnut ask me t' go schoolin' again; it makes me feel 'at Ah'd like to drown myself."

He looked surprised and shocked.

"I never meant that, lass; but you shall go and stay with Mrs. Barugh at the Cairn. Listen!"—he raised his hand to check the fiery answer he read in her face as her hands left her eyes—"they will all make you very welcome there, and you will be a great comfort to Mrs. Barugh. She's been ailing lately, and your kind nursing will cheer her up."

Rose looked eager.

"Did Mrs. Barugh sae 'at she would be fain t' see me?" she asked; then she shook her head. "If she'd written to me, Ah'd ha' credited it—but Ah cannot otherways."

"You cannot expect her to write when she is ill, Rose." Mr. Burneston hesitated, for in his heart he guessed Rose would be unwelcome to Mrs. Barugh. "But surely you will take my word. I will write to-morrow and tell them to expect you the day after. I will see that you reach Steersley in time for the coach. Now it is settled, is it not?"

Rose looked unwilling.

"Ah cannot say Ah want to go when Ah'd liefer stay," she said sullenly, keeping her eyes on the ground.

She looked so like her old childish self, with her flushed tear-stained cheeks and pouting lips, that Mr. Burneston felt inclined to manage her as he used to manage her ten years ago.

"Come, Rose," he said, "your grandmother always said you would do anything to please me, and yet the first time I ask you really to do the thing I wish you refuse. This is not kind, Rose."

Rose grew very red and her head drooped on her bosom.

"Will it really and truly please you, sir, or is it only to fret him?"

"He deserves punishment"—Mr. Burneston frowned—"but it is for my sake and yours, Rose, that I wish you to go away quite as much as—as for any other reason. Come, you used to be a tractable girl, don't let me find you changed. You have no father to advise you, and you ought to listen to me as if I were your father."

He held out his hand and smiled so kindly at her that the girl's pride melted, and she took his hand in both hers and kissed it reverently, but with all her heart going out to him. "Ah'd lay down my life to please you, sir, you're so kind an' good," she sobbed. "Ah said Ah always would. Ah'll go whenever you please."

"That's right, that's a good little girl. Well then I'll send some one the morning after to-morrow, at five o'clock, to drive you to Steersley. You will breakfast at the inn and wait there for the coach, and some one from the Cairn will meet you at the village and drive you up to the Moor. You will have no trouble, everything will be settled for you. Now, good-bye,"—then looking suddenly grave, "Stay in-doors to-morrow, Rose, and if my son should call, which is not likely, do not talk to him."

"Ah winnut, indeed Ah winnut."

"Go in," he said, as she opened the door for him, "and don't stand looking after me. Good-bye, God bless you, my poor dear child!"

Rose obeyed, then she went back into the little bare parlour and sat down.

"Oh, he is kind an' good. Ah could kiss the ground he stands on. Ah do love him. Ah believe if he told me to walk to Lunnon Ah'd try to deea it. Is it because he's Ralph's father, or is it 'at Ah loves Ralph becoss he's like t' squire? Ah loved t' squire first. Well, he's gitten his will o' mey. Ah've gien my word to deea just t' very thing 'at Ah doesn't like, an' to put up with Mrs. Barugh's mincing an' snubbing ways, an' wi' George's sermons—poor lad, Ah mun not be hard on George, for Ah's in his debt. Ah cannot give him what he's given me." She turned as if from some hateful thought, and the look of sullen despair overspread her face again.

"Oh, my heart will breack. Ah cannot gan away. Ah told Ralph 'at Ah'd nut meet him again, but even noo Ah langs to be with him. Na yan iver spake so sweet to me as he does;

an' whiles he looks an' whiles Ah listens it's like heaven," she murmured. "What fur should Ah give it up? it's ower hard, ower cruel."

CHAPTER XXXI.—MRS. BARUGH'S UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE letter which Mr. Burneston wrote was to Mr. Barugh instead of to Dorothy. Without throwing any blame on Rose, or even hinting that she had any special liking for his son, he said that for certain reasons he had decided it was better Rose should be kept away from Burneston for a couple of months or so, and that if it did not suit Mr. Barugh to receive her he should be grateful if he would find a temporary home for her in the village. "Poor little Rose looks ill and worried," he added, "and the change will, I think, be of real service to her. I have not said anything about it to Doris, so perhaps it may be better not to allude to my interference in the matter. I think George's advice and influence would be very valuable to poor Rose just now."

On that morning John Barugh met the postman on his way, so no one at the Cairn knew that Mr. Burneston had written to him.

At first the farmer had been sorely puzzled—his mind was always slow in struggling to grasp facts—but as he walked with long striding steps across the moor he began to understand. He had not heard of Ralph's return, but it seemed to him that there was some one in or near Burneston, perhaps staying at the Hall, who was paying more attention to Rose than the squire thought good for her.

"He's rare an' thoughtful an' kind, an' Ah's reet fain tu help him."

A sly smile spread over the serious weather-beaten face. "T' missis is touchous aboot Rose; Ah's dootful hoo shea'll tak' it."

He considered for some time, but there was little time to spare; finally he turned back and went indoors, startling Dorothy by his unexpected return—startling her still more when he abruptly told her she might expect Rose as a visitor in the afternoon.

He made the announcement as briefly as possible, and then retreated, leaving his wife too much surprised to ask questions.

Dorothy stood looking at the door he had closed after him, then she said three times in rapid succession, varying the accent with each explosion, "Well, I never!"

Her first thought was to get George out of the way, but there was no time for this,

and as she stood thinking it seemed to her that the danger was less great than she had fancied it far off.

That curious mounting in ideas which comes to some people from the promotion of their friends and relations, had told strongly on Mrs. Barugh. She was still a farmer's wife, but since her daughter's marriage she had thought it necessary to keep two maids instead of one, to use her silver forks every day instead of keeping them locked up, with various other small innovations tending, as she considered, to establish her position as the mother of a real lady. Her horizon had so mounted that, although she could not drag John up with her, she tried to persuade herself that his rusticity was merely a way he had, and that he would "pass muster," as she expressed it, whenever the day should come—that day which shone like some bright particular star on the limits of Dorothy's horizon—when she should find herself installed as a visitor at Burneston Hall.

It seemed to her too that George had benefited greatly by his visits to Mr. Hawnby, and she had hoped much from Rika's society. It had been a general disappointment that Miss Masham had not repeated her visit to the Cairn. Her mother's lingering illness and death had chained her at home, but Mrs. Barugh knew that she had at last promised to spend a short time at Burneston, and she hoped would also come to the Farm.

"If he cares for Miss Masham, it isn't in nature that he can care for Rose too," said the anxious mother; "there's often more in fancy than in reality; not that he's breathed her name, but seeing her here with her common ways, and thinking of the difference between her and that sweet young lady, must surely open his eyes to the foolishness of his fancy, even supposing he does still care for Rose."

She settled her cap, and threw both its long lavender strings irritably over her shoulders.

"Anyway, it is a folly to have her here," she said pettishly; "but when John has that strong manner on him, you might as well try to reason with a rushlight for spluttering."

George had gone away very early on one of his long expeditions across the moors; he took his dinner with him on these occasions, and came in late. To-night, though Dorothy had been eagerly expecting his arrival, she was too busy talking to Rose to notice it. George stopped at the parlour door, the

strange but well-known voice thrilled through him, and set his heart beating and his pulse throbbing with mad excitement. Yes, there was Rose! This moment, which he had so longed for, to see his one only love seated at his own hearth-stone between father and mother, had come at last.

The door was open, no one heard his approach, and he stood in the shadow of the doorway gazing his fill at Rose.

She looked pale and sad. He noticed that she scarcely answered his mother's flow of talk. A feeling that was half enjoyment, half shyness, held him back; he watched the light glistening on her golden hair, the pretty turn of her head with its small pink ears, and the exquisite crisped waves in which the shining hair rolled back from the creamy temples. Her pensive subdued look added a fresh charm—it gave the refinement to her he had sometimes missed. He could restrain himself no longer, his eyes were dancing with delight as he came forward.

Rose heard his step, but she would not look round. Mrs. Barugh felt suddenly tongue-tied, the farmer only was easy and natural.

"See thee, mah lad, here's a stranger fra Burneston. Noo, mah lad, thoo's reet doon fain to see Rose?"

"That Ah is; ye're reet eneeaf, fayther. How are yu, Rose, an' how's t' gran'mother?"

Rose flushed at George's warm welcome.

"She's no better nor no worse," she said fretfully; "there's no use me trying to make her hear, it hurts my throat to speak to her, she's deafer than deaf, she only hears Maister Sunley, no one else."

"It's a sore affliction," John said seriously, while Dorothy glanced at George to see how he took Rose's grumbling.

Poor woman, her heart sank within her at what she saw. There he stood, his large tender brown eyes fixed strainingly on Rose, as if striving to get her face by heart, while she never once turned to glance at him.

"Rose," he said presently, "there's light enough still to see t' garden; that's not much, yu'll say, but beyond's t' glorious far-stretching moor. Eh, my lass, yu've niver seen such a sight; there's nowt in Burneston can marrow t'."

Rose tossed her head. At that moment she felt sore and angry. How broad and rough George's talk sounded after Ralph's soft voice and pleasant flattery; here was George taking the upper hand already.

"Burneston's not t' only place in t' world, lad," she said scornfully. "I've lived in a

sight of places besides Burneston;" then recollecting her position as a visitor she turned smiling to Mr. Barugh.

"Do t' cows an' pigs thrive as well up here as they did at t' Church Farm?" she asked.

"Weel, lass, t' feedin's maistly doon riverwards. Ah'll show ye t' Cairn t' morn 'at's a'most fower tahmes as big as t' Church Farm, bud gan yer ways wi' George an' see t' sun set ower t' valley, it's a grand seeght, an t' e'en's clear."

Rose went unwillingly to get her bonnet; no one seemed ever able to disobey John Barugh's express wish.

Mrs. Barugh shrugged her shoulders, but George's eyes thanked his father heartily.

"Now look you here, John"—Dorothy had scarcely patience to wait till the pair had left the house—"if George takes up with that pert girl and disgraces us all, you've only yourself to thank for it, that you have."

The farmer went up to the mantelpiece and filled his pipe, then when he had puffed out a few whiffs he smiled kindly at her puckered face.

"Coom, mah lass, yu munnot be fractious. Yu've left that off, and Ah lahkes yu best wivoot a froon. Lahke will tak tu lahke, honey. Hevn't yu said monny a tahme at a man sud be heead, an' at a lass sud better hersel' when sheea weds. Rose'll suit George better nobbut Miss Masham ud suit him, thof tu mah thinkin' Rose has nae great lahking fer t' lad. Mebbe she's bespokken."

Mrs. Barugh's pale face grew almost as red as her husband's broad hands.

"You're certainly not proud o' your own flesh and blood, John. To think of a girl like Rose refusing our George, and not feelin' she's honoured by him! No; my hope lies t' other way. I think George may prefer Miss Masham."

"Posh!" John snapped his broad fingers. "Change is nut in t' stuff 'at George is made on; that's where t' lad favvours his sister. Mebbe it's t' oa'nly bit o' lahkeness between 'em."

Dorothy could only shake her head. He rarely spoke of Doris, but the mention of her at this disturbing crisis was overpowering. Yes, Doris—what would she say? What could she think of this folly of George's?

"Ah, she's got a will of her own," said the poor mother to herself. "If she'd been in my place, her man woulnd't have durst bring a visitor home without asking her leave."

CHAPTER XXXII.—ON THE MOOR.

NEXT morning the breakfast was a very quiet meal. George ate his porridge in silence, while Rose was so completely wrapped up in her own thoughts that when Mr. Barugh spoke suddenly to her she nearly let the milk-jug, which she was passing back to Mrs. Barugh, fall on the floor.

"Hollow," said John, "a penny fer yur thoughts, lass; it's new fer ye tu be musin', Rose."

Rose grew pink to the roots of her yellow hair, then she glanced timidly at Mrs. Barugh.

Dorothy was signalling and frowning severely at her husband; it seemed to Rose that Mr. Burneston must have told her secret, and the pink flush deepened to a burning red. Her hands trembled, so that she could hardly hold the knife and fork with which she was cutting some bacon.

George was angry and sheepish; he felt that something ought to be said, but did not know how to say it; he could only try to get Rose away from his mother's vexatious glances. He was too angry to reflect or he might have been surprised at his own indignation.

"It's all mother's fault, every bit of it," he said to himself; "we s'ud all be happy and comfortable but for her; she's a firebrand."

"Would yu like to see t' farmyard, Rose?" he said as the silence continued.

"Oh yes, I should." She jumped up and ran away for her hat. John Barugh burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, mah lad, it's plain ye're a chip o' t' a'wd block; noo if Ah'd sehd that tu yur mudher when we war courtin' sheead ha' her neb at mey."

Dorothy's vexation overcame her prudence.

"You make mistakes, John; George and Rose are old friends, that's all, they're not thinkin' of courtin'."

This was the opportunity her son was waiting for.

"I'll not answer for Rose," he said. "I can only hope father's right. I dunnot know why yu should think me changeable," he added stubbornly. "I've loved Rose all my life, an' shall love her let coom what will."

"Oh, George!" but Mrs. Barugh was stopped, the rustle of Rose's gown gave warning that she was coming down the creaking uneven staircase close to the half-open kitchen door, for except during Doris's

visit meals were not allowed to be served in the parlour at the Cairn.

George hurried to the door and met Rose in the passage; he was thankful to be spared for ever so brief a space the strife which he saw must come.

His father was on his side, and therefore he was in the right. I do not think that George, in the excitement of his joy and his love, remembered his sternness to his sister, who had her mother's good-will, though not her father's, in her choice, and yet George loved his mother much more truly than Doris had loved John Barugh; but then love blindfolds its victim completely, the soft witchery flings its veil over reason, natural affections, duty, even honour, dulling the eye to see, the ear to hear, and the heart to feel all save its own teachings.

George walked on silently beside Rose, watching the colour come and go on her bright face, and the eager interest with which she looked around her.

Yesterday George had put a great strain on his longing for open speech with Rose. He had felt as we all feel when a bird lights on the hand, or within a short distance—a word, a movement even, may fright the shy wished-for creature away for ever.

It was such joy to be with Rose, to feel the rustle of her garments as she walked beside him, to see her loved face and watch the changes of expression thereon, that, though his ardent love, kindled to intensity by her sudden presence, longed for a nearer, fuller communion, he still refrained from seeking this lest he should lose the bliss he had.

Meanwhile his silence, the slight unconvivial answers he made to her idle surface talk, drove Rose almost to frenzy. She could not choose but think; the overpowering events of these last days, days unmatched by any previous experience, filled her mind and claimed to be dwelt on.

But the bliss of those moments spent with Ralph was so alloyed with the certainty that he was no longer the "Master Ralph," the boy whose image she had so fondly cherished, that there was as much misery as bliss in going back to them. Then there was the squire. How good, how kind, how forbearing he had been! How thoughtfully he had provided for her comfort on the journey!

She looked furtively at George as they walked. How good and amiable he was, but oh how dull and tiresome he seemed after Ralph! Almost unconsciously her resent-

ment rose against her companion, as recollection showed her how much he had taught her. But for his teaching she would perhaps not have noticed the change in Ralph.

She gave a groan which made George start. His eyes met hers, and the agony in them set all his self-restraint loose.

"What ails yu, lass?" he said very tenderly. "Is it aught 'at Ah can set straight for yu?"

The very contrast of his tone with the slighting insolence she felt in Ralph's manner to her stung her. How could she answer his question, and tell him she groaned for the change that had come over Ralph Burneston! George would utterly despise her if she confessed that she cared for a man from whom she shrank with a kind of fear. Her good angel was striving hard with Rose, and at that moment she felt a distaste for goodness, because she felt dimly that a protecting influence came between her and Ralph.

"D'yu mean preaching?" she spoke scoffingly. "No, thank yu, George—yu mean kindly, but I've got beyond that."

Again their eyes met, and she shrank under the intense sympathy in his.

"Tell me, lass, what's amiss," he said softly, and sadly too, for something warned him not to speak of his love; "nothing eases a trouble like the sharing o' it. When we were bairns, d'yu mind, I used to help yu to carry t' milk across t' road because yu said it war heavy, eh, Rose?"

He bent down and looked into her troubled face.

"I dare say," she said more quietly, "you're right; no doubt you're always right, George, but just now I hate right." She stamped her foot, her anger getting vent with her words. "I wish I couldn't see wrong, and I hate you because you've taught me the difference."

He grew very pale.

"Will yu bide wiv yoursel' awhile?" he said at last; "ye'll master yoursel' best alone. Pray, Rose, honey, pray hard; if yu cannot say aught else, say 'Good Lord, deliver me!' It's the evil one's self 'at's got his hold on yu, an' only God and your own will can set yu free."

She put up both hands and turned her back on him.

"Yes, go, an' I'll thank yu," she said; then mockingly, "I say, deliver me from cant."

She looked round after a minute—George was gone. There was a gate in the hedge leading to the fields below, and she thought he must have passed through it.

The moor rose steeply on her left, and she turned hurriedly to climb its heather-covered side; she longed to be free from the chance of observation, to be off the yellow high-road which, though rarely traversed, led from the village in the valley to a larger town far beyond the moor.

She tried to be angry with George, but instead she felt that his presence had soothed and quieted her, spite of herself.

"Did he say, pray?—ah! but prayer's not for such as me. How can I pray to be delivered from loving Ralph when I so love to think of him?"

Above her rose a crag—a mass of black gritstone, looking like the tower of some old castle. It was too steep to climb; but presently she saw a little path, a kind of winding stone staircase cut in the rock, overgrown here and there with tufts of grass, and bent, and heather. Up this she made her way to the top, a broad smooth platform of rock some eight hundred feet above the river, marked by the line of trees in the valley below. Facing her was a whole range of lofty hills, and all around the far-reaching brown and crimson moor. Below, at some distance, was a small tarn, a cold sluggish-looking pool. Rose shivered, and turned her back on it. More than once during her journey she had wished vehemently for death as an escape from her misery, but the sight of this dark silent pool set her pulses beating in strong revulsion.

"I'm like a child," she said, "I don't know what I want. He's taken the taste out of my life for everything but talkin' to him; why was I so weak-minded as to come here? why don't I go back and take my chance o' seein' him?"

She sat down on the broad stones. She would not go back to the Cairn; if they missed her they might come and seek her on the moor.

"They're kind—too kind for the likes o' me," she said sadly, "for I brought it all about myself. Oh, why couldn't Ralph an' me keep as friends! Why, when I used to seek after seein' him I only thought of amusin' myself, an' of listenin' to his voice, an' lookin' at his sweet face, so like his father's, an' what harm could ever come to any one from talkin' and lookin' at t' squire? Ah!"

The deep sigh was like a groan—it seemed the breathing of despair.

"'Twas Doris did the mischief first. Mebbe I'd never ha' known I loved Ralph if she hadn't come and taunted me; mebbe then I'd not have lived on the thought of

him as I've done day and night these years he's been away. I didn't know how I'd got to love him till my heart shrank at the change in him. Why, before it seemed to me that I was old beside him—he hadn't a word or a thought that was amiss—an' now he's quite altered." Then, with a burst of self-reproach, "I don't care what he is—I love him more than life!"

Then she sat silent, crouched on the stone.

"Yes, love him," she said wildly, "love him! And yet Ah know Ah mustn't love him."

She looked round in terror, as if she feared her own thoughts would take bodily shape; then she fell forward on the stone. "Good Lord, deliver me!" she gasped, "deliver me from temptation!"

Dinner was half over at the farmhouse when George came in.

He looked anxious and tired, but he turned white when he saw Rose's place empty.

"Where is she?—where's Rose? Hasn't she come in?"

"I thought she was with you; and really, George, I think you might both try not to keep dinner waiting." Mrs. Barugh spoke peevishly; but the farmer was studying George's face.

"Eat yer dinner, mah lad; yu need it," he said kindly. "Ah'll gang an' leak fer t' lass." He thought that George had asked Rose to marry him and that she had refused him.

"No, no," George said abruptly; "Ah mun go myself. We parted an hour ago. Mebbe she's lost the path."

He hurried along the yellow road to the spot where he left Rose. She was nowhere to be seen; but the moor rose so steeply that it was impossible from below to see any distance across it.

George was tired and exhausted, but he climbed the steep bank as Rose had climbed it, and paused for breath when he reached the top.

On the top of the crag above him was a woman; he felt sure it was Rose, and he began to climb up the broken stone steps far more slowly than she had climbed them; but half way up he paused and flushed a deep red, then he put his hand to screen his eyes and gazed intently at a man hurrying away across the moor.

With a sudden exclamation George turned to look for Rose; it seemed to him that she was kneeling on the rock.

"Rose!" he said.

She started and cried out as she rose up.

"It's you," she said, and he thought she looked glad.

"Had yu lost yer way?" he began; then fear and anger found a vent. "Wasn't that Ralph Burneston goin' over t' moor? What's he doin' here? What can you have to do wiv him? Answer me, Rose. What has he been saying to yu?"

He held her arm roughly; his voice was harsh; his eyes, no longer tender and beseeching, flashed out the passion that was choking him. Rose looked at him coldly.

"He has nowt to do with me; I sent him away."

"Bless yu, lass, for that word!" He clasped her hand in both his. "Don't be angered wiv me fer speakin' roughly, an' for thinkin' yey wad love a man who meant no good to yu. Though he's t' squire's son, he's a false-hearted blackguard."

"Stop there—how dare yu! I may send him away for my own reasons; but I'll not hear him blamed by yu, an' I'll not tell yu a word he said, so there!"

"Listen here"—George was carried away by the excitement of his feelings and his joy at her quarrel with Ralph. "Yu need tell me nothing, lass; I know it every word; your face tells me. Oh, Rose, my darling! t' Lord is with yu, sure and certain, or yu'd not have sent him away. How can yu say 'at yu loves one 'at hates the Lord, who bought yu for His own at the price of His own life?"

She listened, but she shuddered and turned away.

"I don't want to hate yu, George," she said, "but I shall if I listen any more. It's your teachin' that's made me quarrel with him. Some day I may see it different; now I hate t' very sight of yu."

She darted off northwards, in a different direction from that by which George had approached or Ralph Burneston had left her. George ran after her as fast as he could, but his lame foot tripped against a block of grit hidden by the grass, and he fell heavily. When he got up, bruised and shaken, Rose was out of sight.

A HIDDEN LIFE.

WE all know how in the world of natural science the lines that are laid down to mark off the various divisions from each other, and are at first felt to be useful and true aids to knowledge, have often before long to be revised in view of phenomena that reveal new affinities between orders that had been hitherto regarded as absolutely distinct. So it is, in some measure, in the religious and spiritual world. The lines of separation created by rigid dogmatic constructions are now and again benignantly dimmed or effaced through the presence of some reconciling spirit, who almost unconsciously, and simply by the exhibition of the higher graces, by patience, unselfishness, and the brave bearing of burdens amidst weakness, causes those even who could find no intellectual point of unity with him to say, "After all, he was one of us," and to feel that his unobtrusive ministry of faithful self-denials carries a rich practical lesson to all who may be influenced. We believe that such a service was unobtrusively rendered by him whose memory is preserved in the little volume which recently issued from the press, titled "A Layman's Legacy." Mr. Samuel Greg lived, in the strictest sense, "a

hidden life;" he was borne down by losses in his business at an early stage, and was latterly weakened by disease; he made no claims to high intellectual distinction, and underwent all the trials inseparable from a character sensitively fine rather than strong; but his Memoir exhibits such devoutness, liberality, largeness of heart, and fine discernment, that we are persuaded his influence will be very deep where it is felt at all, and are certain that it must increase through the publication of his Remains by his wife. To aid in this result as far as we can is the purpose of this brief sketch.

Samuel Greg was the fourth son and the eleventh child of Samuel and Hannah Greg, and was born in Manchester on September 6, 1804. His childhood, however, was spent at Quarry Bank, near Wilmslow, where his father owned a factory. As a boy, he delighted both in the rustic rides taken in the neighbourhood and in the ongoing of the factory life, affording thus an early forecast of his love of nature and his interest in industrial work and workers. At seven he was sent to the school of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, a well-known Unitarian, at Nottingham. Here, timid and sensitive as he was, he suf-

ferred much misery from home sickness and other causes. We are told, however, that "he made friends for himself among the teachers as well as among the boys, with some of whom he remained on terms of warm affection as long as they lived." Thus early the love of poetry sprang up in him, and proved a solace. The delights of meditation, too, were revealed to him while at Nottingham. "He used to tell how he would go up to his bedroom in the dark, and sit down between the two little beds and give himself some question to answer, or some subject of meditation, upon which he taught himself to fix his attention."

From Nottingham, at the age of fifteen, he went to the school of the well-known Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. Here he had for school-fellows the Rev. James Martineau, Miss Mary Carpenter, the Rev. S. Bache, and the late Lord Suffolk. His literary tastes were now encouraged, and he was made to feel less of a child and more of a friend and companion to his elders.

After leaving Bristol he spent a year or two in learning mill-work at home; but his love of science was encouraged by attendance at a course of lectures in Edinburgh in 1823. When he returned to Quarry Bank, we find him deep in Adam Smith, and projecting a course of lectures in geography, earnestly intent, also, in making clear to himself the various theories of the Atonement; for, though educated as a Unitarian, he honestly endeavoured to examine all points for himself, and would throughout his life have found as little sympathy from rationalising Unitarians as from dogged Evangelicals. He and his younger brother, Mr. W. Rathbone Greg, found in each other's company the best society. They were never tired talking together of poetry, philosophy, science, politics, and social questions. "They would pace up and down all evening under the stars, and sometimes late into the night, discussing things in heaven and earth with a zest that seemed inexhaustible."

In 1832 Mr. Greg took the Lower House Mill, near to the large manufacturing village of Bollington, on the eastern borders of Cheshire. "He found the place when he took it nearly empty and desolate-looking enough—few people in the village, no machinery in the mill. He had, as it were, to form the place from the beginning, and to import hands from the neighbouring districts." In spite of bodily weakness, due to attacks of illness which he had experienced some time before, and which had caused

much anxiety to his friends, he went into this work with great energy, feeling that no work could be more interesting than such a creation of a little kingdom of his own, beginning afresh, as it were, in a retired valley, shut out from the rest of the busy world, where he could organize things as he liked. The welfare of his work-people, indeed, soon became an absorbing interest. He incessantly thought and planned for them, and when he married it is clear that he found in Mrs. Greg a willing and sympathizing helpmate. In two letters addressed to Leonard Horner, Esq., he tells how the work proceeded. First, he started a Sunday-school. The superintendent and teachers were drawn entirely from among the workers, to whom he left the management; he himself, however, being present an hour every Sunday. Games and gymnastic exercises were the next thing to look to, in his idea, and accordingly he set apart for this purpose "a field near the mill, that had originally been designed for gardens; and taking advantage of a holiday," he says, "I called some of the boys together and commenced operations." Quoits, trap, cricket, and leap-frog were started; other games were added, as evening by evening the attendance increased; a section was separated for the girls, who had a swing, bowls, &c. Very soon he felt that there was no need for his presence to restrain, though he naïvely confesses, "I am generally present at the games, because I enjoy them as much as any of the party." Then he established drawing and singing classes, and started winter-evening parties. These were held in the school-room, which was handsomely decorated on such occasions. Warm baths were instituted, as well as library, day-school band, and flower shows. Very careful he was on one point—not to raise individuals above their condition, but to elevate the condition itself; all his efforts had this end in view. His care descended to the minutest details; but he always proceeded on broad principles drawn from patient study of human nature.

"If I wished to make an honest man, or to keep one," he says, "I would treat him with confidence, openness, and respect, and make him feel that I trusted him, and that if he forfeited my good opinion he would add treachery to dishonour. If I wished to make a man a villain I would treat him with harshness, suspicion, and contempt; and could hardly blame him if I succeeded in the experiment. And so if I wish to make a woman

modest, kind, gentle, and mindful of the proper bearing and best graces of her sex, I would treat her with respect, gentleness, and attention, and make her feel that I think her worthy of it all. This plan I have always followed with the fair maidens of our colony, and I have never yet had cause to think that my notion was a false one."

It is not very surprising that in after days his work-people would wistfully recall these times. "We used to want the morning to come," said one, on reading the account of his death, "that we might get back to our work. But it was not like going to work; we felt more as if we were going to school, or something like that, we were all so happy and comfortable together."

But this season of fair weather did not continue: it is hardly in the nature of things that such seasons should; and if ever man drew wise discipline from the disappointments that succeeded, Mr. Greg did. Mrs. Greg must herself tell of the failures that crushed him:—

"In September, 1845, soon after the birth of his eldest son, the family removed to their larger and more commodious quarters at the Mount. But Mr. Greg was not destined long to enjoy his new surroundings. Some time before this he had been trying some new machinery for stretching the cloth, which proved very unpopular in the mill; and the work-people, instead of coming to talk the matter over, as between friends, trusting to his meeting them in the same spirit, surprised and grieved him by a turn-out. He always regarded such a measure as an extreme step, only to be taken as a last resource, when all other means had failed, and one that need never come if a proper relation existed between master and men; and he was deeply hurt by the want of confidence in him, shown by his people having recourse to it. One of the old inhabitants of the village, speaking of this lately, said, 'That was the beginning of our troubles; he never seemed to feel the same after that, and it seemed to break his spirit.'

"Other cares and grave anxieties supervened. 'Bad times,' as they are called, came and lasted; profits, never perhaps studied as vigilantly or pursued as keenly as they should have been, were replaced by losses; the means of carrying out his benevolent schemes were greatly crippled, at the very time when his over-sanguine confidence in their efficiency had been rudely shaken; and mingled disappointment and distress helped to bring on a terrible attack of illness, affecting the spine and nervous system, from which he never entirely recovered. He was obliged to retire altogether from business, and found himself, notwithstanding the kindness and generosity of relations, a comparatively poor man. He felt that he had been struck down in mind, body, and estate, at one blow. The hopes and plans that had made his life worth living, seemed suddenly swept away into darkness; and what added bitterness to the grief, was the feeling that others would point to his model village as a failure, instead of drawing example and encouragement from his success. Perhaps he felt the blow too keenly, and succumbed to it too absolutely. Perhaps a sturdier frame and a less sensitive nature might have taken up the plough again, with matured expe-

rience, renewed energy, and chastened hopes. But no one knows what tasks are possible to shattered nerves and broken health, or what is absolutely beyond the reach of the sufferer. There are some maladies which impair every capacity, except the capacity of endurance."

After this, Mr. Greg's chief interests lay in the education of his family, in theological study, in public affairs. He never lost his keen interest in social questions; but for many years he was practically an invalid and unable to take any part in practical life. One sphere of activity he never ceased to find delight in. Whilst at Bollington he had begun to conduct divine service for the people there—a duty for which he was singularly well fitted; and in nothing perhaps does his character more fully express itself than in portions of the sermons which occupy the greater part of the volume. He has the direct simplicity of sincerity and experience: he presents the results of much thought in the most lucid way, and illustrates it by admirably chosen examples. Passing by very remarkable sermons on "The Mariner's Compass," "The Voices of the Dead," and "Almost-and Altogether," in which he proves that it is easier to be a Christian altogether than to be half a Christian, we take the following from the sermon headed "The One Talent":—

"Those who have but a small trust committed to them are apt to think that, because they have not ten talents, they have not one; that because they are not among the giants of their race, they are nobody; that because they cannot do everything, they can do nothing; and therefore they make no attempt to do anything. This may be mere idleness, or it may be rebellious discontent. Because we cannot be what we should like to be, rich, great, powerful, therefore we will not be what we might be, what God invites us to be, commands us to be. Moreover, because such talents as we have are common to all, or to many, we refuse to recognise that they are talents. And yet some of the very greatest talents given to man are given to all. . . .

"Have you the power of speech? Think what that power is. It is the telegraph between mind and mind. By making certain sounds I can communicate the thought that is in my mind to your mind. This, then, is to be used in God's service. It is a talent we seldom wrap up in a napkin, but we often do worse with it. It were better for many men that they were dumb, for they would thus escape much sin. For many, instead of using it for the purpose for which God gave it, use it for the very opposite. The tongue was given that it might praise God and bless men. Often it does neither: it takes the name of God in vain, it blasphemes, it curses, it breathes poison into other's ears, it speaks evil of the good and good of the evil, it sneers at what is innocent and holy, it soils itself with slander, it repeats the evil story which stabs a fellow-creature in the dark, it becomes, in short, a talent of the devil. This is worse than wrapping it in a napkin: we had better have been dumb. And yet what a talent that tongue

might have been! What words of truth, and love, and purity, and sublimity, and prayer might have been spoken by it, if only the heart of which it is the utterer were thus noble, pure and loving! How it might have helped along the feeble steps of some friend or neighbour on the right path; how it might have put good thoughts into some darkened mind! how it might have spoken gentle words of comfort to some half-broken, drooping, wounded, or trembling heart! how it might have spoken the word in season for the right and good, or have helped to withstand falsehood and wrong! how it might have gone to some poor trembling spirit, cast down with fear and doubt as to the hereafter, thinking that God's wrath was pursuing it and that weeping and gnashing of teeth were awaiting it beyond the veil! and how it might have pointed to the heaven above and reminded that spirit of God's love, of His fatherhood to His children, of His mercy, tenderness, and long-suffering, and asked that poor trembler if a God of mercy could so treat a weak child of mortality, the work of His own hand, the child of His own love! and how it might have repeated the words of Christ and the promises of God, till these sounds of heaven should have silenced men's ravings about hell, and perfect trust and love should at length have cast out fear! Might it not have done all this? And if it had done so, would it not have been a talent worth having and worth using? And might not the man who held it have lifted up his face even before his all-perfect Master, and brought his talent, not wrapped in a napkin, but laid down openly, humbly, trustingly, at His feet?"

He never loses sight of the practical lesson, though he does not deal in "applications." He occasionally chooses every-day topics, but without being sensational; the following is from the sermon on "Sunshine:"—

"There are some who have not the excuse of ill-health, who yet needlessly bring clouds and gloom over what might otherwise be a sunny lot. They allow a fretful and complaining temper to be as a dark shadow, blotting out the brightness from their own lives and the lives of all around them. Look at the man of evil temper. How he darkens the sunshine of heaven! How gloomy is the scene when *he* stands in the midst of it! See the anxious, fearful, unloving, sad, or scowling faces that gather round that man. The sunshine fades away in that evil presence, and a dark, cold chill falls upon the air around. Look at another—the man of kindly temper and loving heart, the smile in the eye, the word of cheery kindness on the lip, the helping hand, the strong or ready arm, the upward-looking eye. He stands the centre of a smiling circle looking on him with a love like his own. Life, light, and warmth are round him, shadows fly, bad spirits come not near, all evil things shrink away, and 'tears forget to flow.' How charming to come within this sweet influence! How our hearts warm in the glow! The very air seems filled with sounds of music, and sweet voices seem to sing, 'Rejoice ever more!'

"If we would protect ourselves against the visits of dark and evil spirits, we must have an active, well-stored mind. The mind of man is like a hall opened within his animal nature, to be the gathering-ground

of ideas, thoughts, memories, hopes, fears—things not visible to the outward eye nor to be touched by mortal hands, yet which have the power to act upon our outward bodily selves, and to mould our character as clay is moulded in the hands of the potter. It is here, in this invisible chamber, that we seem to meet again the spirits of the departed. It is here that religion, its hopes, prospects, and revelations, becomes a present thing, felt and understood. Now, what if this hall be empty?"

Occasionally he rises to an unaffected eloquence, and like some of the Puritan orators, uses figure very efficiently:—

"Prayer is the gate of the spiritual world; it is the door of the sanctuary. It is by prayer that we rise above mortality, and sense, and sin, and draw near to the very throne of God. What a power is this! what a privilege! what a refuge! what a link between the mortal and the immortal, the creature and the Creator, the child and the eternal Father!

"What man ever rose to a knowledge of either Christ or God, or to the depths of his own nature, who has not lifted up his soul in prayer? Who that *has* prayed, not once, but day by day, in every crisis and danger of his life, in every deep emotion—whether of love, or joy, or sorrow—has not felt how wonderful a provision is here made for the deepest want of our nature? What power there is in prayer to purify, to strengthen, to enlighten, to lift us into the nearer presence of that Great Being whom our spirits seek. The scoffer may scoff, and the prayerless may doubt, and philosophers may deny, and worldlings may forget, but the spirit that has been accustomed to go to God in prayer is above the sound of such voices, is not troubled by them, hardly hears them."

The mode in which Mr. Greg bore his sorrows and sufferings—shedding over the lives of others a benignant light, amply proves that such utterances came from the depths of a true experience, enriched and brightened by faith the most sincere. In the light of such utterances and facts as we have given, these words of Dean Stanley do not seem to be overcharged: "The frequency of infirmity and pain hardly ever seemed to quench his ardour, in listening, on our return from foreign countries, or in connection with our pursuits in London or elsewhere, to the accounts of the movements of the great world of science or politics. He is gone; but the glimpses which he gave to me, and doubtless to others, of the combination of a sincere trust in the Divine goodness, with a sincere attachment to truth, and freedom, and progress, furnished a proof such as we can in these latter days ill afford to lose, that such a combination is not so impossible as the narrow notions of contending parties would fain represent."

H. A. PAGE.

THE OLD FISH-POND.

GREEN growths of mosses drip and bead
 Around the granite brink ;
 And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
 The wood-birds dip and drink ;

Slow efts about the edges sleep ;
 Swift-darting water-flies
 Shoot on the surface ; down the deep
 Dark fishes gloom and rise.

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide ?
 Who knows what tale ? Belike
 Those "antres vast" and shadows hide
 Some patriarchal pike—

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkle-jawed,
 For whom the sky, the earth,
 Have but for aim to look on awed,
 And watch him wax in girth—



Hard Monarch there, by right of might—
 An ageless Autocrat,
 Whose "good old rule" is "Appetite,
 And subjects fresh and fat ;"

While they—poor things—in wan despair
 Still hope for years in him,
 And, dying, hand from heir to heir
 The day undawned and dim,

When the pond's terror too must go ;
 Or, creeping in by stealth,
 A bolder race, at one fell blow,
 Shall found a commonwealth.

Who knows ? Meanwhile the mosses bead
 Around the granite brink,
 And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
 The wood-birds dip and drink.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY.

One treatment for opposite moods.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms."—JAMES V. 13.

THESE two questions are sure to be answered with a "yes." Take the first score of men one meets in the street: some of them are sure to be in sorrow and some of them light of heart; and so among our readers, no doubt, will be those whose eyes have not long ago been full of tears, and those whose eyes are bright with joy. These would shrink from each other's society if they met. They stand at the opposite poles of human experience, and seem to themselves to have nothing in common with one another. But James thinks that, antithetic as their circumstances and emotions are, there is one place where they can meet, the throne of God, and one occupation for them both, prayer. There and thus all contrasted human feelings find reconciliation with each other, and their end in calmness. The diversity of emotion has one issue—communion with God.

These two injunctions then, if taken in connection, plainly show that the emotions to which they relate are legitimate and right. Christianity does not seek to make men Stoics, nor to repress the natural play of feeling. It does not aim at drying up either of the neighbouring fountains of tears and of laughter, though it does heal the bitterness of the one, and seeks to clear the turbid waters of the other. A passionless indifference is as little the Christian ideal of manhood, as is a constant gloom or a perpetual smile. Each is to have its rights. God, who sends the changing circumstances, wills that we should be affected by them; and our being so affected is the condition of our getting any good out of them. The perfect Human Nature Himself wept, and bade the daughters of Jerusalem weep for themselves. A false notion of Christian resignation has too often branded sorrow as sin, and tried to dam back the tears which it should have encouraged to flow; just as a false notion of Christian asceticism has frowned upon gladness, and tried to fling a shadow everywhere on life. These twin errors would have read our text, "Is any among you afflicted? let him crush down his sorrow. Is any merry? let him wear a mortified countenance and cast away the sweet poison from his heart." But Christianity suppresses nothing that is human,

because it knows itself able to consecrate all, and in regard to this matter it endorses the wisdom of the old book—"There is a time to weep and a time to laugh."

These two emotions then, both legitimate, and parts of every man's experience, are both to lead to the same thing—prayer. They stand at either extreme of the scale of feeling; but though parted so widely, the line from each goes straight to the throne of God. That is to say, the highest and best expression of sorrow is prayer, and of joy is praise. The tears of the one and the laughter of the other are not all which they should evoke, but that is right sorrow which "comes with weeping and supplication," and noble joy which breaks into music of praise.

What a grand confidence is here, in the fitness of prayer to echo all moods of men's spirits! Like some great organ with a hundred stops, it can wail and sob like a broken heart, it can murmur low and soft, it can complain and plead, and it can pour out bright notes all flashing with light and leaping as in gladness. All the infinite varieties of our needs and of our joys, every changing feeling and subtle momentary colouring of our moods, even those which we cannot lay hold of to show to men, may find voice in communion with God. How unlike the bald monotony and wearisome sameness of our so-called prayers such prayer would be, in which each emotion should be caught at its purest and deepest and brought into immediate contact with the thought of God! Such prayers would be prayers indeed, and how the music of such psalms would ring out in our lives!

These advices of our text may be enforced by the consideration that the great purpose for which God sends us sorrows and joys is, that by them we may be stirred up to lay hold of Him more firmly than we are apt to do in monotonous life. "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God," says the Psalm, and there is a wide truth there. Uneventful days are apt to lull us to rest, to impose on us the illusion of their constant continuance, and to stamp a false appearance of commonplaceness on our lives. A traveller crossing the plains of Lombardy gets buried in the dead level among the mulberries and the vines, and can see nothing but the foliage round him, though the great white Alps bound the horizon and

the swift river hurries to the sea. We need to be taken up to some hill-top to see over our present environment; and we need changes, shocks to break up the crust which settles down on our souls thick as the ashes which buried Herculaneum. Let us be thankful for all which destroys the stagnation of commonplaceness in our lives, even for the storms which freshen the air, and bring bracing salt particles on their wings from the great sea; and let us take heed that we get the highest good out of these changes, and do not use them merely to enrich our experience or to school us in worldly wisdom, but for the nobler and God-intended purpose of leading us to Himself. We are buffeted by change, and shuttlecocked between joys and sorrows, that all this vicissitude may "toss us to His breast," where only it is safe to rest without change, because such rest is life and growth.

Further, this exhortation is strengthened by the thought that the dangers incident to each extreme are averted by prayer and communion with God.

The false admiration of sorrow often speaks as if it were sure to do a man good. But there are very real temptations besetting us when afflicted, which only earnest, resolute keeping near to God will enable us to overcome. Our sorrows often make us bitter, querulous, rebellious. We nurse our grief, and love to let ourselves be selfishly absorbed by it. Many a woman makes her domestic losses a reason for abandoning plain duties of Christian service. Many refuse to see any blue in the sky because the heavy thunder-clouds of past sorrows are there. Many try to keep them above the horizon long after their burden has been poured out, and resist the healing influences of time and work. The two sisters of Bethany, though they loved their Lord, show us what unmeasured grief, that is grief which has forgotten prayer, is. One sits neglectful of all other duties, with folded hands in her idle lap. The other goes out to meet Christ, but meets Him with rebuke that He had not come, when He could so easily have come, arraigning His wisdom and suspecting His care. And only when he that is afflicted prays will he be kept from murmuring, and many another sin against the Love that guides.

Nor is joy sure to bless unless its laughter and songs be joined with psalms. There beset its bright blossoms their own enemies, that gnaw its petals and shrivel its leaves. How often gladness makes a man vain and self-confident, as if he were the architect of

his own good fortune! How he swells as he looks at the Babylon which he has built! How nearly allied are joy and false security, joy and self-confidence, joy and unthankfulness, joy and over-estimate of worldly good! It is hard to carry a full cup without spilling, hard to be glad and sin not. How often too have the starry truths of God and His heaven, that burned bright above pilgrims in the night of sorrow, paled and faded when the hot bright day of prosperity blazed about them! All these, and a hundred other dangers, are only avoided by making our joy praise, and carrying all our gladness to God, the life of all our joys.

So turned into occasions for communion with Him, all our emotions will yield the blessed fruits which they were intended to bear, and of which the germs indeed are in them, but only the germs. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Then he shall prove in himself that all things work together for good to them who in all things call upon God; and to him the shocks of change, and the heavings of fiery emotions in his soul, will make the soil fertile and ripen the precious fruits, which grow like the vines on Vesuvius, rooted in the cooled lava, and stimulated by the volcanic fires.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Demas, Luke, and Mark.

"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world. . . . Only Luke is with me. Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry." 2 TIM. iv. 10, 11.

In no other book than the Bible could an important character like Paul have been left at the very crisis of his fate. But Scripture has no heroes; its theme is the self-revelation of God, and, vivid as its portraits of men are, it takes them up and drops them with equal abruptness and unconcern. For instance, the prophet of fire strides upon the stage unheralded, bearding Ahab with his message of the drought; and his brother in flaming impetuous zeal, Paul of Tarsus, disappears in his hired house in Rome, without a word to tell what came of his imprisonment. So we are left to conjecture. Probably there were two imprisonments, the former of which was the lighter, and was followed by a temporary release and renewal of his apostolic work. During it the Epistles to the Colossians and Philemon, among others, were written. The second imprisonment was more severe in character, and ended with the apostle's martyrdom. This letter to Timothy dates from it. In the

former we find him surrounded by a cluster of loving friends, including "Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas," "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas." In the latter "only Luke is with me;" of the two others, one has gone away on an errand of Christian work, the other has slunk from Paul's side, and been drawn off by the fascinations of the world.

These three men—Luke, Demas, John Mark—are singularly contrasted. They present three distinct types of character and of Christian conduct. Luke was the faithful companion of the apostle from the beginning of their recorded association to the end of Paul's life. When he left his beloved leader it was only for a time, and that for other service. Usually he was at his side, ministering to him perhaps by his medical skill, or with his pen, labouring on the records of the Master's life and the servants' work, stanch and steadfast, trusty and true.

And the other two men are in different ways contrasts to Luke and to each other. Demas, who for a long period was faithful and reliable, at last becomes renegade and apostate, and deserts Paul at his sorest need. So he sets before us a career which, up to a certain point, has been devout and good, suddenly breaking off from the true path, and losing itself at last in bog and quicksand. John Mark, on the other hand, is the exact converse of Demas. His early defection has been nobly retrieved. Though he went wrong at starting, and was afraid of toil, he has found his way back, not only to the service, but to Paul's full confidence. No doubt the remembrance of his cowardly shrinking from the work spurred his zeal and intensified his consecration in after days, while the faithful severity of the apostle would be felt by him to have been truer kindness than the too easy condoning of his fault by the more facile Barnabas. Thus a very strong bond evidently existed between Paul and him, which finds its expression here in the prisoner's desire to have the solace of his companionship in his loneliness and the helpfulness of his service in his prison.

Thus sharply contrasted we have here the three figures, the steadfast Christian, the apostate, and the restored backslider.

Looking at the wide difference between these men, who all formed part of the little cluster of friends that gathered round Paul in his first imprisonment, one is struck again with the old thought of the wonderful difference in the history and character of men under the very same influences. The same lofty

example was before them all in their heroic leader. His teaching fell upon their ears alike, the magnetism of his grand character drew them all, the contagion of his fiery earnestness influenced them. What circumstances and outward influences could do for the formation of Christian character was done for them all alike, and the result was as we see. The same good seed is sown on all the soils, but how unlike the harvests! The same mighty powers go forth from Jesus on the twelve, and after the identical training has been applied to each, the products are a John, a Peter, a number of apparently commonplace men, and a Judas. The children of one house, who have lain on one mother's breast, and received the same nurture and admonition, grow up, and one is a saint and the other a prodigal.

It is an old hackneyed lesson, and yet one that we are ever tempted to forget. Not the influences around us, but the spirit within us, determines our character and our religious position. How solemn and awful the individuality of the Christian life! These men stood side by side, ate at the same table, were for years in close and constant association. Yet what a gulf between them then and now! Two of them evangelists—one of them an apostate. All depends on how we use the circumstances in which God sets us. As the wise man said long ago, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; and if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

That sad figure of Demas may speak solemn warning to every one. It points us to a possible danger besetting us all, and tells us its source. He seems to have been a Christian of some standing. His place by Paul's side for years, and his association with prominent men in the greetings in Colossians and Philemon, show that. In the latter letter he is called Paul's "fellow labourer," an honourable name, which implies some duration as well as some energy in his work in spreading the Gospel. Thessalonica was probably his home, as he stole away thither when he deserted. If so, he may have been one of Paul's converts there on his first visit many years ago. At all events he was a conspicuous man, a close companion of the apostle's, a preacher or evangelist; he had for years been a Christian, he had stood by Paul all through his former imprisonment, and now the fabric of years seemed to go down with a crash, and he slinks away from his side, and, as it would seem, from his Christian profession too. A miserable end, and yet a possible one for a

man of matured character and an earnest preacher. He may falsify his whole life, and at the very last be recreant, as John Bunyan saw that there was a back way to hell just outside the gate of the celestial city. The counter-attraction of this present world is a force constantly acting on us all through our lives, to the very end. That strong gravitation is ever dragging us down, and unless we are borne up by our firm hold of a stronger hand, we shall slide down, Demas-like, however high we may have climbed, and be smashed to atoms at the bottom.

But yet, though that danger is ever present, the figure of "the beloved physician" tells us that we need not fall a prey to it, but that a calm uniform tenor of uninterrupted faithfulness is possible. He is a type, in this little group, of the high possibility that our lives may be a tranquil advance in one direction, broken by no such defections, darkened by no sweeping storms of passion and thunder-rain of penitent tears like David's, sullied by no marked dereliction like Mark's, ending in no collapse like Demas's; but steadfast, unmovable, going from strength to strength, each day adding force to habits and motives of goodness, each day confirming and enlarging the rule of the Light within us, each day leading us deeper into the sweetness of fellowship with Christ. So may our days be, like the light shining more and more, or like the growing grain, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

And the third figure in the group, John Mark, tells us that if our course have been like Demas rather than Luke, still after any and every fall and departure return and restoration are possible. It says as much for Paul as for Mark that this his last appearance shows him reinstated in the very position which he had abandoned long ago. "They had John to their minister," when he, like a recruit on his first field, ran from the fight. Now, says Paul, "he is profitable to me for service," as if he would reinstate him in the office which he had thrown up. So past failures and falls may be all blotted out, and the very unfaithfulness which we repent may help to develop in us higher power and happier consecration. Perhaps the backslider who comes back has a richer nature and a higher experience than he who has never wandered. But at all events let us be thankful that Luke and Mark are both evangelists, and that if the steadfast disciple has painted the Lord's life, the restored backslider has been no less able to behold and tell His beauty to men.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Christ's Departure, and Paul's Abiding.

"It is expedient for you that I go away."—JOHN xvi. 7.
 "To abide in the flesh is more needful for you."—PHILIP, i. 24.

So then Jesus thought that His disciples would gain by losing Him, and Paul that his friends could not do without him. It is a singular contrast, and reverses what might have been expected. If ever there were people who seemed to need the continual presence of their Master, it was that handful of imperfectly enlightened, feeble men that gathered round Christ in that upper chamber. How strange it must have seemed to them that they, poor sheep in the midst of wolves, would be better without the Shepherd! Their hearts and their heads must have been equally bewildered by such a saying. And its strangeness is brought more home to us by that other word of Paul's, in which we recognise the familiar tone of love and care that cannot face the thought of leaving a life's work half done, and dear ones unhelpled.

The contrast rests on the absolute difference between the work of Christ and that of all teachers, friends, and guides, and so may help us to grasp the unique relation which He and it sustain to the world.

It was expedient that Christ should go away, for Christ's death is His work. It was needful that Paul should abide, for Paul's death was the end of his. If our Lord had thought of His death as simply the closing scene of His Nativity, if it had been to Him what it is to all men who influence their fellows, He could not have spoken thus; but if His death be the very centre of all His work, from which mightier influences radiate than from aught else, then one can understand even that great paradox. Paul's words show us how such speak who know that their departure will do nothing to advance the purposes to which they have given themselves. Christ's are intelligible only in the light of the great truth that He came to give His life a ransom for the many, and that His death has a substantive value all its own. Grace was poured into His lips, and His going away closed them for the thousands who had hung on them, feeling that never man spake like this man. Perfect beauty and winning tenderness shone lambent in all His life, and moved strange deep thoughts in many hearts, though they knew not that seeing Him they saw the Father;—and all that had to end. Mighty works of pity and help were done by His hand, and brought healing and hope to not a few; and

all that beneficent activity was to cease. But His going away was to do something greater than all His words of wisdom and tenderness, than all His acts of nobleness and purity, than all His miracles. His death was to take away sin and to bring in an everlasting righteousness. It was in an eminent and altogether unexampled sense His great work. Therefore He looked forward to it from the very beginning. Therefore He spoke of it as the "cause" for which He came. Therefore it was expedient even for those who were helpless without Him that He should go away—for only so could He finish the work given Him to do.

It was expedient that Christ should go away, for His work goes on after His death, while that of all others ceases. When Paul dies he can no more help his brethren. True, he may leave a holy memory in many hearts, and may continue to influence men to the end of time by his recorded words. The great personalities of the world may in a certain figurative sense be said to "rule the nations from their urns." By books, by principles which they have established, by thoughts which they have added for ever to the possessions of the race, by institutions which they have imposed, they may be said to live and act still. But that reverberation from the past prolonged into the present is but a poor shadowy thing. Christ's work to-day is no mere influence flowing from activities long since terminated. It is real and continuous—a present forthputting of present power. We have to rejoice that the effect of what He did once for all lasts for ever, and that, from the historically completed fact of His death, there streams out through all the ages saving and life-giving power. But besides this, we have to rejoice that He ever liveth, and through the ages is working in yet higher manner than when on earth. "He worketh hitherto." His death was the transition from one form to another, and the present form is an advance upon the past.

Heroes, teachers, thinkers fill a fixed place in the history of the world, and every day widens the distance between their diminishing powers and the new generations. Therefore, sooner or later, grey mists of oblivion will swallow them all up. But this Man lives and works to-day, and goes with the race, "a leader and commander for the people." Therefore He will never cease to be remembered nor to save. It is expedient that He go away, for it is "when His soul shall make an offering for sin that He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days,

and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand."

Christ's personal relation to us is wholly independent of His bodily presence. His departure aided in the apprehension of His true character and nature. Like some star that, as long as it is low on the horizon and shrouded by mist, may be mistaken for some earthborn light, but is known for what it is as it climbs the sky, He was discerned when unseen far better than when here. When He ascended to the Father, that withdrawal from the touch of sense gave Him to the touch of faith, and these desolate disciples were nearer Him when the cloud received Him out of their sight than they had ever been when they saw with their eyes and handled with their hands the Word of Life.

The true personal bond that knits men to Christ is actually helped by His absence. "Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love," is held in the inmost hearts of millions. That is a phenomenon in the history of human affections altogether unique, and standing in the strongest contrast to the feelings with which the most enthusiastic admirers regard the mightiest among the dead. For love there must be, or have been, personal intercourse and the assurance of a heart that answers now to the beating of ours. With earthly teachers and guides that is only possible whilst they live; so their abiding in the flesh is needful for us. With Jesus Christ, who died—yea, rather, who is risen again—it is possible now for us all; therefore it was our gain that He went way, "departing for a season, that we might receive Him for ever."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

The Alabaster Box.

MATT. xxvi. 6—13; MARK xiv. 3—9; JOHN xii. 1—8.

There is a very singular parallel between this exquisite narrative and the story of that other feast where Martha served and Mary sat at Christ's feet. In both the two sisters are true to their respective characters, the one practical, and the other dreamy and contemplative; the one ready to render useful service, the other only able to sit and hearken, or to pour out her love by lavishing the most precious thing she has, without staying to ask if the gift had any use in it. In both the scene is similar—a feast. In both Mary's part comes from uncalculating love. In both this tender listening soul is charged with indifference to claims of others, her sister and the poor, and finds herself made out to her own wonder a very monster of selfishness.

In both she hears misconstruction and unfairness without a word. In both Christ takes upon Himself her vindication.

The vindications in the two incidents, although very different, are also, roughly speaking, framed upon a similar model. Each begins with rebuke, advances to eulogium, and ends with prophecy. Martha is taught that her service is not the pure fruit of love but tainted with care and cumber. The grumblers are reminded that they will have abundant opportunities for exercising their new-born zeal for the poor. Mary's choice of sitting at Christ's feet is cleared from the charge of indolence, and declared to be the choice of wisdom. Mary's offering is cleared from the charge of waste and accepted as a good work, eminently seasonable and appropriate. The good part which she has chosen is made over to her as an inalienable possession which she shall never lose. The good work which she has done is promised an immortal commemoration, lasting as long as the gospel itself.

The objectors and the objections to this sweet expression of a heart that only sought to unlade its great burden of love have plenty of modern kindred. The expression of Christian emotion is often enough charged with wasting on fantastic devotion what might have helped material comforts, with leaving rough work to others, and the like. There are people who have always some other way of working or giving which they prefer to the one proposed to them. And the answer given by our Lord to these carping critics, who were not wiser but only colder, cuts very deep into the hypocrisy of such pretences, and brings out in clear outline the main principles of Christian service.

"She hath wrought a good work on me." This is the only time that Jesus calls any one's deed "good," and the reason for that rare honour surely is the absolute simplicity of the motive from which it was done, namely, pure love to Him. The work was "good," because it was "on me." The very absence of any practical use made the act more conspicuously the outflow of her heart filled with thankful love, and staying to ask no questions of practical wisdom, but catching up the most precious thing she could find to pour it out on His dear head. The most benevolent practically useful work, that had not an equal impulse of love to Him underlying it, would be less acceptable to Him, who needs nothing of ours but our hearts, and estimates all our work, not by the practical end to which it tends, but by the motive from which it

comes. Impulse is better than calculation. Practical utility is not the standard for Christian service. This piece of lavish useless devotion, which looked like romantic folly to less loving eyes, was better than a hundred acts of less impassioned sacrifice, because it was the clear unmingled outcome of deep and simple love. That is a lesson that we all need in these days of activity, when forms of Christian work multiply so fast. There is nothing in it to disparage these. Rather the heart that is fullest of love to Christ will be the readiest to respond to all other calls. It was Judas who pitted care of the poor against Mary's act of loving lavishness. Mary herself would have seen the two to be perfectly consistent, and the poor would have fared a great deal better with her after her "waste" than with Judas, though he had the bag. But though the two are perfectly consistent, they are only united when the care for the poor and the regard for practical utility come as second, and as consequences of love to Christ; and we need to be constantly reminded that actions are ranked in His sight according to their motives, that the highest motive is love to Christ, and that therefore the very definition of a good work is a work wrought "on Him," with Him for its motive and Him for its end.

"She hath done what she could." This determines the manner of the service which pleases Christ, as the former words settled the motive. There is infinite tenderness in them, as well as a lofty claim. The less loving observers only saw the lavish waste; He knew that her love could only express itself so. No busy Martha, unable to speak her heart, but ready to put all her gratitude into homely domestic ministrations, was she. No energetic Dorcas, clothing her Lord in His poor servants, no prophetess to speak for Him, but only a loving woman, who longed by some great gift to ease her heart of its rich fruitage of love. Whether her way of doing it was the wisest possible or the best conceivable, matters nothing in His eyes. It was the best because the most natural for her. It was all she could do. She did it, and she was accepted. Our capacity prescribes the method of our work. We are not to ask what duties others have, nor to seek to imitate them, but to be ourselves, assured that however humble the form, if it be genuinely shaped according to our power, it is dear in His eyes to whom the daisy in the grass is as fair as the most gorgeous flower. Men may despise the homely shape that our love takes, but He

will delight in its modest lowliness. Mary's gift, perfumed with the rich aroma of her heart, is neither more nor less precious than any other form of equal love; and the one sister's alabaster vase, with its fragrant contents, is no more acceptable than the other sister's homely dishes with the rustic dainties of the feast. Each comes under the benediction of that saying, "She hath done what she could."

"She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." There is the significance which Christ puts into the service which He accepts. There is no reason to suppose that Mary attached this meaning to her act, which to her was only a spontaneous impulse of love and sacrifice. But He, in His great love accepting it, reads a meaning into it great beyond her purpose, and puts an honour upon it above her dreams. So He ever does with the service which He accepts. Our poor deeds are but parts of a mighty whole, and their place in that whole we are not allowed to see. Like some complicated machine working on one side of a wall and delivering its finished work on the other, our acts of obedience and service are tending to a finished fabric which we cannot see here. The finest Indian fabrics have to be woven in darkened rooms, and only when the work is done will the shutters be opened. What surprises there will be in heaven when we see the fair large issues which He has brought out of our poor deeds! "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? We knew not what we were doing when we humbly laboured in the darkness." "Thou sowest not that body that shall be. God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him."

"This that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." So Christ promises perpetual remembrance for the service which He accepts. And, very strikingly, the evangelists who record the promise do not give the name of "this woman," and the evangelist who gives the name does not give the promise. So we may learn how little it matters whether our work is labelled with our names or no, so long as it lives in the whole sum of the results, like a little mountain stream that loses its name when it falls into the great ocean. The world may forget, but He remembers. Our deeds may be written nowhere else—they are in His book of remembrance. "Surely I will never forget any of their works." The odour of the ointment filled the house for a moment, and then was dissipated, indistinguishable through the common and scentless air. So brief the life

on earth of our poor perishable works. But yet they live for ever, and come up for ever before Him, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

FIFTH SUNDAY.

The Beginning of the Gospel in Europe.

"We went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither."—ACTS xvi. 13.

This is the first record of the preaching of the gospel in Europe. In all probability it was the first Christian sermon in that quarter of the world. The solemn vision of the man of Macedonia, which sent Paul across the sea, seems to mark an epoch in his missionary work; and the great minuteness of the account of this visit to Philippi is best explained by such a supposition, in accordance with the habit of this book of the Acts to give a detailed narrative of the first instance of each class of incidents. If so, we stand here at the well-head of a great stream, and there is a strange interest in marking the tiny trickle which is destined to come to such a volume and flow through so many lands. Thus unobtrusively stole into Europe the word that was to

"Cast its kingdoms old
Into another mould,"

to guide and inform the onward march of its peoples, to be the foundation of their liberties, and the life-breath of their literatures. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

The apparent insignificance and real importance of Christian work is very strikingly brought out in this incident. In all the crowds that swept through the great city that Sabbath day, there was no more unimportant looking knot of people than that group of travel-stained Jews as they wended their way to the quiet place of prayer. That gathering of a handful of women beneath the blue heavens, and the teaching that blended with the music of the rushing stream, seemed very trifling matters. What contemptuous incredulity would have curled the lips of the citizens of Philippi if they had been told that its chief claim to be remembered at all would be, not its founder, nor its power, nor the empire-winning battle fought within reach of its gates, but that gathering by the river-side, and a short letter written by the speaker on that day to the church which then began to be! The hum of busy life, the pomp of Roman power, the flashing arms of Roman cohorts have sunk into silence and darkness, but that one scene lives yet, and will live for

ever. The roll of the great names of Philippi is crumbled into oblivion, but all the world knows Euodia and Syntyche, who were perhaps among that little audience. It seemed a small thing to speak "unto the women which resorted thither," but we may safely say that it was the greatest thing done in Europe that day.

The true greatness of an action depends on these things : its motive, its sphere, and its consequences.

That which has for its motive love to God and conformity to His will, is ever great. Insignificance has no place there. To be offered to God sanctifies and magnifies the giver and the gift. The smallest of our earthly deeds is greatened, and the commonest ennobled, when done for Him and to Him. As the apparent size of a pebble is increased when it lies in the bed of a stream, and all its veinings and colourings are brought out till a poor common bit of stone looks like a pearl of price, so our small valueless deeds laved in that sacred stream grow in magnitude and gleam and glance with new beauty.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine."

That which is done in the sphere of the spirit is ever great. High above deeds whose sphere is material well-being, high above those which affect only the outward life, and not less decisively above those which bear solely on the intellect, or the emotions, or the artistic side of our nature, are those which have for their sphere the spirit of a man in its relation to God, and which affect him in his religious life. If the highest word of a great teacher is loftier and greater than all outward pomp and material good, still more is the feeblest effort which a Christian can put forth. The thinker is not the highest, nor his work the greatest, among the sons of men. There is a sphere beyond his, and all effort bearing on it—that is to say, all true and genuine religious work which seeks to bring men back to God in Christ—is by its very nature great and awful.

That which carries with it eternal consequences is ever great. We might almost say that Europe as we see it to-day, and Europe as it will one day be, are the harvest of that little seed. The quiet words of that morning had eternal issues in the hearts of some who heard, and who remember now, amidst the knowledge of heaven, that hour when they began dimly to see a great light.

So work done for God, on the soul, with ever growing echoes, is the mightiest. Let us purge our eyes that we may see the true perspective of human affairs, and not be fooled into the judgments of the world, which are equally at fault in what it vulgarly celebrates for great, and in what it insolently despises as small.

That little group too brings out in picturesque vividness the true law of growth in Christ's kingdom. Its beginnings are ever apparently small and unobtrusive. As the Lord's own life, so is the advance of His dominion. Silently as he stole into the world, born in a manger among poor people, in lowly condition, in deep midnight, and silently as He went about doing good, and passed hence and the world knew Him not, from so small a beginning and with such undemonstrative silence His kingdom grows. The grain of mustard seed, the minute points of leaven are its emblems. As in nature the germinal cell is always microscopic, so in Christ's kingdom. The destructive preparations which precede it are often noisy, the constructive commencement is always quiet. Lightning tears the sky from one part of the heaven to the opposite, and with it rolls the thunder, but its flash is for a moment. Light begins to show in early dawn by a faint thinning of the darkness, and silently, but for the twittering of half-awakened birds, the supreme glory rises in the east, and it is day. God's beginnings are ever seemingly small and silent.

And as the starting-point is minute, so the means are simple. What an unequal contest it looked! On the one side an empire; established systems of worship, round which clustered all that was venerable, all that was menacing; ordered philosophies, subtle and strong; a social system honeycombed with vices which instinctively knew their foe: and on the other, a handful of Jews. Did ever a Cortes on the beach, with his ships in flames behind him and a continent in arms in front, fling himself on a more desperate venture? And yet they beat. What were their weapons? The message they had to preach, the earnestness of faith with which they preached it, and the Divine Helper who stood by them. "And with that word they shook the world." These weapons are still hanging in God's armoury for our use. They are still the appointed means by which the world is to be won for Christ. The more rigidly the Church keeps to them, the more apostolic and successful will she be.

THE LAW OF MORAL HEREDITY.

CHILDREN who have never had any intercourse with their parents, but have been separated from them from the moment of birth, afford an opportunity of observing phenomena of a very interesting character.

When they develop likeness to one or to both parents, in face, figure, or temperament, we are not surprised. This is what we expect. We regard it as natural that it should be so. But when they exhibit peculiarities of manner, habits, tastes, purposes, or any emotions or qualities, influenced by the moral feelings, we do not so easily recognise the presence of a law of heredity.

The common idea is that these manifestations come by imitation. People ascribe habits and tastes to association. It is not generally considered that organization has to do with these matters. In fact, organization is not popularly understood. Neither is it clear to the popular mind what it has to do with the conduct of individuals. This ignorance serves rather a good end, and its removal is a risk. But truth on all subjects must be set forth, whatever may be the result. The effect of the error that credits the faculty of imitation with our moral action is that censure and approbation are awarded on the principle that external influence is a mitigating cause in producing it. Judgment is therefore tempered, and dealing is measured, according to a less incisive line than if responsibility rested wholly on inseparable causes. Extenuating circumstances are considered, and severity is discountenanced. This theory has affected the treatment of criminals in legislation concerning them. It is the mainspring of effort to reclaim them. Reformatory work is done on this ground, and humanitarianism is founded on it. It gives rise to training institutions for the young, and seeks deliverance from evil influence for all malefactors.

There is so much truth in connection with this idea that we must eliminate the false theory softly, lest while "we root out the tares we take up the wheat also."

External influences have so great a power that they really do very much modify the moral state, and we must be very careful how we under-rate their value. Their effect requires to be cautiously weighed in estimating the means of forming character. While they do not counteract the development of organization, they take a place in the course of the development, and engraft themselves

on the growing organization, adapting themselves to it, and appearing as its representative, making the outward supersede the inward, and forming the appearance, when they do not really construct the individual.

I should be sorry to seem to be dealing with high-sounding theories, and to be encumbering my subject with metaphysics. It is far from my intention to do so. I merely want to put the process of training children in its true light before the minds of my readers.

No one doubts the inheritance of an eye. Brown, blue, or grey, the heritage is undeniable. But the presence of an internal optic member—an eye of the mind—which perceives certain objects with peculiar power, and has its vision directed in a particular line, acting forcibly when pursuing its specialty—having, in fact, a *vis naturæ*—is not yet acknowledged as a law. There is very little conception of how much these mental eyes differ from each other.

It is not deciphered that there is an intellectual proboscis, as discernible as a nose on a face, which leads its owner as the prow acts on the body of the vessel to which it is attached. Cerebral force, definite as it is in its form and in its work, is still unknown, although the jaw, which is influenced by it, is not unnoticed. The endless variety of the mental nose requires to be studied.

Let me now call attention to the point that the mental and physical nature constitute one organization, and that both are inherited. The eye of the body and the eye of the mind, the nose of the features and the bent of the intellect, the force of the muscles and the preponderance of the emotions, are all but parts of one whole. They act and re-act on each other, and their mutual operation must be regarded as the combination that organizes.

Hence, how important not to err in the matter!

It is as impossible to change the colour of the eye or the hair, or to add to or take from the stature of an individual, as to alter the range of the mental vision, to restrain the growth of the intellect, or to hinder the outflow of the emotions. All the parts of the organization have to be dealt with as *they are*. They cannot be given, they cannot be taken away. They are present. They have been inherited. Their state is the normal one of the person to whom they belong.

Professor Maudsley considers them ungovernable. He refers to organization as "tyranny," and hints that its sway is irresistible. This is the very thing in which I am interested. If organization constituted an individual who could not be influenced, then might pens and tongues cease. Instruction would be useless, and improvement impossible. All that has been said had better never have been thought of, and all observation, sympathy, and benevolence may be ended for ever. But this is not the deduction from my argument, nor anything like the truth of the case.

My question is not one of morals. The point is not the rectitude of the action which is excited, but the mere fact that it takes place. Neither is it my object to consider the action *per se* at this moment. I merely want to register certain observations that I have made, and to let them be taken for what they are worth, in any classification of phenomena that may hereafter be made.

I have seen a great number of the women whose career has startled the world by its "abandonment." Not one of these has been what is called "handsome." In every case their features were imperfect in formation, very rudimentary in many; none were beautiful, but all had a certain attractiveness, that acted like a spell. I confess to having been under its influence occasionally, and to have had no wonder that they were so powerful, because they were so agreeable. Children of such women have also come under my observation, under circumstances in which they could have had no knowledge whatever of their mother's mode of life. They have been taken from the breast in prison, and conveyed into our hands; and no intercourse with their mother, nor information about her, has reached them all through their childhood. They have, as a rule, been like their mothers in features, and mental resemblance has not been absent. Often, as they flit past me in the "Village Homes," the memory of a face seen in a cell comes across my mind, and the query rises: "Will these girls pursue the course of the parents from whom they inherit these forms, and of whom they know nothing?" The answer to this question must be sought in the endeavour to utilise in the children for good the powers that have been turned to the service of evil in the mothers.

This gives the training of these children intense interest. It has required some years to carry out experiments in it. I have seen many of them at work, and have noted their

results. I must say that all the variety of treatment has not yet produced a specific, to which I can point as a perfect system, guaranteed to accomplish the great desideratum before us. Only one thing is certain, and that is the main point—the whole tendency of organization can be conquered. The child, possessing all the mother's qualities, can be prevented from using any of them in the same way that the woman has done.

Of this my experience leads me to be perfectly assured. If this ground for hope were not in my heart, I could give no energy to promote the "family system" for the training of little girls whose mothers are in prison.

I have stated that likeness in appearance to their mothers is the rule among the children of abandoned women. There is in this fact some hint of the effect of the force of parental character in families. Where the mother has overstepped the moral boundaries her strength cannot be doubted, hence the likeness we remark seems to be accounted for. It is important to discover whether the child has, with the peculiar development, the strength of her mother. This generally may be answered in the affirmative. Certain qualities, and all strongly efficient, it may be asserted, belong to this class of child. The study of these children, then, leads to a knowledge of the causes of crime. At least it defines its constitution. The organization of the girl is the mother of the woman. What a responsibility there is on us, who know this, for the early rescue of the being whose nature is revealed to us, and whose progress is in our hands!

Can the Educational Department of the Privy Council undertake the treatment of such cases? Surely not! They cannot be dealt with in the ordinary public schools. Special institutions are indispensable for the training of these particular children. "Union" schools are not calculated to be their separate place of education, nor can they be made so without injustice to the children of those whose hereditary strain is quite different.

The classification of hereditary qualities is most important. Those of the vagrant are different from the criminals; and there is a class of immoral women whose children are never numerous, and are all always weak. For them the grave is early opened, and their short life is mostly all pain. This is their heritage. Their mothers do not live long, and their rapid course is usually ended on the hospital bed or in the penitent's "refuge." Strong malefactors, who endure imprisonments, and who perform dexterous feats to

secure the possession of wealth, and for the enjoyment of their success, form a race remarkable for strength of body and mind. Their physical texture is fine, firm, tough, and elastic. They fall suddenly, and quickly rise again. Constitutional ups and downs accompany their criminal gyrations, and their children have all their recuperative power in full force.

Languid melancholy organizations are not seen among them. Their predominant features are the grey eyes, the fair hair, and the bright skin of nervous energy and full muscular power. Delicate health is not uncommon in children of this class, but it is overcome by the force of the strong organization which they inherit.

On one occasion, in conversing with the late Dr. Forbes Winslow about female criminals, I expressed surprise at their longevity.

"It is to be accounted for," he replied, "by their pursuit of the animal interests."

Alas, these animal interests are the sole objects of their lives. Human interests are abandoned by them. They take no heed of the higher standard to which human nature aspires, in its appreciation of happiness in connection with moral worth. Their life in the flesh is their all; and the power of the flesh is manifested in them. "If you curb the animal in these women," said the same authority, "you will kill them."

This opinion is verified in my experience. Penitent women do not survive the mortification of their flesh. Women of this class, when truly "born again of the Spirit," are subject to severe physical affliction, and die soon.

In their children the animal nature must be subdued, whether or not it reduces the constitutional strength; but I do not see any reason to believe that in youth it has necessarily this effect. The health of the young with whom I am acquainted is exceptionally good. There is a development of certain qualities in them that were only latent in their mothers. The intellectual acquirements of the children most remarkably alter their condition. Here comes to bear the power of education. Its effect is immense. In fact, it cannot be exaggerated, so enormous is the change that is perceptible in the little ones whose criminal heredity is indisputable, and yet whose lives are free from vice.

The conduct, like the health, of the children under my observation, comes up to an exceptionally high moral standard. How is this to be accounted for? ask some friends.

Simply on the ground that the attack made on the child's disposition, to induce conformity to right and avoidance of wrong, is successful. Can this right direction be depended on to continue, when the system of instruction and moral suasion that has effected it is removed, may be questioned. To this I dare not give a confident reply. So long as the motive of a life is only conformity to rules approved of by others, there can be no security against lapse into offence, when it can be done with impunity. That this will not occur, I am by no means certain; but I am sure that there will not be, in the case of the children, the same "abandonment" of all the human interests for the sake of animal indulgence that marked the histories of their mothers. The girls may offend in many ways, and be very far from holiness before God; but they will not disregard all human considerations, and estrange society from them, as the women have done. Their inheritance of talents is great. Cleverness, skill, taste, appreciation of goodness and beauty, that were all brutalised in their mothers, are in them directed towards pure objects. Their gratifications come from other sources; and when they transgress the rules of good taste it is in another and less offensive manner than their mothers have done. Their faults and sins are assimilated to those of the rest of the world; and are not the same as the misdemeanours of the outlaw and the reprobate. All my experience testifies to this.

"After all, does this amount of success content you?" inquired a faithful preacher of the Gospel.

My reply to him may be read in this expression of my feelings *in extenso*. I am not satisfied that the whole result of labour done, not for man, nor by the will of man, but of God, should be confined to this life. And I know the sole fruit of our work will not merely be the delivering of children from their earthly criminal inheritance. More, much more, is sought than anything relating to earthly life and temporal things can fulfil. The eternal salvation of the little ones is the only aim worth all the labour bestowed on them; and "through the mercy of the Most High it will not miscarry." The promise of the Saviour is very encouraging; and He is faithful!

"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." This we believe will be done. From the earliest dawn of mind the teaching of the "Holy Scripture is able to make wise unto salvation." The training given on the

gospel plan, with "Jesus only" for Master and Lord, cannot fail. There are abounding evidences that many of the children of criminal parents learn to know Him, and to love Him, and to trust Him. Their moral heredity has not hindered this blessing. Who can doubt that their inheritance will be that of the "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty," whatever may have been their moral or physical pedigree? This is our faith and hope for their eternal prospects. The steps that are taken to protect them against the "tyranny" of the organization that they inherit can only affect them within a certain limit, and no farther. But in this measure it is most important to take them. If the progress of evil tendencies be not checked, another generation, yet unborn, will be injured; and the heredity perpetuated that makes criminals and renders prisons permanent.

I desire to see the children of all persons convicted of crime taken under the protection of the State, and reserved in special institutions. Their moral conditions can then be suitably dealt with, and an effectual hindrance may be placed in the way of their falling into their parents' course.

Up to this time the parentage of criminals has not been made the subject of official inquiry. No doubt the public mind is not ripe for such inquisition; but it will ere long demand it. When it is admitted that children inherit criminal tendencies, the theory will be applied to the parents' qualities as well as to those of the little ones; and the pedigree of malefactors will be matter of interest and importance.

My inquiries among prisoners lead me to the conclusion that generations of law-breakers are traceable in their ancestry. The statements made by persons under judicial inquiry, as to their antecedents and family circumstances, are always doubtful. Even when true answers are given by them, in every case, to the formal questions put by the legal authority, very little information is elicited. There remains a field for investigation, open to those who are seeking information concerning the moral anomalies that surround us.

When one gets acquainted with criminals it is impossible to divest one's mind of the impression that there is a start in the crime life which is peculiar to certain persons. As I have sat and talked with women who were imprisoned repeatedly, and they have expressed their bitter sorrow for their conduct and their utter inability to change it, I have

questioned them as to their parentage and relations; and their replies have invariably involved the moral failure of their kindred.

"Born in a workhouse" is the heading under which three-fourths of them may be registered. This in itself implies that on the part of the parents there is something wrong. Industrious married women do not make the "union hospital" their place of confinement. All children born there ought, in my opinion, to be the subject of observation. Unless the mother sought the accommodation of the "union" from accidental distress, and could show that she had a fair prospect of a means of support on leaving, I believe that the child should be detained. It would be economy to do so, and by educating it prevent the subsequent cost of capture, prosecution, and penalties that it would be sure to incur under the training of a woman in the mother's state of morals.

S. F., a woman still young, who had had two penal servitudes, told me that she remembered having been taken from her grandmother's arms by her mother, after a personal encounter between the two, in which she herself was a good deal hurt. Soon after her mother left her with an "aunt," and returned in a few weeks with a baby, "which she sent me to leave in a waggon at a carrier's stage, saying, 'It was his father's,' and I never saw that baby again, nor my mother. My grandmother came to my aunt's; and we all lived there, when we were not out in the country, hawking," was her story. The grandmother had had her imprisonment, and the "aunt" too.

S. F. got early "into trouble," and the old lady told her that "if she had not gone to jail she would have been the only one of the family who was so fortunate."

When S. F. became herself a mother she anxiously inquired where her own mother was, and heard that she had died in prison. The grandmother was still hale and hearty, and took charge of S. F.'s baby while she went abroad with her "pals."

It was during penal servitude S. F. told this, on the occasion of a baby of hers being taken into the "Village Homes." At first she stated that she had no other child. Sickness came upon her; and, in fear of death, she revealed the existence of the first-born one. "But," she said, "you never can get her; she's worth her weight in gold to granny and the rest of them, for she is as clever as I was at her age." In her dying moments she entreated us to rescue

that child, then eleven years old. Every effort was made to do so, but without success. The infant taken then from her is now growing up a pretty fair-haired child, very like her mother, and showing a very intelligent mind. The granny has not visited her. When asked why she has manifested no interest in this little one, she answered, "She's so like her mother, I won't have to do with her. There's enough of 'em gone to the bad."

A very touching story was told me that gives a thrilling account of the transmission of moral qualities and identity of practices.

Some five-and-twenty years ago a motherly woman, who had been to market and was carrying home a large basket of provisions, put her load on the roadside and sat down to rest. She felt very tired and sleepy, and the sun was hot. The hedge sheltered her nicely; she leaned against the basket, and fell asleep. When she awoke she was lying full length on the ground, and her basket was gone! She rose to her feet, and sought for it all around her. It was nowhere to be seen; but there lay, where it had been, a perfectly naked child of about two years old, able to cry aloud, which it had done, and was doing.

It stood up, and it talked: "Mammy was gone, and took shoes away."

It handled its little feet, and bewailed more than all its clothing the "shoes gone away too."

The bewildered woman could make nothing of the child's tale. Evidently the little one was left to her and the basket was stolen. She became afraid of the thieves, and, instead of trying to find them, prepared for her homeward journey. But the child—what was to become of it, naked and helpless? She tried to think she would leave it to its fate, but that was impossible; so she rolled it in her shawl and took it with her. Her husband made some stir to discover the robbers, but they were never detected. The baby became one of the family, and was called "sister" by one born a few weeks after the eventful day that gave it a home and friends.

This girl's life was a romance.

Her wildness was remarkable as a child; and in the dawn of her womanhood she ran away with a caravan of Gipsies. There had been great reticence practised by her foster parents as to her history. She found out by an accidental remark that she was not the real daughter of the pair whom she called father and mother; and, from that

moment, no matter how kindly they treated her, she pined for release from obligation to them. It was in vain for them to implore her to live happily and quietly with them. This she would not do; and she wantonly abandoned a good home for the Gipsy's tent.

One day a man came to the Prison Mission to seek for his wife, and claimed a poor out-cast, who sat by the fire drying her ragged clothes.

There was a sore meeting between them. At first they scolded and abused each other; but finally they went away together to look for their children, who, in their mother's absence, had been left in the charge of a person that had since changed her abode. Months after that the woman reappeared. This time she was subdued indeed. She intimated that matters between her and her husband had come to a finality. He had declared that she should never see his face nor hear from him again.

"I left the children in the country," she said, "and they were found by the police and brought at once to him."

In order to make peace between them, the man was sought, and the particulars of the case inquired.

"She stripped the children," he said, "even the baby, and left them naked, in different places, under hedges. When they were all found, and brought one by one into the police office, and ran to each other, and put their little arms round each other's neck, and cried, it was a sight to melt a stone."

"Where did you get such a wife?"

"She comes of Gipsies, I believe," he answered.

The children were placed in schools, and the mother got a home in the Mission House. She did not remain long before she got access to the children, and again managed to steal them away from their guardians. There were five of them. She adroitly got them all out walking with her, "their mother." No one suspected her of intending to harm them. Her character was not known to the school managers. That night she left the children in the park; this time not utterly naked. The eldest boy begged to have one garment each left to them, and succeeded; but "she would have our shoes," he said.

He managed to reach his father's house with his brothers and little sister, "her baby," he touchingly said.

It was many months before this mother was seen again. She wrote from prison where she was lying sick.

When she was visited an old woman was sitting at her side, weeping bitterly.

"Are you her mother?" was asked.

"No, ma'am, not exactly that, but I brought her up. She was like my own child to me, and to 'father' that's gone to his grave. He'd be sorry for her to die in a prison, though she was found at the road-side naked, and we never knew where she was born nor who owned her."

Then followed the story that has just been told. With one's knowledge of her propensity to strip her own children, one is struck by the coincidence of her having betrayed the same habit as her own mother must have had.

"Did she know how she came to be with you?" was inquired.

"No," replied the old woman. "I tell her now, for the first time, that I found her at my side naked, on the Bonchurch road."

The dying woman corroborated the testimony that she never had known the manner of her introduction to the friends of her infancy.

The child of S. F. is now under observation. It will be a study to watch

whether she develops a tendency to rob children, and to desert them. An earnest effort to impress her with the sacred charge given us over babes will be made in her training; and success will attend it, through God's grace. Nothing but such interposition as has occurred in this case can stop the course of moral heredity. Perhaps if, in the so-called "moral class," there were data to refer to, it would be found that many have had ancestral tendencies which would have interfered with their prosperity if they had not been interrupted. In order to test the theory, it would be well to examine its general applicability. Family characteristics are often boasted of as qualities and powers of the highest class; and their occasioning degradation and shame is, on the same principle, not surprising. The inheritance of good morals is no doubt a safeguard to virtue; and a pedigree of bad ones is a signal of danger; but neither the one nor the other affects individual responsibility. On this subject there is much to be said, which we must leave to another paper.

SUSANNA MEREDITH.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

VII.—AUSTRALIA.

PERHAPS it is somewhat a stretch of language to class the Australian Continent with the Isles of the Sea; but to the naturalist it is the central and most important part of the great insular region, and we cannot conclude these papers without touching on it and Papua, which in extent and variety comes next in importance. Australia, having probably remained above the ocean since the meiocene period, with no mountain axis through its centre, and situated in that belt of arid climate which in the southern hemisphere girdles these latitudes, just as a similar belt in the latitude of the Sahara, Arabia, and Central Asia girdles the northern hemisphere, has a barren and parched interior, almost destitute of animal life. It is only on its fringe, and especially in the south-east, where there are fine mountain ranges, that fresh water and a consequently rich flora and fauna can be met with. The whole of this continental island is more homogeneous in its vegetable and animal life than any other part of the globe. The only exception

is the north-eastern portion, where, from its proximity to New Guinea, there is an infusion of Papuan types. Tasmania, separated but by a shallow sea, is most strictly Australian in its natural history. So recently (geologically speaking) has it been divided that it has not one peculiar genus of birds, and even the emeu, incapable of flight and identical with the South Australian species, has but recently been exterminated. We have thus the unparalleled instance of a region ranging over thirty-two degrees of latitude possessing one uniform character in its animal life. The whole, therefore, has been peopled from one stock.

Australia is at once broadly distinguished from every other island by the possession of a vast number of mammals, but these, with exceptions at once accounted for, are utterly distinct from those of every other part of the world. There are, at least, one hundred and sixty species of terrestrial mammals in Australia, and all are monotremes or marsupials, excepting the Dingo dog, doubtless intro-

duced with man, twenty-three species of the world-wide bat, and thirty-one species of the equally wide-spread rats and mice. The bats call for no special notice; they are found everywhere, and can wander and find food over the face of the whole earth. The rats and mice are all small, all distinct from species elsewhere, and have therefore, we may assume, been so long separated as to have become modified from their old-world progenitors. But of the one hundred and two marsupials and of the three monotremes, not an ally or a representative occurs elsewhere than in this region, excepting a solitary instance of a marsupial—the opossum of America. The monotremes, comprising the duck-billed platypus and the porcupine ant-eater (*Ornithorhynchus* and *Echidna*) stand utterly alone, separated by an unbridged chasm from every other quadruped. Their intestinal parts resemble those of birds. They have no teeth, nor anything in the place of teeth, no internal ears, no teats, no placenta, no marsupial pouch, and have a merrythought like a bird. They have, however, organs which secrete milk. We can only conceive of these extraordinary creatures as the relics of the earliest and lowest form of mammalian life created on the earth.

The marsupials have also no placenta, but carry their young, which are brought forth in a few days, in a pouch containing the teats, to which the imperfectly developed offspring adhere for weeks, or even months, without movement. But with these characters in common, the Australian marsupials perform every varying function of the mammals of the rest of the world. There are among them wolves, weasels, squirrels, flying squirrels, marmots, jerboas, tree-climbers, plain-roamers, sheep, rabbits, deer, and monkeys. Not that they resemble them in outward form, but in their habits, food, and mode of life. And as Europe, Asia, and America have had their giant quadrupeds—cave-bears, mammoths, and the like, so the ossiferous caves of Australia have yielded to us the bones of her old giants—marsupial lions and bears, which prey on gigantic herbivorous kangaroos, one of which had a skull three feet long, while its enemy's carnassial tooth was nearly double the size of that of the lion. Thus we see that a parallel modification has been progressing in each hemisphere upon animals of entirely different origin, and have another illustration of the theory that the separation of Australia dates from before the miocene period and the introduction of placental mammals.

Not less clearly marked off is the bird-life of Australia. Of its six hundred and thirty species of birds not above one-thirtieth occur elsewhere, and everything that specially characterizes the neighbouring Indian region is absent. There is not a pheasant or a woodpecker to enliven its forests; nor are there any true finches. No vultures soar over its desert plains to sweep the horizon for their prey; and the various eagles, hawks, and owls, often of splendid plumage, as in the case of the snow-white goshawk, are, with very few exceptions, exclusively Australian. Even the cosmopolitan peregrine differs with his black moustache from the falcon of the rest of the world. But the deficiency of finches is amply compensated by the beauty of the various species of weaver-finches (*Placidae*). If there are no woodpeckers, nowhere else are the kingfishers so varied in species or so gorgeous in plumage. The brilliant rifle-bird, with its resplendent velvet plumage and unrivalled metallic lustre, reminds us that we are not very far from the nursery of the birds of Paradise. The various bower-birds, as they are termed, with their taste for grotto-building and architectural decoration, making their shaded avenues with bowers of sticks, and their walks gravelled with shining pebbles, show us that the structural instinct of nest-building has been in one case capable of a yet farther development, and has been carried out to the indulgence of a taste for purely ornamental bird-architecture. The extraordinary lyre-bird, with its wondrous expanded tail, from which it derives its name, has no affinities which we can trace to any bird of even the neighbouring Polynesian or Papuan regions, but is perhaps, in spite of its tail, nearest to a colossal wren. When among all these singular forms we come across the great Australian bustard, very like those of India and Africa, we can only look at him along with the Dingo dog, and pronounce that he has no business here.

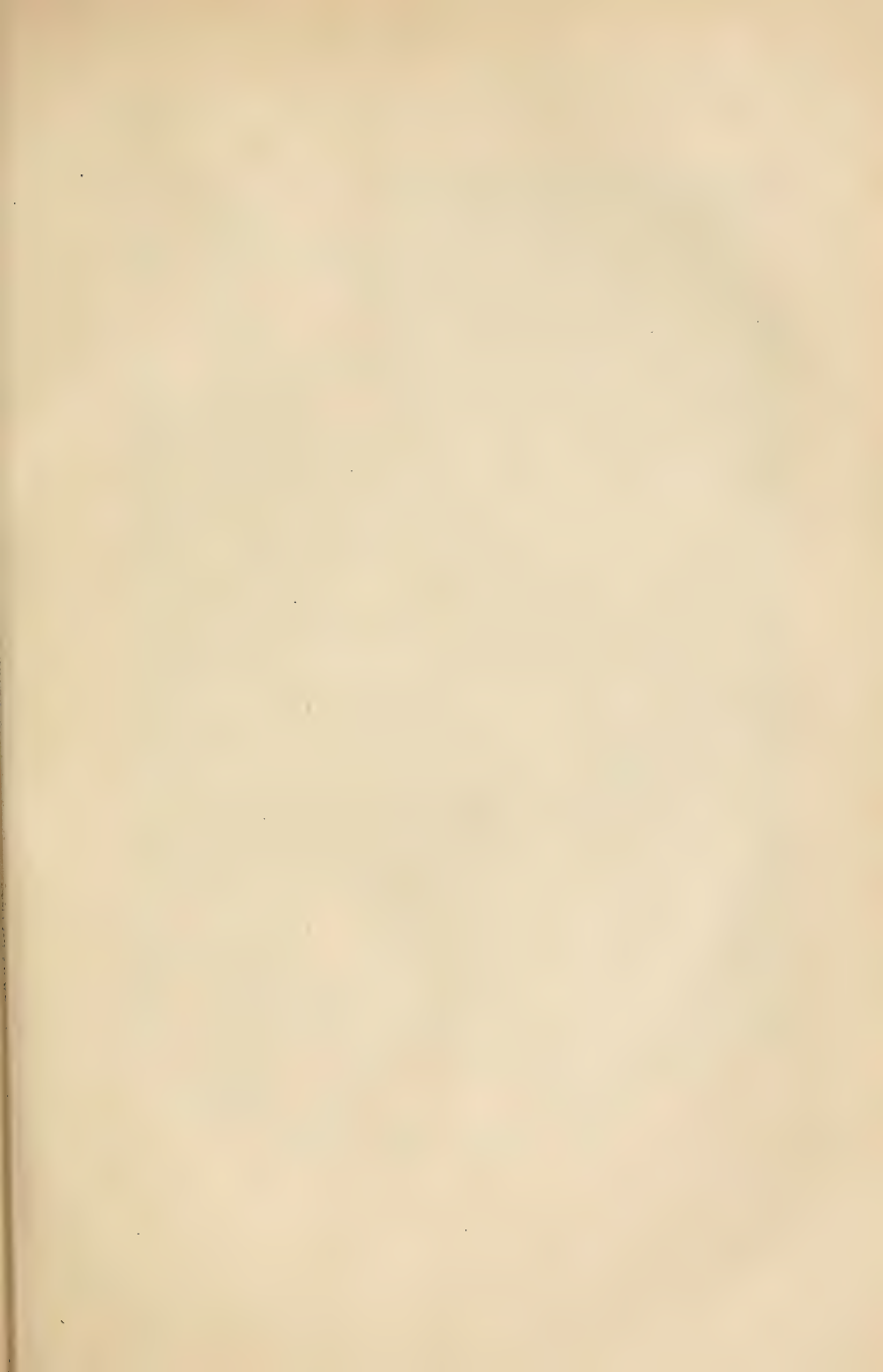
The richest development of the Australian bird-life is, as regards variety and richness of plumage, in the parrot and pigeon families. Of the latter we need not say much. They are not so varied as those of Polynesia, but they bear a decided affinity to them—a nearer relationship, for the most part, than they do to those of the Papuan region. In applying them to elucidate the chronology of nature they decidedly, by their intermediate character, bear out the theory which places the antiquity of the Australian fauna midway between the two.

The parrots are yet more varied than the pigeons. There are sixty species, all of most brilliant and conspicuous plumage. There is one family of these parrots (*Trichoglossus*), confined to the wider Australian region, which affords a curious instance of an organ adapted to a special purpose resembling a similar adaptation in a very different family. These parrots have an extensile tongue with a brush at its tip, adapted to extract the nectar from flowers. They range over the whole of Australia and the Papuan and Polynesian regions, excepting New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, but not a species is found beyond them. Now, exactly in these same regions, and *in them alone*, do we find that peculiar Australian family of birds, the honey suckers (*Meliphagidæ*), with a similar brush-tipped tongue performing the like functions. One solitary species has, indeed, contrived to fly fifteen miles, from Lombeck to Bali, but this is all. Here then we find two great families of birds with this peculiar structure developed in co-relation with the wealth of nectariferous flowering shrubs and trees which mark the botany of Australia. We can only infer that the families originated in Australia itself, intended by Providence to avail themselves of this special provision—that thence they have spread, all having considerable power of flight, to the other islands, where they have become in trifling particulars variously modified, but that whenever they passed to the Indian region they have been unable to maintain themselves against the much greater vigour and variety of species which feed in a different manner. Mr. Wallace observes that the presence or absence of these brush-tongued birds serves to define and limit the Australian region with a precision hardly equalled in the case of any other region or any other family of birds.

Another family of Australian birds, which are the most anomalous of all in their habits, are the brush-turkeys, which we may look upon as supplying the place of the pheasant and grouse, and whose unique domestic economy is specially adapted for the peculiar conditions of Australian existence. The mother of a family of brush-turkeys is very far removed from the position of a domestic drudge, and enjoys complete immunity from the slavery of incubation. The old birds in spring share the labour of collecting an enormous mass of half-decayed leaves, rubbish, and earth, five feet high, and sometimes forty-five feet in circumference. As soon as the hotbed, by the fer-

mentation of the vegetable matter, attains a heat of about 89° Fahr., the hen bird deposits her eggs one after another in the centre. They are very carefully arranged in a circle on their ends, and then covered to a considerable height with leaves and earth. When hatched the young birds scratch their own way out, and are able at birth not only to run but to fly sufficiently well to enable them to perch on trees out of harm's way. The mother, however, seems generally to hang about the neighbourhood, and to assume at once the education and guidance of the family. The solution of this extraordinary peculiarity is, as Mr. Wallace has pointed out, only to be found in the peculiar condition of the open regions of Australia, where prolonged droughts and scanty water supply entail a periodical scarcity of food. The confinement of the parents to one spot for the purpose of incubation might under these circumstances lead to starvation, and the consequent death of the offspring; but with free power to roam the birds may easily find sustenance, and the young, fully developed at birth, are at once capable of prolonged and extended journeys.

In short, second only to South America in the variety and brilliancy of its birds, Australia far surpasses all other regions, except New Zealand, in its peculiarities of structure and habits. From all this we infer, that just as in Borneo we believe ourselves to be on the southern limits of an ancient continent, because there forms of life abruptly end and do not spread to Celebes, so in the Australian region we have the abrupt limits of that continent in the Channel of Bali and Lombeck, dividing the bird-life of the Indian and Australian regions; and in the continent of Australia itself we have proof both of its antiquity, second only to New Zealand, in its unique mammals and in its birds. These have never been supplanted by the later types which have predominated over the rest of the world, because until within the last century they have never been exposed to the rivalry from the later forms, which with man are overrunning the globe, and which will soon replace the kangaroo, the thylacine, the emeu, the brush-turkey, and the honey-eater, by the sheep, the cat, the camel, the rabbit, the partridge, the starling, the sparrow, and the rat. Possibly humanity may be a little the gainer, but it will be at the cost of another leaf torn out of the living historic record of life on the earth.





"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE;" ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—A GLIMPSE OF A GREAT MAN.

WAKING late next morning, and with his mind still influenced by dreams in which he saw himself conducted in triumphal procession towards the church-gates by all the people of Charlsbury, and wearing a crown of laurel on his head, Jasper could not for a brief space tell where he was.

But when he did realise the fact that he was actually in London, would presently be out in the streets, and on his way towards St. Paul's, or to what remained of the old building since the fire, he leaped from his bed, hurried on his clothes, and descended to the parlour below; where May's aunt met him with a kindly look, and said breakfast had been long ready, but he had been so sound asleep when she went to call him she thought it well to let him sleep on.

While getting his breakfast, he could not help rising two or three times to go into the shop, pretending to admire the stately periwigs hanging on blocks, to which Mr. Hathe-way drew his attention as belonging to "people of quality;" but his real object was to look out into the broad street of Southwark upon the flow of passers-by, to see if they really were like the folk he had known all his life.

Bewildered by the variety of the dresses and occupations; by the splendid coaches, and rich liveries of the servants, called forth, perhaps, by some special event; by the cries of the apprentices at many a shop-door, and by the still louder bellowings of the wandering hawkers, he felt he must reserve all such weighty questions for a future time, and think only of the immediate duties that concerned himself.

He was effectually sobered in his growing excitement when his aunt with an air of concern told him what they did not like to tell him overnight, that their lodger—the gentleman from St. Paul's who had seen and praised the crucifix, and who was an overseer employed by Sir Christopher Wren—had left suddenly, saying he had to go into the country on business; and so had paid her a week's lodging extra, like a handsome, well-behaved gentleman as he was.

Jasper understood now why he had been

put into a good bedroom, instead of in the promised garret; a circumstance he had been too tired and too full of other things to dwell on overnight.

He understood; also, a certain patronising, sympathetic, pitying manner that had struck him at times as comical during the narrative of his journey; and which had tempted him to speak of many little incidents that have found no mention in this history, supposing they were so deeply interested, coxcomb that he was! Yes; Jasper saw plainly now, they had been thinking of the disappointment in store for him, and of all the possible consequences, rather than of his journey.

His questions brought out the additional facts, that she and her good man Ralph believed, from remarks dropped by the lodger, who was much excited, that there had been a quarrel and a discharge, through some underhanded doings on the part of a person unknown, who had most likely got the promise of the place; and that the departing lodger had left a message if the lad Jasper came, he was to be told his best course would be to go to Mr. Warkworth, the deputy overseer; but to whom, he regretted to say, Jasper must not mention the sender's name, or he would fare ill on his errand.

Borrowing the crucifix, which he put in his pocket to show as his card of introduction, if he got a chance, Jasper went off, shouldering his way through the crowd, towards London Bridge; where the concourse was so great, and people's faces so animated, that he felt sure something unusual was going on. Turning to a bystander for enlightenment, it was explained to him that the King (Charles II.) was just about to go down the river to Greenwich; and that till the Royal barge had passed under the Bridge, it would be impossible for him to cross over, the crowd was so thick.

Could he get to see the procession? No. He might hear the cheers, and—

"Ah! there they are!" was his informant's cry, as he made a rush to get on to the Bridge.

Jasper heard the gathering and ever-increasing roar of voices, and did his best to picture the splendid scene, but was fain to

confess one glimpse of the reality would be better than all his forced imaginings.

Standing there, a little below the ascent to the entrance tower, and to the houses on the Bridge, a ghastly sight caught his eye—the heads and dismembered remains of men who had been executed.

“Traitors,” said an aged white-haired man by his side, with a strange emphasis on the word, as his glance met Jasper’s look of inquiry, and then turned away.

When the royal barge with all its accompaniments had passed, the Bridge began to clear a little; and Jasper was able to advance till he could look well around from a good point of vantage, and see what he had been looking for—the scene of the Great Fire.

An awful gap met his eye; one that even the new streets rising so rapidly could not conceal. Those blank spaces which had been filled with innumerable homes, and churches, and halls, impressed Jasper more than all the details he had previously heard or read of the actual doings of the conflagration.

Looking westward, he saw still standing the central tower, and part of the walls of the old cathedral; and fresh misgivings oppressed him as he thought he had then come too soon. There could be no work of ornamentation yet required for a new building, the very site of which was occupied by the ruins of its predecessor.

However, he hurried on. He must know and face the worst, whatever that worst might be, and act accordingly when he did know.

Drawing nearer, he found the whole of the vast space occupied by the late cathedral was fenced in by a continuous hoarding of timber-planks; and then, still advancing, he came to a great pair of gates, with a small door and wicket at one side, and he read the warning painted on a board above, “No admittance except on business.”

A thin fringe of well-to-do spectators extended about the enclosure, observing the labourers at work on the crests of the gigantic walls. They seemed to find a pleasant excitement in watching the falling stones, and in wondering if any of the men while pushing them to the extreme verge to be toppled over, would also topple themselves over, and follow.

Jasper could not but notice in what perfect good temper they shook off from their gay apparel the grey dust, which from time to time hovered above in dense clouds, and covered them as it fell in a shower.

But the crowd of hungry-looking ragged men, hanging about the gates in the hope of employment, was the first thing that touched Jasper’s sympathies for them and for himself. If lack of work had brought them so low, how would the case be with him, if he should be equally unfortunate? Jasper laughed, partly in mirth, partly in bitterness, as he remembered the boyish time when he had found his faith quite able to take in the idea of London streets being paved with gold, and now saw what the streets really were paved with, as far at least as he could see—the grey dust that lay on them thickly, and which filled his mouth, eyes, and nostrils.

“Ah, well,” said he to himself, “the gold is here. Not only the true metal itself for those who know how to find it, but that other gold which enriches the world with all that is most excellent and durable in art, literature, science, philosophy, religion, and, above all, which shines in the lives and characters of all true men. That gold shall be mine. Away, then, fears and doubts! courage, courage, Jasper! Thou mayest have to bear many hardships, but shalt conquer at last, if only true to thyself. Mind that.”

Getting into conversation with one of the unemployed labourers, who seemed of a superior cast to the rest, he found that the person he had been told to ask for—Mr. Warkworth—had given it out publicly this very morning at the gates, that it was no use for men to come there worriting him, for they had as many men as they could make use of for the present.

“And when,” asked Jasper, “is it supposed the poor fellows will have a chance?”

“The Lord only knows. It’s been a slow job so far. Eight years gone already since the fire.”

“How did that happen?”

“The King, like a lot of his subjects,” said the man, with a significant shrug of the shoulders, “ain’t got too much money. Besides that, one set of grand folk wanted to repair only; while another set swore that was no good—they must rebuild from the foundation. But it’s settled at last. The architect, who has had, they tell me, a hard life of it with one and another, has got his way at last; and we do hear there’ll be work for any number on us when they get the big walls down, and the place cleared a bit. Then, I take it, there’ll be a rush o’ work on the new pile.”

“And that may be many days first?”

“Many weeks more like,” was the reply.

Seeing Jasper's blank look, who had secretly said to himself he would work at anything, however humble, to get into the place, and so be able to lie in wait for opportunities to show his skill in carving, the man asked kindly—

"Want work?"

"Yes."

"Married?"

"No."

"Then you're in luck, and should be thankful. I have a wife in bed and five children—haven't struck a stroke for many weeks, and work here is the only prospect. A bright one, ain't it?" And therewith, not caring to let the emotion he felt be seen, he moved away as if to speak to another of the unfortunates at a little distance.

Could Jasper, after what he had heard, venture to knock at the wicket, and ask to speak to Mr. Warkworth?

No; it would be clearly imprudent. At all events, he would delay a little, and see if fortune was inclined to favour him with some better mode of opening his business.

He was possessed with a great desire to be inside the hoarding and see what was going on, note the officers and the more important people sure to be moving about, perhaps see the great man himself—Sir Christopher Wren.

Was it altogether impracticable? He fancied not. While talking to the unlucky labourer he had seen a person go to the wicket and knock, and seen the wicket open, then a parley take place, ending in the touching of fingers and palm—immediate admission—and the closure of the door again.

"If that person had a right to go in, he would not need to bribe the doorkeeper," thought Jasper shrewdly. "And if he can go in and stay there as a stranger unnoticed, why not I?" was Jasper's next cogitation. "No doubt there are many visitors, great people and friends of the architect, already there; and so one or two, more or less, naturally would attract no attention if once they were safe in."

It was a bold step to take, for if he were caught and exposed, the incident might ruin all his prospects of an engagement by-and-by. He, however, was bent on getting in, so went boldly, and tapped.

The wicket opened, and a face purple with libations to the rosy or some other less poetic god, nearly filled up the aperture. Jasper smiled as he began to feel in the pockets of his long waistcoat for something,

purposely delaying the operation to make it more significant and impressive.

"I'm strange to London," he said at last, "and have a great wish to look upon the ruins. Would you mind letting me in?"

The clouded rheumy eyes rolled portentously about, as if investigating Jasper's features while taking time to think.

"Don't you know it's forbidden?" said the man, in a voice husky with the perpetual draughts that played upon him from all quarters.

"Ay, as regards the simpletons of every degree; but you are not of that class."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I saw how kindly you admitted the last comer."

The eyes twinkled in spite of the rheum as they looked in Jasper's, and again twinkled as Jasper quietly slid a shilling on to the edge of the wicket, and the coin was at once taken possession of.

"Get among the big folk inside, but not too close," said the man, after a glance over the area behind him. He then opened the door, Jasper stepped within the sacred enclosure, and was able to go where he liked, provided he invited no special observation.

What a scene it was! Remains of an old wall, eighty or more feet high, were being battered by a gigantic mast of timber, some forty feet long, armed with iron at the striking end, and suspended on a triangle—a reproduction, in fact, of the ancient battering-ram of warfare. A crowd of men kept this in constant swing, and with tremendous force beating against the wall with incessant strokes.

In other parts extensive ranges of high scaffolding enabled the workmen to pass to and fro over the ruins in their work of demolition. Nor was this the only use of the scaffolding. At one part of it Jasper saw a gentleman busy with his papers on a little table, and with assistants around him letting down plumb-lines to the ground; already laying out, as Jasper rightly guessed, the future foundations.

"Was that Sir Christopher?" wondered the young carver to himself.

Venturing nearer, aided by the fallen masses that lay confusedly about, and by the groups of on-lookers standing at various parts in places of safety assigned to them, Jasper's attention was suddenly arrested by seeing at one corner a solitary piece of ruin being drawn from the perpendicular by big ropes held in the hands of a little army of labourers. The wall swayed and tottered in a fashion

so awful, while great stones kept falling from its top, that Jasper felt all the sensation of sea-sickness as he gazed. It was quite a relief to his giddy brain when the pile fell at last; and mighty was the fall thereof.

But his eye still turning longingly towards that figure on the scaffold, he saw it roll up its papers and step over the side of the scaffold, the side opposite to that where Jasper was; and for an instant the horrible thought swept through his brain that the great architect, if it was he, had, in his absence of mind, forgotten where he was, and stepped out as if on firm ground.

But he did *not* see the falling man, as his swift fancy had suggested he was about to do; what he did see was a basket swiftly but smoothly descending from the height, and which, of course, had been waiting ready at the other edge of the scaffold.

When the occupant reached the ground and got out, certain of the visitors, preceded by a man apparently of high rank or station, advanced to meet him; and there was a cordial greeting of the messenger from above, whom Jasper now knew could be no other than Sir Christopher, for whose Roman features, set in the magnificent periwig, he had come partly prepared.

And then he could not but notice a certain commotion among the group as they all turned toward a vast square tower, which Jasper had seen from the Bridge, but had not before observed here, partly through its being so hidden by intervening obstructions as he got near, and partly through his having turned his back to it on account of the dust blown by the light breeze from that quarter.

The group had to pass near the spot where Jasper stood on account of the debris on the ground; and as they passed, and paused close by, the figure from the basket, which Jasper scarcely dared to look upon, lest his irrepressible interest and admiration should attract attention, was saying,—

"No danger at all, Lord Somers. I have calculated the matter to a nicety. That's where mathematics help us so. That tower is two hundred feet high, broad and solid as you see, and as it had need to be, for it had to bear the tall spire of the old edifice. Judge, then, how vast must be the power that can lift it up!"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the noble and doubtful listener with a laugh, "and how uncommonly dangerous! What if you overwhelm a pillar of the state in a common ruin with the pillars of yonder tower? You had best look to your own head if that happens." And the

young peer gazed smilingly in the architect's face, but with a certain inquisitive interest in his reply.

"If that happens, it will show my head is of so little value that it will not matter to the world or to me what becomes of it," said the architect, reciprocating the smile. The peer moved as to go on.

"One moment, my lord," said Wren, after a pause, as intimating his wish to stay where they were. "The dust will be allayed presently; it's as bad as an Egyptian plague. I have already ordered all other operations to be stopped, so we shall soon be free to watch the tower."

"You spoke of the magnitude of the power required to lift that appalling weight of masonry, and I confess to my incredulity on the subject, unless, indeed, you have emptied all the powder magazines of his Majesty; and if so, I say again, I am particularly interested in my own share of the event, as no doubt are all these my friends here."

"Judge you, my lord, by what I am going to say. I have simply driven a hole twenty-four inches square right to the centre of the pier, placed there a wooden box containing just eighteen pounds of powder, attached a long hollow cane containing a quick match: we shall now set light to that, close up the mine, and wait the result. And if that involves more than would happen if some Titanic hand were slid under, and with god-like power quietly lifted the whole up, and let it drop again into ruin, I shall be very much surprised. However, we will risk nothing, least of all risk peril to one from whom the state expects so much——"

"Stop there," said the peer, "or I shall begin to think the vista you open out in that direction may be worse than the one I saw opening in this. Why, man, have you no bowels of compassion?"

"None, my lord, when I think of what their absence may portend for the good of England."

"Come, come, this is getting worse than the explosion. Let fly!"

Guiding his distinguished visitors to the shelter of a low mass of masonry—visitors whom he had purposely invited to see something that might interest them without explaining what—they all stood waiting in suspense.

Wren left them for a few minutes, while he went to assure himself by actual inspection that everything was prepared in exactest detail as he had arranged; and then returning, paused a moment, quite outside the

shelter, handkerchief in hand, to see that the man in the distance who had to fire the match was watching for the signal, and to warn the peer and his friends to merely look out till they saw all safe. These things done, he raised and shook his handkerchief in the air, keeping himself perfectly still and exposed.

Jasper, like all the others, had taken shelter, but, also like them, found it impossible to avoid looking out during the few seconds, making perhaps nearly half a minute altogether, that elapsed before the explosion.

With a dull but sublime roar like that accompanying the shock of an earthquake, it made itself known far and wide. Those who were able to watch closely the effect saw the whole angle of the tower rise a few inches, saw the walls rending asunder, and then fall into utter ruin without scattering. And then, after a slight pause, as if in almost human consciousness of the magnitude of the calamity, and as for the moment overcome to silent motionlessness, the ruined heap opened in several places, and emitted its dying breath in wreaths of the densest smoke. And all was over.

The chief visitors now departed, and others who were inclined to linger were gently reminded of the necessity to clear the place, and of the stern discipline maintained there by Sir Christopher, which had been relaxed for this day only.

Wren himself accompanied the group in which the nobleman was to the very door, and there they took their leave of him, with grateful thanks for his obliging courtesy; and Jasper could not but notice how nobly the architect bore himself, in his self-respect, while so deferential to the distinguished persons who had honoured him by obeying his call.

As Jasper himself was moving towards the door among a few other stragglers, he saw a man step forth from behind a pile of masonry and stop Sir Christopher, who had already gone some distance towards what had been the great tower, intending no doubt to study the precise effects of the explosion.

Jasper's soul seemed to burn within him at the sight. He could not be mistaken. That short, round podgy frame, the peculiarities of which, when in motion, were so well known to him, that round coarse mockery of a cherub face, and that cringing attitude, which reminded Jasper (who was not altogether an impartial judge) of a dog in fear of a flogging, all told him it was his late master, Godfrey Trimmer, who had stopped the great man,

and who was evidently retaining his ear for a little time.

What could it mean? Had there really been something in the mysterious hints Trimmer had thrown out about a friend at court? Was this the schemer in the dark, who had overthrown his uncle's lodger, and removed the friend who might have been so useful?

Lost in wonder, disgust, and misgiving, he watched the two, heeding not the call of the man at the door for him to depart. Sir Christopher seemed to listen to what Trimmer said as if interested, and then the latter took from his pocket a handsome-looking letter and presented it to the architect, who opened it, read, deliberated, said something which made Trimmer smile and bow very low, and then they separated; Wren going towards the tower-ruin, and Mr. Godfrey Trimmer turning to leave the place.

In an instant Jasper also turned, hurried to the door, and getting outside, there quickened his steps almost to a run, in the hope that he might not be seen and recognised by a man whom he had already looked upon as an enemy, but one too contemptible to be feared, but who now seemed as if he might be the arbiter of his, Jasper's, fate.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FRIEND AT COURT.

THE incidents of the next few days were well calculated to teach Jasper the sickness of the heart that springs from hope deferred.

All his interest in London as a collection of things and men to be seen died out, in the alarm as to the danger of failing to earn his daily bread.

He went the next day, and asked at the wicket for Mr. Warkworth.

"What's your business?" was the reply of the rubicund-faced man.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather tell him that," said Jasper, trying once more a smile and a shilling. The smile was answered, the shilling taken, but the answer was—

"I don't mind—Lord love you—not a bit; but orders is orders, and nobody can be admitted to see Mr. Warkworth without his knowing first their name and business."

"Not if another shilling were forthcoming?" asked Jasper, still with heroic effort trying to smile.

"A score of shillings wouldn't do it. It's no use, young fellow, none whatever." He turned away. And Jasper did the same.

Next day he resolved to watch outside, if necessary, the whole day through, and get somebody who knew the deputy overseer to point him out as he passed.

He succeeded so far as to exchange a few words with Mr. Warkworth.

"Please, sir," said Jasper, nervously conscious of the impatience of his listener, "I want to show you something, if you'd favour me but for a minute or two."

"What is it?"

"A carving."

"Carving! What's that to me? And if it were, who can attend to such things yet awhile? Come again in a year or two, and somebody may talk to you."

"But would you look at it?"

"What's the use?"

"It would give me pleasure if it pleased you; and some day your good word might follow."

Mr. Warkworth looked at Jasper now as if he really saw him for the first time, and he said, with something like willingness—

"Quick, then!"

The crucifix was produced, was taken in hand, looked at in various lights, and seemed to be found attractive. And when it was returned, it was with the remark—

"Come to me this day week—it's no use before—and I may introduce you to somebody. I am no judge of such matters; and therefore, if I say I like it the say don't amount to much."

"A week!" thought Jasper, with a fearful revulsion from the hopes of a minute before. But, all the same, he expressed his thanks, and said he would be punctual, and bring other specimens with him.

And so they parted, Jasper uneasy and dissatisfied with himself that he had not asked for temporary employment on the works, but believing that, had he done so, he might not only have failed in that, but lessened or destroyed his chance for the higher thing.

How he spent that week in cutting away at a choice piece of wood he had obtained, carving out, as if for dear life, a study of a demon's head, such as he had often thought of while at work on the Charlsbury doors, but which was not there, need not be dwelt on, further than to say, that if he relaxed his labours but for an hour or two he was driven back to them, to escape from the goal of despair he saw in the distance if he did not on the appointed day realise some tangible result.

He was in no frame of mind to enjoy the finished head, which only received the last touches between midnight and dawn of the day of his appointment. It seemed to him good, at times fine, at times grand; and one

evidence of its quality was, that if he left it, and forgot it for ever so short a space, and then came back, he found himself looking at it with new interest, forgetting his own share in its production, and yielding to a certain something in the diabolic expression that fascinated, and made him sit and gaze at it, and speculate on its meanings, just as if a true and particularly fine specimen of the demon class were there before him, enjoying, in its own fashion, the rapt perplexities of its creator.

With this and the crucifix he presented himself once more at the wicket, but had no occasion to speak, for he was only too quickly spoken to. A message had been left for him by Mr. Warkworth, that he had had a few words with an old acquaintance of Jasper Deane's, and he only wondered at the young fellow's impudence in coming there.

The message delivered, the wicket was shut in his face.

For a time Jasper walked about meditating wild schemes of antagonism, exposure, and vengeance against Mr. Godfrey Trimmer, to whom it was evident he owed this sudden collapse of all his hopes.

While thus hanging on the skirts of the ever-present, ever-shifting crowd of unemployed men, he overheard one of them speaking to another of a new overlooker who was beginning to-day, and about whose views and character they were speculating freely.

Who that was, Jasper scarcely needed to ask; but he did ask, and the response was—

"Somebody from the country—name o' Trimmer."

"Of course, of course," murmured Jasper between his teeth, as he moved away, trying vainly to discover how, by what wonderful conjunction of events, this calamity had befallen him.

The matter, after all, was easy enough, only too easy. Godfrey really had, as he had told Jasper, a friend at court, and this was how he obtained him. The person in question, a hanger-on about royalty, and enjoying some small back-stairs influence, which he used for the benefit of his income, thought to himself how greatly his position and operations might be enhanced by his becoming a member of Parliament. A vacancy occurred for the county in which Mr. Trimmer resided. The courtier was sent down surreptitiously by the court as "a worthy and excellent person," to oppose a more independent candidate. He and Trimmer met early in the canvas, and before they parted a bargain was struck up, the

consequences of which were, that a good deal of money passed through Trimmer's hands, leaving, however, a handsome percentage to stay in them, and that the court nominee was elected by a narrow majority. From that moment Mr. Trimmer's ambitious soul saw the way open; *he had a friend at court*, one who would no longer bribe, but whose turn it was to be bribed.

So, after a fresh interview, and the return of a good deal of the courtier's own (or the court's) money to him, that worthy and excellent person, by a delicately-managed bit of persuasion with a still higher and still more worthy and excellent person, so moved the great man, that he sat down at once, and wrote to Sir Christopher Wren, asking him as a personal favour that he would employ the bearer, a most worthy and excellent constituent of his; assuring Sir Christopher from the personal knowledge of a friend that he was a first-rate carver in wood, and had just completed a superb restoration of the famous old doors of Charlsbury; that his desire was to have the management of that department of the ornamental work of St. Paul's, when such work should begin; but that now, being a capital man of business, and desirous of changing provincial for metropolitan opportunities, he sought only a subordinate position in the management of the people employed under so illustrious a man.

Such was the letter read by Sir Christopher, while Jasper looked on from a distance. It annoyed the architect greatly. For the application was but one of many that reached him from the same quarter, the court, and which he could neither ignore nor refuse; for if he lost influence and support there the task he had undertaken would become impossible. As it was, never did man more heroically struggle for more than a quarter of a century to accomplish a mighty work; and never perhaps was man more hampered by all kinds of mean and malignant artifices, or the ignorance and selfishness of many of the people with whom he had to deal.

Meantime, Mr. Trimmer was preparing to play his little part in the troubles of the great architect. Having secured the first step—the taking the place of the ejected overseer, ejected not by Sir Christopher, but by one next to him in authority—he was already revolving all sorts of pleasant and profitable ideas as to the use the place might be turned to, and as to what pinnacles of greatness it might afterwards lead to.

His unfortunate late apprentice was at the same time wandering about the streets, in a

state now of passionate distress, now of reckless fury, seeing nothing before him but hopeless beggary and ruin.

CHAPTER X.—THE WATERS OF BITTERNESS.

ON reaching home, Jasper paid his host for the first week's board and lodging, and did this with such an air that the barber and his wife agreed, when they talked the matter over, on his leaving them to go early to bed, that things looked bright for the lad.

This arrangement to pay had been Jasper's own doing, the morning after his arrival, he refusing to stay on any other terms.

Things must be bright, for how else could the lad sit down and tell them in such an animated manner all he had seen that day at St. Paul's; and in particular how he had seen the architect, who was not only building up St. Paul's, but half a hundred churches beside?

A second week passed, how, Jasper hardly knew. There seemed to have come upon him two lives: one dull, decorous, formal, that prompted him to go from place to place seeking employment; the other, keen, bitter, mocking, laughing at the absurdity of all these attempts.

Again, however, he paid his weekly board and lodging.

A third week passed, and he found himself as ill as he was hopeless, and wondering whether it was that he was too proud, and so displeased people, or too humble, and so excited no confidence. No answer did his spirit give forth; nor did that, or aught else, now seem to raise any kind of wonder.

And then he paid his third week's board and lodging, making an excuse for a deficiency of sixpence, till he got change—which simple Mrs. Hatheway entirely believed.

How could she help it, when Jasper proceeded to say he found he should be obliged to move, on account of the nature of his employment (which would prevent his coming home at meal times), unless, indeed, she would kindly allow him to occupy the garret, which he had seen and liked? There was a good light in it for his carving; and then she might let the bedroom, perhaps get a pleasant lodger, and that would be desirable all round.

However, she did help so believing, and suddenly saw fresh light. Keeping to herself her discovery, and knowing her good man had himself a hard fight to pay his rent and taxes, she accepted Jasper's proposal so far as regarded the bedroom, but would not listen to any change as to the boarding, except the lessening of the total payment for such change of accommodation. And as to the

payment—why it would go so nicely to meet the rent ! They had just paid one quarter, and Jasper might take care of the next for them. And then, unable to say a word more, to keep up the sort of respect Jasper so determinedly exacted from her, she rushed away to tell all to her good man ; and the tears were rolling down both faces, when the boy called Hatheway to wait on a customer.

Jasper, on his part, would have resisted the continuance of the boarding, but was afraid of discussion ; and besides, he saw the amount of that would, after all, rest with him. So tacitly accepting things as she put them, he made no more words about the matter, but at once moved his clothes, books, and carvings to the garret, thinking to himself—

“That’s over, and nothing to pay for a



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quarter. What may not happen before then ? Fortunate that I am ! what better moment than this to sit down and write to May ?

And he did write the following letter :

“MY OWN SWEETE HEART,—I trust you do not think me neglectful because I did not write sooner. I wanted to tell you so much, that somehow I found it impossible, and so tolde

you nothing. I hope you will laugh at that discoverie as I do.

“I have seen St. Paul’s—been in amonge the visitors on quite a grand, show sort of daye, when the big tower, two hundred feete high, was to bee requested by Sir C. W. to raise itself gracefully intoe the aire, just a little, and then sink againe like a lady making a courtesie, but sink in ruine never to rise againe.

"All that I saw, and manie other things about which I shall write as soon as the bustle of affairs will let mee.

"I have done a real thing in carving a demon's head, which surpasses, as I doe believe, any on the old church doores. There, after that, you will hardly expect mee to write more till I have settled down into a less egotistick, selfe-satisfied mood; and so, dearest, good-bye. Ever, ever yours, in life and in deathe,

"JASPER DEANE.

"P.S.—If I doe not write soon, you will understand it is by reason that I am going to write you a very longe letter, and that businesse only delays it."

The letter done, he looked over his carvings; and whereas on late occasions he had always been trying to find out which was best, now he tried to discover which was worst.

Having found one, he put it into his pocket, and went forth into London to seek a purchaser at some shop where curiosities might be marketable, sold it at a wretched price, but had the consolation to discover he might come again if he brought things equally good at the price.

And as soon as he had, to use his own phrase, eaten up that piece of work, another was similarly disposed of, and then another and another, until there remained only the sow and litter, and the demon's head.

About this time, Jasper began to haunt solitary places by the side of the Thames, and to wonder if the river waters would prove as bitter on trial as the bitter waters of Marah, that seemed ever to be in his recollection, not so much for their sense as their sound, he thought.

But what was the trial to be? He shuddered as he thought, what, if God were to ask him at that moment about the evil thing in his heart—what should he say? He bowed his head and wept bitterly, and resolved these should be his only waters of Marah. He would live if he could, and die sinless if he could not.

CHAPTER XI.—MAY'S LETTER.

WITH fond, heartfelt delight did May read the first time Jasper's letter. The impostor had seemingly done his work well. She believed he was succeeding, and succeeding even better than he liked to tell her, partly through his natural modesty, partly that he might overwhelm her ere long with a budget of such news as a lover likes to send to his mistress.

A second reading after the first burst of joy had passed off seriously modified May's belief, though she could not tell why, and was unwilling even to own the fact.

She then showed the letter to her mistress, who was also greatly pleased, and wished to let the Rector share in her pleasure. When the letter was returned, the grave face of the Rector's wife at once told May that the Rector had not shared his wife's views.

She then read it a third time, and from that moment could not rid herself of the fear that Jasper was doing badly, was miserable, and was so foolish in his kindness as to try to conceal the truth from her.

For some days she mourned over this new view of the position without precisely accepting it as correct, and without feeling justified in her desire to write to him, expose her state of mind, and conjure him in the name of all that was dear to them both to have no concealment from her—to let her be his in sorrow as in joy, if sorrow were his lot.

While thus hesitating she received the following letter from her uncle:—

"MY DEAR NEICE,—My frend takes upp his pen hopping it will finde you in gode helth as it leves us at this present in anser to youre requeste that I sholde tel more in pertikler as to youre sweteharte Jasper Deane. I must say we have al toke to hym wonderful a more plesent lad I knowe not and so all say that set eyes on hym. It will be strange indede if he doe not soon get worke but as he has not payde youre aunte hys boarde for 3 weekes we ar in feir things are not quite rite with hym but still me and your aunte wolde bothe feel more esy iff he wolde take his meales al the same til he is setled to worke and times cum rounde better. He came home lait the other nyght and tride to go upstares unbeknown to us. i called arter hym to cum down and hev a bite and sup, but he larfed and sayd who cares for a bite and sup arter such a fede as we joly boys had at the Taberd of vensun pasti. but when i happend to speke to my olde frend att the Tabard in regarde of riting this letter knowyng you are a scolard and i must minde my p's and q's when i came to that parte old Jacob stops riting and lokes att me and shakes his hede orful two or thre times and then says he why the yunker never tasted any thing in this howse in the eting line. Deare May I do not deny but wot he is a wonderful gode younge man, but at the same tyme feer it can not bee quite rite for a fine strong fellow like youre J. D. to lyve on venson pasteets that

never was mayde so my frend and hoste of ye Taberd assures mee. besides wich I must brake it to you though I wolde not like J. D. to know I hade noticed It, yet it is solum truthe he has not stuck finger in his potte of baresgrese for a hole week wich with such a hed of Hair must bee a sine of sumthing wrong. I tell you the playne truthe as you may wyshe to reson with hym in youre own prety way. This is now konkluded with wel wishing from your frend and afectshonate Uncle
 "RALPH HATHEWAY."

Her heart bursting with grief, May rushed into the Rector's library, and throwing herself at his feet besought him to read this fresh letter, and tell her what she should do.

The Rector raised and comforted her, made her sit on a stool near him while he did read, restraining, for May's sake, all signs of its effect upon him.

At the close he took a few turns up and down the library, then said to her—

"I will not conceal from you, May, that the news is serious; nor do I see how, by writing, any good can be done."

"Oh, sir, could I not go to him?" passionately interrupted May.

"Not alone, certainly. Listen. I have been again and again invited by an old friend

in London to preach there. I have put it off, in spite of the pleasure it would give me considering the character of the congregation, for reasons connected with my friend's motive, which I understand, though he in delicacy says nothing of it—preferment: which I have no intention to accept if offered. The particular occasion, an annual charity sermon, will recur in about ten days from this time; and if you will promise me not to write to Jasper, nor to let yourself be so overcome that your mistress will have reason to be dissatisfied as to your duties, I will at once communicate with my friend, try to satisfy him once for all, and have done with it; and if he accepts, you and your mistress shall go with me."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed May, with a fresh burst of grateful tears.

"There now, run away. If Jasper be the lad we have thought him, and has done nothing wrong of which he is feeling the consequences, he will get over this, and you and he will only look back with wonder at your own want of faith in the goodness of God's providence. There, now, wipe your eyes; and, as you brighten them, suppose you take a cloth and go to the window yonder and brighten that—we shall both thus get a better look-out.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

PART II.

WE must pass rapidly over the next phase of Loyola's life, especially as it adds little to his characteristic distinction. He remained about a year at Manresa, during which the primary foundations of his religious ambition were laid. He believed himself at this time to have many visions and revelations from on high. The Virgin Mother especially appeared to him many times, strengthening and enlightening him, and his spiritual and physical health seem alike to have been established under the favouring auspices of heaven. He resolved to resume his plan of visiting the Holy Land. This was the old idea of St. Francis, the natural direction the thoughts of the faithful took in the first moments of their devout enthusiasm. He sailed from Barcelona, as he originally intended, took Rome on his way, where he visited with ardour the holy places and kissed the feet of Adrian VI. One cannot help contrasting the visit of Luther a few years earlier, and the different results which followed in the two cases.

Here, as so often, these two men strike us at once by the similarity of their circumstances, and the wide divergence of their principles and aims. From Rome Ignatius found his way to Venice, and thence, after many hardships, to Joppa, and on the 4th September, 1523, to Jerusalem. But like that of St. Francis before him, the visit of Ignatius to the sacred soil came to nothing. He had dreams of converting the Mahometan and convincing the schismatic Greek Church of the error of her ways. He was determined, at least, to remain in Jerusalem, and try what he could do where others had failed. But no, his mission was elsewhere. No one would countenance him in his purpose. The head of the Franciscan convent to whom he applied would not even allow him to remain behind his companions. "I know of your pious desire," he said, "but many have cherished the same thought, and it has come to nothing. . . . My decision, therefore, is that you return, with the pilgrims with whom

you came, to-morrow." Remonstrance was of no use. He was hustled out of the Holy City, notwithstanding his desire of concealment, and after a year spent in many adventures and experiences he found himself once more at Venice, from which he was passed on to Genoa, and thence again to Barcelona, whence he had set out.

Here he began, what it would have been well for him perhaps to have done at first, his education anew. He put himself literally to school, although now past thirty years of age. If anything was necessary to prove the persistent energy, as well as the slumbering audacity that lay in the man, this would sufficiently show it. He took up his Latin Grammar, and began the work of instruction. He had infinite difficulty, as may be imagined, with the declension of nouns and conjugation of verbs; when his thoughts should have been concentrated on verbal forms they took flight on the wings of his ardent imagination, and were revelling in schemes of ecclesiastical ambition or in the entrancing vision of dogmatic mystery. But he struggled manfully, and insisted upon being subject to all the processes of school discipline, even to the infliction of corporal chastisement on his saintly person. He renewed his self-denials, although not so wildly as in the former time at Manresa; he made some real progress in scholarship, and was able to compare the cold elegance of Erasmus in his "Christian Soldier's Manual," with the warm and lively simplicity of the "De Imitatione Christi." From Barcelona he proceeded to Alcalá in 1526, and thence to Salamanca, and finally to Paris in the beginning of 1528. His spiritual enthusiasm and growing capacity of directing others, women as well as men, and impressing upon them his spiritual authority, brought him trouble both at Alcalá and Salamanca. At both places he was put in prison, although he disclaimed preaching. "He merely spoke," he said, "of the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, and exhorted men to forsake the one and follow the other." When remonstrated with at Alcalá as to the novelty of his teaching, he said, with emphasis, "Novelty! I did not understand that for Christians to speak one to another concerning Jesus Christ was a new thing." He and his friends, with their feet fastened, like Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, spent the night as they did in singing psalms. The story of evangelical enthusiasm repeats itself in incident as in character; and whatever we may think of the cause which the great Jesuit

represents, none who know anything of the matter can deny the earnestness of the spiritual life which now moved him.

Gradually this spiritual life was advancing in wisdom as in strength, and at length, after some years' further discipline and culture in the schools of Paris, it reached a definite and memorable expression in the little lonely church at Montmartre in 1534. By this time six years had passed since he had set foot in Paris and entered himself as a student at Montague College. Here he went through his university course, and studied philosophy with distinction, in which he took his degree. With the Dominicans he studied theology, and acquired at length the right as well as the increased capacity to discourse concerning the mysteries of the faith. Thus fitted anew he resumed his labours of teaching and spiritual direction with more success than ever, and gradually gathered around him a small company of as remarkable men probably as ever devoted themselves to a great cause.

The scene and the men are alike memorable as they appear before us on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1534. The heights of Montmartre have been associated with many an event in the history of France. There the early apostle of France, St. Dionysius,* was supposed to have been beheaded. The church stood in lonely isolation, consecrated by many associations and memories. Nothing connected with it was really more significant than the meeting which now took place within its walls, in the sepulchral chapel or crypt of the church, it is said. Ignatius and his companions had been drawn together under the most powerful of all bonds which associate human beings—a common religious enthusiasm. Some of his associates, Francis Xavier for example, were men of even more heroic mould than himself, but he was plainly the soul of the company, the power, at once kindling and tenacious, which had quickened them with a common impulse and welded them to a common obedience. Besides Xavier, the most conspicuous were Peter Faber, a Savoyard who had early come under the influence of Ignatius, and who owed to him his deliverance from dark spiritual troubles which had nearly crushed him; James Laynez, a Spaniard, a native of New Castile, who became his successor in the government of the order. He was a man of great astuteness and depth of policy, to whom Loyola is sup-

* St. Denis.

posed to have been much indebted in the organization of his system. Three other Spaniards, Alphonso Salmeron, Nicholas Alphonso Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriquez d'Arevedo, belonged to this inner circle of the associates, the original nucleus of the great Jesuit order. All the six were Spaniards with the exception of Faber, and the greatest of them was also, like Ignatius himself, of noble Spanish race. Francis Xavier was the youngest of a numerous family, born in the castle of his ancestors in the Pyrenees. Robust, active, handsome, accomplished, of a gay and charming humour, he had gradually yielded to the spiritual power of Ignatius, who, seeing his marvellous endowments, never ceased till he had brought them all to the service of the Church. His playful satire and light-hearted abandonment contended for a time against the incessant assaults of his friend. But whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or the discussions in which he was interested, whether he preached to a numerous audience or wandered in a recreative mood by the banks of the Seine, Ignatius was still at hand to close any discussion and every pursuit with the awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" At length he yielded to the fascination, became only second to the founder himself, the soul of the little band of enthusiasts, and by-and-by, before the society was yet formally inaugurated, he left his companions to embark in that great missionary career in India and Japan with which his name is forever associated. Some have seen in his early removal from the side of Ignatius, an especial fitness of providence in obviating the possible collision of two such great minds in carrying out the foundation and spread of the society; while there can be no doubt that the marvellous repute which gathered round his name and labours reflected a glory of success from the distant East upon the early course of the society.

Of the company which met in the church at Montmartre, one of them, Faber, was in priest's orders. From him the rest received "the Body of our Lord," and then, under the guidance of Loyola, solemnly devoted themselves to the service of the Church. They took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and self-renunciation of the world's goods; and further, and specially, a vow of missionary service in Palestine, or, if this should fail, of entire and unreserved devotion to whatever work the Holy See might appoint. Besides the six names we have mentioned, there

were others then or soon joined to them—Claude le Jay, a Savoyard, John Codure, and Pasquier Brouet, of Picardy, and, some time, after at Venice, another noble Spaniard of Cordova, named Hozes—eleven in all.

Soon after their vow Ignatius separated himself from the others for a time, returning to Spain with the special view of arranging the worldly affairs of Xavier and other two of the brethren. His growing fame had preceded him, and honour would have been lavished upon him by his brothers and others. But he turned aside from all worldly recognition, and resumed his old profession of mendicant missionary. Having completed his task, he set out once more on his old journey by sea to Italy. The agreement was that the associates were to meet at Venice, with a view to their missionary destination in the Holy Land. Here, accordingly, they began to gather at the close of the year 1535. Circumstances, however, were unfavourable to their missionary designs. The Turks and Venetians were at war, and it was impossible to obtain any passage to Syria. Detained at Venice, they spent their time in the most unremitting and enthusiastic Christian labours. They preached, they visited the hospitals, they gave their free services to the sick and the poor. Their fame began to be noised abroad, and they encountered of course the opposition of all, both clerical and lay, who hated enthusiasm, and did not wish to be disturbed in their contented enjoyment of the conventions of life. They acquired at the same time powerful friends, amongst others the famous Carafia, who afterwards became Paul IV.

After a time they began to feel the Papal pulse as to the sanction of their order. Loyola himself remained idle at Venice, but he sent his friends to Rome to solicit the Papal blessing, and to see as to the inclination of the Roman court. The accomplished Paul Farnese, Paul III., now occupied the Papal throne, and happily an old friend of Ignatius, Peter Ortiz, a Spanish ecclesiastic whom he had known in Paris, was at the time in Rome on behalf of Catherine of Aragon, whose divorce from our Henry VIII. was then pending. The result was that the Jesuit fathers were received with consideration and were invited to take part in learned discussions in the presence of his Holiness, in which they acquitted themselves with distinction. The Papal benediction was bestowed upon them, gifts offered them, and full licence to convert the Turks and all other heretics and infidels whom they chose to

address. On their return to Venice, all who were still without the privilege, including Ignatius himself, received priests' orders, for which facilities had been granted at Rome, and their solemn engagements of devotion to the service of God and of the Church were renewed. Still, however, the way to Palestine was shut against them, and gradually their special missionary design was abandoned. An increased measure of evangelical labour at home filled up their time, and they waited in patience and earnestness for the opening of their higher destiny.

At length the opportunity came. Loyola himself, along with Faber and Laynez, set out for Rome (in 1537). Special visions of Divine favour and encouragement were vouchsafed him by the way. He seemed to see the eternal Father presenting him to the Son, and to hear a voice in his ears—*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*. The daring name to be given to the society dawned upon him—"the Society of Jesus." Still they had to wait for nearly three years for their bull of incorporation. At length, on the 27th September, 1540, the final privilege was accorded to them, and the society took its position amongst the established institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. At first its members were limited to sixty, but three years afterwards the restriction was removed, and the society rapidly expanded in numbers and influence. Ignatius of course was elected the first General of the order, and after the usual coy reluctance which ecclesiastical history so often repeats in such cases, he accepted the office, and was installed with great solemnity. The old vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were once more renewed; the General administered the communion to such of his followers as surrounded him; in their turn pledged absolute obedience to him, and all dedicated once more their services without reserve to the Pope.

III.

The sixteen years during which Ignatius held the office of General was a period of unremitting success to the society. The leader developed to the full his great capacities for government which had been training all the while since his first dedication of himself to the Church at Montserrat. There was nothing too minute or too mean for his care; he would frequently undertake, as an example of humility, the servile offices of the conventual house which became the centre of the society in Rome. There was nothing

too grand for his daring. While serving in the kitchen his thoughts were wandering, not only through Europe, but through India and the East. Houses of the order arose in Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Italy. Provincials were appointed in all Catholic countries with whom he maintained a constant intercourse. Missionaries carried the gospel, according to Jesuitism, to the ends of the earth. Fathers of the order instructed the children of nobles and princes. Wherever heresy and schism showed themselves they were met by the "zeal and fervour of Jesuit ministration." The tide of the Reformation was arrested even in those countries which had been its special home, and the Catholic reaction everywhere strengthened.

Ignatius himself laboured with sleepless ardour and zeal. Although an imperfect Italian scholar he preached in Rome with such effect that thousands crowded to hear him. No revival of modern days, even with its multitude of excited hearers, could do more than rival the scenes of which he was the centre. "When he began his sermon a breathless silence reigned in the church; as he went on there was perceptible a pressure towards the pulpit, sighs became audible on every side, then these sighs swelled into sobs, and sobs into groans. Some fell on the pavement as if lifeless, and sometimes a sinner, long obdurate, would throw himself at the feet of the preacher as he left the pulpit, and with convulsive struggles make loud confession of his sins." (Taylor's "Loyola," p. 134). It was not merely the ignorant and uncultivated who were thus impressed, but persons of every class of society and even dignified ecclesiastics. It was the soul of the preacher, struggling through all the difficulties of language, and transfused in his glowing eyes and gestures, that reached the souls around him, and kindled an irrepressible enthusiasm.

Our space will not enable us to dwell further on the official career of Ignatius, nor is it necessary to do so. He continued his work not only with an unflinching ardour, but with an astuteness, prudence, and depth of far-seeing policy which none but himself could have shown. He detected dangers in many offers even of power made to himself or his followers, and resolutely resisted them. The real power of pervading spiritual influence which he designed to establish he knew would be injured by what seemed to many others likely to strengthen it; and with a steadiness and tenacity of aim he kept to his own line of action when all

seemed against him. At length he was worn out by all his labours. He had wished to retire from the government of the order before, but no one would take up his task while he still lived. Finally, at the age of sixty-five, he found his strength rapidly failing. His friends did not apprehend danger; but he himself felt the approach of death. He sent to ask the Pope for his blessing; but his message was delayed for a day. Next evening he was only conscious enough to know that his request was granted; and murmuring the name which the order had daringly made its own, he expired.

The character of Ignatius is so far conspicuous in our brief outline of his career. An undaunted daring marks him from the first. The same spirit which inspired him on the battlements of Pampeluna he carried into the service of the Church. His will was heroic, his ambition transcendent: with grandeur and heroism of nature he had also patience and tenacity of purpose. No daring merely could have reached the goal which he did: only daring united to a

persistence which now rises to the height of dignified resolve, and now sinks to the hidden courses of a craft which, if never dishonourable, is yet never turned back. He is the disciplined soldier of the Church, gifted with all the highest qualities at once of command and obedience, ready to serve that finally he may lead. With all his heroism he is lacking in a certain magnanimity which is never found without some impulses of generosity or self-abandonment. There is an extravagance and yet a meanness in some features of his conduct, that give the impression of disproportion. We hardly know at times whether to admire the spiritual hero or to shrink from the mendicant enthusiast. The higher qualities of moderation, tenderness, and largeness of sympathy, which appeal to the universal life of humanity are not found in him—at least in any full measure, and his heart is hardly anywhere laid really bare to us. But none of all whom his Church delights to number among its princes can compare to him in influence, and few are capable to sit beside his throne.

JOHN TULLOCH.

WALKS IN LONDON.

VIII.—ST. PAUL'S.

LET us now meet where, black and grand, St. Paul's Cathedral occupies the platform on the top of the hill. Sublimely grandiose in its general outlines, it has a peculiar sooty dignity all its own, which, externally, raises it immeasurably above the fresh modern-looking St. Peter's at Rome. Here and there only is the original grey of the stone seen through the overlying blackness, which in early spring is intensified by the green grass and trees of the churchyard which surrounds the eastern part of the building. When you are near it, the mighty dome is lost, but you have always an inward all-pervading impression of its existence, as you have seen it a thousand times rising in dark majesty over the city; or as, lighted up by the sun, it is sometimes visible from the river, when all minor objects are obliterated in mist. And, apart from the dome, the noble proportions of every pillar and cornice of the great church cannot fail to strike those who linger to look at them, while even the soot-begrimed garlands, which would be offensive were they clean, have here an indescribable stateliness.

When Sir Christopher Wren was laying the foundations of the present cathedral, he

found relics of three different ages at three successive depths beneath the site of his church: first, Saxon coffins and tombs; secondly, British graves, with the wooden and ivory pins which fastened the shrouds of those who lay in them; thirdly, Roman lamps, lachrymatories, and urns, proving the existence of a Roman cemetery on the spot. It has never with any certainty been ascertained when the first church was built here, but, according to Bede, it was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his nephew Sebert, King of the East Angles, and was the church where Bishop Mellitus refused the sacrament to the pagan princes.

St. Paul's has been burnt five times; thrice by fire from heaven. It attained its final magnificence when, in the thirteenth century, it was a vista of Gothic arches, seven hundred feet in length. The interior was full of noble historic tombs, amid which was conspicuous the monument of John of Gaunt, son, uncle, and father of kings. But, early in the sixteenth century, the building had been desecrated to such an extent as to have become known rather as an exchange and a house of merchandise than as a church. "The south alley," says Dekker, writing in

1607, "was the place for usury and popery, the north for simony, the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money." The simony in St. Paul's was famous even in Chaucer's time. His parson is described as one who—

—"settle not his benefice to hire
And left his sheep accombered in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto S. Paul's,
To seeken him a chanterie for souls."

A Corinthian portico, of which the first stone was laid by Laud, was built by Inigo Jones, being intended, says Dryden, as "an ambulatory for such as, usually walking in the body of the church, destroyed the solemn service of the choir." It is believed that Charles I. meant this portico merely as the first instalment of a new cathedral, but his attention was otherwise occupied, and under the Commonwealth the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses in the nave. With the Restoration it was intended to restore the old church, but, in the words of Dryden—

"The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
And since it was profan'd by civil war
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire."

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was chosen as the architect of the new church, and on June 21, 1675, was laid the first stone of the New St. Paul's, which was finished in thirty-five years. While he was occupied on St. Paul's, Wren was consulted as to the repairs of Ely Cathedral, and in spite of the difference of styles, an architect will detect many points of resemblance in the construction of the two churches, to which he was led by his admiration for the great church of the eastern counties, and which were not always to the advantage of St. Paul's, as in the case of the meaningless arches which break the simplicity of the cornice in the pillars of the dome. The whole cost of St. Paul's, £747,954 2s. 9d., was paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into the Port of London, on which account it is said that the cathedral has a special claim of its own to its smoky exterior. It will be admitted that, though in general effect there is nothing in the same style of architecture which exceeds the exterior of St. Paul's, it has not a single detail deserving of admiration, except the Phoenix over the south portico, which was executed by Gibbons, and commemorates the curious fact narrated in the "Parentalia," that the very first stone which Sir Christopher Wren directed a mason to bring from the rubbish of the old church to serve as a mark for the centre of the dome in his plans, was inscribed

with the single word *Resurgam*—I shall rise again. The other ornaments and statues are chiefly by Bird, a most inferior sculptor. Those who find greater faults must, however, remember that St. Paul's as it now stands is not according to the first design of Wren, the rejection of which cost him bitter tears. Even in his after work he met with so many rubs and ruffles, and was so insufficiently paid, that the Duchess of Marlborough said, in allusion to his scaffold labours, "He is dragged up and down in a basket two or three times in a week for an insignificant £200 a year."

That the west front of the cathedral does not exactly face Ludgate Hill is due to the fact that too many houses were already built to allow of it, the commissioners for reconstructing the city having made their plans before anything was decided about the new cathedral. The statue of Queen Anne, in front of the church, has gained a certain picturesqueness through age, and the fine old railing of wrought Lamberhurst iron which surrounds it. It is historically interesting here as commemorating the frequent state visits of Queen Anne to the church to return public thanks for the repeated victories of the Duke of Marlborough. Lately the effect of the west front has, in the opinion of many, been much injured by the removal of the iron railing of the churchyard, which (though not part of Wren's design) was invaluable for comparison and measurement, and which fully carried out the old Gothic theory that a slight and partial concealment only gives additional dignity to a really grand building. Besides, the railing was in itself fine, and (part of it remains at the sides) cost above £11,202. It must, however, be conceded that the railing was first put up in opposition to the wish of Wren, who objected to its height as concealing the base of the cathedral and the western flight of steps; and that its destruction was chiefly due to the wish of Dean Milman, who abused it as a "heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence."

The interior of St. Paul's is not without a grandeur of its own, but in detail it is bare, cold, and uninteresting, though Wren intended to have lined the dome with mosaics, and to have placed a grand baldacchino in the choir. Though a comparison with St. Peter's inevitably forces itself upon those who are familiar with the great Roman basilica, there can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the two buildings. There, all is blazing with precious marbles; here, there is no colour except from the poor glass of the

eastern windows, or where a tattered banner waves above a hero's monument. In the blue depths of the misty dome the London fog loves to linger, and hides the remains of some feeble frescoes by Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law. In St. Paul's, as in St. Peter's, the statues on the monuments destroy the natural proportion of the arches by their monstrous size, but they have seldom any beauty or grace to excuse them. The week-day services are thinly attended, and, from the nave, it seems as if the knot of worshippers near the choir were lost in the immensity, and the peals of the organ and the voices of the choristers were vibrating through an arcaded solitude. In 1773, Dr. Newton, as Dean of St. Paul's, conceded to the wish of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Academy,

that the unsightly blank spaces on the walls of the cathedral should be filled with works by academicians. Sir Joshua himself promised the Nativity, West the Delivery of the Law by Moses. Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kaufmann were selected by the Academy for the other works. But when Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, heard of the intention, he peremptorily refused his consent. "Whilst I live and have the power," he wrote to Dr. Newton, "I will never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened to Popery." It was then proposed to put up the works of West and Reynolds—the Foundation of the Law and Gospel—over the doors of the north and south aisles, but the concession was absolutely refused, and the cathedral was left in its bareness.



In front of St. Paul's.

Over the north porch is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, ending with the "four words which comprehend his merit and his fame"—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." The oratories at the sides of the nave were added against the wishes of Wren, at the instance of the Duke of York, who secretly wished to have them ready for Roman Catholic services, as soon as an opportunity occurred. They have been greatly condemned, as interfering in the lines of the building on the outside, but do not affect the interior. That which opens from the south aisle, long the Bishops' Consistory Court, contains the monument, by W. B. Stephens, of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, the noblest tomb erected in England since Torregiano was working at Westminster. The aged Duke lies like a Scaliger of Verona,

deeply sleeping upon a lofty sarcophagus. Around the base are the names of his victories. The lofty canopy is supported by noble pillars of the best time of the Renaissance; above are grand figures in bronze—of Courage suppressing Cowardice, and Virtue conquering Vice. The whole was to have been surmounted, like the great tomb of Can Grande, by an equestrian statue; but the artist, the greatest sculptor of our time, was snatched away from us before his work was completed, and before England had awaked to realise that it possessed a worthy follower of Michael Angelo.

Most of the monuments which surround the church are merely commemorative, and nearly all of them are feeble and meretricious, many absolutely ludicrous. Those of Howard and Johnson, on either side of the entrance

to the choir, are by John Bacon, whose works had such an extraordinary renown in the last century: yet that of Howard in a Roman tunic and toga, bare legged and sandalled, is utterly uncharacteristic of the noble-hearted philanthropist, though it is exceeded in absurdity by the statue of Dr. Johnson—aptly described in his epitaph as “ponderibus verborum admirabilis”—who is represented as a half-naked, muscular athlete. The figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds—“pictorum sui sæculi facile princeps”—is by Flaxman, but Bacon was again employed on that of Sir William Jones, who “first opened the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire to wondering Europe.” These were the first four statues erected in the cathedral, and they were followed by a series of the heroes of Nelson’s naval victories and of Indian warriors and statesmen, of which few call for any feeling but that of contempt.

The most interesting portion of the church is the Crypt, where, at the eastern extremity, are gathered nearly all the remains of the tombs which were saved from the old St. Paul’s. Here, amid various other fragments, on different raised altar-tombs, repose the head and half the body of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Elizabeth, and father of Francis, Lord Bacon, 1579. Only one figure from the old St. Paul’s has been lately given a place in the new church. In the Dean’s Aisle, now stands erect the strange figure from the monument of Dr. Donne, the Poet-Dean, whose sermons, in the words of Dr. Milman, held the congregation “enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated,” and caused one of his poetical panegyrists to write—

“And never were we wearied, till we saw
The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw.”

Donne’s friend, Sir Henry Wootton, said of this statue, “It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.” The Dean is represented in a winding-sheet. By the suggestion of his friend Dr. Fox, he stripped himself in his study, draped himself in his shroud, and, standing upon an urn, which he had procured for the purpose, closed his eyes, and so stood for a portrait, which was afterwards the object of his perpetual contemplation, and which after his death in 1630, was reproduced in stone by Nicholas Stone, the famous sculptor. The present position of the statue unfortunately renders abortive the concluding lines of the Latin epitaph, which refer to the eastward position of the figure.

XVIII—44

In the Crypt, not far from the old St. Paul’s tombs, the revered Dean Milman, the great historian of the church, is buried, under a simple tomb ornamented with a raised cross. In a recess on the south is the slab tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, and near him, in other chapels, Robert Mylne, the architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, and John Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge. Beneath the pavement lies Sir Joshua Reynolds (1742), who had an almost royal funeral in St. Paul’s, dukes and marquesses contending for the honour of being his pall-bearers. Around him are buried his disciples and followers—Lawrence (1830), Barry (1806), Opie (1807), West (1820), Fuseli (1825); but the most interesting grave is that of William Mallory Turner, whose dying request was that he might be buried as near as possible to Sir Joshua.

Where the heavy pillars and arches gather thick beneath the dome, in spite of his memorable words at the battle of the Nile—“Victory or Westminster Abbey”—is the grave of Lord Nelson. Followed to the grave by the seven sons of his sovereign, he was buried here in 1806, when Dean Milman, who was present, “heard, or seemed to hear, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral.” They tore to pieces the largest of the flags of the *Victory*, which waved above his grave; the rest were buried with his coffin.

The sarcophagus of Nelson was designed and executed for Cardinal Wolsey by the famous Torregiano, and was intended to contain the body of Henry VIII. in the tomb-house at Windsor. It encloses the coffin made from the mast of the ship *L’Orient*, which was presented to Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, by Ben Hallowell, captain of the *Swiftsure*, that, when he was tired of life, he might “be buried in one of his own trophies.” On either side of Nelson repose the minor heroes of Trafalgar, Collingwood (1810) and Lord Northesk; Pictou also lies near him, but outside the surrounding arches.

A second huge sarcophagus of porphyry resting on lions is the tomb where Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was laid in 1852, in the presence of 15,000 spectators, Dean Milman, who had been present at Nelson’s funeral, then reading the service. Beyond, in a ghastly ghoulish-befitting chamber, hung with the velvet which surrounded his lying in state at Chelsea, and on which, by the flickering torchlight, we see emblazoned the many Orders presented to him by foreign

sovereigns, is the funeral car of Wellington, modelled and constructed in six weeks, at an expense of £13,000 from the guns taken in his different campaigns.

In the south-west pier of the dome a staircase ascends by 616 steps to the highest point of the cathedral. No feeble person should attempt the fatigue, and, except to architects, the undertaking is scarcely worth while. An easy ascent leads to the immense passages of the triforium, in which, opening from the gallery above the south aisle, is the Library, founded by Bishop Compton, who crowned William and Mary, Archbishop Secker refusing to do so. It contains the bishop's portrait, and some carving by Gibbons. At the corner of the gallery, on the left, a very narrow stair leads to the Clock, of enormous size, with a pendulum 16 feet long, constructed by Langley Bradley in 1708. Ever since, the oaken seats behind it have been occupied by a changing crowd, waiting with anxious curiosity to see the hammer strike its bell, and tremulously hoping to tremble at the vibration.

Returning, another long ascent leads to the Whispering Gallery, below the windows of the cupola, where visitors are requested to sit down upon a matted seat, that they may be shown how a low whisper uttered against the wall can be distinctly heard from the other side of the dome. Hence we reach the Stone Gallery, outside the base of the dome, whence we may ascend to the Golden Gallery at its summit. This last ascent is interesting, as being between the outer and inner domes, and showing how completely different in construction one is from the other. The view from the gallery is vast, but generally, beyond a certain distance, it is shrouded in smoke. When weather allows, the anatomy of all the London steeples is well seen, especially of those which remain of the fifty-four churches which Wren was obliged to build after the Fire in a space of time which would have only properly sufficed for the construction of four. The same characteristics, more and more painfully diluted, but always slightly varied, occur in each of the towers. Bow Church, St. Magnus, St. Bride, and St. Vedast are the best.

The Great Bell of St. Paul's (of 1716), which hangs in the south tower, bears the inscription "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It only tolls on the deaths and funerals of the royal family, Bishops of London, Deans of St. Paul's, and Lord Mayors who die in their mayoralty.

St. Paul's is still girded on three sides by a green churchyard. Lily the grammarian, who died of the Plague, is buried on the north side of the church, opposite the school to whose celebrity he so much contributed. Father Garnet was executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, May 3, 1606, on an accusation of having shared in the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot, and died with the protest of innocence on his lips. Not forty years ago a large elm at the north-east corner of the graveyard marked the site of St. Paul's Cross, a canopied cross standing on stone steps, the national pulpit, whence sermons were preached every Sunday afternoon. It was here that poor Jane Shore died public penance, and that Dr. Shaw suggested the kingship of Richard III. with fatal consequences to himself. Here likewise Tyndale's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt, by order of Bishop Stokesley, and here the Pope's sentence on Martin Luther was pronounced in a sermon by Bishop Fisher in the presence of Wolsey, who himself here exposed the imposture of the rood of Boxley. Hence Ridley denounced both the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as bastards, and then "stole away to Cambridge to throw himself at the feet of the triumphant Mary." Elizabeth, immediately on her accession, showed her appreciation of the importance of "St. Paul's Cross," for one of her first acts was to select a safe preacher for the next Sunday's sermon, "that no occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the governance of the realm." James I. was among those who sate beneath the preachers at Paul's Cross, and Charles I. heard a sermon here on the occasion of the birth of his son, afterwards Charles II. The eminent preachers selected for the sermons at the Cross were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at a kind of inn, called "the Shunamite's House." An order of Parliament caused the destruction of "Paul's Cross" in 1643.

An ugly Grecian portico immediately behind the cathedral marks St. Paul's School, founded in 1514 by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, for 153 poor children—a number chosen as being that of the fishes taken by St. Peter. Colet dedicated his foundation to the Child Jesus, so that, says Strype, "the true name of this school is Jesus' School, rather than Paul's School; but the saint hath robbed his Master of his title." Erasmus has left an interesting description of Dean Colet's school, and relates how over the master's chair was a figure of the Child

Jesus "of excellent work, in the act of teaching, whom all the assembly, both at coming in and going out of school, salute with a short hymn." John Milton was educated at St. Paul's School from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. The existing buildings are quite modern, but the founder is commemorated over the doors of the school by his motto, "Disce aut discede," and at the end of the schoolroom in a bust by Bacon.

South of St. Paul's Churchyard is the Deanery, and close beside is St. Paul's Choristers' School, built by Dean Church, 1874. This is the especial district of ecclesiastical law, Doctors' Commons, so called from the Doctors of Civil Law here living and "commoning" together in a collegiate

manner. Several of its Courts have been removed to Somerset House, but the Court of Faculties and Dispensations, by which marriage licences are granted, and the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, are still held here. At the foot of Bennet's Hill, facing Queen Victoria Street, is the Herald's College, a red brick building surrounding three sides of a court, with a well-designed outer staircase. It occupies the site of Derby House, built by Thomas, that first Earl of Derby who married the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Here, where "the records of the blood of all the families in the kingdom" are kept, the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, are preserved.

S. MARIA, LAACH.

II.

THE church is new, like so many churches both hereabouts and on the Rhine; naturally, the population had outgrown the old building. Outside is the "mission"-cross, with motto "Rette deine Seele"—a work which too many Protestants hold (in theory) to be the sole purpose of existence. Inside are banners, one more than a century old, another the Niedermendig arms—a millstone, with St. Barbara and St. Ciriacus for supporters. On the table the monstrance, with "Ecce panis angelorum." A handsome iron-work candle-hoop is "the gift of the Leyer-brüderlei on their hundredth anniversary." The old church, turned into sacristy and baptistery, contains the most popular of the altars—St. Joseph's. Such a background! A grotto-rockery, covered with ivy and fir-twigs, and stuck over with flowers, sham and real; bits of looking-glass laid flat, to look like water; here and there a candle, two of them held by porcelain angels; and towering over all St. Michael and the Dragon, hugely out of proportion with the little landscape. What would St. Paul have thought of all this, and of the strange pictures of the Trinity, and the little basalt crosses at every turn of these Eifel roads, with a hideously carved Christ upon them? But then, there are many things at home at which St. Paul would open his eyes very wide—not only at bishops riding in carriages and sitting in the House of Lords, as the Liberationists put it. All that we can do is to hope that in some way inexplicable to us, these people are led up from the symbol to the thing signified; and

that what seems a wholly selfish religion (as selfish as the worst form of Protestant otherworldliness, with which, in fact, it has many unsuspected points of resemblance) is not so in reality. I certainly was struck with the good earnest faces, gleaming with quiet happiness (so unlike those of the people at the Baths), of the men whom I met a month later, walking in to Remagen from the villages near and far, in order to kiss the bedizened skull of St. Apollinaris. They looked as good as they were cheerful. Still all this idolatry makes one think that the march of mind is slow; and it is not very comforting to those who believe in the power of ideas that the man of "blood and iron" could in ten years change all Germany politically, while age after age the idolatry goes on, untouched by all the protests against it. To me it does seem so degrading, this constant parade of Christ's physical sufferings—the little angels, some giving Him to drink, and others catching the blood as it trickles out. Certainly St. Paul did not mean anything like that when he spoke of the offence of the Cross. Many of these wayside crosses date from early in the seventeenth century, some of them record a death, others a wedding; to set up or to restore a cross seems to have been a very usual kind of good work. If the family still survives, they are covered with wreaths and nosegays on anniversaries. The inscriptions are almost all in Roman capitals. "Das Herz Jesu ist durch Liebe zerbrochen," and "Hier geht das Leben, her kommt der Tod," are samples of the mottoes. What a comment

on all this are these war pictures! Here, in the Niedermendig post-house is a daub, representing Emperor William, huge and stern, sitting at the foot of a blazing castle, his maps and papers laid out on a dead horse, a dead Frenchman in the foreground, the White Prince standing by, and Von Moltke stalking up with dispatches. But then "Rette deine Seele" is Emperor William's motto too.

Back from Niedermendig, with its seventeen breweries and its superstitions, past a huge ruined ant-heap, from which the big black citizens are trying to save something. Do ants need self-interest to set them going? They are neuters, these working ones, we are told. Is their selfishness as well as their love absorbed in duty, and do they therein find compensation? If the sluggard may be sent to the ant, surely we may send thither also the man who teaches that personal profit, here or hereafter, is the ultimate consideration for each of us. I would fain not think that Laach was built on such principles, not even as to the unskilled labour which the (perhaps Byzantine) architects and masons called in to their help. Unhappily, much building work, from the pyramids downwards, has been the cruellest task-work. I remember, on my first visit to Germany, picking up a queer book, "The Devil in History," which told how a man was looking in admiration at some great cathedral, when suddenly every crocket and pinnacle and carved boss became instinct with life, and a low yell of "Moloch, Moloch! it was Moloch's work that built us!" passed with a shudder of inexpressible anguish from end to end of the vast pile. Untrue, let us hope, of cathedrals; but certainly true of most of these nests of noble robbers that are perched hereabouts on almost every convenient crag. "Teufelshaus," as those peasants who were forced to build it called the castle of Friedrichstein, near Andernach, is a too appropriate name for many of them. Even the churches were often founded and enlarged from very unworthy motives. Christianity ultimately did away with slavery; and yet in 1343 I find John von Eltz and his wife (you may see her monument, with at least a dozen coats of arms, in the little church of Kempenich) gave, "in remedium nostrarum animarum et parentum et amicorum nostrorum infra scriptorum, abbati et conventui Lacensi et eorum successoribus in perpetuum, homines nostros videlicet Iohannem dictum Smende de Mendich superiori (Obermendig) . . . ad nos et nostros antecessores usque ad hanc horam corporaliter pertinentes." That is,

serfs were handed over to the Church, with all the progeny "ex eis in futurum provenientes," to have and to hold "prout ipsis abbati et conventui tanquam de suis propriis hominibus melius visum fuerit expedire." In return for this, a vigil is to be kept, and a mass and prayers to be said for ever for the souls of the Eltz family; and every brother present at all the services is to receive "unam marcā brabantinorum."

The founder of Laach, Henry II., Count Palatine, has much the same feeling. His words in the deed of foundation, 1093, are: "Cum absque liberis esset annuente et cooperante uxore mea Adleide pro remedio anime mee et eterne vite consecutione in patrimonio meo scilicet Lache . . . monasterium fundavi." His stepson and successor, Siegfried, has got mixed up with the legendary husband of St. Genevieve, and their tomb in a little chapel not far from Niedermendig, was a great pilgrimage place. People imagined it marked the spot where Siegfried found his lost wife. But, however this may be, the tomb, which is well worth seeing, is proved by the armorial bearings—the palatine lion, &c.—to belong, not to the legendary pair, but to the historic Siegfried aforesaid and Gertrude his wife. They did not deserve to be buried in Laach; for Siegfried long left his stepfather's wishes about the completion of the monastery unfulfilled, needing (says Calmet) the teaching of a shipwreck to remind him of his duty. * Apart from this questionable connection with St. Genevieve, Laach has few legends; for we can scarcely call that a legend which tells how the lonely pair, Henry and Adelaide (it was her third marriage), looking over the lake from their castle on the top of the hill that bounds it on the south, and "planning to build a house to God's glory somewhere thereabouts, were guided to the exact spot by a multitude of lights, which one night lit up gloriously the whole patch of ground whereon the monastery now stands." Nor is the place rich in men who have left their mark on the world. Many Benedictines have done this; learning was the aim and boast of the Order; their founder, when he first settled his monks at Monte Cassino more than five hundred and fifty years before Laach was built, set this specially before them. Many of the great German Benedictine monasteries, those at Fulda, at Mayence, at Treves, for instance, were not only seats of learning, but also schools for the clergy and nobility. This duty was so generally recognised, that Elector Palatine Clement Wenceslaus made

all the monasteries in his territory which had no school contribute to the school-fund of the others. Laach had no school; remoteness of situation is alleged as the cause; but the Jesuits did not find this an obstacle when they bought the Abbey thirteen years ago. The Laach contribution to the school-fund was therefore four hundred rix-dollars a year.

No; the real reason is, Laach was an idle lotus-eating place, and men of noble family seem very generally to have monopolized its chief offices, the abbots being often taken, not out of the brotherhood, but from other monasteries. Thus Simon de Petra (1491) was a monk of Hornbach in the diocese of Metz, but he belonged to the Von der Leyens, whom Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, travelling on the Rhine and Moselle at the end of the sixth century, calls "antiquum nobilitate caput." I wonder how many quarterings the Leyens must have now, for I believe that they, like the von Eltz, still exist. Not always, however, did the choice fall on men of rank. John of Kettig, 1597, began, like Tennyson's Gareth, as scullion in the convent. He seems to have made as good an abbot as any of them, holding his own against the Archbishop of Cologne, between whom and his brother of Treves the investiture of the Laach abbots was always a bone of contention, and who, moreover, persistently claimed certain feudal services—wood and hay for his fort at Andernach, horses to tow his barge up the Rhine, &c., which the abbots as persistently objected to.

Kettig gets great praise for his hospitality from Freher (Origines Palat.), who visited the place in 1603. His is the first description we have of the lake, which charmed him much with its circle of wooded hills, its sweet clear water, the absence of outlet and the ingenious *emissorium*, the mild climate, which keeps it always free from ice except round the edges (it froze all over, however, in 1694, and was then carefully measured). He speaks, too, of sapphire and other precious stones found on its shores, and extols the beauty of the building, above all the vaulting of the church, the multitude of "little columns, most of them black, and the rich stained glass in the library."

This library, by the way, was, like so many more, scattered at the Revolution. A good number of the books found their way to Paris, but were recovered in 1815, and may be seen in the University library at Bonn, still stamped "Bibliothèque Nationale." I

duly hope the Prussians were not particular in only taking back their own. The sacristan at Ghent, I remember, was very bitter against them for keeping part of Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb." If the remaining part had been taken to Paris, he made no doubt that it likewise would never have found its way back to Ghent, but would be still in Berlin. The main portion, he said, was safely hidden.*

But, though it had a good library, Laach did not turn out many famous men. Buce-
linus (in his *Benedicta rediviva*) and Mabillon can name barely half-a-dozen, of whom John Bowzback (Busbequius) is the only one heard of outside Benedictine communities.

Lending money on mortgage, exchanging farms, pitting Treves against Cologne, was more in the way of most of the abbots than book writing. They rejoiced too in relics—had of course a piece of the true cross, under which an inscription in gold letters told that Count Henry of Uelmer

"Contulit hoc lignum nobis veneramine dignum."

But they had better relics even than this—at least more uncommon. What they were is told in the following lines:

"Præbuit hoc cifo Zacheus pocula Christo,
Et culter cene qua discipulum trahit ad se.
En pecten carum quo pexuit innuba mater.
Extensis manibus dat vulnera dira bipennis
Militis. His bine cum Joseph syndone spine."

Cifo, young Latinists must remember, is *scypho*; and the disciple mentioned along with the sacramental knife is St. John. The finding of all these precious things was on this wise. Ulrich, a pious and noble knight, very fond withal of hunting, once got separated from his companions in the forest, and by divine guidance was led on to a steep mountain. Suddenly there appeared before his eyes a woman of marvellous beauty wearing a crown of leaves on her head. As he stood wonder stricken, and not knowing how to address her, "Fear not," said she; "have faith, and be still. I will show thee a treasure which shall be unto thee a joy for evermore." Then she took him by the hand; and the mountain opened before them, and they went in, and lo! a city built right royally, and it was to look on even as the city of Coeln; yea, many places that he knew there did the knight see here before him. But the woman led him to the church of St. Quintin, standing pleasantly amid vineyards; and the church

* I fear my sacristan was in error, if not hoaxing, like Herodotus's Egyptian priests. The missing panels are, I am told, at Brussels—were sold to the government by a Ghent bishop; their place is now supplied by copies. Still his account is *ben trovato*, justified by other facts.

doors opened of themselves, and she showed him a place nigh unto the altar, where he should dig; and when he had dug deep he came upon precious things, which same his guide bade him leave where they were, and walk with her round the city. 'So did he; and "Look," said she, "all that thou hast now seen shalt thou of a truth find in Coeln city. There shalt thou find holy things which through the inscrutable counsel of God have till now been hidden from men." Then she vanished out of his sight; and he turned him about straightway and went to Coeln, where his brother was a canon in St. Peter's, and to him and to a few near friends opened he the matter. They, however, believed him not, but deemed it an idle, yea, a blasphemous tale. Nor did he fare better when he told to the whole chapter of St. Peter's what he had seen and heard. Nevertheless, his faith was not shaken; and, persuading two or three, he went with them secretly to the church of St. Quintin, and there, digging nigh unto the altar, he came upon two vessels wrapped in nets wherein he found the relics aforesaid, and with them the evidence thereof written in golden letters, how that the Empress Helena had brought them thither. So runs the story; by-and-by Ulrich, wishing to end his days in peace, was admitted into Laach, bringing his relics with him; but the verifying letter of St. Helena was lost, for Henry the canon, Ulrich's brother, got possession of it, and rode off with it to Cologne, where he called a chapter of his abbey and showed them what a mistake they had all made. Very soon after, the house in which the precious writing was kept was burnt to the ground and nothing saved. But though without documentary verification, the Laach relics retained their value till they were lost at the Revolution.

Perhaps I've told you enough about the history of Laach abbey. How do you think I got to know all this? Not from Murray or Bædeker, certainly; but from a truly exhaustive book, "*Das Kloster Laach, Geschichte und Urkunden-Buch*," von Dr. Jul. Wegeler, Bonn, 1854. But how I got hold of the book is a history in itself. From Laach I walked down to Bad-Tönnistein, a place where the Elector Palatine had a château some hundred and seventy years ago, and where the bubbling spring is still sheltered by the cupola which he built, supported on as fine basalt columns as you can see in all Rhineland. The spring is historic—was noted more than three hundred years ago by "Agrippa" (is he our friend Cornelius?), "the

father of German medicine." So says the Guide to the Tönnistein baths, a little book just as full as the Neuenahr guide of the glowing reports of doctors who are also privy councillors. But it won't do: the tide of fashion flows else whither; Bad-Tönnistein contains only a little Curhaus (on the site of the château), and, across the road, a grand old inn whose thick walls and oak staircase and wrought-iron knocker show it to be coeval with the former glories of the place. We first went to the Curhaus; but there were several German ladies with their children—one lady was gravely throwing groschen into that kind of washing-stand-on-a-slant with holes cut in it, which is common at French fairs. I was looking for quiet, and didn't want to be bothered with any more "Ach wie schön!" So we walked up to Kell, a gloriously healthy village on the very top of the downs, and tried for lodgings. John Adam had no bed-rooms, and recommended us to Simon Amen, the other innkeeper (the third, with a more everyday name, was off to America, and his house, therefore, was rather decayed). Amen was having a thorough clean-out, in readiness for the volunteer-shooting next Sunday, and could not promise for at least three days. I called on the priest, who has wisely taken up all the basalt crosses from his churchyard and built them into the wall, mowing the grass and using the place as a bleaching-ground. It struck me that he might, Swiss fashion, entertain strangers. After a lot of whispering inside, a scared-looking woman came to the door, and said the priest had gone for a walk, she couldn't say in what direction. Evidently she took us for Old Catholics, or perhaps for French spies. Not so the children; here as everywhere they were delighted to say "Tag" to the strangers. Indeed, whenever we came upon a council of youngsters, planning to make clay marbles or discussing the merits of rival go-carts, one of the eldest would gravely say "Tag," and when I smilingly replied, a chorus of shrill "Tags" would burst from smiling lips, and the little dog would join in with his "Tag, tag, tag," in the firm conviction that we were all right, he'd warrant. Well, the people hereabouts are intensely Romanist; nowhere in the same space have I seen so many crosses. There are niches at every turn, with statuettes of every material, down to the coarsest "china," gilt and coloured like the ornaments on village mantel-shelves. At Kell the number of these dolls was larger than usual, yet I'd far rather my child should

behave like a young Keller than like one of those wretched little whining beggars in the highly Protestant Bernese Oberland. Talk of the Valais! I saw much more begging on the Protestant side of the Gemmi than on the other. But Kell has a special title to independence. All the Rhineland communes keep down the rates by the produce of those apple and cherry trees which line their roads; but Kell moreover possesses such an unusual quantity of common woodland that it never has any local rates at all.*

Foiled in our attempt to live up at Kell, in a wind-swept eyrie, like robber-knights of old, and to swoop down on the Curhaus at dinner-time, we turned into the big old inn aforesaid. And happy it is for my readers that we did so. Our host, Herr Gerhards, is a thorough geologist. I hadn't been in his company half an hour when he put into my hands the *Geognostisch-geologische-Skizze der Laacher Vulkangegend*, by Father Dressel, one of the Jesuits so summarily expelled from Laach four years ago; also Von Rath's sketch of the volcanic district of the lower Rhine; and half-a-dozen other books on the curiosities of the neighbourhood. "But Laach abbey," said I, "you have surely got something about that?" "Ah! I had the book on the subject; but I lent it to a neighbouring burgomaster, and he died suddenly; and somehow the book was lost, and it's out of print. It is by Dr. Julius Wegeler; and I dare say you'll be able to borrow it of Bædeker or Hølscher in Coblentz." So to Coblentz I went; and Bædeker's most courteous representative said, "You can't get the book in Coblentz, except at one of the public libraries. Now, let me see; the Town library is closed, but I'll give you a line to the castellan of the Casino library; he will look out for you No. 554. You might call on Dr. Wegeler himself, but, he's an old man, an invalid too, and might be taking his siesta." In five minutes I was at the Casino; it was a pouring wet day; I hope you give me due credit for determination in a good cause. But Herr Schmidt, the castellan, had gone to Ehrenbreitstein, and would not be back till the time for opening the library in the evening. Then I thought of Dr. Wegeler; and at last, after being first turned away with the message that he was in America (it was his son they meant), I saw him, and in a few minutes was walking off with his only copy in my pocket. "Take

care of it, my friend; for it is out of print, and I am thinking of bringing out a new edition. See, here are some additional pages, which when you have read you shall hand to Herr Gerhards." Thus it is that I have been able to tell more of the history of Laach than is to be found in the guide-books; and that is the advantage of having an intelligent host (I found Herr Gerhards had already the "additional pages," indeed, he keeps up with all the Rhineland literature), also of finding in a distinguished writer a trustful kindness, rare in men of any class. I question if a German *pfarrer*, very damp, very travel-stained, would have met with such a reception from many of our learned authors at home.

Of Herr Gerhards' place I will only say that, if any one wants to write a book in a happy valley, in perfect quiet and lovely scenery, and within an hour of rail and steam-boat at Brohl, with his choice moreover of three effervescing springs, besides mineral warm-baths at a shilling each, he had better go there. I don't recommend it to all people. It is not a "swell" hotel; its owner farms, has a *trass* (cement) mill, and also works under government, so that he does not compete in outward pretensions with the Curhaus. A bouncing Englishman, who, with his party, drove up in a thunder-shower, irreverently spoke of him as "the old fellow," and I think called him "Kellner," and actually thought the amiable house-daughters, who divided the work among them week and week about, were "a lot of waiting maids."* Such men had better stay away; indeed, remembering that wise saying, wherewith Lælius checked the too hospitable Scipio, "Acipenser iste paucorum hominum est," I am almost sorry I spoke of a place that I hope to revisit. However, I have spoken; and now I must say a word or too about Laach church, which description I have deferred, partly as a *bonne bouche* for the end, partly because all descriptions must be so inadequate. It is, perhaps, the finest German specimen of later Romanesque—far less massive than the English and French examples of about the same date; its great height, its six towers, and the breadth of the windows, giving an air of lightness quite wanting in such "Norman" naves as Peterborough or Gloucester. Though unusually large for a German Romanesque building, it is short

* How is it that, with all their serfdom, lasting till 1793, the German communes did so much better for themselves in the matter of common land than our parishes? Is it because of the serfdom?

* Assumption and servility go together. This same Englishman was so impressed with the greatness of the Federal Empire that he thought the best thing we could do was to join it. "Better that," said he, "than to be conquered and absorbed by-and-by."

compared with naves like Winchester and Fontevrault, and therefore does not offend externally by such an unbroken length of roof. From almost every point of view the grouping of the six towers is beautiful. The central west tower is poised as it were in air, resting its upper part without independent support on the strong arches on which its base stands. The cloister is very rich; capitals and other work, even in the unrestored part, as fresh as when first carved. Inside, it is just such a garden as a cloister should enclose—a place where roses and lilies struggle with wild weeds and long grass. The interior of the church, disused since 1802, looks gaunt; and the attempts at colour in blue and chocolate are scarcely successful. But it is very grand, and seems much bigger than you would expect from the outside. There is a crypt in that earlier Romanesque, which we call "Saxon," style. In both aisles are plenty of croziered tombs of the abbots; and at the west end stands the huge canopied tomb of the founder. Of its six pillars of limestone-spar, of which the guide-books speak, only two remain, the other four (stolen?) have been replaced by basalt. These spar pillars (each in one piece) are said to have been formed by incrustation in the pipes of some Roman conduit.

You should go to the church at least twice, for buildings of that kind grow upon you. If you have any influence at Berlin, tell the Emperor that there is a very ugly threatening crack down the apse, and that the preservation of such a building is better than setting up ever so many big bells at Cologne. The church itself is State property; the monastery, after passing through various hands, was, as I said, bought by the Jesuits, and made into a college on a very large scale. It is sad to see it all empty; the big chimney, for kitchen and laundry and all, smokeless; the dormitories tenantless. But the "Old Catholics" rejoice, their theory being that the Jesuits bring ruin wherever they settle. France's great weakness comes, they say, of her being Jesuit-ridden. The Laach Jesuits, however, have gone, not to France, but some to Holland, some to England; in both which countries they are safe, "so long," said my merry Dutchman, "as they don't meddle with politics." Let us hope that in England at least they won't try, except just enough to give Mr. Newdegate an excuse for his watchfulness. And so I've taken you from the Rhine at Remagen round to the Rhine at Brohl; at least Tönnistein is hard by; and it's a lovely walk through the Brohl valley—something like a deeper Coalbrookdale—the whole three miles from Tönnistein downwards.

H. S. FAGAN.

IN HARVEST-TIME.

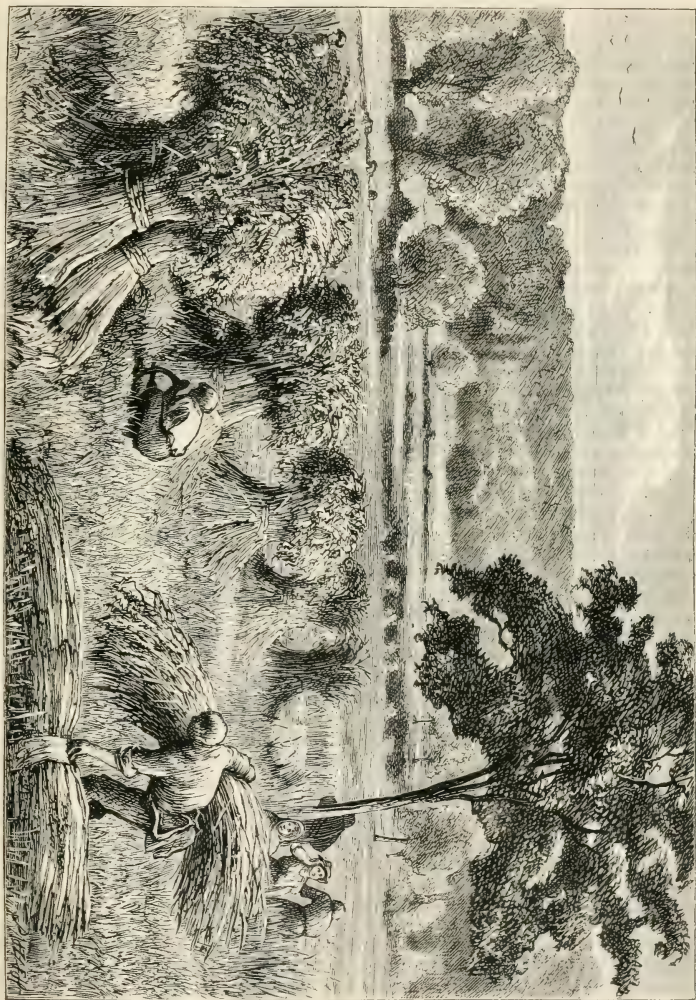
FROM the reddening forest
 Drop the yellow leaves :
 Sturdy reapers merrily
 Are binding up the sheaves.

Yonder goes the laden wain,
 Rumbling on its way,
 Shaking like a jovial host
 That makes his toil a play.

Strings of birds are winging
 Their way across the sky ;
 And on the upland spaces
 The colours glow and die.

The mists are on the distance ;
 But like a polished shield,
 Hit by a thousand lances,
 Lies one unsickled field.

E. CONDER GRAY.



THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

PART III.

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."—EMERSON.

ONE great difficulty meets the student of our Lord's life and character, from whatever side, and with whatever purpose, he may approach it. The whole authentic record of that life, up to the time of His baptism, when He was already thirty years old, is comprised in half-a-dozen sentences. All that we know is the story of His visit to Jerusalem at the age of twelve, when He was lost in the crush of the great feast, and His parents turned back to look for Him: "And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting at the feet of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers. And when they saw Him they were amazed, and His mother said unto Him, Son, why hast thou so dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not this saying which He spake unto them. And He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them."

The silence of the evangelists as to all other details of His youth and early manhood, except this one short incident, which belongs rather to His public than to His private life, is intended no doubt to fix our attention on the former, as that which most concerns us. At the same time it is impossible for those who will follow, as best they may, Christ's steps and teaching, setting before themselves that highest outcome and aim of it all, "be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," not to turn often in thought to those early years of His, in which the weapons must have been forged, and the character formed and matured, for the mighty war.

And it cannot be denied that to such seekers this short Temple story is in many ways baffling, even discouraging. There is something at first sight, wilful indeed, possibly courageous, but not manly, in a boy of twelve staying behind his parents in a strange city, without their knowledge or consent; something thoughtless, almost ungracious, in the words of reply to Mary's "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing"—"How is it

that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be in my Father's precincts" (or "about my Father's business")?

The clue to this apparent divergence from the perfect manly life is given with rare insight and beauty in Mr. Holman Hunt's great picture—at any rate the face and attitude of the boy there seemed for the first time to make clear to me the meaning of the recorded incident, and to cast a flood of light on those eighteen years of preparation which yet remained before He should be ready for His great work. The real meaning and scope of that work, in all its terrible majesty, and suffering, and grandeur, have just begun to dawn on the boy's mind for the first time. The first sight of Jerusalem and of the Temple has stirred new and strange thoughts within Him. The replies of the doctors to His eager questionings have lighted up the consciousness which must have been dimly working in Him already, that He was not altogether like those around Him—the children with whom He was used to play, the parents at whose knees He had been brought up.

Many of us must have seen, all must have read of, instances of a call to their spirits being clearly recognised by very young children, and colouring and moulding their whole after lives. We can scarcely say how early this awakening of a consciousness of what he is, of what he is meant to do, has come to this or that young child, but no one will question that it does so come in many instances long before the age of twelve. And so I think we may safely assume that when Christ came up for the first time to the feast which commemorated the great deliverance of His nation, the boy was already conscious of a voice within, calling Him to devote Himself to the work to which the God of His fathers had called in their turn Moses and Samuel, and David, and Elijah, and Judas Maccabæus, and all that grand roll of patriot prophets, and kings, and warriors, with whose names and doings He would be already familiar. Amidst all the pomp of the great festival He found the chosen people weighed down by a sterner and more degrading bondage than had befallen them in all their long annals. And all that He

heard and saw in the holy city, amongst the crowds of worshippers, and the rabbi's teaching in the Temple courts—the first view of the holy hill of Sion, the joy of the whole earth—and, in strange contrast with the eager traffic, the gross Mammon worship, the huge slaughtering of beasts with all the brutal accompaniments, that universal longing and expectation in those multitudes for the Messiah, who should lead and work out the final deliverance and triumph of the people of God in that generation—must have stirred new questionings within Him, questionings whether that voice which He had been already hearing in His own heart was not only *a* call, such as might come to any Hebrew boy, but *the* call—whether amongst all that vast assembly He was not the one upon whom the supreme task must be laid, who must be the deliverer of this people, so certainly and eagerly looked for.

To the young spirit before whose inward eye such a vision is opening all human ties would shrink back, and be for the moment forgotten; and, when recalled suddenly by the words of His mother, the half-conscious dreamy answer, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be in my Father's courts, about His business?" loses all its apparent wilfulness and abruptness.

And so, full of this new question and great wonder, He went home to the village in Galilee with His parents, and was subject to them; and the curtain falls for us on His boyhood, and youth, and early manhood. But as nothing but what is most important, and necessary for understanding all of His life which we need for our own growth into His likeness, is told in these simple gospel narratives, it would seem that this vivid light is thrown on that first visit to Jerusalem because it was the crisis in our Lord's early life which bears most directly on His work for our race. If so we must I think allow that the question once fairly presented to the boy's mind would never again have left it. Day by day it would have been coming back with increasing insistency, gathering power and weight. And as He submitted it day by day to the God whom prophet and Psalmist had taught every child of the nation to look upon as about his path and about his bed, and knowing every thought of his heart, the consciousness must have gained strength and power. As the habit of self-surrender, and simple obedience to the voice within, grew more perfect, and more a part of His very being, the call must have stood out more and more clearly.

And as He was in all things tempted like as we are, again and again must His human nature have shrunk back, and tried every way of escape from this task, the call to which was haunting Him, while every succeeding month and year of life must have disclosed to Him more and more of its peril and its hopelessness, as well as of its majesty.

We have to picture to ourselves this struggle and discipline going on for eighteen years—the boy, the youth, the strong man, each in turn solicited by the special temptations of his age, and rising clear above them through the strength of perfect obedience, the strength which comes from the daily fulfilment of daily duties—that "strength in the Lord" which St. Paul holds up to us as possible for every human being. It is not easy to form for one's self a higher ideal of perfect manliness than this. And without any morbid curiosity, and I think with profit, we may follow out the thoughts which the long training period suggests. We know from the evangelists only this, that He remained in perfect obscurity in a retired village of Galilee, and subject to His reputed father and mother. That He remained in great seclusion, living the simple peasant life of Nazareth, we may infer from the surprise, not unmixed with anger and alarm, of His own family, when after His baptism He began His public career amongst them. And yet on that day when He rose to speak in the synagogue it is clear that the act was one which commended itself in the first instance to His neighbours. The eyes of all present were at once fixed on Him, as on one who might be expected to stand in the scribe's place, from whom they might learn something, a Man who had a right to speak.

Indeed it is impossible to suppose that He could have lived in their midst from childhood to full manhood without attracting the attention and stirring many questionings in the minds of all those with whom He was brought into contact. The stories in the Apocryphal Gospels of the exercise of miraculous powers by Christ as a child and boy may be wholly disregarded; but we may be sure that such a life as His, though lived in the utmost seclusion possible, must have impressed every one with whom He came in contact, from the scribe who taught the scriptures to the villagers to the children who sat by Him to learn, or met Him by chance in the vineyards or on the hill-sides. That He was diligent in using such means for study as were within His reach, if it needed proof, would appear from His perfect familiarity with the laws and history of His country at the open-

ing of His ministry. And the mysterious story of the crisis immediately following His baptism, in which He wrestled, as it were, face to face with the tempter and betrayer of mankind, indicates to us the nature of the daily battle which He must have been waging, at any rate, ever since His first visit to Jerusalem. No one can suppose for a moment that the trial came on Him for the first time after the great prophet to whom all the nation were flocking had owned Him as the coming Christ. That recognition removed, indeed, the last doubt from His mind, and gave Him the signal for which He had been patiently waiting to set forth from His retirement, but the assurance that the call would come at some time must have been growing on Him in all those years. When it does come He is perfectly prepared.

In His first public discourse in the synagogue of Nazareth we find Him at once announcing the fulfilment of the hopes which all around Him were cherishing. He proclaims with the most perfect directness and confidence the full Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven. "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand." (Mark i. 13.) He takes for the text of His first discourse the passage in Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke iv. 18), and proceeds to expound how "this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." (Luke iv. 21.) And within the next few days He delivers His Sermon on the Mount, of which we have the full record, and in which we find the meaning, and character, and principles of the kingdom laid down once and for all. There is no hesitation, no ambiguity, no doubt as to who He is, or what message He had to deliver. "I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil the law which my Father and your Father has given you, and which you have misunderstood. This is the meaning of that law, this is the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Thus He springs at once, as it were, full-armed into the arena; and it is this thorough mastery of His own meaning and position from the first—this thorough insight into what He has to do, and the means by which it is to be done—upon which we should fix our thoughts if we want to understand, or to get any notion at all of what must have been the training of those eighteen years.

How had this perfect insight and confidence been reached? "This young peasant, preaching from a boat or on a hill-side, sweeps aside at once the traditions of our most learned doctors, telling us that this, which we and our fathers have been taught, is not what God intended in these Commandments of His; but that He, this young Man, can tell us what God intended. He assumes to speak to us as one having authority. Who gave Him this authority?" These we know are the kind of questionings with which Christ was met at once, and over and over again; and they are most natural and necessary questionings, and must have occurred to Him, and been answered by Him to Himself, before He could have stood up to proclaim His good news to the village congregations in Galilee, or the crowds on the Mount, or by the lake.

Who gave thee this authority? We can only reverentially and at a distance, picture to ourselves the discipline and struggles by which the answer was reached, which enabled Him to go out without the slightest faltering or misgiving, and deliver His message the moment the sign came that the time had come, and that it was indeed He to whom the task was entrusted.

But the lines are clearly enough indicated for us in the story of the temptation.

In every subtle form this question must have been meeting the maturing Christ day after day. Art thou indeed the Son of God who is said to be coming to redeem this enslaved and degraded people, and all the kingdoms of the world? Even if these prophets have not been dreaming and doting, art not thou at least dreaming? At any rate if that is your claim put it to some test. Satisfy yourself, and show us, while satisfying yourself, some proof of your title which we too can recognise. Here are all these material visible things, which, if your claim be true, must be subject to you. Show us your power over some of them—the meanest if you will, the common food which keeps men alive. There are spiritual invisible forces too, which are supposed to be the ministers of God, and should therefore be under the control of His Son—give us some sign that you can guide or govern the least of them. Why pause or delay? Is the burthen growing lighter on this people? Is the Roman getting year by year less insolent, the publican less fraudulent and exacting, the Pharisees and rulers less godless, the people, your own kin amongst them, less degraded and less brutal? You are a grown

man with the full powers of a man at any rate, why are you idling here when your Father's work (if God be your Father) lies broadcast on every side, and no man standing forth to "the help of the Lord against the mighty," as our old seers used to rave?

I hope I may have been able to indicate to you, however imperfectly, the line of thought which will enable each of you for yourselves to follow out and realise, more or less, the power and manliness of the character of Christ implied in this patient waiting in obscurity and doubt through the years when most men are at full stretch, waiting for the call which shall convince Him that the voice within has not been a lying voice, and meantime making Himself all that God meant Him to be, without haste and without misgiving.

In the time of preparation for the battle of life this is the true touchstone. Haste and distrust are the sure signs of weakness, if not of cowardice; just in so far as they prevail in any life, even in the most heroic, the man fails, and his work will have to be done over again. In Christ's life up to the age of thirty there is not the slightest trace of either. From all that we are told, and from all we can infer, He made no haste and gave way to no doubt, waiting for God's mind, and patiently preparing Himself for whatever His work might be. And so His work from the first was perfect, and through His whole public life He never faltered or wavered, never had to withdraw or modify a word once spoken; and He stands, and will remain to the end of time, the true model of the courage and manliness of boyhood and youth and early manhood.

Before passing on to the public life of Christ, there is one point which has been raised, and upon which perhaps a few words should be said, although it does not directly bear upon our inquiry. I refer to the supernatural power which all Christians hold to have dwelt in Him, and to have been freely exercised within certain limits during His public career. Was He always conscious of it? And, if so, did He exercise it before His baptism? Here we get not the slightest direct help from the Gospel narratives, and (as has been already said) no reliance whatever can be placed on the apocryphal stories of His boyhood. We are therefore left to our own judgment and reason, and there must always be differences between the conclusions at which one man and another will arrive. To me, however, one or two

matters seem to be clear enough. The first is that He had only the same means as the rest of us of becoming conscious of His relationship to God; for if this were not so, He is no example for us, He was not "tempted like as we are." Now the great difference between one man and another depends upon how these means are used, and, so far as they are used according to the mind and will of God we gain mastery over ourselves and our surroundings. Let us take the most obvious example of this law. Look at the relations of man to the brute creation. One man shall have no difficulty in making friends of beasts and birds, while another excites their dread and hate, so that even dogs will scarcely come near him. There is no need to go back to the traditions of the hermits in the Thebaid, or St. Francis of Assisi, for instances of the former class. We all know the story of Cowper and his three hares from his exquisite letters and poem, and many must have read or heard of the terms on which Waterton lived with the birds and beasts in his Yorkshire home, and of Thoreau from a boat taking up fish which lay quietly in his hand till he chose to put them back again into the stream. But I suppose there is scarcely one of us who has not himself seen such instances again and again, persons of whom the old words seemed literally true, "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee" (Job v. 22, 23). I remember myself several such: a boy who was friends even with rats, stoats, and snakes, and generally had one or other of them in his pockets; a groom upon whose shoulders the pigeons used to settle, and nestle against his cheeks, whenever he went out into the stable-yard or field. Is there any reasonable way of accounting for this? Only one, I think, which is that those who have this power over, and attraction for, animals, have always felt towards them and treated them as their Maker intended—have unconsciously perhaps, but still faithfully, followed God's mind in their dealings with His creatures, and so have stood in true relations to them all, and have found the beasts of the field at peace with them. In the same way the stones of the field are in league with the geologist, the trees and flowers with the botanist, the component parts of earth and air with the chemist, just in so far as each, consciously or unconsciously, follows God's

methods with them—yielding up their secrets and their treasures to the open mind of the humble and patient, who is also at bottom always the most courageous learner.

And what is true of each of us beyond all question—what every man who walks with open eyes and open heart knows to be true of himself—must be true also of Christ. And so, though we may reject the stories of the clay birds which he modelled as a child taking wing and bursting into song round him, as on a par with St. Francis's address to his sisters the swallows at Alvia, or the flocks in the Marches of Venice, who thereupon kept silence from their twitterings and songs till his sermon was finished—we cannot doubt that in proportion as Christ was more perfectly in sympathy with God's creation than any mediæval saint, or modern naturalist, or man of science, He had more power than they with all created things from His earliest youth. Nor could it be otherwise with the hearts and wills of men. Over these we know that, from that time to this, He has exercised a supreme sway infinitely more wonderful, because of their power of resistance to the will He came to teach and to do, which exists, so far as we can see, in no other part of creation.

I think then it is impossible to resist the conclusion that He must have had all these powers from His childhood, that they must have been growing stronger from day to day, and He, at the same time, more and more conscious of possessing them; not to use on any impulse of curiosity or self will, but only as the voice within prompted. And it seems the most convincing testimony to His perfect sonship, manifested in perfect obedience, that He should never have tested His powers during those thirty years as He did at once and with perfect confidence as soon as the call came. Had He done so His ministry must have commenced sooner; that is to say, before the method was matured by which He was to reconstruct, and lift into a new

atmosphere, and into a higher plane, the faith and life of His own nation and of the whole world. For it is impossible to suppose that the works which He did and the words he spoke at thirty, and which at once threw all Galilee and Judæa into a ferment of hope and joy, and doubt, and anger, should have passed unnoticed had they been wrought and spoken when He was twenty. Here, as in all else, He waited for God's mind, and so when the day for action came, worked with the power of God. And the waiting and preparation must have been the supreme trial of His faith, the very centre of the citadel of Man's-soul (as Bunyan so quaintly terms it), against which the assaults of the tempter must have been delivered again and again in the years of preparation, while the garrison was in training for the victorious march out into the open field of the great world, carrying forth the standard which shall never go back.

And while it may be readily admitted that Christ exercised dominion over all created things and over man, which no other human being has ever approached, it seems to me to be going quite beyond what can be proved, or even fairly assumed, to speak of His miracles as supernatural, in the sense that no mere man has ever done or can ever do the like. The evidence is surely all the other way, and seems to indicate that if we could only have lived up to the standard which we acknowledge in our inmost hearts to be the true one; could have only obeyed every motion and warning of the voice of God speaking in our hearts from the day when we first became conscious of and could hear it; if, in other words, our wills were disciplined, like the will of Christ, so as to be in perfect accord with the will of God; I see no reason to doubt that we too should gain the power and the courage to show signs, or if you please, to work miracles, as Christ and His apostles worked them.

THOMAS HUGHES.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, R.N.

TWO years ago all the newspapers contained some account, more or less, of Goodenough's death, and many will remember how they suddenly came upon words there such as are seldom read anywhere—words that went straight to the heart and filled the eyes with unbidden tears, not of sorrow. His memoirs have now been published by his wife, and the book—one of some bulk—

has doubtless carried the lesson of a noble life into many a home and many a ship; still it is probable that a considerable portion of our readers are not yet acquainted with a story which gives us a heartening glimpse of the purest Christian heroism in the midst of our most advanced civilisation.

It was the manner of his death that fixed the eyes of the world on Commodore Good-

enough; but men die as they live: no circumstances could have suddenly produced that display of heroism in its highest form; we must look for the secret of it in the faithful discipline to which he had subjected his spirit during more than thirty years of labour and success. When the poisoned arrows struck him on the beach of Santa Cruz, in August 1875, Goodenough had scarcely lived forty-four years and eight months. He was nearing by rapid strides the highest place in his profession, and might very lawfully anticipate many years of usefulness and honour. Yet he left all, not only without a sigh, but with a smile. Now that we have read the record in which a worthy love has embalmed his life, we understand how this came about.

One lesson which Dean Goodenough, his father, taught him at the early age of seven years may have done something towards moulding the man who compelled many difficulties to give way before him. The boy's pony had a trick of bolting in at the stable gate, and his father "insisted on the little boy riding up and down the road till long after dark one winter evening, and till he had mastered his pony."

Nothing is said of the origin of his religious impressions; indeed, the memoir is more reticent about such matters than some would wish, though we are disposed to regard such reticence as, under the circumstances, anything but a fault.

"It was a rare occurrence," says Mrs. Goodenough, "for him to speak of his inner life and thoughts, and of his faith; and therefore to many, who thought they knew him well, the last few days of his life were a revelation, and they then first learnt what was the secret spring of the life they had admired and revered."

It may be assumed that the son of the Dean of Wells and grandson of a bishop imbibed Christian influences during the seven years of childhood, the only years spent at home. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and there can be no doubt as to the root from which there grew such blossoms and fruits as clothed Goodenough's life from first to last. He is spoken of by an intimate companion at Westminster (we presume Captain Clements Markham, who has lately told us the story of life in the Arctic regions) as having been when under ten years of age what he continued to be in manhood—"honourable, true, tender-hearted, modest, brave, and a hater of all evil things. There was something in his society which roused others unconsciously. . . . Everybody liked him and rejoiced at his successes in school

and on the water, which were extraordinary for so young a boy." At the same time he had some fighting to do with his fists, as boys at public schools unfortunately have, and he did it thoroughly well, beating boys older than himself.

On the 7th of September, 1844, when he wanted still two months of fourteen years, he sailed for the Pacific as midshipman in the *Collingwood*, and that old two-decker was his home till the 12th of August, 1848. In the course of these four years he saw much of the world and developed the good character he had begun to show at Westminster. He gave himself heartily to the study of his profession; he acquired a knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, which proved of great service in after-life; he became the favourite equally of his fellow youngsters, in whose rambles ashore he was leader, and of the naval instructor, whose cabin he frequented for quiet study. "Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and in all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions." At Juan Fernandez, when he cannot have been over sixteen years of age, an incident occurred which remarkably brought out the unselfishness and courage of his nature. He was rambling with a companion among dense foliage, and, being a few steps in advance, suddenly fell over a precipice, spraining his ankle and getting very severely cut. His companion, on coming up, heard Goodenough's voice from below eagerly warning him not to follow, though he himself was lying in extreme pain in a spot from which he could not be got out for twenty-four hours. His companion never forgot that warning cry, which probably saved his life, and which added a feeling of reverence to his love for such a messmate.

No wonder that when the *Collingwood* was paid off the captain named Goodenough to the port-admiral as one of the juniors with whom he was specially satisfied, and wrote across his certificate "An officer of promise." The promise was nobly redeemed.

The only prize of scientific merit open to him in these days was the lieutenant's commission given to the mate who passed the best examination after a year at the Royal Naval College. For this he went in, and won it in July 1851. His competitor was also his most intimate friend, and now looks back to that year of close companionship as one in which the good and great qualities which endeared Goodenough to him ripened and

intensified. "We taught in the Sunday-school together; we read and prayed together every night." His refreshment from hard work was found in attending the Bible reading which Sir Edward Parry held with the seamen in Haslar Hospital. Having won his commission he sailed in H.M.S. *Centaur* for the South American station, and spent there two years and a half; but the only new thing told us about this period is that he interested himself in the ship's boys, teaching them on Sunday afternoons. His next ship was the *Hastings*, in which he served under fire at the bombardment of

Sweaborg, and the chaplain tells us he found the young lieutenant his friend and counsellor in every scheme for the good of the junior officers and crew. "He was genial, kind, and sympathetic, and would help me at all times to gain the end I had in view, without violating ship's rules and naval discipline. He supported me in introducing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, then almost an unknown thing on board ship." When a youth, full of spirit, talent, and professional ardour, spends the critical years of life from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth after such a fashion, not ashamed of his religion either



in private or public, yet allowing none to excel him in diligence and all manliness, we know what the end will be under whatever circumstances the end may come.

The way in which the following story comes to us is as significant of Goodenough's character as the story itself. In 1857 he was at the taking of Canton and was put in command of five guns and a party of fifty men. In 1874 one of these men, who had left the navy and settled in Adelaide, met Goodenough by chance in the streets of that city when he was Commodore of the Australian station, the best-known and best-liked man

in that portion of her Majesty's dominions. With very excusable pride the old seaman writes to Mrs. Goodenough, telling how, "although seventeen years had passed since I last saw him, I recognised my old commander. We had a short conversation, and I begged for a visit, which he did me the honour to pay next day, and had a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife; and we had an hour's delightful conversation." He then goes on to relate how, just before they went into action at Canton, he saw his leader standing with his face to a wall, a naked sword in his hand, and in the act of slowly opening his

eyes after silent prayer; how this made him think of the Bible story of Gideon and his three hundred; how, when the rush on the foe was made, Goodenough singled out and engaged a big Tartar mandarin, breaking the strap of his field-glass and flinging it away because it hindered him in the struggle; and how, when they were looking for the glass after the enemy had been scared away, they came on a Tartar lying wounded in the thigh, and he saw Goodenough empty his water-bottle into the dying man's mouth. "That man's look was a reward for the self-denial; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation." By all means let it be painted; and a companion picture too of the young hero standing in prayer with his face to the wall, the gleaming sabre gripped in his right hand. Nothing could better illustrate the simple genuineness of his nature in its piety, its courage, its humanity.

In May of 1864 he found leisure to marry, although it was not until ten years later, and then away in Sydney, that he was able to "form his first and only established and settled home," so constantly was he kept moving from one remote place to another. He was in America during the civil war to gather information on behalf of our government, as to matters touching his branch of the service. After that he served as flag-captain of the Channel squadron for three or four years. He was no sooner relieved from that post on the 25th of October, 1870, than, seeing an appeal for volunteers to assist in distributing food in connection with the French Peasant Relief Fund, he offered himself, and by the 8th of November he had started with his wife for the neighbourhood of Sedan, to spend the remainder of the year in hard work of a kind for which his head and heart and habits made him eminently fit. The director of the undertaking thus expressed the delight with which he and his companions hailed Captain Goodenough as a helper:—

"In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of November, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow and sleet and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken and were in sore need of encouragement, there came in answer to our appeal for volunteers a man, the very sight of whom at once communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty; born to command, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and

regularity which characterized him; a man before whom one could only feel inclined to bow down; here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush."

In August, 1871, Goodenough was appointed "naval attaché to the Maritime Courts of Europe, with orders to visit the different arsenals of the Continent, and to report to the Foreign Office upon the navies of the European powers." At St. Petersburg he picked up one of the best of the good stories which he used to tell. He visited a factory which was shown with much ostentation as having a management exclusively Russian, and went over the whole of it without being undeceived; but at the lunch which followed an unassuming individual came in. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the director, "this is our Scotchman, taken over with the establishment." "Yes," said the Scotchman in unmistakable accents, "lot ninety-nine!"

In April of 1873 Goodenough was made Commodore of the Australian station, in command of *H.M.S. Pearl*; and much useful and honourable work filled up the brief remainder of his life. Those who are interested in the annexation of Fiji, in the missionary work going on in Polynesia, or in the kidnapping known as the labour traffic, will find much information, capitally given, in the Commodore's Journal which forms the larger half of this volume. One is tempted to quote racy accounts of adventures on shore, such as that of an excursion in which he took one hundred and thirty men and officers from his ship to the top of a volcano on Tanna, getting the missionary for guide, and finding him "a famous walker and a good companion;" but we must rather, before describing his death, give the reader an idea of two things in which there was a significant revelation of character. One is the position he took up in connection with the temperance question, which it will be best to present in the words of his wife:—

"In the spring of 1870 Captain Goodenough was asked to take the chair at a large tea-meeting given to the seamen by some English residents at Lisbon, who were promoters of the temperance cause; and speaking on this occasion, he told his hearers how much he appreciated their efforts and wished them success—that though he considered total abstinence a less high standard than temperance, yet, looking upon it as an extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary evil, he felt that in many cases it was a man's only safeguard, and the only means of saving him from ruin: adding, that he thought it right to tell them that, though he approved and applauded what they were doing, he did not do it himself. In June, on the return of the squadron to Portsmouth,

he was asked to a similar meeting at the Sailors' Home in Portsea, and spoke in similar terms; but on his return from this second meeting, he came to the conclusion that he could not, consistently with his own ideas of right and wrong, continue to advise people to do what he did not do himself. Having already become much more firmly impressed with the advantages of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors—an opinion which gained strength with him every year that he lived—he from that day, though he took no pledge, gave up the use of all wine, beer, or spirits; and, except in case of illness, continued to do so all his life.

"He had at first, as he once expressed it in a letter, taken the step out of sympathy with those who were doing what they could to raise his men, and to make their path easier; but as he continued he found it of increasing value, not only furnishing him with an answer to those who said—excusing themselves, or others, for any excess—that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot climates, or after much hard work, but he also found his own health improve, and when again in the tropics he observed that he suffered less from the climate than he had ever done, and that he was, as he said at a meeting at Sydney only a few weeks before his death, 'as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, or even more so.'" (Pp. 78, 79.)

The other thing which has arrested our attention specially is the way in which, so early as his thirty-third year, he looked forward to death. Just before sailing for the United States he had become engaged. The following words occur in a letter sent from that country to the lady soon to be his wife:—

"December 20th, 1863.

"It is a happy thing to begin a day with such vivid poetry, so rich and full of meaning, as that fifth chapter of Isaiah, especially in the dreamy life of a passage, when one's thoughts are not violently disturbed. How immensely humbling and still how soothing they are! How one always feels the beauty of them afresh, and in a new way from the last. . . . I have thought of death sometimes with a weary expectant wonder, and now it is all so different. It seems more like the happy crown of life. I was reading yesterday of Johnson's intense dread of death,—as death, the end,—and of his saying that every one feared death whose thoughts were not occupied by some stronger feeling which displaced, but did not conquer that one. I think that saying quite true, and that the fear of death can only be blotted out by looking beyond and upwards to the Hands which help us over. You don't mind my talking of death; for you would have me brave, and the only real bravery is that which can look quite calmly and in cold blood upon it."

"December 23rd, 1863.

"How beautiful those words are, 'Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things,' and it is understood, 'knows all things to forgive, and to love us still.' How true it is that love is strongest of all."

The end came thus:—The Commodore had come to the place where John Coleridge Patteson, first bishop of Melanesia, had fallen on the 20th of September, 1871, at the age

which he himself had now reached, forty-four. It is worth while to take note of the dates of the following extracts from Goodenough's last letter:—

"OFF SANTA CRUZ,

"Thursday, Aug. 12th, 1875.

"I am going on shore to the spot where the *Sandfly* was last year, to see if I can't make friends with the unfortunates, who seem most friendly and anxious to be civil.

"Tuesday, August 17th.—But I was disappointed. I take it they are an intractable people, without much respect for authority or for each other. I wrote the above on Thursday, thinking that in the very remote possibility of anything occurring you should have my last word." After a minute and vivid account of his interview with the natives, he proceeds: "I saw Harrison up a little passage between a stone wall and the side of a hut, and went up to him to see what he was about and to be with him. He was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man who held his bow in his left hand, and was twiddling his arrows in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes fitting an arrow to the string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace and stared him in the face, *thud* came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted 'to the boats!' pulled the arrow out and threw it away (for which I am sorry) and leapt down to the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out, and helped to push her out into deep water; and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. . . . Messer came at once and dressed my wound, burning it well out with caustic, and putting on a poultice. The arrow seemed to have struck the rib, and being pulled out at once, no poison (supposing there to have been poison on them) could have been dissolved in the time. To-day is Tuesday, just five days; it seems but a day. In five days more we shall be able to say that all danger of poisoning is over; but from the first moment I have kept the possibility steadily before me, so as to be prepared; it is very good to be brought to look upon a near death as more than usually probable. The weather is lovely, and entirely favourable to the little wounds, which are absurdly small. My only trouble is a pain in the small of my back, which is a little against my sleeping. I am exceedingly well. I have asked Perry to put out a statement for the papers so that we may have no outrageously foolish stories. I can only imagine the motive to have been plunder or a sort of running-a-muck. I don't feel. . . ."

Here some one coming into the cabin interrupted him, and a few hours later that pain in the small of the back proved the first symptom of tetanus. Even the frightful agony produced by that disease, convulsions bending the head to the heels and rapidly making total wreck of the nervous system, was in part overcome "by his immense force of will." In the course of Thursday, during a pause of the torment, he took leave of all his officers, assuring them how he had loved them, saying a fit word to each, telling them

of his happiness in the love of God, and bidding each one kiss him as a token that no hastiness on his part was unforgiven by them. He had feared that pain might overcome his better part, and had given directions that "if bad words were heard from him, those with him were to leave him, as it would not be his spirit speaking." He had also feared that some dark picture of his past life might rise before him; but he gratefully made known that, "instead of that, God would only let him dwell on the words 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'" "These words," he said, "were a little window which God had opened to him in heaven;" and he said to the chaplain, "If in pain I cannot smile, let me see you smile, and do you repeat these words."

The same day he insisted on taking leave of the ship's crew, saying, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it be but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

"He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, 'The love which God himself will give you if you trust Him is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings.' He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. 'When you are tempted,' he said, 'think of the love of God.'"

He begged the older men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness, or rather he took for granted the forgiveness, of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them whom he had punished, for he had always seen some good

even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learnt about it." After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say 'God bless you,' which they did; and he then said, 'May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me.'"

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then, again saying "Good-bye" to all, he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to his bed he said, "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly!"

And so on the next day, the Friday, he died quietly and peacefully. On the Monday morning the *Pearl*, which had turned back for Sydney as soon as the Commodore was wounded, steamed into the harbour with yards scandalised and his ensign and broad-pendant flying half-mast. When his remains were carried to the cemetery they were followed by weeping thousands, his wife and two little boys (God bless them!) walking behind the coffin. When the tidings reached England, the Dean of Westminster made his cathedral ring with these words: "Englishmen! when you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable, when you are tempted to think lightly of sin, or to waste your time and health in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure, and Christian life, remember Commodore Goodenough; and remember how in him self was absorbed in duty, and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory."

ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.



THE SIKH BROTHERHOOD AND THEIR SACRED BOOK.

FIRST PAPER.

JUST three hundred years have passed away since Ramdas, the fourth of the ten Goroos, or sacred "Teachers" of the Sikhs, settled down in his native village with his bride, the daughter of his predecessor, and made it what it has ever since been, the capital of the great Brotherhood. Enriched by the offerings of fast increasing crowds of disciples, and resolved to make the holy office hereditary in his own family, Ramdas converted an ancient pool, fed by natural springs, into a splendid tank, and called it Umritsur—the fount of immortality, the spring of nectar. On a little island in the water he reared a marble shrine, and that he connected with the bank on which he had planted his own home. To this spot, from all the land between the Beas and the Jumna, there came every year the tribes of the new dissidents from Hindooism, whom, during the previous century, Father Nanuk had led in the right way. The village became a town, and the town the greatest city in the Punjab—for it was the centre of an organization which soon grew to be political in its aim. That aim was nothing less than the destruction of Mahommedanism as the ruling power in the land. What was reserved for the British, what the French under Perron might have easily accomplished, what Afghans and Mahrattas had more than once succeeded in doing for a time, the Sikh Khalsa, or Brotherhood, never ceased to strive after. They seemed about to realise their aspiration under the one-eyed Runjeet Singh. But he left the infant empire a prey to the divisions of his followers, and his son, the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh, has long been an honoured Christian noble in Queen Victoria's court. The prediction of their Goroos was fulfilled, it is true—but only like the voices of the ancient oracles—when Sikh mercenaries and chiefs helped the English to extinguish the Mahommedan house of Delhi. The slaughter of the ninth Goroos was seen by all to be avenged when Hodson shot down the sons of the last emperor, Bahadour Shah.

The marble shrine of Ramdas, once blown up by the terrible Ahmed Shah of Cabul, has become the "golden" temple. The old springs, which that conqueror desecrated with the blood of mangled swine, are again a clear and sacred lake, in which the faithful of many generations have bathed. Pilgrimage and commerce, in the East going hand

in hand, have made the little village of Ramdas the sacred capital of the Punjab. If it falls short of Delhi in population—and Delhi belongs only administratively to the Province—it has long distanced the political capital of Lahore, whence a British Lieutenant-Governor rules a population of twenty-three millions, while he influences Central Asia up to Kashgar and Tashkund. India is a land of villages, yet Umritsur reckons its townsmen at one hundred and forty thousand. Through its marts pass the wool of the Himalayas, the shawls of Cashmere, and the tea of Kangra. Where Runjeet Singh built a citadel at once to overawe the Mahomedans and control the turbulent thousands who crowded to worship at the shrine, armed to the teeth, the foreign ruler receives loyal homage, the mercenary constable is sufficient to keep order, while the sight and the sounds of the neighbouring Christian church, built partly by a Sikh convert, excite only a curious interest to know what the Sahibs teach, and how they worship the unseen Deity. Deprived of its *raison d'être*, at once as a creed and a military caste, Sikhism breathes threatening and slaughter no longer. Absorbed into the vast society of cults and tribes, peoples and nations, which the Pax Britannica alone keeps from anarchic self-destruction, the faith and the worship of Nanuk have become nothing more than another variety of many-coloured Hindooism. It would seem a strange irony that the great Christian power of England should be employed to preserve, to fossilise, sometimes to perpetuate, the superstitions and disordered phantasies of polytheistic and pantheistic peoples, were it not that all history—notably that which just preceded the Christian era—teaches how, by such peace and apparent consolidation, a soil is prepared for the reception and development of the good seed which is to cover the land. So, as we turn from the fast growing Christian church to the slowly decaying sanctuary of Nanuk, in the height of the pilgrim season, we are not misled by the purely sensuous impressions conveyed by the glitter and the glare, the crowding and the confusion, even the excitement and the excess around the nectar fount. The shrine raised to the worship of the Timeless One by the Brotherhood of all who abjure caste and impurity has long since become as vile, almost as idolatrous

and caste-bound, and quite as sensual, as any other of the more avowedly Hindoo fanes, where they worship devils, from Benares to Travancore.

We pass in at one corner of the square of one hundred and fifty paces, compelled to cover our feet with cloth slippers, because Lord Auckland, weak in all things as in this, once with his own hands presented bags of silver to the shrine in the name of the British Government. There, on our right, is the place where the neophytes take the "Pauhul," the initiatory rite open nominally to men of all faiths, Mahomedan as well as Hindoo. Taking a bowl of sugar and water, the priest plucks from his turban the iron knife always kept there, and stirs the sacred sherbet, the drink of iron. He reads a portion of the Grunth, the people join him in a hymn, and then the convert recites the pantheistic formula, thus translated: "Our God; his name is truth; the omnipotent; without fear; without enmity; immortal, ever immortal; say by the Gooroo's power that God is best. God ever, and will be ever; and Nanuk has said the truth." Uttering the cry of "Victory to the Gooroo and the Brotherhood," the devotee first drinks the steel sherbet five times from his hands, and is then baptized with it five times on face and head. He is then directed never to be without the five signs of the true Sikh, each in the original beginning with the letter K—the long hair, the comb, the iron bangles, the knee-breeches, and the knife. He is dismissed with the warning to shun the society of those who shave the head, who smoke, who slay their infants, and of the five sects who have injured the Brotherhood, or have dissented from it. Practically the cup of initiation has another meaning than that of conflict and equality. It is received, along with a sentence of Nanuk, as justifying excessive drunkenness. To this day, recruits from all sects of Hindooism, even the lowest outcasts, are thus admitted. But the sweepers are not allowed to eat with the others, and are enrolled as the distinct class of Muzbees, of whom we have formed a regiment that distinguished itself at Delhi, and has since become largely Christian. The social equality, like the pantheistic deism of the early Sikhs, has practically no existence now.

The only trace of the latter is in the temple itself, which we now approach by the short moat that connects it with the bank. Here we find no trace of idol or idol worship. This is the Harmundur, the temple of Hari or Vishnoo, where night and day, squatting on

the floor, Grunthees read the sacred ravings of Nanuk and his successors, Ragees sing out its strains in shrieking chants, and Rubabees sweep the strings of shrill rebecks, while the lowest order, or Poojarees, attend upon all, and, too often, as usurers and extortioners, seek to fleece the rural pilgrims. The square sanctuary, with dome and minarets, is a strange and by no means pleasing cross between the idol-house and the mosque. It is pronounced by Mr. Fergusson as splendid an example of recent temple architecture as can be found in India, but "neither its outline nor its details can be commended." A marble structure, its roof and minarets are plated with the gilded metal which gives it the name of golden. Erotic frescoes decorate its walls. The whole establishment and its priests are maintained from rich lands, which the British Government continued to it, as to the thousands of disreputable parasites whom Runjeet Singh left behind him, till a million sterling of the hard-earned land-tax of the peasantry is thus absorbed. The one sight never to be forgotten is that from the roof, when the festival is at its height. Then the residences all around the tank are filled by the chiefs who erected them in this, the holy centre of their faith; the waters are crowded by men and women seeking to wash off the stains of sin; the washed are already marching in slow procession thrice round the sanctuary; while all around, in city and suburb, the multitudes are buying and selling, feasting and revelling, chattering and disputing, till the hum becomes a din and the din a tumult, as the last rays of the setting sun cease to burnish the gilded dome.

In all India there are not more than a million and a half of initiated Sikhs, or "disciples," "learners," as the original Sanscrit means; and they have ceased, under our rule, to be either fanatics or rebels. We have enriched them alike by plunder in our army, commerce in the cities, and security in the fields. But it was a sect of the Sikhs, the Kookas, that a few years ago formed an undoubted conspiracy against the Government, and the leader of that is still a State prisoner. Politically, as historically, the Sikhs can never cease to have an interest for us. This, however, is the least source of interest. As a sect of Protestants within Hindooism who, like our own Ritualists, are reverting to the cultus from which they dissented, the Sikhs deserve our careful study. They contribute a not unimportant chapter to the new and absorbing

study of the Science of Religion. Ever since Sir John Malcolm, who accompanied Lord Lake in his campaign to the south of the Sutlej, wrote his "Sketch of the Sikhs" in the "Asiatic Researches" the sect and their policy have attracted the vigilant care, and the curious inquiry of officials and savants alike. But every account of the Sikh faith, even that of the scholar Horace Hayman Wilson, has been defective, because the two Grunths, the Scriptures of Nanuk, the founder, and of Govind, the completer of the Brotherhood, have hitherto remained untranslated. Written in Goormookhee, one of the old dialects of the Hindee language, in its transition from Sanscrit to the modern Hindee the Grunth has long been a sealed book. Its paid and professional readers mechanically chant the words of which they have no intelligent and only a traditional knowledge. The orthodox Brahmins despise the heretical production. From the days of Leyden, Colebrooke, and Malcolm, each English writer on the subject has only repeated the vague and necessarily inaccurate tale of his predecessors. Malcolm was acute and honest enough to declare that Nanuk could be fairly judged only by his writings, or the first chapters of the Adi-Grunth, "if ever translated." Ever since, and especially since our two Sikh wars, scholars have desiderated such a translation, and some of our ablest administrators in the Punjab have in vain sought leisure to undertake it. At last a philologist was found for the task. Dr. Ernest Trumpp, now Regius Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Munich, went out to the Punjab to study the vernaculars of North India. He soon found the Grunth to be "the treasury of the old Hindoo dialects." On his return to Europe, the India Office, showing the cultured and wise spirit of generosity which always marked the East India Company, asked him to undertake to publish an English translation of Nanuk's Grunth at least, if not of that of Govind, the tenth and last Gooroo. The work proved to be impossible unless he should seek the assistance of native students on the spot. For this purpose, Dr. Trumpp spent 1871 and 1872 in India again, only to find that, after all, the natives were so ignorant of the obsolete dialect as to render it necessary for him to do the work unaided. His first duty was to read the whole of Nanuk's Grunth, in order that he might make a grammar and dictionary of the language from it. This done, after a hunt for MSS., which

resulted in the discovery and copying of only three commentaries, the translator returned home, and for the past five years has devoted his leisure to the production of a portly volume. It is one of the most valuable contributions recently made to the literature of the Science of Religion. The introductory discussions on the lives of Nanuk and his successors, and on the contents and form of the Grunth, are as honourable to Dr. Trumpp's scholarship as the whole volume is to the enlightenment of the Secretary of State in Council. Dr. Trumpp, we may say in brief, comes to the conclusion that the Adi-Grunth of Nanuk is, as a sacred book, "incoherent and shallow in the extreme," so that the translation of Govind's Grunth, which is a repetition of that, would not be worth the toil. But he exalts the linguistic value of these Scriptures. And, we may add, it is impossible to over-estimate their religious and political interest to us as rulers of these Sikhs, hitherto the most loyal and useful, but most warlike and sturdy, of all our native subjects. We propose, therefore, to ask who and what Nanuk really was, and subsequently to devote some space to a popular account of his book and its teachings. Only now, for the first time, has it become possible to apply criticism to the facts of the life of him whom the Sikhs still adore as "the saviour of the world," and to the doctrines he taught as contained in the old or Adi-Grunth, a volume larger in its extent than the Bible. For, after a hopeless search in India and among the Sikhs themselves, Dr. Trumpp, on his return to England, discovered in the library of the India Office an ancient manuscript, partly devoured by the white ants, which had been presented to the Court of Directors by the greatest Orientalist who has ever lived, the Bengal civilian, H. T. Colebrooke. This proved to be the original life of Nanuk, written in the archaic dialect and characters of the oldest copy of the Grunth, signed by Arjun, the fifth of the ten Gooroos. The ignorant Sikhs themselves, warriors rather than men of the pen, follow a later life of their teacher, which is filled with stories of the miraculous, and conceals all in the earlier MS. which appeared to later days fallible or human. The contrast between the two "Janam-Sakhis," or Lives, is a striking illustration at once of the tendency of man-born religions to accrete to themselves the superstitious and unhistorical as the centuries roll on, and of the genuineness of the Jewish and Christian revealed records. The same process may

be found, in a less degree, in the biographies of Mahomed, while it finds a still more remarkable parallel in the accounts of the royal youth Siddharta, the founder of Boodhism, and of Confucius. The oldest traditions regarding Nanuk, as written hardly a century after his death, if so late, are these.

In Tulwundie, a village on the Ravee, of the south-west of Lahore, owned by Mahomedans, who used the neighbouring jungle as cattle-stealers, Nanuk was born to the village accountant, Kaloo, in the year 1469. Belonging to a clan of the Khutrees, son of the father whose office it was to value the produce of the village lands, and under a Mussulman lord of the manor, the youth combined all the advantages of good Hindoo caste, social position, and influence with his Mahomedan lords and neighbours. To this day the Sikhs make a pilgrimage to the spot which they call the house of Nanuk. They tell, as they read in the later Scripture, how the thirty-three crores of gods and all the tribes of the hierarchy of the Hindoo heaven paid homage to the babe whom they announced in these words: "The incorporeal Supreme Spirit has come to save the world: to him homage should be paid who has come as an incarnation (avatar)." Ever occupied in spirit with the Lord, he did not play like other children. At five he so talked that the Hindoo neighbours said, Some god is in him, and the Mussulmans said, A holy man of God has been born. At seven he was sent to school, when he amazed the master by writing on the wooden slate the thirty-four verses of the Grunth, which now bear the name of "the slate." His father failed to recognise the greatness of his son, who was kept to the ordinary duties of a Hindoo boy. When herding buffaloes the young Fakeer allowed them to destroy a cultivated field, but on the Mahomedan owner bringing a suit for damages the crop was found uninjured. The later MS. is filled with stories of the boy's marriage, and refusal to treat his wife aright, for he sought the path of merit through asceticism. But the earlier curly states that two sons were born to him by the order of the Lord, when he again became a recluse. Like Horace, in the well-known lines, Nanuk once fell asleep at this time, when the lord of the manor, who was nigh, observed that the shadow of the tree under which he lay remained fixed over him. The story convinced all that he was indeed some great one, save his unbelieving family, who said, He is mad. While the miser-father sought to drive the dreamer to work, the mother said

to him, "Son, it does not behove thee to sit with Fakeers; thou hast a house and family, daughters and sons; do some work; leave off making continually good words; the people laugh at us that the son of Kaloo has become mad." But, adds the old record, his mother made no impression on the heart of Nanuk. To father and mother, to wife and children alike, he replied, "The Lord for whom I have done farming work gives me much assistance; for that day, when there is union with Him, I greatly rejoice. Whatever I ask, that He ever gives me. Father, such a great Lord I have sought and found. Traffic, service, merchandise, all has been entrusted (to me) by him." A physician called in to cure him he laughed at, as he recited verses which are now part of the Grunth.

Clearly the thrifty land-surveyor of Mahomedan Tulwundie could do nothing with such a son at home. So to his brother-in-law, steward of the Nawab of Sultanpore, was Nanuk sent. Leaving his wife, who wept that he had never kissed her, and received the promise, "Every day the sovereignty shall be thine," Nanuk became the chamberlain of a nobleman who belonged to the royal house at Delhi, the fourth or Lodi dynasty, soon to be swept away by Babar, the first of the Moguls. The later MS. tells how, on one occasion, he had spent all the capital entrusted to him for trade on some religious mendicants, and replied that he had thus laid up treasure in heaven; while his charities were so excessive in the Nawab's household that he was accused of speculation, when the accounts showed a large surplus. But the earlier authority is content with the narrative of the saint's consecration to his office by angels. While bathing, these "servants" carried him to the threshold of the Lord, where he saw the true court of God. The command was given: "Nanuk, this nectar is a cup of my name; drink it!" Then Gooroo Nanuk made salutation and drank it. The Lord was kind, and said: "Nanuk, I am with thee: I have made thee exalted; and whoso will take my name they shall all be exalted by me. Having gone, mutter my name, and make other people also mutter it. Remain uncontaminated from the world. Remain in the name, in giving alms, in performing ablutions, in worship and remembering me. I have given thee my own name; do this work!" After music from invisible instruments, and further commands, there came the words: "My name is the Supreme Brahm, the Supreme

Lord; and thy name is the Gooroo, the Supreme Lord." Then Nanuk fell on his feet; he was clothed with a dress of honour, the celestial rebecks played divine hymns; and on the third day after he had been seen to disappear from the river he was led out of the water by the ministers of God. Mourned as dead, he was welcomed by the Nawab, but he had done with the world. He distributed all his possessions save the loin cloth, which was henceforth to form his covering by night and day; he joined the ascetics of the jungle, and after twenty-

four hours of silence, he declared to the people, who continued remonstrating with him, "There is no Hindoo and no Mussulman." Thus initiated and revealed as the latest incarnation of Brahm and himself "the Supreme Lord," and thus sounding the keynote of his social system as well as his religious cult—There is no caste and no Islam, for all men are brethren in me—Baba, or Father Nanuk, entered on his office of First Gooroo, or teacher of the learners, the Sikhs.

GEORGE SMITH.

RANDOM CHORDS.

By LADY E. CAMPBELL.

I.—ALONE.

"Seule à mon aurore, seule à mon coucher, je suis seule encore ici."
(Inscription sur un tombeau.) CORINNE

ALONE! What a world of anguish lies
In that one short word! what tears and sighs!
Ah, dull were his selfish heart and cold
Could pass unmoved by this hallow'd mould,
Nor weep for her to whom death's deep rest
Seem'd sweeter than life by love unblest!

Who wert thou, upon whose nameless tomb
Are inscribed such words of grief and gloom?
Didst die consum'd by the fire of youth,
Deceiv'd, alas! in thy dreams of truth?
Wert thou a poet, whose living lyre
Made deathless in song a vain desire?

Peace! Seek not aside to draw the veil
Whose mystery shrouds that piercing wail,
Nor deem the pity in thee it wakes
Be greater than His who gives and takes:
Thy love to His is a grain of sand.
Go thou, and leave her in God's good hand.

II.—"REQUIESCAT."

BLow soft, ye winds! among the dark pine-trees
Of this chill Northland, o'er the Poet's tomb,
Whose childhood's home smiled where the scented breeze
Wanders 'mid orange-bow'rs o'erladen with rich bloom—
And deck it fair, pure last-born of the snow,
That first do hail the advancing feet of Spring.
So may a cov'ring meet for him below
Be spread by Nature's hands—for *her* he lov'd to sing.
Cold lies the burning heart whose ev'ry thought
Breath'd its whole fervour in impassioned song,
Still echoing in each soul its fire hath sought
In that far lovely land he lov'd with love so strong—
Where now, alas! perchance, there walketh One,
With clasp'd hands beside the deep blue wave,
To whom its beauty is become as none—
Yearning to rest with him who sleeps in this lone grave.



"DORIS BARUGH."

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A FENCING MATCH.

FAITH EMMETT had a way of disdain-ing village news; but when the said news or gossip, for village tongues have marvellous power in creating facts, touched any one of the "family," she listened eagerly and brooded anxiously, making for herself an atmosphere of mystery often wholly fallacious while she was resolute against asking the simple question which would have thrown light on her dark suspicions, and thus have destroyed their existence. She saw the change in Ralph and wept over it in secret, for Faith thought herself a good and pious woman, and swearing to her as great a sin as drunkenness.

"Mebbe its worse," she said, "a drunkard hurts himself most, but a swearer speaks devil's words and mocks his Maker."

But she had no blame for Ralph; she only registered a deep unspoken curse in her heart against the person she considered the cause of all this mischief. Her fierce temper and her pride had always made Faith's life a solitary one. Ralph had been her only friend and confidant, and now she wanted counsel about him. If Mr. Raine would come to the Hall, she thought she must speak to him, for though there was little real sympathy between her and her master's cousin, there was the common ground of love for Ralph.

Faith now was in great perplexity. Three days ago Ralph had gone away quite suddenly. Miss Masham had arrived the day he left, and it seemed to Faith's jealous eyes that both Mr. and Mrs. Burneston thought a great deal too much of their visitor, and made far more fuss in receiving her than had been made for Ralph.

The young squire had gone away while his father was out riding, and Mr. Burneston had looked very angry when he heard of his son's absence.

"T'lad's not a bairn," Faith said to herself, though she longed to say it to the squire; "he'll not be guided like a lass wad."

And now to-day, just after the Hall dinner, while she sate in her cosy, exquisitely neat parlour, resting her long back against the carving of a tall quaint oak chair, she began to nod to the lullaby buzzed by the bees below the low open casement, for she was

very tired after her long morning of jam-making, and the anxious night about her young master which had preceded it.

Faith had resented her deposition from Phil's nursery, but she enjoyed the rest it had given. Spite of her spareness and activity, she was beginning to feel the pressure of time on her limbs and joints, and this hour of quiet was much prized and rarely broken in upon by any of the household.

But to-day, before the bees had finished their soothing charm, the door opened and the stillroom-maid put in her head.

In an instant Faith sate rigidly upright, her lips firmly pressed together, and her yellow eyes as open as their long, narrow shape would let them.

"Please, m'm,"—the stillroom-maid was from the south, and consequently was a sort of Pariah in the opinion of her northern fellows—"here's Sukey Swaddles asking for you."

"Let her come in;" but a grunt of disapprobation followed, and there was no smile of welcome on the housekeeper's dark face when Mrs. Swaddles appeared.

It was Sukey's first visit, and her round blue eyes opened with awe at sight of Mrs. Emmett's orderly well-appointed room. She looked first at the faded Turkey carpet, and then at the fresh chintz curtains, and made a second curtsy to the tall woman, who condescended to smile grimly as she bent her head to the fair-haired sloven.

"Well, Sukey Swaddles, what can I do for you?" Faith asked.

Sukey stared, and pushed her soft fair hair off her flushed face with the palm of her left hand, while the whites of her eyes grew larger and larger. Her ideas, like the rooms in her house, were always in too much confusion to be ready when wanted.

"It's fer Missis Duncombe," she said at last in a foolish voice, wondering whether this was the answer expected of her by the stately housekeeper.

Faith's brows knit, and her keen eyes searched the pretty vacant face.

"An' what call hev yu to meddle wiv Missis Duncombe's affairs? Her gran'-dowghter sud cum an' speak wiv me when aught's wanted. She's nowt to do—mair's the pity, poor thing—to wait on t' awd lass."

The corners of Sukey's eyes drooped and her mouth opened widely.

"What are yu hauvin' an' gauvin' at?" said Faith fiercely. "Cannot yey speak, lass?"

"Please, Mistress Emmett, Rase is nane at' hoose; sheea's gehn."

"Gehn!" she struck the table with her hand. "Ye talk fond talk, lass. I saw Rose on Sunday, an' Ah spoke with her; she teld me she sud bide all t' winter thro' wiv her gran'mother."

Sukey shook her fair untidy head; she had not much choice of words, but at last she made the housekeeper understand that Rose had gone away suddenly. One of the under-gardeners at the Hall, had taken her away in the squire's own dog-cart in the early morning.

Faith questioned and questioned, but she could get no further information, except that, on the day but one before Rose's journey, the squire had paid her a visit late in the evening.

"Massy!" she said to herself, "an' what's up noo? What wad Mrs. Burneston say if she kenned it? I mun speak wi' Joseph Sunley; he hes eyes atween his shoulders for t' deacons o' his neeaghbors."

"Yu can sit yey down, Sukey Swaddles," she said with dignity as she turned to go to the still-room. "I'll send yey what Mrs. Duncombe needs, an' she can hev mair when that's ended. Sit yu doon, Ah tells yu!" She gave a sudden stamp of the foot, which pulled Sukey into the nearest chair with the suddenness with which a string pulls a puppet; Faith walked away.

"Lors," said Sukey, "what a temper she hes o' her ain! It's lahke thunder and leeghtning—it tak yal mey wits oot."

But Faith was not angry; she stamped her foot by way of enforcing obedience. Those who knew Faith Emmett better than Sukey did would have dreaded the yellow gleam of her half-closed eyes far more than any show of open anger.

She gave her orders to her Cockney subordinate, and then went up and dressed herself, so as to appear with due dignity in the village.

She went slowly up the hill. Sukey's news had startled her greatly, because, instantly in her mind, and without any preconceived suspicion, the two young creatures, Ralph and Rose, linked themselves together, and a possibility suggested itself which made Faith tremble and whiten. Only a momentary suggestion; she sneered at herself next minute.

"Nae, nae, I'm a fool; he's nut t' saame as his fayther," she said; "he hed a taint o' southren blood fra t' mother, an' one cannut expect mair through a pig then his grunt; but Ralph's mother com o' t' reight breed. Nae fear o' mah lad lettin' hisself doon when he weds. Nae, nae, it cum by a chance 'at he sud hev gehn away t' day efter Rose did."

She passed the closed door of Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. There was no use in screeching herself as hoarse as a raven in making the "awd doited body" hear. She went on and tapped at the sexton's door.

"Cum in," he said gruffly; when she went in the sexton was crouching over his fire, though outside the door the sun was hot and bright.

Joseph had had a severe rheumatic attack in the spring, which, he said, had left a chronic chill behind it. He walked very lamely now, and his temper was soured by the consciousness of his own infirmity. He grunted as he rose and set a chair for Mrs. Emmett.

"Guid day, neeaghhour." Faith seated herself in the chair, which he placed just in front of the fire. "Ah's fain to rest," she said; "but wi' yer guid leave, Ah'll sit farder fra t' hearth. Ah's hot wi' walkin'."

"Ay"—Joseph gave her a pitying look, while the corners of his mouth drooped expressively—"mebbe yu feels t' mairch o' time, Missis Emmett; ye're gettin' weel on i' years, lahke t' rest on us, Ah's thinkin'."

"Never mind me." Faith smiled, but her eyelids fell unpleasantly. "I've cum tu aks efter yer rheumatiks, Mr. Sunley, an' I've brought yu a bottle o' ginger cordial—mah own brewin', so I knaws it's real guid."

Joseph's back had stiffened at the mention of a gift; he considered himself quite above the round of charities doled out by the housekeeper, for Doris rarely visited the cottages in person; but the end of Faith's sentence mollified his pride.

"Varry kahnd on yu; Ah'll tak it an' welcome, neeaghhber, nobbut yu mun taste a glass o' sherry wahne an' swallo' a mossel o' seed-caake;" he got up and limped to a three-cornered cupboard on one side of the window.

"Rase hes made t' caake afore she ganned," he said; "Ah'd nivvers ha' thowt 'at Rase wad turn sae handy, shee war bud a thrilbous lass one while."

"Where's she gehn?" Faith said in an every-day tone, though she looked at him keenly. It was some time since she had exchanged more than a chance Sunday

greeting with Joseph Sunley, and she had forgotten his singular quickness. He returned her glance as searchingly as it had been given.

"What fer diz yu aks, neeaghbur? T' lass cums an gehs; it's nut t' forst tahme by mair 'an yance 'at Rase Duncombe hes turned her back on Burneston. Sheea's nut ane tu bahde i' t' hoose; sheea's fluff aboot her still, nobbut sheea's steadied in a m'rac'lous way."

Faith was not listening; she sat taking counsel with herself whether there was a chance of finding out what she wanted without taking Sunley into her confidence; it was a struggle to give up her favourite method of gaining intelligence, and to be direct and open, but as she looked into the hard, acute little eyes fixed intently on her face, she felt powerless to baffle the sexton. Fencing with him now was waste of time.

"I's fain to hear it," she said then with a little cough; "Maister Sunley, I b'lieve t' Squire's sent t' lass away, an' I thinks yu ken t' reason o' her goin'."

The old man laughed, his eyes closed, and his network of wrinkles looked browner than ever as he pushed his lower lip up over his upper one.

"Ah kens mitch 'at Ah meeans tu keep fer mysel', Missis Emmett, bud Ah can tell yu sae mitch as this, donnut yu fash yursel' aboot t' Squire's deecain's; he's reet eneeaf tu send t' lass aways."

"While Master Ralph's at home, yes;" she would not move a muscle, but a gleam of triumph shot from her yellow eyes at the sexton's change of countenance; for an instant his discomfiture showed, but he soon recovered himself.

"Hes t' Squire said sae, Missis Emmett?" he looked incredulous, "then mebbe he's tellt yu wheer t' lass is gane tu?" He shut his eyes till they made thin lines.

"It's nut fer me to tittle-tattle, Maister Sunley; as yu say, fooaks cooms an' they gans; there's Maister Ralph was here o' Monday an' gane o' Tuesday, an' nane o' yan kens where tiv."

Joseph shook his head. He keenly enjoyed the power of tormenting his fellow creatures, more keenly perhaps since his rheumatism had interfered with his usual amusements by keeping him in doors.

"Ah kens nowt aboot t' yung squire's ways. Yance he was yalays coomin' oop here; t'waaz Joseph this an' Sunley t'ither, bud noo," he lost his watchful self-control as he got angry, "asteead o' fishin' ur rabbitin' he'll spend his tahme litter-latterin' efter

t'lasses; he's anoder sort tus his fayther, mahnd ye that, missis."

"Posh," she spoke angrily too, "he's all reet; he may lanter away his tahme as ye say he diz, bud he'd nivver do as his fayther did, set a lass fra t' village ower her betteres—nae, nae. Ralph's a true Burneston an' his mudher war a lady, sheea war that," then she checked herself and laughed.

Joseph's face had gone back to its usual mocking expression. "Sheea war nut sae bonny as t' new missis," he said, screwing his eyes so as to watch the anger he expected.

But Faith was on guard.

"Missis Burneston's looks are not t' be matched," she said loftily, "if they war, t' Squire'd been clean fond, but beauty seems tu hev power even ovver kings ever sin' t' tahme o' David an' Bathsheba; but coom, Maister Sunley, nobbut I thowt yu an awd frind, Ah'd nut hev clahmbed t' hill iv sike a swelter; we baith wish well to t' lad and t' lass; tell me noo, hev yu seen Maister Ralph wiv t' lass?"

Joseph looked impenetrable.

"Ah cannot see through stone walls, missis, an' ye'll nobbut be guided ye'll nut mak sae mony questions. Ah telled yu t' Squire waaz reet tu send Rase aways. T' lass is reet an' guid, bud it's reet tu keep presarves on a heigh shelf yey kens, when t' lads is aboot t' hoose."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A STRUGGLE.

ON her way across the court Mrs. Emmett learnt that the young Squire had returned. This was a great relief to the troubled woman, and next morning, to her surprise, she saw Ralph on the lawn fronting the river with Rika Masham. The prayer-bell had not gone, it was only a little past eight o'clock, and as a rule Ralph was a very late riser.

Faith watched them from the window with a satisfied smile.

"I kenned I war reet. Nobbut he'd cared fer Rose he'd nut ha' cared to be wi' yan Miss, an' he's fair set on her," she went on, craning her long neck out of window as the two passed out of sight round the angle of the house.

If she could have listened to Ralph's talk, and seen his manner at breakfast, she would have been confirmed in this idea. Ralph seemed transformed; he had not been in such a bright pleasant mood since his return from France. He even spoke easily and pleasantly to Mrs. Burneston.

Last night he had felt grateful for Rika's

mere presence. It saved him from embarrassing questions, and also from the restraint which he felt now with his father as well as with his step-mother. In his brief colloquy with Rose on the moor he had learned his father's interference. He returned home vowing to be revenged on Doris for her meddling, for it seemed to him that she only could have told the Squire; but the novelty of finding a young visitor at the Hall and the piquancy he found in Rika's quaint freshness soothed his facile temper and reconciled him for the time to the dulness of the house.

"You must stay here as long as I do," he said; "that is to say, if you don't find us too dull."

Rika looked up with her bright amused smile. "It's I who have to fear that," she said; "I have nothing to talk about, because I've seen nothing and nobody but home and my people—we are a large family, you know, and I—but do I bore you? let us talk of something else." She stopped short and looked inquiringly at Ralph. Her face glowed with health, and her large round grey eyes were full of happiness—not sparkling, for in repose Rika's eyes were pensive rather than bright, but when she was excited or happy the pupils dilated and became liquid with intense expression. Ralph looked at her admiringly.

"Yes, very much," he laughed, "but I'm a remarkable person too. Do you know, I like being bored? But I say, Miss Masham, will you come into the garden now, and I'll show you which are the best gooseberry trees, as you say you care for gooseberries so much."

He made a grimace at her taste and opened the door for her.

"Won't you come with us, Doris?" Rika said to Mrs. Burneston, for they were in her sitting-room.

"No, dear, I'm busy," Doris said abruptly, and they went.

Mrs. Burneston sat still after they left her; her straight dark brows had the stern look that Ralph's presence, and even the thought of Ralph, seemed always now to bring to them, and the blue veins showed more plainly than ever on her delicate temples. "How small minded and contemptible I am. Why do I dislike him to be with Rika? She may do him good. She has a healthy influence, I can feel it myself; I am always brighter and happier for being with her, only"—she got up and began to walk slowly up and down—"she seemed very ready to

go with Ralph—will she get to care for him really? Will she—shut up here with no one else? She *shall* not get to like him better than George," and the beautiful eyes lightened with sudden anger.

The dressing-room between her bed-room and the little boudoir in which she sat was now given up to Phil, and she heard him trying to open the door. The sudden joy in her face sent all her cares adrift.

"Why, Phil, darling," she bent down and kissed him, "I didn't know you were in. Come, my pet!"

He came forward slowly, not with his usual bound into her lap, as she seated herself to receive him.

"Why, Phil," she said, "what is it? Arn't you well, darling?"

But though she put her arm round him, Phil did not nestle fondly against her; he returned her kisses and then stood silent, very lovely, lovelier than ever, with his mother's pensive expression on his delicate face—usually it was so full of sunny mirth that it was difficult to say which parent the child resembled most, but in this quiet mood he was singularly like Doris—the small straight nose and the firmly moulded lips and chin were exactly his mother's.

"Tell mamma," she said, softly between her kisses, "why Phil doesn't laugh to-day."

It was a pity that George could not see his sister's loving solicitude; he could not have believed that Doris could so entirely project herself into the mind of any other human being. She had taken so little notice of children in the days they were together, that he had often wondered how she would endure having a child of her own.

Phil pressed his round lips tighter, then all at once he raised his sweet dark eyes earnestly to his mother's face.

"Is oo anybody, mamma?"

"What do you mean, darling?" a sudden fear had darted into her mind; some one, Ralph possibly—yes, it must be Ralph, there was no one else—had been disturbing the child's baby mind. She stroked his forehead, puckered up with the frown that had gathered there.

"Don't frown; tell mamma all about it."

Phil gave her a quick uneasy glance, then he nestled his head against her.

"Faith says,"—Doris felt a hot glow rise in her face at the name; the housekeeper's influence was an evil she had not dreaded; since Faith's removal from the nursery, his mother had more than once congratulated herself, as she watched Phil's rapid mental

development, that the housekeeper had no longer a chance of making mischief—"she says I'se not to tell anybody; is oo anybody, mamma?"

A tempest of anger, one of the rare but strong risings of feeling which affected Doris, swept over her. She grew white and her hands clenched as she pressed the child closely to her bosom.

"Phil!" at the hoarse sound he looked up in sudden wonder, and Doris tried to clear and steady her voice. "You must always tell me everything, darling; it's very naughty to have secrets from mamma."

He drew himself away and stood upright, stiff and silent as a little statue.

His mother looked puzzled, and then she smiled.

"Tell me, Phil," she spoke gently, "tell mamma."

The child shook his head.

"I doesn't love oo," he said passionately; "oo said I was naughty, an' I wasn't. Oo's naughty to tell a tory."

She folded her arms round the little unyielding figure. "I made a mistake, darling; tell me what is it. 'Anybody' can never mean mamma. Phil always tells me everything."

The little face cleared into a lovely smile, "It's gran'mamma," he said, the perplexed look creasing his forehead again. "Faith says that gran'mamma's not a lady. Isn't she?"

Doris pressed her lips together.

"Faith is silly," she said at last; then with an effort, "you love gran'mamma, don't you, Phil?"

"Oh, yes; I love her like this," he put both arms round her neck and kissed her fondly; "an' Faith says I must love this gran'mamma best," he pointed to old Mrs. Burneston's picture.

"You must love this gran'mamma too," said Doris, "because she was papa's mother, and she loved papa as I love you, darling."

Phil shook his head discontentedly.

"But it's not a gran'mamma, it's a picture. I tant love a picture," he said; "it doesn't kiss me, nor play with me, nor nothing; an' my Cairn gran'mamma is a lady, isn't she? Is you a lady or a woman, mamma? What is a lady?"

Doris had rarely felt so thankful as she felt now to see the door open.

Her husband came in, followed by George. But she was too much absorbed by her own annoyance at Phil's disclosure, to see that George looked strangely agitated, and that her husband also seemed troubled.

Phil ran forward eagerly to his uncle and stood clasping his knees and looking up in his face, even after George had bent down to kiss him.

Uncle George was to Phil a bit of the Cairn, and the Cairn, with its homely outdoor life and absence of all nursery restrictions, was Paradise to the child, who loved to ramble on the moor with his grandfather's big collie or to feed his grandmother's chickens far better than his restricted walks in the garden at Burneston.

"Come with me, Phil," his father said; "Uncle George wants to talk to mamma."

Phil shook his head and turned away, so as not to see his father's outstretched hand.

"An' I wants Uncle George," he tightened his clasp and looked appealingly at his uncle.

Doris was going to speak and then she checked herself. She looked at her husband; she thought this was a good opportunity for him to exercise the fatherly authority he had so neglected in Ralph's education.

"Come along Phil," Mr. Burneston smiled, and patted the little fellow's head. "There's the donkey at the door waiting to take Phil a ride, the saddle has come at last."

Phil gave a cry of delight, even Uncle George was forgotten in the thought of the donkey; he had ridden at the Cairn but only in front of his grandfather, and he had been looking forward with much eager excitement to the arrival of the little saddle on which he had been promised a real ride by himself.

He put his little hand in his father's and pulled him to the door.

"Come along, papa! Come along quick," he said, then over his shoulder—"Mamma, come and see me ride."

But Doris did not smile. She was vexed and disappointed.

"That is just the way he managed Ralph, I fancy," she thought. "He finds it is easier to bribe a child's obedience than to enforce it, and Ralph has never learned to obey; he knows no law but that of self-gratification."

"Doris!" there was so much pain in George's voice that she roused, and, looking at him, saw how pale he was, and how sunken and colourless his eyes had grown.

"Is anything wrong?" she said quickly. She put her hand to her heart; a sudden pang had come to her that George had brought bad news of her father.

"Yes, very wrong," then seeing how white she grew, he put his hand on her arm, and his voice had a tender tone, "but not about

what you think, dear; it's about Rose. She was with us at t' Cairn, an' now she's fled away."

"Gone away!" Doris felt shocked. "Oh George, you don't mean to say Ralph came to the Cairn after her?"

George flushed to his hair, then he frowned.

"You're always ower hard on Ralph, Doris. Mebbe, if you'd take to him more kindly, he'd not find t' house so dull, an' he'd not be driven to folly. You sud let by-gones be by-gones. If I can forgive him, you should."

"I'm not hard on Ralph—if you knew all you'd not say so; are you sure he does not know where Rose is?"

George shook his head.

"You're very hard on t' lad; tho' he hes acted a fool's part an' made misery for all, he's but a lad, mind yu. Nobbut it's not 'at I should blame yu, lass, for I thought such harm on him mysel' that I went down to t' little Inn to see what had chanced; but you may be at rest. When I got there I learned he'd started off on horseback for Steersley before I got there; he must ha' ridden pretty hard to get back here as soon as he did."

"Where's Rose then?" she asked.

"I cannot tell yu yet, lass. I came to t' village first on t' chance o' findin' if she'd gone home, and then I came on to see you all. Now I must go back to Steersley, t' squire thinks I may hear news there. I'll never leave seekin' after her till she's found, you may be sure of that, Doris."

Doris hesitated. Then she said coldly—

"Let her go, George, and try to forget her. She's not worth your thoughts. She'll never make you happy after this."

"I shall never forget her." There was a struggle how he should answer, and he flushed painfully. Then he said, with coldness equal to his sister's, "Doris, I shall marry Rose if she will have me."

He walked to the window and looked out: beneath was little Phil on his donkey, laughing with delight as Ralph and Rika fastened roses into the front of the creature's bridle.

George stood watching them for a few minutes and then he turned to Doris—

"You are very wise to have Miss Masham here," he said. "Look at them. They seem admirably suited to one another—mebbe she'll do him good. She's a safe, wise friend for him."

"Oh George! when you know what I wish about Rika!"

A mingling of pity and sorrow shone in his eyes; he felt the tenderest pity for this

struggling soul, which must regulate things by its own will, and could trust nothing to a wiser, more loving Hand; and deep sorrow, too, for the blindness in which his sister lived. Every time he had appealed to her, on any higher ground than that of mere human reason, she had either smiled or turned away in wearied silence. For some time he had left her in peace, only striving to help her by his prayers, but at this appeal he spoke:

"You are clever, and wise, too, Doris," he said; "but you lack one sort of wisdom; you forget we can't *make* things go as we wish. God settles it all." She put up her hand in protest. "Do not be feared, lass," he said, "there's no sermon comin'; but I want to say one thing, and let it end the matter: if me an' your friend were the last man and woman living we'd never wed. We're not matched—so there now. I may niver wed Rose; but I'll niver give up loving her."

There was a pause. Doris tried hard to keep in her feelings.

"I'll say good-bye," her brother said; he kissed her without waiting for a reply, but she recovered herself.

"Good-bye, George. I must tell you what I think, and that is, that about Rose you are very foolish."

He nodded and smiled, and left her, but the set look on his face quenched her hopes.

For some minutes she stood thinking, her hands clasped in front of her waist.

Presently she said, "That boy Ralph has no heart: he means to trifle with Rika as he has trifled with Rose; but I need not be afraid. I'm sure Rika will only laugh at him—still there must be no chance of it. I will write to Mr. Raine and ask him here. Philip said he and Rika were just suited."

CHAPTER XXXV.—PLOTING.

DORIS dispatched her letter and then she sat in troubled thought.

It had been a severe wrench to yield her hopes about George, but she felt that they were groundless; and as she must give them up, she did it at once, without looking back or spending more time in regret.

This was not the cause of her trouble.

She was thinking of her child, and how baneful Faith's influences would be as little Phil's rapid development progressed. Would it not be safest and wisest at once to send the housekeeper away? and yet Doris shrank from proposing this to her husband. She believed that he would agree to her wish, but still she shrank from making the request.

Mr. Burneston had told her more than once that she disliked Faith because the house-keeper petted Ralph.

"If he would only go away and never come back again!" burst from her impetuously. "He blights my life; he makes me unhappy, for he makes me wicked; he makes me feel hard to myself. Till he came home I was as happy as I could wish, except"—she paused, as a vision of her mother, and a shrinking from her mother's hints that she would like to see Burneston Hall, rose in her mind—"except for one or two things, and now I always feel wrong and vexed. I am hurt if Philip even speaks about Ralph, and no wonder. I have never told of his conduct to Rose; if his father knew all, he would not be so lenient to him. I only dislike him because he is bad and contemptible. No, I am not hard on him." She had begun to walk up and down as she argued with herself, and she stopped short now as if she were answering a suggestion, "If he were good—good as my Phil will be, I think I should like him; if he were good he would like me—and—and—" She resumed her rapid walk. "It is useless to struggle," she said. "I've struggled till I am tired. I hate Ralph! He always makes me feel that I am low-born. I lose my self-possession. I seem not to believe in myself when he is present. I never disliked anyone before, unless it was Rose Duncombe. I am determined he shall not make Rika fond of him. She is very impulsive still, and he might set her against me. I cannot give up Rika's friendship; it is more necessary to me than I thought it was. I can tell her things which I could not talk of to Philip; besides, I want to tell her of my doubts about Ralph."

She went to the window and looked out. Ralph and Rika were walking up and down the terrace. She was talking eagerly, and his eyes were fixed admiringly on her flushed enthusiastic face.

A spasm of sudden jealousy brought the blood springing to Doris's cheeks. She leaned forward, and as she leaned she saw that she was not the only gazer. Faith Emmett was also looking from Ralph's window at the young pair as they moved slowly along beside the grey flower and fern-wreathed wall that bordered the river. Faith was smiling in most unusual fashion, and Doris felt yet more irritated.

"That woman *shall* go if she thwarts me at every turn," she said, haughtily. "I suppose she thinks Rika is an amusement brought here to occupy Ralph as long as he

chooses—but how foolish I am! Her opinion is of no consequence."

Just then, as if she read her friend's thoughts, Rika looked up and Doris beckoned with unwonted eagerness.

"There's something the matter I think," said Rika; "I must go to Mrs. Burneston."

"Never mind Mrs. Burneston; she can wait, she can have you any time, and I want you now." Ralph spoke imperiously, and Rika laughed.

"You are nobody beside Doris," she said smilingly, and, nodding up at her friend's window, she ran indoors.

At the foot of the stairs she met Mr. Burneston.

"Are you going to Doris?" he said; "then will you tell her that I expect my cousin, Mr. Raine, this evening? I asked him some days ago, and, as there's no answer, he's sure to come." He looked at her carelessly, but it seemed to Rika that he wanted to see the effect of his words, and she tried so hard to keep an unmoved face that Mr. Burneston thought she was vexed.

"Dear me!" he thought, as he went on to the library; "I fancied we should be more cheerful with Raine here, but it seems I am mistaken. Rika looked quite concerted at the idea. I'd better ask Doris why she dislikes him—dear me, what strange creatures women are!" and the soft-hearted squire sat down to finish his newspaper with a disappointed face.

Meantime Ralph had gone to his room, and had found Faith there. He sat down without speaking.

"She's a nice young lady is Miss Masham, Maister Ralph. She's a real lady." She looked at him keenly between her half-closed lids.

"Yes, old woman, but never mind ladies now. Is there a good dinner? I shall have to give Mrs. Hazelgrave a few lessons in cooking if she sends up such a fricandeau as she did yesterday; it was so tough I could hardly set my teeth in it, and I actually could taste the onions. She really must be less coarse in her notions of flavouring. She wants to go to France for a few months."

"Ah, well, I'll tell her what you say, my dear. Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd an' Mr. Raine's coming to-night? then mebbe we'll give you something else to think about besides cooking. He's got an eye in his head tho' he is so crammed wi' nossions."

"To-night is it? I did not know he was coming; I can amuse myself without him, you old goose."

Faith looked mysterious. She went over the drawers which she had been putting neat, but presently she closed them and turned round.

"Mebbe two is better than three, Maister Ralph; an' Master Raine's ower maisterful, yu kens."

Ralph stared. "I don't know what you mean, you dear old stupid," he said. "You

know I hate hints, Faith; but Gilbert has too much sense to interfere with me. I should just like to see any one master me in my own house."

He had been lighting a cigar while he spoke, and he seated himself with his back to the housekeeper, and began to smoke in silence.

Faith stood gazing—at first vacantly, with



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her unpleasant smile; then, as her yellow eyes rested on her darling's curly head, her straight lip softened, and her eyes grew dark and sweet.

"He's nowt to fear," she said to herself. "Miss Masham 'll not look twice at an awd stick like Mr. Raine wiv that bonny face beside her. Nae, nae, if my lad hes fair play it's all reet; but it's t' missis I'm fretten'd on.

She'll do any mortal thing to spite Ralph and tak t' lass frev him. She did'nt guess I saw her at yon window froonin' as she looked at t' two on 'em—just as I was gladdenin' my eyes by t' sight o' sich a bonny pair; an' then to call her away when t' poor lass, mebbe, nivver had t' chance afore o' speakin' to such a fine gentleman as my lad. She's nut a match for t' likes o' him, is Miss

Masham, but she'll serve to pass time, an' she shannot be taken frev him."

She went out of the room with her usual cat-like tread, her eyes and cheeks glowing with the new interest brought into her daily life. Faith Emmett had missed her vocation, she should have been an actress or a police agent, and not having legitimate scope for her talent for intrigue, she was always ready to snatch at and exaggerate every incident of domestic life which could be twisted out of a direct course. It is strange how sensitive such natures are to atmosphere. Doris had only been re-awakened to a dread of Faith's mischief-making power by her child's appeal, but Faith knew intuitively that Doris disliked her, and she had decided that the young stepmother would hate Ralph long before his first return from school, and her constant depreciation and innuendoes had strengthened and kept alive the strong prejudice the lad had formed against his father's wife; but for this it is possible that the easy temperament inherited from his father (and before he went to France Ralph's chief characteristic was this easiness) would have softened this dislike and left him open to her influence.

Doris's jealous dislike to the lad had been fostered by Ralph's coldness, and the barrier it raised against all her attempts at cordiality. To Doris government was a necessity. Spite of her father's strong will she had always had power to sway him; her husband yielded implicitly to her judgment; perhaps the secret of her childish disputes with George was that his will had been as strong as her own, and that he would only yield to a principle which he did not find in his sister. She was large-minded enough to tolerate his resistance, but although she never analyzed her dislike to Ralph, she felt keenly the mortification inflicted by his resistance to her influence, for on this last visit he never lost an opportunity of contradicting her.

"Why on earth," he said to himself as he sat smoking—a practice forbidden in any part of the house but the billiard-room, but connived at by the housekeeper—"why should Gilbert come just now? He's well enough when there's no one else, but he has taken to lecturing lately. I expect Mrs. Burneston's had a hand in this; I owe her one, already, on another score. By Jove, she'd better let me alone in future!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—"FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

DORIS never showed to so much advantage as when she was receiving her guests.

Her natural calm self-possession so helped the sweetness and grace which education had developed that at such times her manner was enchanting. She had long ago conquered her old enemy Mrs. Boothroyd, who was now her slave. Perfection in a woman, according to Mrs. Boothroyd, lay in the possession of some charming accomplishments—playing and singing, for instance, like Mrs. Burneston—and also in the strict observance of all the duties inculcated by society. During Doris's first visit to London, Mrs. Boothroyd had watched her behaviour narrowly, and had been so satisfied by the result that on the return of the Squire and his wife to Yorkshire she had received her young neighbour with much increased cordiality, and when little Phil was born her attentions had become devoted.

She was a valuable friend to Doris, for being one of those women who announce opinion and insist on its adoption by others, utterly regardless whether offence is given or taken, Mrs. Boothroyd had far more influence in her part of the county than she really merited; so apt are people to be allowed the position they claim boldly for themselves. With all her assumption and hardness she had a love of the beautiful, and she had an affectionate nature; and after a while she craved for the love of this beautiful bit of porcelain, as she called Mrs. Burneston, and came often to see her. Perhaps if Doris had met her advances with any show of warmth there might have been an end of the friendship, but the complete absence of "gush" in the girl's nature increased Mrs. Boothroyd's attempts to overcome her coldness; and these seemed to Doris only a part of the almost universal homage that she had met with in her school life, and also since her marriage.

She had grown to consider Mrs. Boothroyd a sort of motherly friend, to whom she could talk about little Phil and also household plans; and she was really glad to see her this evening.

"Ah, Mrs. Burneston"—Mr. Boothroyd puffed out his words as pompously as ever—"you look as blooming as a rose." The good gentleman's similes were always of the simplest nature.

Doris smiled. "Am I blooming?" she said. "I fancy I am too colourless to deserve the name."

"Yes, indeed, Melville,"—his wife had long withdrawn her prohibition against compliments paid to the mistress of Burneston—"blooming is not refined enough for Mrs.

Burneston. Blooming means a rosy colour, a dairymaid beauty, a"—

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but youth and good health will sometimes give a high colour, even to young ladies. You can't help it, you know, and what suits one doesn't suit another."

Rika's rosy cheeks were deep red by this time. "I suppose not. I've always been rosy," she said with a sigh which set Gilbert Raine and Mr. Burneston off laughing.

Just then they paired off to go to dinner. Doris forced a smile as she spoke to Ralph. "I am very sorry," she said, "that there is no one for you, but I did not know till too late that your cousin was coming to-day." Then she looked at Raine as he gave his arm to Rika.

Ralph looked savage, but he managed nevertheless to get next Rika at dinner, and to keep her from talking much to Raine.

Rika could not tell how it was. In the morning she had certainly thought Ralph flippant, but still very amusing; now he seemed to her pert and sarcastic. She wondered at Mr. Raine's patience with him, for more than once Ralph spoke rudely to his cousin. "However," she thought as she looked at Raine's intellectual face, eager with interest, now as he combated an argument of Mr. Boothroyd's, now as he uttered one of his dry quaint sayings, "I do not suppose he notices; he has no heart or much interest for anything but those horrible old blocks of stone. I believe he is half a stone himself." She turned her thoughts resolutely away from her unconscious *vis-à-vis*, and began to talk to Ralph with more vivacity than she had shown since the beginning of dinner.

At last these two laughed so heartily over one of Rika's stories that Mrs. Boothroyd turned round with a lofty rebuke on her face. Rika met the look, and although she braved it she felt very sick at heart, lest Doris should also disapprove. She had observed the coldness between her friend and Ralph, but her hopeful nature attached little importance to this. "It will all come right in time," she thought, but for all that she wished to avoid any collision on the subject of Ralph. She loved Doris, and thought her almost perfect, but she knew that if she found her friend hard on Ralph she should certainly take his part against his stepmother. She lowered her voice as she went on talking.

Raine was puzzled and vexed. He had not met Miss Masham for three years, and their intimacy had been ended abruptly

by his sudden journey to Eton. In the interval Gilbert had learned that it was possible to think again about a woman, all the while despising himself for wasting his thoughts on such an unworthy object. When the squire's letter of invitation reached him he had caught himself wondering whether he should meet Rika at Burneston again, and when he found her sitting with Doris on his first arrival something very like delight came to him, a sensation of keener, warmer pleasure than any he had felt since his first romance ended.

But Rika's manner wounded Mr. Raine. She seemed flurried and excited, vexed, he thought, to have her *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Burneston disturbed; and now, as he sat opposite her and caught glimpses of her bright face full of laughing enjoyment, he felt sure that he had been wrong and that Miss Masham had no more heart or ballast than any ordinary woman.

And yet as she rose from table and followed Mrs. Boothroyd from the room, his eyes instantly followed the young girl with admiration. She had none of the statuesque grace of Mrs. Burneston; her movements, and words too, were sometimes abrupt; but there was a freshness and simplicity in Rika, an almost startling vivacity, that suited Raine's taste better than the finish and repose of her friend. She laughed saucily as she went out, and Raine followed the direction of her eyes to Ralph across the table. It seemed to him that these two young creatures exchanged a look of mischievous intelligence.

He frowned, not at them but at his own folly.

"I wonder," he thought, "at what period of their lives men become safe—impervious to woman's will. I fancied it impossible I would ever risk being again deceived. That sudden summons to Eton came just in time, and yet if I had seen more of her then, I should no doubt have discovered imperfections. I should have found out her real self. This Rika Masham I have been dreaming about, when I have thought of such folly at all"—a flush of annoyance rose on his cheek—"was a creature of my own making, quite unlike the true woman."

"Come, Ralph," he said, as the two squires drew close together and began to talk agricultural matters, "shall we take a turn by the river? it's long since you and I were together at Burneston."

Ralph hesitated; he had been surprised and annoyed to hear of his cousin's arrival; he thought he had been sent for to lecture

him about Rose, "spoiling my game, too, with Rika—an old fossil!"

"Very well, but let's have a smoke afterwards," he said; "but I mean to go to the drawing-room now—that poor little girl will get bored to death with the dowagers."

For the first time in his life Gilbert Raine felt very angry with Ralph. He had always felt it a kind of duty to take the lad's part against his father, for he considered that even before his second marriage Philip Burneston had neglected his son, but this speech of Ralph's was so puppy-like that Gilbert felt as if he had suddenly awakened and was taking a new reading of his protégé.

"Young coxcomb!" he said to himself as he walked rather stiffly into the drawing-room and left Ralph to close the door, "but perhaps I should say, Deluded young fool! Very likely he thinks, poor boy, that Miss Masham really cares to talk to him."

It seemed as if Ralph held this opinion, for he walked straight up to the bow window in which Rika was and sat down beside her. Gilbert fumed inwardly against Mrs. Boothroyd, who had stopped him as he came in.

"You care for art I believe, Mr Raine, and I want you so much to come over and see us. I can offer you quite a treat in Mr. Boothroyd's drawings; he copies things in pen and ink so beautifully you could not tell them from the originals—things from the *Penny Magazine*, you know, and other prints."

"I don't care for copies of things," said Gilbert almost savagely, "there's nothing original in it; it is a waste of time."

Mrs. Boothroyd stared. "Ah, but you never saw anything like Mr. Boothroyd's drawings; he does them line for line. He gives up his winter evenings entirely to it, never has time to read a book, or hardly a newspaper; it is such important, all-absorbing work."

Raine shrugged his shoulders. "My dear madam, I'm sorry I can't agree with you; nothing, I think, can be so important in the way of personal pursuit as reading, and it is especially necessary to us country residents—to all, in fact, who live in a small circle." He said this, much as if he had added, "My dear madam, consider yourself in the wrong."

Mrs. Boothroyd smiled loftily, but Doris looked so interested that for the moment Raine forgot Ralph and Rika.

"That may be for some people"—Mrs. Boothroyd gave Gilbert a compassionate glance. "But you see Mr. Boothroyd's mind is so large and comprehensive, and

then he has such a store of past reading to go on, that I don't think he requires to read as some do; he did it all as a boy; no fiction or poetry, or rubbish of that kind, you know, but solid stuff—Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' Alison's 'History of Europe,' and as to 'Lardner's Cyclopædia'—those puce-coloured calico books, you know—I fancy he has them by heart. Mr. Boothroyd is very solid; no froth about him, I assure you."

Ralph had been annoyed to find that instead of listening to him, Rika's ears had been strained to follow this conversation; and now, as Doris sat silent, her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, Miss Masham broke in suddenly with glowing eyes and cheeks—

"My father says it's all nonsense not to read novels, and a great mistake. He says people often get ideas and hints and things—in good ones, I mean—not in the way of lectures or advice, but unconsciously given. Oh, will it bore you if I explain myself?"—she looked imploringly at Mrs. Boothroyd, while Raine wondered whether she was acting or whether her freshness was real. "He says people are so apt to go on wrapt up in themselves and their pursuits till they absorb their own sympathies, or rather neglect to cultivate their own powers of appreciation, and that often a character in a story will act like a fairy mirror, showing one the distortion one is aiming after, or else reminding one of the qualities one lacks by seeing those qualities in action—oh, I am so sorry, I've talked too much!" She flushed deeply as Ralph laughed. "You should have stopped me," she said to Doris.

Mrs. Boothroyd smiled benignly. "People's words carry them away, unless they think," she said; "but I like to hear young people's ideas; they're fresh, at any rate," she said in a condoning voice.

At which remark Doris stiffened her neck.

"Rika's words are worth listening to," she said, and Gilbert Raine smiled at her, and took the first opportunity he could find of snubbing Mrs. Boothroyd.

Doris went to the piano and sang; but she was not in good voice; there was something oppressive in Ralph's presence that told even on her singing. The two squires appeared, and her husband came up and spoke to her. Mr. Boothroyd began to talk to Ralph, and, to the young man's extreme annoyance, carried him off to the other end of the room, to question him minutely upon French shooting and French farming. Ralph looked over his shoulder as he followed his

tormentor, and he saw Raine take the seat he had left beside Rika.

She looked up shyly as Gilbert placed himself beside her.

"I am ashamed of what I said just now," she said; "I did not mean to preach, but I am afraid it sounded like preaching."

"Of course it did," he said mischievously, "only you forgot to give out the text." Then seeing her disturbed face, "Yes, yes, it was all right," he said abruptly; "but I don't agree with you. I think a man who lives much to himself, or who, at any rate, moves round in a small circle, gets entirely deadened by self-complacency; he is far too thick-skinned to believe that anything he meets with in a book, especially so trifling a book as a novel, can benefit him; if you were even to describe him to the life, as he appears to you, he would not recognise your portrait."

"I don't agree with you," she said, her eyes growing dark with excitement. "I'm sure you're wrong. People are not so hard-hearted as you think them. It will sound rude, but I sometimes wonder whether it is yourself that you judge from, for I suppose one gets into the way of judging other people by one's self."

Raine laughed.

"I hard-hearted! I am a perfect sucking dove. Indeed, Miss Masham, I thought you a better judge. I am so tender-hearted that I am constantly imposed on. What can make you think me hard-hearted?"

He laughed, but he looked uneasy and troubled.

"I don't know; you are cleverer than I am, Mr. Raine, and you ought to know better than I do what gives us our first impressions of people."

"But our 'first impressions' are so often wrong. How about 'second thoughts' being best?"

"A great many of those musty old proverbs are wrong. I believe in first everything," said Rika decidedly. "First impressions, first love, first—first—well, the first sight of any beautiful thing; all these are quite different from any that come after. There is no rapture in second impressions or feelings." Then she looked up alarmed again at her own impulsiveness, but Raine's earnest listening, his dark face full of eager interest, reassured her; he sighed, but he did not speak. It seemed strange to Rika that she liked to sit beside him in silence.

"First love," he said presently in a dreamy voice; "ah, I don't know whether that is best. I sometimes think it is not."

"Well then I do," said Rika; "there can be nothing so delightful. A man who disbelieves in first love must be a thorough sceptic."

Raine started, but he did not answer; he looked sadly at Rika, and then his eyes wandered to the fireplace, where he knew Ralph was standing.

There was such a scowl on the lad's face that Raine looked surprised. He got up and went across to him.

"Shall I come to your room to-night for a smoke, old fellow," Gilbert said, "or will you come to mine?"

"I'm going to bed," Ralph muttered sullenly; "and if those cursed people don't take themselves off I shall go at once."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—FRIENDSHIP NOT LOVE.

YOUNG people and impatient people are apt to confound rapidity with certain success. In some of their moods of mind half an hour's delay will suffice, such people think, to destroy the plans of a life; and so they force open the buds of promise and snatch at half-ripened fruit, metaphorically as well as actually. Ralph had watched Rika's face till he could no longer endure what seemed to him her preference for Raine. Certainly she had listened to his own talk at dinner, but then she had laughed and bandied words with him—"chaffed" as it would be called now-a-days—but he had not succeeded in getting her to listen with the earnest, half-reverent look she fixed on Raine; nor had she, when talking to him, dropped her eyelids in that lovely pensive fashion till the long dark lashes rested on the glowing cheek.

He was very angry and scornful too. "What could his old dried-up cousin find to say to a lively girl that did not bore her?" He had watched Rika so eagerly, ready at the first sign of weariness to release her from Gilbert's prosing, as in his present mood he called his cousin's talk, and she had only looked more and more interested. He lay awake half the night, tossing and kicking about, and he wakened early next morning with that despondent view of all things with which we are apt to review matters in the grey dawn, and in which we sometimes persuade ourselves that everything will go crooked.

Ralph was much too disturbed to go to sleep again. He rose, and determined before the day was much older he would know the truth about Rika.

"If she prefers to me that crack-brained cousin of mine, a man who doesn't even know

how to dress, I shall, of course, have nothing more to say to her. I was a fool to expect any discernment from a friend of Mrs. Burneston's—confound her!"

But as the sun rose higher and poured into his room, and the fresh morning air cooled his hot head, he saw things differently, especially before his looking-glass.

"I'm not at all a bad-looking fellow"—he smiled and showed his white, even teeth—"and beside that brown shrivelled old Gilbert I'm an Adonis. He's got good eyes, and he's an inch or so taller than I am, but I fancy he has really no chance with a girl if I choose to go in for her. I know he's trying it on with little Rika. I never saw him look at a girl like that before."

He stopped and mused, staring at his own handsome face meanwhile.

"What a fool I am! Why don't I leave them alone? What on earth do I want with her? What do I want to tie myself by the leg for? I like her—better, perhaps—yes, certainly better than any girl I ever saw. She amuses me awfully, and if Gilbert had kept away we should always have been excellent friends. It's a devil of a shame for him to cut in. But I'm not going to see her snapped up under my eyes. By Jove, I'll just spoil his manoeuvres and make sure of my little girl."

He looked at his watch. Rika was not likely to appear for an hour, and Ralph's impatience grew as the minutes passed slowly away. He went down to the terrace to wait for her, and little Phil spied him from the window.

"Ralphie, Ralphie! I want you. Phil wants you welly-welly much."

Ralph waved his hand, and passed on whistling.

"Bother the brat!" he said. Then as he turned at the end of the terrace he caught a glimpse of the sweet little wistful face gazing down at him. "He's not a bad little chap, though," he said. "I wonder my precious stepmother produced anything so like a Burneston. I should have thought any child of hers must have been born red-haired and high-shouldered, like that terrible old Barugh. I suppose the fellow is not much older than my father, either. Confound Rika, why don't she come?"

Coming down to the terrace from the flower-garden was Slater the gardener.

"Aye, Maister Ralph," he smiled genially at his young master, "bud yu begins t' day betahmes. Ah expect it's t' French manners. Ah mahnds 'at yu war a rare yan at

lossin' t' mornin' when yu war a lahtle lad."

Ralph had been staring up at Rika's window while Slater spoke.

"Look here, Slater," he said; "give me the key of the conservatory; I want to get a few flowers."

Slater screwed up his eyes and put his head on one side.

"Floors, Maister Ralph? Ther's floors an' plenty i' t' hoose, an' if theer's mair needed Ah'll gi' 'em. Nae need fer yu ta gan for 'em yersel'."

"Yes, yes, I want some special ones," Ralph spoke emphatically, "let's have the key. I know the door is locked; don't you trouble your head about it; I'll get my own flowers."

Slater looked hard at him with one eye screwed up, but he did not attempt further remonstrance. Not one of the servants ever attempted to question Ralph's will; he had reigned absolutely among them ever since his babyhood. But still Slater prized his choice flowers.

"Ye'll mebbe nut be wantin' monny on 'em," he said deprecatingly as he handed him the key.

"All right."

The gardener screwed up both his pale blue eyes as he stared after the young man till they were almost hidden under his red eyebrows.

"Woonkers!" he said, "that's t' fust tahme 'at ivver Maister Ralph hes aks'd mey fer floors. I' t' neame uv Awd Soss, what can he be oop tiv, noo? Theer mun be a lass if he wants floors, an' it's nobbut a week sin' Sukey Swaddles sey'd 'at t' yung squire waaz littin an' lattin efter Rase Duncombe. Weel, mebbe he thinks yan bird i' t' hand is woth twae i' t' bush: eh eh, I kens hoo t' wind sits, an' he's rich, an' this lass is as bonny as Rase is, an' sheea's a laady. Ah dizzent lahke tu see t' quality laendering about wiv sike as wursels."

He made a sudden wry face, and put his hand over his mouth.

"Zookerins! Ah mun tak' tent o' what Ah sehs. Ah forgits t' squire an' t' missis. Nobbut theer's nae sayin' 'at t' Barughs waaz sike as wursels; mebbe t' farmer waaz, bud t' missis mun ha' been a born laady."

He turned away, muttering to himself, "A born laady." Just as he disappeared on his way to the fruit-garden, he murmured, "Nobbut, sheea's ower fond o' meddlin' wiv t' floor-beds. We's yalways at odds ower 'em."

Ralph came back with some exquisite

flowers and sat down under the cedar-tree to arrange them; but it was a new experiment and he was not skilful, and as he changed the delicate blossoms impatiently from hand to hand the ground at his feet was soon strewn with bright geranium petals.

"Confound it!" he said.

A merry peal of laughter answered him.

"Those poor flowers are not used to be so roughly handled," said Rika mischievously, as she picked up a lovely spray of begonia and gave it to him.

Ralph bit his lips and made one more effort to group his flowers effectively.

"There, I can't do it any better," he said; "but it's your fault, if you had not come and startled me it would have been first-rate; but you will have the flowers any way, if"—his tone grew graver—"you will make me happy by accepting them."

Rika took the flowers. "Thank you so very much. I love flowers, and I hardly ever get rare ones. There is a special charm to me about wild flowers, and also about these sheltered ones which never breathe outside air—there is just the difference between these and ordinary garden flowers that one finds in people."

Ralph felt inclined to gape; he wished Rika would not take such flights in her talk, and give him the trouble of thinking. "She's too pretty for it; pretty women shouldn't do it," he said, looking at her as she bent over the flowers. "I hate to have to think while I'm looking at a pretty girl;" he pulled his soft beard and looked and smiled mischievously at Rika.

"I don't quite understand," he said aloud, more for the sake of making her raise her eyes, than because he cared to know what she meant.

As he expected, she looked up, her great grey eyes luminous.

"Well, as a rule, unless we live quite in open country, we see far more ordinary garden flowers than either delicate wild flowers or green-house plants. I don't mean buttercups and daisies, and so on, though they are full of beauty. It is just the same with people; for one rare or refined and cultivated person, you see fifty who are educated, perhaps sensible and comfortable in their ideas; but, oh how alike, and how common-place!—people with whom you can talk by the hour—just surface conversation, like a cat purring—if you are self-controlled. I put that in, because of—dear me, I beg your pardon, I bore you, I'm sure," she broke off abruptly and looked ashamed.

"You needn't mind me," Ralph was secretly getting impatient lest the prayer-bell should ring before he had spoken. "I like to hear you talk you know, you're so amusing. But I see what you mean, Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd are purrers. Yes, I know they are a common-place pair, according to your ideas; but then they're rich and thought a good deal of, and a woman must be like other women; it don't do for her to be eccentric, you know."

"Oh, you would like us all one pattern, like a wall-paper, would you? I hardly see then what would become of likes and dislikes."

"I don't mean that at all," he said abruptly; "you are quite unlike any one I ever saw and I like you better than any one."

Her eyes opened widely but her colour did not deepen.

"You're very kind; must I make you a curtsy?" Then she said gravely, "Thank you for your good opinion. I should think you often want a sister, don't you? My brothers say they don't know what they should do without a sister."

Between his teeth Ralph cursed all sisters.

"No," he said impetuously, "I don't want a sister, but I do want some one to care for me and think of me—I want you, Rika. Don't you understand?"

Still she did not understand. She thought he was in some sudden trouble which he could not tell his father of, and a sympathy for his loneliness shone in her eyes as she looked in his face, flushed just now with unusual earnestness.

"I am listening," she said sweetly; "what is your trouble? I should like to help you if I can."

"You can if you choose," he said. "Say you like me as much as I like you, and it will be all I want."

She raised her eyes to his in sudden doubt, and then she saw his meaning. While he spoke he had drawn nearer, bending almost over her. His ardent glance brought a burning flush to her face, and instinctively she drew away from him. He thought she was only shy.

"I love you, dearest Rika," he said, "and you love me too, don't you—don't you?" He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away and rose up from the bench beneath the cedar-tree.

"Oh please don't, Mr. Burneston. I don't know what to say to you."

But her shyness only spurred Ralph's eagerness.

"You are surprised; I've been in a hurry,

perhaps," he said; "but you do see how much I care for you—and I'm sure you love me, Rika, though you don't know it, you dear girl."

He certainly was not shy, he took her hand and held it while she stood confounded, wondering how she could make him leave her without being rude.

"I am very sorry," she began, "you are quite mistaken, Mr. Burneston."

But her fear of giving pain made her confused and deceived Ralph.

"No, oh no," he said fondly, "I am not mistaken. I love you with all my heart and soul." He pressed her hand tightly, but Rika drew it suddenly away; his last words had brought back her courage.

"I am still very sorry. I like you very much as a friend; but that is all. I could never think of anything else."

Every word made Ralph more determined.

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever been in love?"

"No." Rika was carried away for a moment by his eager tone; then she flushed suddenly. "And if I had, I scarcely think you ought to ask me."

"My love gives me the right;" but he

spoke less confidently. "If love is new to you, you may love me without knowing it. Trust me, it will be all right."

She did not turn away or look confused now, and Ralph felt deeply mortified. His assurance vexed Rika, and took away from her fear of wounding him.

"It is better to be quite plain with you," she said. "I think I am so much older than you that such a thought could not come to me; and listen, please"—for Ralph turned angrily away—"I think, too, that you mistake your own feelings. I had got to consider you as a new brother."

A smothered oath burst from Ralph, and she drew back, fear and disgust showing plainly in her face.

"You had better say you can't bear the sight of me, and be honest at once. I suppose you think that I don't see through all these shams. Just take care of yourself, that's all. Just see that long-tongued cousin of mine doesn't lead you on as you've led me, and leave you in the lurch—and it will serve you right—you've used me shamefully!"

He went away at once, while Rika stood looking after him, all her senses dazed by his words.

THE GOSPEL OF TRAVELLERS.*

BY A. P. STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Luke x. 29. "Who is my neighbour?"

THE Gospel of this day is one of those which contain a universal truth for all mankind. It may also be called the Gospel of Travellers, and therefore at this time, when so many are coming and going, some journeying from the various parts of our own country, and some to countries abroad, it may not be unsuitable to endeavour to reach into the full meaning of its Divine teaching. Like all our Saviour's parables, it was probably suggested, if not by the outward incident, at least by the circumstances of the time and country, possibly of the very place, in which it was delivered. We are not told by the Evangelist where He was when the lawyer questioned Him; but immediately afterwards it is said that He entered into the village of Martha and Mary. That village was Bethany. Bethany was the mountain

hamlet which stood at the head of that great descent from Jerusalem to Jericho which is the scene of the Parable. If He was advancing up the road which He so often trod, leading from the deep valley of the Jordan to the high country of Judea, all the circumstances of the story would naturally suggest themselves. It is a steep mountain pass, descending for nearly four thousand feet, enlivened by no verdure, cheered by no spring of running water, consoled by hardly any sight of human habitation. Bethany is the last point of human life before we descend into that deep abyss of bare precipice and rugged mountain. Far below lies the desert plain of the Jordan, and from that desert plain, and behind those rugged rocks, come forth in all ages the fierce robbers of the wild Arabian tribes who have made the road from the earliest times to be known as the Way of Blood. But unlike many of the waste places of the earth it was a road which, in

* This Sermon, preached on August 26, 1877 (the thirteenth Sunday after Trinity), in Westminster Abbey, has in part appeared in another shape many years ago. But it is published here, in the hope that in its altered form it may be found useful.

spite of its dangers and desolation, was at the time of which our Lord spoke a necessary thoroughfare between two flourishing cities. Jerusalem at the head of the pass and Jericho at its foot were both important seats of government, religion, and commerce. The one was the capital of Judea; the other was the favourite residence of the Herodian family, and also was one of the chief stations of the priests and Levites, and was producing in the rich gardens which grew up in the tropical heat of its beautiful oasis some of the chief articles of luxury to the surrounding countries. It was along this road that "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho;" it was in the midst of this wilderness that the fate which has there often befallen the solitary traveller overtook him on his journey. He fell among the Arabian robbers of whom we have before spoken, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them; who still render it necessary for every pilgrim who passes that way to go with an armed escort. They overpowered him; they stripped off his clothes; they beat him cruelly, and they vanished amidst the desert rocks, leaving him half dead in the glare of the Syrian sun reflected from the white cliffs of the mountain pass on this side and on that. The traveller lay helpless and alone. But "by chance," so our Saviour speaks, and shows that we need not fear to use those casual expressions by which we describe the lesser events of life without always referring directly to a higher Providence—"by chance" another traveller came down that long descent, and the hopes of the wounded man would be roused as he saw the advancing figure of one who might help him in the journey. It was one of the priestly order from Jerusalem, possibly on his way to join the station of his brethren at Jericho. Far off he saw the bleeding sufferer; but "when he saw him" he determined not to be delayed on his journey; he "passed by on the other side," on the high pathway which skirts the precipice, and disappeared on his way to the distant city. One hope was thus extinguished, and then another hope revived. From the opposite quarter, as it would seem from the deep valley below, another traveller wound his way towards the fatal spot. He, "when he was at the place, came and looked on" the wounded man; the sight awakened in him a momentary pity; but he, too, had other business to discharge; he was a Levite, he was on his way to the Holy City. He, too, mounted the high pathway, and "passed

by on the other side," and was soon lost to view. And now a third traveller was seen approaching; we know not whence he came or whither he was going; and if the failing sight of the dying man could enable him to recognise the dress and aspect of the new comer his reviving hope must have sunk again, for the stranger was a Samaritan, and the Samaritans "had no dealings" with the Jews, and those who were Jews would not speak or give so much as "a cup of cold water" to those who were Samaritans. But the Samaritan rode on to the spot; he did not deliberately turn away like the priest, or start aside at the sight like the Levite; but he came where the sick man was, and "when he saw him" one feeling only rose in his mind—not the thought of his own inconvenience, or the danger of delay, but "he had compassion on him." He dismounted and went up to him; he applied the usual Eastern remedies to the wounds; he mounted the sick man on his own beast; and when they reached the inn or caravanserai that breaks the solitude of the long journey he halted there with him, he attended upon him, and commended him to the charge of the host until he came again.

We cannot read this story without being reminded of the incidents which may occur to any one of us in our passage through the world, whether on our actual travels or on that longer journey, that deep descent, that steep ascent, from Jerusalem to the Jordan, and from the Jordan to Jerusalem, in which we are all engaged between our birth and our death. How many are the sufferers who have fallen amongst misfortunes along the wayside of life? "*By chance*" we come that way; chance, accident, Providence, call it by what name we will, has thrown them in our way; we see them from a distance, like the priest; or we come upon them suddenly, as the Levite; our business, our pleasure, is interrupted by the sight and is troubled by the delay. The priest and the Levite may have had good reasons for hurrying on; they may have been proceeding to services which they could not postpone—to duties which would not allow them to endanger their lives. The parable has no words of direct censure for them, but leaves us to ask whether we should have done likewise; it leaves us to determine for ourselves who are most to be admired, they who did as we should all naturally do, they who would not be put out of their way, they who thought it beneath the notice of religious men to do a homely deed of kindness, they who thought it imprudent

to mix themselves up with a matter which was no concern of theirs; or he who had compassion on the wounded man, he who administered comfort and support, he who broke off his journey, he who for the sake of a stranger did that which kinsmen declined to do. The priest and the Levite are types and likenesses of men as they commonly are; thinking much of themselves and little of others; with much prudence, much foresight, it may be, but with little feeling, little sympathy, little power of self-denial. Let them go on their way; we need not judge them harshly. But let us remember that there is a higher type of character, a better standard of the true Christian traveller than this. The good deed of the Good Samaritan has still a fragrant odour in all the world. May it be ours, if God throws like opportunities in our path, to be enabled to share his blessing, and "go and do likewise!"

It cannot be too often remarked that kindness is one of the virtues which hardly ever fails to produce an effect; kindness "in season and out of season;" kindness which is in every one's power. How very much the wheels of life would be smoothed, how very much every one would add to the sum total of human happiness, if every one were to take hold of any of the many opportunities which every situation offers to be kind, courteous, easy, and agreeable towards the chance travellers that he meets in his journeys—towards the chance sufferers that he comes across! It is never forgotten. The boy at school never forgets the kindness of an elder schoolfellow. The poor, solitary, and way-worn man or woman never forgets the pressure of a kind, feeling hand, the glance of a loving, sympathetic eye. "A cup of cold water" given unexpectedly at the right moment will indeed not "lose its reward." Think of this, all those who are concerned in the movements backwards and forwards which make England, and we may almost say the whole civilised world, at this season of the year, a world of travellers, a descent and ascent from Jerusalem to Jericho, from Jericho to Jerusalem. Railway officials, how very much you can ease the burden and soften the difficulties of some helpless solitary creature by speaking a kind word to him, by showing him the way, by telling him what he ought to do in the hurry and confusion of our multitudinous railway stations! Policemen in our great cities, how very much you can and do ennoble your excellent vocation by a readiness to guide, by a willingness to give information, by the friendly hand or encouraging word in

the crossing of the streets, by the unceasing vigilance to avert every kind of roughness or disorder in the vast area of your multiplied callings! Cabmen, in taking up or setting down some suffering woman or child, how much in the course of the day you may add to their comfort and your own happiness by gentleness instead of rudeness, by courtesy instead of harshness! Servants, officials, passers-by in our great public buildings, what a pleasure you can give to all who come through this or any like resort, by making them feel that they are welcome and at home; what a delight you can impart by a word of instruction, or warning, or advice! Travellers, whoever you be—Englishmen, Americans, here or abroad—how far and wide you may make your own good influence and the good fame of your country extend by an agreeable turn given to some travelling disaster, by not pressing hard on your neighbours in a crowded vehicle, by giving place to those who are weaker or less befriended than yourselves, by extending to those around you, or who come within the reach of your notice, any protection which your superior wealth, or strength, or health may have put in your possession! The "presence of mind" to catch these opportunities of diffusing Christian kindness is one of the graces which we should value as amongst the most valuable of God's gifts, which we should endeavour to strengthen by prayer, by habit, by remembering that God, in whose presence we are, is ever requiring of us the special frame of mind which makes us ever "present" with Him, and ever "present" to the call of our fellow-creatures.

But there is yet a wider field of lessons opened by the question, "Who is my neighbour?" The answer is not the less instructive for its being given indirectly. The lawyer—that is, as we should call him, the expounder and teacher of the Old Testament—thought doubtless, when he spoke of loving his neighbour as himself, that it was enough if he thereby bound himself to love those with whom he agreed—those of his own country, of his own Church, of his own persuasion. Nor would it have been a sufficient lesson for him if the parable had been so turned that the act of mercy should have been performed by a good Jew towards an afflicted stranger, even though that stranger were a Samaritan. This is not enough to open the narrow heart or to enlighten the blinded mind. Even the most uncharitable amongst us are content to admire and approve acts of comprehensiveness and tolera-

tion which are performed by those with whom we ourselves agree. But what we shrink from acknowledging, and what this parable forces us to acknowledge, is this: that acts of goodness may be done by those from whom we differ—that even those who, like the Samaritan, are outcasts and aliens from the outward Church of God, and worship they “know not what,” may yet be endowed with a higher grace and gifted with nobler gifts than those who, like the priest and Levite, “stand day and night in the sanctuary.” Who, as he reads the parable, will not feel that he would rather cast his lot with the good Samaritan than with the thoughtless priest or hard Levite?

It is this which makes this gospel so specially useful to those who are about to visit foreign parts, or who move about in this country beyond their own peculiar sphere.

No doubt we feel any injury more deeply, and we do well to feel it more deeply, when we hear of anything insulting or injurious to an Englishman or an Englishwoman—to a Christian man or a Christian woman—to one of our own neighbourhood or kinship or family. “Blood is,” and always will be, “thicker than water.” And so there is a bond of country and of home which makes the heart to glow and the blood to tingle twofold more when we hear of any good deed wrought by a kinsman or a countryman. Even to the widest and freest cosmopolite there is an unrivalled charm in remembering and revisiting the scenes of his earliest childhood. The old church-tower—the dear and sacred graves—the place where we first knew happiness and where we first heard of death—the little brook which, like Jacob, we “passed with this staff,” before we grew into the vast vicissitudes of after-life—all these things must engage our best thoughts and affections. They rank in our minds, as a gifted French poet has said, these monuments of our early years, and these alone, on a level with the Pyramids or the Parthenon.

But still what this parable teaches is, that there is a duty, a sympathy, deeper, wider, fuller than our own immediate and early surroundings. It teaches us (as a wise German proverb says) that there are people, of whom we know not, on the other side of the mountains—on the other side of the mountains of our ignorance, our prejudice. It teaches us that there is a duty and blessing for travellers, as well as for the dwellers at home. It teaches us that we ought to resent an act of unkindness, even when offered to those who

are most unlike ourselves; that we ought to admire generosity and mercy even though they come from one who is as unlike and as hateful to us as the Samaritan was to the Jew. Every nation, every Church, every individual, has some good qualities that the other has not. To love, honour, and admire whatever is good and generous of itself, wherever we find it, even in those whom in all else we think most wrong, this is the high conception of true religion, this shows what a magnificent religion is Christianity, which is the religion of the Good Samaritan. The *Good Samaritan*! There were many Jews who would have thought such a thing a contradiction in terms. A good *Jew*—yes; but a good *Samaritan*—quite out of the question. So, doubtless, thought many a Priest and many a Levite. But Christianity rises far above this. Goodness in a Samaritan or in a Pagan (so our Saviour tells us) is as much goodness as if we found it amongst ourselves. We must be taught even by our enemies. We must love what is lovable, even in those whom we despise. In this way, whenever we go into the whole wide world, we shall find something to learn; and it is this which makes the experience of any circles wider than our own so civilising and so Christianising to each of us. There is a fine text in the Prophet Hosea, in which, when delineating the full perfection for Israel to aim at, it is said that “he shall grow as the lily,” and that “his beauty shall be as the olive-tree,” and that “his branches shall spread forth,” and his roots strike deep, and his smell be fragrant as the cedars of Lebanon.” The Prophet (as it has been eloquently remarked by one of the best of our Non-conformist preachers) felt constrained to adopt a noble eclecticism, borrowing from this quarter and from that, selecting from here a little and from there a little,” and binding together the grace of the bending lily and the solidity of the spreading cedar, and the foliage of the gnarled olive, different as each was from each, in order to fill up the ideal which he wished to set before him. “Goodness and badness, strength and weakness, the great and the little in man, are not widely separated the one from the other, so that we may always seek the one on the one side and the other on the other side. On the contrary” (I continue to quote the same eloquent preacher) “the one is never to be found altogether without the other—they exist around us in a mixed state; it is ‘beauty and the beast’ always—beauty flavoured always with some traces of the

beast, and the beast mitigated always with some touch of beauty. No man is worth accepting altogether, and every man has a grace and glory of his own which is worth searching out." This moral of the parable—this lesson of travel—is a universal truth impressed upon us alike by history and by experience.

Let me give one example from a monument which will probably soon rivet our interest and attention. There has lain for centuries on the sea-shore at Alexandria an obelisk which, by the enterprise of one man, is in this very week about to be embarked on its long voyage, which will at last place it in our very midst, in the chief centre, it may be, of our own metropolis. That obelisk, if ever it should there be planted, will be a standing memorial of those lessons which are taught by the parable of the Good Samaritan. Its original place was far away up the Nile, in the great city of Egyptian Thebes, where the Pharaohs lay buried in their gorgeous tombs, each one in his glory; where the temples still stand, which rivalled, if they did not surpass, even our own vast cathedrals and abbeys. It was erected there in the reign of the mightiest of Egyptian kings, Rameses or Sesostriis, under whom the Israelites were in bondage. What will it tell us when it comes to stand, a solitary heathen stranger, amidst the monuments of our English Christian greatness—perchance amidst the statues of our statesmen, under the shadow of our legislature, almost within the very precincts of our abbey? It will speak to us of the wisdom and splendour which was the parent of all past civilisation—the wisdom whereby Moses made himself learned in all the learning of the Egyptians for the deliverance and education of Israel—whence the earliest Grecian philosophers and the earliest Christian fathers derived the insight which enabled them to look into the deep things alike of Paganism and Christianity. It will tell us, so often as we look at its strange form and venerable characters, that "the Light which lighteneth every man" shone also on those who raised it as an emblem of the beneficent rays of the sunlight of the world.

It will tell us that as true goodness was possible in the outcast Samaritan, so true wisdom was possible even in the cruel and superstitious Egyptians, even in that dim twilight of the human race, before the first dawn of the Hebrew law or of the Christian gospel.

But there is yet another lesson, still more akin to the parable of the Good Samaritan,

of which this obelisk is the index and memorial.

The voyage from Egypt to England is not the first that it has made. It has already wandered far from the spot where it had stood for two thousand years. It was brought, in the first century of the Christian Era, from Thebes to Alexandria, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. It was erected by order of the Roman Emperor Augustus, at the entrance of the vast temple of Cæsar, which after the conversion of the empire became the chief cathedral of the famous Alexandrian Church.

At the base of this obelisk, thus standing with its sister column at the threshold of that stately edifice, occurred one of those hideous crimes which make Christendom bow its head in shame. It was in that church and beneath this pillar that the wise, gifted, and beautiful Hypatia, the model of much that was most excellent in pagan philosophy, was torn to pieces by the cruel fanaticism of a Christian mob, sanctioned, if not instigated, by a Christian archbishop. When we think of this, and when our indignation is stirred by reading the account of that dreadful scene in the pages of the wonderful romance which came from the pen of one whose name is treasured in this abbey, it is the very lesson which our Saviour brings before us in the parable of the Good Samaritan—namely, that as a good Samaritan is better than a selfish Levite or a hard-hearted priest, so a good Pagan, acting up to the light of conscience and knowledge, is better—far better—than a bad Christian, better even than Cyril the Patriarch of Alexandria, or the monks of the Egyptian convents, idolized though they might be for their ascetic virtues, or canonized as champions of the true faith. This warning too, the obelisk, if it had a tongue to speak of what it has seen and heard, may well whisper into the ear of the new world into which it will soon be brought. Long may it rebuke the madness of popular delusions and the narrowness of party judgment; long may it raise our thoughts to the goodness of the good, and the wisdom of the wise, whether in Samaritan or Egyptian, whether in Jew or Gentile, whether in Christian or Turk.

There is one more field to which the parable of the Good Samaritan leads us. Who can think of it at this moment without having his thoughts diverted towards those fields of misery which in the east of Europe, and again in the yet farther East of Asia, are attracting the compassion of mankind? When

we think of the frightful war now raging between two powerful empires, we need not on this occasion, or on this day, involve ourselves in the anxious endeavour to form a judgment on the comparative guilt or innocence of the respective combatants. The accounts of the horrors which reach us on either side may, we may humbly trust, be both exaggerated. But there is one duty that this parable urges upon us with no wavering accents, and that is, that we must not allow ourselves to attenuate or to darken the cruelties of either side merely in proportion to our personal or party predilections. There is a dreadful old proverb which describes the condition of human nature in its more savage aspects, and which is only too likely to be brought to its highest pitch when to the desperate struggle of war is added on both sides the fury of religious phrenzy—*Homo homini lupus*, man on such occasions is as a wolf to man. The excuses which availed in former times for the brutalities of war do not avail now. In Turk or in Christian they are now recognised to be alike detestable. But there is another side of that proverb on which this parable would endeavour to fix our attention. As in his wilder state, *Homo homini lupus*, man is as a wolf to man, or in his still fiercer state, *Homo homini demon*—man is to man as a devil—so it has been said that, in his golden age, in his better state, *Homo homini Deus*, man may be as a God to man. Even as we look at these combatants we may surely, at least, on this sacred day abstract our minds for a moment from their baser and fiercer passions, and look, in each of them, at that which is the godlike and the nobler part. In the one we may see, apart from the designs or schemes of politicians, a sincere religious patriotism, darkened no doubt by much ignorance, but still in every period of the Russian history deserving that admiration with which it has been so finely described by the English historian of the Crimean War; on the other side we may be allowed, despite the differences of creed, and apart from the misgovernment and crimes of the Ottoman Empire, to acknowledge the nobleness of a nation fighting with gallant energy, against invading forces, for the religion of their forefathers, and for the liberty and the independence of their race and Sovereign. And yet further, those who stand by without sharing in the strife may at least endeavour, like the Good Samaritan, to show, amidst all the darkness and the misery of war, that "man may be as a God to man." It was not without reason that, in some ancient though fanciful

expositions of this parable, the Good Samaritan was regarded as the likeness of the Saviour Himself; so true is it that no qualities so bring out the truly Divine elements in man as impartial beneficence, wise compassion, universal sympathy. Whoever can in any degree, by word or deed, contribute to the alleviation or the shortening of the miseries by which a thriving community in one of the fairest portions of Europe is, by the two contending armies, now laid waste—whoever, by a magnanimous resolve to see only the sufferers, and not the partisans of our own special predilections, is able to render assistance to either or to both, does in some degree walk in the footsteps of him who "poured oil and wine" into the wounds of the down-stricken traveller on the way between Jerusalem and Jericho, of Him who pours the balm of His universal beneficence into the wounds of suffering humanity.

But there is another sufferer yet farther east, struck down, not by the passion of men but by the visitation of God, with a calamity almost as heartrending. On the plains of India there lie hundreds of our fellow-creatures, of our fellow-subjects, prostrate under the stroke of one of the severest disasters to which mankind is liable. They are, it is true, far away from us; their creed, their race, their customs, are so unlike our own that we may well say of them that being "out of sight they are out of mind," that "when we see them" we "pass them by on the other side." They are precisely those whom the prejudice of the ancient heathen world, as of the ancient Jewish world, and of a large part of the Christian world in many stages of its existence, would have continued to leave out of mind and out of sight altogether; but they are precisely those whom, on all these accounts, our Saviour's parable is intended to place directly across our path. He whose compassion is over all His creatures, He who has planted within us the instincts of humanity, which His blessed Son Jesus Christ came into the world to perfect, and to exalt, and to enlarge, will not that any of these poor starving families should perish, if by any means they can be saved. They are our "neighbours" because they are sufferers; they are our "neighbours" because they are subjects of the wonderful Empire entrusted to our keeping, when "by chance" we came that way. They are "neighbours," because they are Hindoos or Mussulmans who cannot help themselves, and we are Christian Englishmen who can help them as none else can.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

IV.

"This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."
MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, Book I.

AT last the good news for which they had been longing came to the expecting nation. A voice was heard in the lonely tracts beyond Jordan—the route along which the caravans of pilgrims from Galilee passed so often to and from the feasts at Jerusalem—proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. The news is soon carried to the capital, and Jerusalem and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan, go out to hear it, and when they have heard it are baptized in crowds, eagerly claiming each for himself a place in this kingdom. (Matt. iii. 5.) It gathers strength till it moves rulers and priests, council and sanhedrim, as well as the people who know not the law, and presently priests and Levites are sent out from Jerusalem to test messenger and message, and ask, "Who art Thou? What kingdom is this Thou art proclaiming?" (John i. 19.) It spreads northward also, and the despised Galileans from the lake shores flock down to hear it, and the simplest and bravest souls amongst them, such as Andrew and Simon Peter, attach themselves to the preacher. From the highways and lake cities it pierces the Galilean valleys, and comes to the ears of Jesus in the carpenter's cottage at Nazareth.

He, too, is moved by the call, and starts for the Jordan, filled, we may be sure, with the hope that the time for action has come at last, that the God of Israel is again about to send deliverance to His people. May we not also fairly conjecture that, on his way to Bethabara, to claim his place in the national confession and uprising, he must have had moments of rejoicing that the chief part in the great drama seemed likely after all to be laid on another? As a rule, the more thoroughly disciplined and fit a man may be for any really great work, the more conscious will he be of his own unfitness for it, the more distrustful of himself, the more anxious not to thrust himself forward. It is only the zeal of the half instructed—of those who have had a glimpse of the glory of the goal, but have never known or counted the perils of the path which leads to it—which is ready with the prompt response, "Yes—we can drink

of the cup; we can be baptized with the baptism." But in Christ, after the discipline of those long waiting years, there was no ambition, no self-delusion. He had measured the way, and counted the cost, of lifting his own people and the world out of bondage to visible things and false gods, and bringing them to the only Father of their spirits, into the true kingdom of their God. He must, indeed, have been aware well enough how infinitely more fit for the task He Himself was than any of His brethren in the flesh, with whom he was living day by day, or of the men of Nazareth with whom He had been brought up. But He knew also that the same voice which had been speaking to Him, the same wisdom which had been training Him, must have been speaking to and training other humble and brave souls, wherever there were open hearts and ears, in the whole Jewish nation. As the humblest and most guileless of men He would not have assumed that no other Israelite had been able to render that perfect obedience of which He was Himself conscious, and so He may well have hurried to the Jordan in the hope of finding there, in this prophet of the wilderness, "Him who should come," the Messiah, the great deliverer; and of enlisting under His banner, and rendering Him true and loyal service, in the belief that after all He Himself might only be intended to aid, and hold up the hands of, a greater than Himself. For we must remember that Christ could not have heard before He came to Bethabara that John had disclaimed the great title. It was not till the very day before His own arrival that the Baptist had told the questioners from Jerusalem, "I am not He." (John i. 29.)

But if any such thought had crossed His mind, or hope filled His heart, on the way to the Baptist, it was soon dispelled, and He, left again in His own loneliness, now, more clearly than ever, face to face with the task, before which even the Son of God—appointed to it before the world was—might well quail, as it confronted Him in His frail human body. For John recognises Him, singles Him out at once, proclaims to the bystanders, "This is He! Behold the Lamb of God! This

is He who shall baptize with the fire of God's own Spirit. Here is the deliverer whom all our prophets have foretold." And by a mysterious outward sign as well as by the witness in His own heart and conscience, Christ is at once assured of the truth of the Baptist's words—that it is indeed He Himself and no other, and that His time is come.

That He now thoroughly realised the fact for the first time, and was startled and severely tried by the confirmation of what He must have felt for years to be probable, is not only what we should look for from our own experiences, but seems a fair inference from the Gospel narratives. For although as soon as the full truth breaks upon Him He accepts the mission and work to which God is calling Him, and speaks with authority to the Baptist, "Suffer it to be so now," yet the immediate effect of the call is to drive Him away into the wilderness, there in the deepest solitude to think over again, and wrestle with, and master, the tremendous disclosure. And the story of the temptation which immediately follows—so full of mystery and difficulty in many ways—is invaluable for the light which it casts, not only on this crisis of His life, but before and after—on the history of the world's redemption, and the method by which that redemption is to be accomplished, the part which each individual soul is called to play in it.

For Christ's whole life on earth was the assertion and example of true manliness—the setting forth in living act and word what man is meant to be, and how he should carry himself in this world of God's—one long campaign, in which the temptation stands out as the first great battle and victory. The story has depths in it which we can never fathom, but also clear sharp lessons, which he who runs may read, and no man can master too thoroughly. We must follow Him reverently into the wilderness, where He flies from the crowds who are pressing to the Baptist, and who to-morrow will be thronging round Him, if He goes back amongst them, after what the Baptist has said about him.

Day after day in the wilderness the struggle goes on in His heart. He is faint from insufficient food in those solitudes, and with bodily weakness the doubts grow in strength and persistence, and the tempter is always at His side, soliciting Him to end them once for all, by one act of self-assertion. All those questionings and misgivings as to His origin and mission which we have pictured to ourselves as haunting Him

ever since His first visit to Jerusalem, are now, as it were, focussed. There are mocking voices whispering in His ear, "Are you really the Messiah, the Son of God, so long looked for? What more proof have you to go upon than you have had for these many years, during which you have been living as a poor peasant in a Galilean village? The word of this wild man of the wilderness? He is your own cousin, and a powerful preacher, no doubt, but a wayward, wilful man, who has been nursing mad fancies from his boyhood, away from the holy city, the centre of national life and learning. This sign of a descending dove, and a voice which no one has heard but yourself? Such signs come to many—are never wanting when men want to deceive themselves—and each man's fancy gives them a different meaning. But the words and the sign and the voice you say only meet a conviction which has been growing in your own heart and conscience? Well, then, put this conviction to the proof, here, at once, and make sure yourself, before you go forth and deceive other men to their ruin. You are famishing here in the wilderness. This, at least, cannot be what God intends for His Son, who is to redeem the world. Exercise some control over the meanest part of your Father's kingdom. Command these stones to become bread, and see whether they will obey you. Cast yourself down from this height. If you are what you think your Father's angels will bear you up, and when they have borne you up, you may go on with some reasonable assurance that your claim is not a mere delusion, and that you will not be leading these men whom you call your brethren to misery and destruction."

And when neither long fasting and weakness, or natural doubt, distrust, impatience, or the most subtle suggestions of the tempter can move His simple trust in God, or wring from Him one act of self-assertion, the enemy changes front, and the assault comes from another quarter. "You may be right," the voices seem now to be saying; "you may not be deceived or dreaming when you claim to be the Son of God, sent to redeem this fair world, which is now spread out before you in all its glory. That may be your origin, and that your work. But living as you have done till now in a remote corner of a despised province, you have no experience or knowledge of the methods or powers which sway men and establish and maintain these kingdoms of the world, the glory of which you are beholding. These

methods and powers have been in use ever since man has known good from evil. You have only to say the word, and you can use and control these methods and powers as you please. By their aid you may possibly 'see of the travail of your soul and be satisfied,' without them you will redeem nothing but perhaps a man here and there, will postpone the coming of your Father's kingdom, to the sorrow and ruin of many generations, and will die a foiled and lonely man, crushed by the very forces you have refused to use for your Father's service. If they were wholly evil, wholly unfit for the fulfilment of any purpose of His, would He have left them in command of his world till this day? It is only through them that the world can be subdued. Your time is short, and you have already wasted much of it, standing shivering on the brink, and letting the years slip by in that cottage at Nazareth. The wisest of your ancestors acknowledged and used them, and spread his kingdom from the river to the Great Sea. Why should you reject them?" This, very roughly and inadequately stated, is some shadow of the utmost part or skirt, as it were, of the trial-crisis, lasting forty days, through which Christ passed from His private to His public career. For forty days the struggle lasted before He could finally realise and accept His mission and all that it implied. At the end of that time He has fairly mastered and beaten down every doubt as to his call, every tempting suggestion to assert Himself, or to accept or use any aid in establishing his Father's kingdom which does not clearly bear His Father's stamp and seal on the face of it. In the strength of this victory He returns from the desert to take up the burthen which has been laid on Him, and to set up God's kingdom in the world by the methods which He has learnt of God Himself, and by no other.

In following the life of Christ up to this point, so far as we have any materials, we have found its main characteristic to be patience, a resolute waiting on God's mind. I have asked you to test in every way you can, whether this kind of patience does not constitute our highest ideal of human conduct, is not in fact the highest form of manliness in repose? Pursue the same method as to this isolated section of that life, the temptation, which I readily admit has much in it that we cannot understand. But take the story simply as you find it (which is the only honest method unless you pass it by altogether) and see whether you can detect

any weakness, any flaw in the perfect manliness of Christ under the strain of which it speaks—whether He does not here also realise for us the most perfect type of manliness in times of solitary and critical trial? There is scarcely any life of first rate importance to the world in which we do not find a crisis corresponding to this, but the nearest parallel must be sought amongst those men, the greatest of their kind, who have founded or recast one of the great religions of the world. Of these (if we except Moses) Mahommed is the only one of whose call we know enough to speak. Whatever we may think of him, and the religion he founded, we shall probably admit that he was at least a man of the rarest courage. In his case too, it was at the end of long and solitary vigils in the desert that the vision comes which seals him for his work. The silver roll is unfolded before his eyes, and he who holds it bids him read therein the decrees of God, and tells him, "Thou art the prophet of God, and I his angel." He is unmanned by the vision, and flies trembling to his wife, whose brave and loving counsel, and those of his friends and first disciples, scarcely keep him from despair and suicide. I would not press the parallel further than to remark, that Christ came out of the temptation with no human aid, having trod the wine-press alone, serene and resolute from that moment for the work to which God had called Him. It remains to follow His life in action and to scrutinise its special characteristics there; and again I would ask you to sift every step thoroughly for yourselves, and see whether it will not bear the supreme crucial test from first to last. Apply that test therefore without scruple or limitation in respect of this special quality of manliness, from which we started on our inquiry. I have admitted, and admit again, frankly and at once, that if the life will not stand the test throughout, in every separate action and detail, the Christian hypothesis breaks down. For we may make allowances for the noblest and bravest men, for Moses, and Elijah, and St. Paul, for Socrates and Luther, and every other great prophet, but we can make none for the perfect Son of man and Son of God. His life must stand the test under all circumstances, and at every moment, or the ground breaks through under our feet, and God has not revealed Himself in man to men, or redeemed the world by the methods in which Christendom has believed for nineteen hundred years.

SAINT MODAN OF ROSNEATH.

ON the shores of Loch Etive, about four miles above the boiling rapids of Connel Ferry, stand the ruins of the old priory of Ardochattan, which, along with Pluscarden in Moray and Beau-lieu in Ross, reproduced among the hills of Scotland the discipline of that order of Vallis-Caulium which had been founded in the year 1193 in vine-clad Burgundy. The priory was built in the thirteenth century by the ancestor of the Macdougalls of Lorne. When the monks came thither, bringing with them the austere rule and the black habit of St. Benedict, they found the spot that had been chosen for them already famous. The renown of the memory of an early saint had led the pious founder to rear his cloisters on this secluded shore. The early saint was Modan.

The priory stood at the mouth of a little glen, on the green meadow between it and the beach. Up the glen, on your left hand as you climb, are the vestiges that still attest the former dwelling of the saint—a ruined chapel and a well. The place of these is called Balmhaodan—the town of Modan.

The ruins crown a grassy knoll which overhangs the glen, and is divided from the upper slopes of the hill by a deep green hollow. The masonry is strong and rough; but little more than the gables and the outline of two broken walls remain, overshadowed by the ash-trees that have planted themselves among the stones, the existing trees growing out of the remains of roots, all gnarled and weather-worn, of immensely greater age. In every crevice thorn, rowan, ivy, and fern, have fastened themselves, “softening and concealing” the sanctuary’s decay. Within the area are a few humble tombstones half hidden among rank nettles. In a corner near the site of the altar lie the “spokes” used for carrying coffins—for the dead are still brought hither for burial—and around the chapel, scattered about the top and sides of the knoll among the bracken, are several little monuments, some flat, some upright. Beyond the green hollow the hill rises steeply, clothed with trees, chiefly pines. Below stretches Loch Etive, on whose farther shore lie undulating ranges of hills, their lower slopes well wooded. As you look eastward, across the glen, the view is barred by a ridge close at hand, which hides almost the whole of the enormous mass of Cruachan lifting his double crown above the

winding loch. But it is when you turn to the west you realise the full nobleness of the site chosen for St. Modan’s chapel. Your eye passes quickly over the waving woods that stretch along the nearer braes, and over the narrow entrance to the loch, to rest on the broader and more distant waters of the “mighty Sound,” bounded on the right by the green meadows of Lismore; while, filling all the rest of the horizon, stretches the grand and towering range of Mull, now shadowy with mist, now purple in sunshine, always vast, lonely, solemn. Descending from the ruin to the glen, a few paces bring you to the “Well of Modan,” which sends a tiny rivulet, pure and cold, to join its tinkle to the murmur of the burn, that hastens downwards betwixt banks rich in fern and foxglove. Above the well the young branches of an aged yew-tree have been trained “with their dark arms to form a circling bower.” The chapel above was, no doubt, built long after the saint had died. Wattles and clay were probably enough for him, as they were for Columba. But here, in the shadow of the glen, he sat, and of this rill he drank. This is the most living witness to his memory. As I drank of his well, and stood where his feet must often have trodden, and looked on the unchanging outlines which were familiar to his eye, I felt more vividly than I ever felt anywhere else the genius of the place. It was difficult to divest one’s self of the conviction of a spiritual presence that had an affinity with one’s own, or for the moment to believe that this age of science had turned to stone the simple faith, which, in an earlier time, would have made the pilgrim kneel down upon the brink and pray, “Sancte Modane, ora pro me.”

Near the shores of another loch, on the verge of the West Highlands, stands the church of Rosneath—of old, Rosneveith, the Promontory of the Sanctuary, or of the “Cœlestis terra.” It, too, owed its ancient sanctity to the memory of Modan. He sojourned at Balmhaodan; but he died at Rosneath.

There is a striking similarity between this local scene and that of the other tradition of the saint. Loch Etive does not, indeed, resemble the Gairloch. Its waters are darker, its heights more imposing, its woods more dense. No such “monarch of mountains” as Cruachan frowns over the lesser loch; no such “fierce river” as the Awe swells its currents. The

seal which haunts Loch Etive has long been scared away by the Clyde steamboats, from shores gay with villa and cumbered with pier. But above the church of Rosneath, winding into the hill-side, lies a glen like that which surmounts the priory of Ardochattan—a glen in which, too, dim tradition says there was once a well of healing waters. The priory of Canons Regular, which is known to have existed near to where the parish church now stands, must have held the same relation to the glen and well of Rosneath as the priory of Ardochattan held to Balmhaodan. The cloisters rose on the fertile level beneath the retreat consecrated by the memory of the saint, and became the centre of religion and civilisation; but the church, which at Balmhaodan was erected beside the nook where he had dwelt, was, at Rosneath, built at the place where he was buried—not in the glen, but below, on the meadow between it and the sea.

The priory has utterly vanished. The early church has left not a stone behind. The very name of Modan no longer lingers by glen or field or brae or stream; but the ancient burying-ground and adjacent kirk still claim for God the spots associated with the memory of His faithful servant more than a thousand years ago. The sole suggestion of his name that one can discover is not in the nomenclature of the district, but in two aged parchments, the register of Paisley and the chartulary of Lennox, which, at the close of the twelfth century, record the names of Michael Gilmodyn, parson of Neveth, and Gilmothan, sacristan of Neveth, "the Sanctuary." It is more than probable that Gil-modan (the servant of Modan) may have become a patronymic among those officially or locally connected with his church. The analogy of the names Gilchrist (the servant of Christ) and Gil-espie (the servant of the bishop), give ample warrant for this conclusion. In one other place in the west of Scotland Modan's name is preserved—at Kilmodan, above Loch Riddan on the Kyles of Bute. The parish church, which, though a recent building, is on the ancient site, stands near the flat sandy shores of the loch, where the Ruel, which gives its name to Glendaruel, discharges its shallow waters. The wide lonely glen stretches away from the loch-head towards Dunans and Strachur—a desolate region, in which no vestige or memory of the saint, except his name, survives.

Who, then, was this Modan, whose presence we can recognise, through the mists of many

centuries, as once a well-known and powerful presence in Lorne, Cowal, and Lennox? The answer has to be pieced together out of several dim old records, and learned opinions differ as to the interpretation of what these contain. The latest deliverance on the subject is that of Mr. W. F. Skene, who in the second volume of his "Celtic Scotland," page 282, assigns Modan and Ronan to the eighth century, representing them as companions in a mission to the Scots, and belonging to the Roman party, which emerged from the Anglic kingdom and entered Scotland proper early in the eighth century. One of Mr. Skene's arguments is drawn from the contiguity of the dedications to Modan and Ronan; the ruins of a church being still visible in the parish of Muckairn on Loch Etive, opposite Balmhaodan, bearing the name Kilmaronog (the church of my little Ronan), the same name, with only the substitution of *og* for *ock*, as that of another parish in the same district and presbytery as Rosneath. He also identifies the Modan of Rosneath, whose date in the calendar is February 4, and who also is styled abbot and confessor, with the Modan of Philorth or Fraserburgh, "bishop and confessor," and whose date is November 14. Perhaps the antiquity of one or two dedications may be regarded as too slender a basis for the association of these two saints; as the sameness of name seems scarcely to warrant the identification of the apostle of the West Highlands, who has given their designation to Balmhaodan and Kilmodan, with the Modan of Aberdeenshire, who can be recognised, under the corrupt pronunciation of Buchan, as once honoured at Auchmedden and Pitmedden. Nor does the Roman origin of Modan appear so probable as the Celtic. His is not a Latin name, and the derivation suggested for it in the Aberdeen Breviary ("modos odens vanos") is too preposterous to stand a moment's scrutiny; but the name and other names akin to it occur frequently in the Celtic chronicles and calendars, where we find Maddan of Freswick, Medana of Kil-lucan, Middan, Mudain, and, among others, Medan, of whom, says Bishop Forbes, "we have a trace on the Braes of Angus at Airlie, where within this century 'Maidie's Bell' was sold as a bit of old iron." We may note further that the Modan of February is styled "abbot," while he of November is "bishop," a difference which favours the idea that the former was the earlier apostle, or one at least who was not of the Roman Church, the government of the Celtic Church (to

which Iona stood in the place of Rome) being abbatial, not episcopal. Nor is the "royal descent," which is ascribed to the western Modan, likely to have belonged even to a Roman patrician; while the families of the petty Celtic kings, keenly jealous as

they were of the dignity of their pedigrees, sent not a few cadets—as in the case of Adamnan, of Cormac, of Fillan, and of the greatest of them all, Columba—to swell the ranks of the "monks of the west."

R. H. STORY.

(To be concluded in next part.)

A RUNIC LEGEND.

I WAS always a dreamy boy, but I think the turn my imagination took was influenced by a physical infirmity which came upon me when I was about eight years old. I had a long illness which affected my hearing, and though I recovered my former health in a few months I ever afterwards remained partially deaf. I could hear words spoken close to my ears, and I could talk, or at least I thought I could, as well as other people; but nearly all pleasure in companionship was over for me. I lost all interest in the games my young cousins played in the nursery, and to sit among my elders seeing lips move, and gathering no meaning from them, affected me with a terrible sense of loneliness and forlornness. I was different from other people—cut off—left to myself—and the tokens of my separation were always before me. I could see people speaking and laughing, if I could not hear them. What torture it sometimes was to me! I grew to hate the actual world I lived in, and to long with an intensity of longing for power to escape somewhere else. When I was quite a child it was Fairy-land I longed to get into. I wandered about the park and gardens (my own park and gardens, for my father had died when I was a year old, and I was heir to great possessions) always hoping some day to meet the wounded bird or snared wild animal, that on being rescued by me, was to turn into an elf-man or elwomen and bear me away straight to elf-land. After a time, however, I began to despise the joys of the dim soulless twilight country. I found out I was not gay enough for the perpetual dancing and feasting. I never had any true childlike temper in me. It was something else than gaiety I wanted. I discovered that it was power. The sense of wanting something that my fellow creatures had, of being separated from them by a deficiency, made me long to possess myself of some power or faculty unknown to any one else which should restore the balance in my favour. About that time I discovered in the Lyllen Grange

Library a few old books on Necromancy, and I devoted every moment I could call my own to the study of them. How they delighted and baffled me. The prospect of remaining what I was (for the advantages of my worldly position had dawned on me now) and yet possessing occult powers over nature and over my fellow men, was far more to my taste than the old dream of being transported to fairy-land. I worked hard at the problems in my books, and never taking anyone into my confidence or being exposed to ridicule for my belief, I really expected some time or other to be able to solve them. Some day, I hoped, the mystical words would roll from my tongue which would make me free of all nature's secrets. On one occasion, how well I remember it, I seemed to myself to be on the point of success. I had been secretly working for weeks at the decoction of a nostrum recommended in Count de Gabalis' delightful book. The mixture, after weeks of watching, had actually become clear and tasteless as my book told me it ought to become. I swallowed it, at noon one midsummer day, and walked solemnly to the bank of a little river that ran through Lyllen Park. I had the mystic word which rightly pronounced has the power of calling up water sprites from the deep, in my memory, and when I reached the river, I formed my lips carefully to speak the word; not hearing what I said, speaking was an effort to me, and I seldom made it. I could not be sure now whether I had spoken softly or loudly. I tried again—"Maimouna, Maimouna!"—the delicious word, Count de Gabalis calls it. I fancied I had a mysterious pleasure in forming it with my lips, and I bent forward to see if the sweet-named water-lady were not coming at my call. Yes there *was* a face rising from the water—a fair golden-haired head and face! for an instant I really thought I should have died of joy, and then I recognised the reflection of my cousin Bertha's laughing mischievous countenance forming beneath the ripples of the river.

I turned and discovered that she was standing close behind me, mimicking my uncouth attempts at speech. All the rest of that day I was terribly sore and angry. It was the first time I think that I ever felt so *very* angry as I have done often alas! since. I could not be pacified or comforted, though my aunt and tutor and all the domestics of the house did their best for me. I was made to understand that Bertha was to be punished for her unkindness in mocking me. I thought she deserved punishment, but it did not relieve my mortification to hear she was then enduring it. In the evening when I was sitting in the library, too sullen to do anything, Bertha stole in and came and sat by my side. Her pretty gay face was all disfigured with weeping. It pained me to see it, so I turned away my head from her and would not look. She took up my stupid sullen hand, and spelled on the listless fingers. "I am sorry—I know now that it was wrong to laugh at you—but I did not mean to hurt you." The soft touch of her fingers on mine drew all the sore angry pain out of my heart and I felt myself again. From that day Bertha and I were friends. I grew to care for her more than I had ever yet done for any human being. I left my books to follow her about; and when we were together she acted as interpreter between me and other people. A few touches from her fingers could always make me understand what was going on, though I had been slow in learning the finger-language before. The two years between my fourteenth birthday and Bertha's going to school in France when she was fourteen, were the best and happiest years of my whole life. When she left Lyllen I gave myself up to study again, and, though now perused in a different spirit, the mystical books of the Middle Ages had still a great charm for me. My antiquarian learning began to be spoken about. I had correspondences with learned doctors and bibliophilists in all parts of Europe. I began to write a treatise on the letters of the Gothic alphabet. I was happy in my rusty lore and became somewhat more reconciled to my privation. When I was about two-and-twenty Bertha returned to Lyllen after a lengthened residence abroad. When she first came I thought she was very little altered. It was the same bright sunshiny face, the same graceful restless dancing figure that I had watched with such amazement in our childhood. After she had been with us a few months she altered, there were long musing fits now and then, when she would sit still with a shadow

on her face; she began to move slowly about the old stately house as every one else did. I think I liked her in her grave moods best of all, the merriment had always been such a wall of division between us. By that time a project which I believe my aunt and my guardian had cherished for years began to be talked about openly. The project was that Bertha should become my wife. Wishing it passionately as I did, I don't think I dare have proposed such a thing if my aunt had not spoken about it to me first. She gave me to understand that Bertha was willing to link her bright life with mine, and that it was not compassion but true love and a real admiration of my talents and my noble character that prompted the inclination. After all, I thought, why should I not be loved? other unfortunates have found faithful gentle women to love them truly, why not I? I hoped so earnestly it was so, that I never had courage to put a direct question to Bertha. She was my interpreter with the outer world; I followed her about and forgot everything for her as I had done in my boyhood, and our future marriage was tacitly regarded between us as a settled fact, which was to be, but which we rather implied than spoke about in our intercourse with each other. Only I fell into a way of watching Bertha jealously whenever she was not absolutely conversing with me. Again the motion of lips that told me nothing was torture to me. The longing to hear came back stronger than ever; other people had a way of reaching her soul which was closed to me. I read passages in books about the revelations made in tones of voice till I was almost beside myself with pain. If I could but once hear a word from her lips I thought our hearts would be nearer than they ever could be now, when one uniting chain which bound other people was wanting to us. I fancy it was dwelling morbidly on this privation that caused me to lose something of my satisfaction in Bertha's society, and turned me back again on my books for comfort. I know I did shut myself up and I allowed the preparations for my wedding to be carried on without interference from me in a way that surprised every one. We were to be married the last week in January. Bertha and my aunt came to Lyllen for Christmas, but were to leave immediately afterwards, and I was to follow to London. On Christmas Eve a large party assembled in the house, and in the course of the afternoon, to spare myself the

torture of seeing Bertha converse with our guests, I shut myself up alone in my study, intending to pass the time in writing to a learned German Antiquarian who had communicated to me some discovery he had lit on in the course of his reading. In my reply I wished to quote a passage from a rare Icelandic poem I possessed. It had been an old favourite of mine, and when I had copied out the passage I wanted, I turned to a page containing the Runic alphabet, and I looked long at the uncouth spider-shaped letters with mystic sayings attached to them, to which in old times such wondrous powers had been attributed. "O—An open door, an open heart, a naked sword." I read and then I pondered. What could it mean? what possessed sensible people, and surely some of the ancient Scalds were sensible people, to fancy any charm or power could lurk in such incoherent phrases? I passed my finger aimlessly over the three large strangely-shaped letter Os on the vellum page; the O in "Open heart" was a little raised above the others. I rubbed it again; it slipped slightly from under my finger. I could hardly believe my eyes. I looked closer, and discovered that the blank letter was in reality a thin bronze ring, which had been inserted in the thick vellum and inked over. I took it out with the greatest possible care and carried it to the window to examine it. Here was a relic which all my antiquarian friends would envy me the possession of, and for which museums would fight. It was nearly a perfect circle, very thin and flat, and on the rim in minutest letters was the mystic saying, "An open door, an open heart, a naked sword." Suppose after all there should be something in what the old Scalds had sung? Suppose this should be a charm. I slipped it on my finger as the thought rose. I had fancied it would be too large, but it was not, it fitted exactly, it seemed to shape itself to my finger and to cling there. I could not move it again either up or down. I felt a little weird and uncomfortable when I discovered this fact. There was also a curious sensation of ringing in my ears, and a confusion in my vision, such as I had never experienced before. I took a turn up and down the room to calm myself, and, as I found that I did not grow calmer and that the short winter daylight was rapidly failing, I resolved to leave my gloomy room and my letter to the German professor and go down stairs among my guests. They were most of them gathered in the smallest and cosiest of our many sitting-rooms; "Bertha's boudoir"

it had come to be called. The ladies were drinking tea and the gentlemen standing about talking to them before dispersing to dress for dinner. The room seemed to me a perfect blaze of light when I entered, and yet it was only illumined by the glow of a wood fire on which some one had placed a handful of fir-cones. But, what was stranger than the intensity of the light, was the manner in which it affected me. It appeared to flow towards me from objects which had never hitherto given out rays. It was not only the fire that was luminous, the people seated round it were luminous too. Rays or rather threads of different coloured lights seemed to me to be proceeding slowly out of their mouths; while from the back of their heads came fainter but more numerous and swifter darting lights. These lights passed through my eyes into my brain and awoke thoughts there. I stood transfixed for a moment and then the truth flashed upon me. My Runic letter-ring had endowed me with the power of *seeing* sound. It was with difficulty I commanded myself sufficiently to walk calmly to a seat. My brain reeled with wonder and delight at my new possession. No one noticed my entrance much, for though I was master of everything round me, my infirmity made me live so much apart that I was of but little account in my own house. I seated myself a little behind the group of people, in order to test my powers, and after a few minutes' watching I perceived that my new perception of spoken words was the least important part of my gift—to an ordinary person it would have been no boon at all; the real virtue of the ring lay in this, that the thoughts of the heart could be seen radiating from the speaker before he clothed or veiled them in words. The thoughts were the fainter, quicker, darting rays I had perceived streaming out from the back of the head. A very little practice enabled me to watch the two opposite currents of light and to note the discrepancy between them. The discrepancy? the flat contradiction sometimes! What a farce, this new faculty of mine, turned the conversation into! I could have been amused at the discoveries I made, and philosophized upon them, as I have no doubt did the Scald whose ring I was wearing on the falsities of his time; but before I had watched for many minutes, an anxiety came over me, which left no room for amusement or philosophy. One of my guests began to speak about me; his words were courteous and complimentary, such as a guest might use in

speaking of a host to whom he was, as this man was to me, under considerable obligation, and while his lips moved slowly, quick-darting thoughts sprang out from behind, and I read in a few minutes his entire estimate of my character. How cheaply he held my vaunted learning! how he disliked the haughty coldness of my behaviour! how disagreeable my person and manners were to him! He was at liberty to think of me as he liked. I was supremely indifferent to his thoughts; but as I read, a cold chill came over me; in a few minutes Bertha would come in and perhaps sit down by my side, and I should be forced in one minute, without any preparation, to learn her true thoughts about me. "An open door, an open heart;" would the "naked sword" come after? I began faintly then to understand the meaning of the strong Runic letter, the bitter, bitter Rune, as it had proved itself to be. Very soon I lost all power of watching the words and thoughts of the indifferent people round me. On what wearisome subjects they seemed to think and speak! I turned my eyes from them and fixed my gaze on the door—through which I expected Bertha to enter soon. She came in at last, walked silently towards the circle, and took a seat in such a position that I could see her face only. I looked at it long. I had never known what suspense was till then, and it lay in my own hands to end it. By walking round to the other side of the circle I should discover what would make me the happiest or the most wretched of men. Once she caught my eye fixed upon her and she smiled kindly, not brightly. I remembered now that I had never seen a bright look on her face, except when I was watching her unawares, and she was chatting with other people. She never opened her lips all the time I looked at her that night. She sat with hands languidly folded in her lap, and a weary oppressed expression on her brow and on her drooping eyelids. I could bear to see it no longer. I walked noiselessly across the room and stood leaning against the open piano behind her seat. Streams of soft light were coming towards me from her brain. I looked intently at them and they painted pictures on my mind. For a long time I myself had no place in any of these pictures. I saw Bertha moving about in a sunny garden with fairer flowers than I had ever seen surrounding her, and by her side there was always the same young stranger holding her hand, leaning forward, and speaking to her, making love to her. I could see the words coming out of his

mouth, engraving themselves in some mysterious way on her heart and brain, reproducing themselves before me now. At last the smoothly flowing lights darkened and became agitated, and I then found myself reading her true thoughts of me, her dread and horror at the prospect of our marriage, the fear of her mother's anger that had alone induced her to accept my offer. I don't know how I bore this reading: "An open door—an open heart—a naked sword." Yes, it was piercing me through and through, and I knew what coherence there was in the old Scaldic saying. I slipped off to my own room after a while, and did not appear among my guests any more that night. I spent many hours in trying vainly to draw the fatal magic letter from my finger. At last I slept and was awakened by the cheerful bells ringing in Christmas morning. The ring was on my finger when I woke, and I was troubled all the morning by being obliged to read the grudging thoughts which passed through my servant's mind as he waited on me, but I took care not to see any one else till church time. I walked alone to church, and during the hour there, under the influence of the place and the suggestions of the season, I came to a resolution which brought peace to my heart, and enabled me even to feel thankful for the bitter truths that had come to me on the previous evening. Not the less, however, did I groan under the possession of the strange power by which I had attained to it, and I longed as earnestly now to lay aside my magic gift as I had formerly desired to possess one. As I left the church I drew off my glove to place my usual Christmas offering for the poor in the plate, and on bending down my hand I saw a flash of blue light dart from my third finger on to the plate. The ring was gone. Nor could the minutest search afford me the smallest trace of it.

Its sudden disappearance has sometimes half tempted me to doubt whether the whole were not a strange hallucination of diseased fancy. Yet it was an hallucination which taught me more than whole years of apparent reason. I did not marry my cousin Bertha. I was the means of preparing the way for her union with a young Italian gentleman to whom I found she had long been attached. And for myself: I live among my books. I am still a student of past times. Sometimes I think I understand the old dreamers and singers better than most people. That is all.

A. KEARY.

LITTLE NELL.

1.
WHY does he love me? I cannot tell,
For there's nothing to love about me—
Not clever, nor rich, nor even a belle;
Yet he says—just says—I'm little Nell,
And he will not be wed without me.

2.
Why he loves me I'm puzzled to know;
My hair's neither raven nor golden.
Yet he says—yes, really says—bless him so!—
That he shuddered at thought of my "No!"
And I'm not to beauty beholden.

3.
How he could care so I can't make out,
For I've neither worth, wit, nor wisdom,
Yet he says—there! I am silly no doubt—
He says, Lips pretty as mine may put.
Some are born to speak, and to kiss, some.

4.
Ah yes, you wonder what he can see—
"A face rather rustic than Roman,
Wanting in dignity to a degree,"—
Yet he says (it a riddle must be),
King Ulysses was hid by Noman.

5.
And he says—oh! a darling is he!
There never was any one dearer!—
"You don't know a ruby from a rupee,
But, Nell, you're sweeter than angel to me.
How I would the day were but nearer!"

6.
O do not treat with scorn so intense
His blessed, adorable, folly.
What?—"The unfitness of things is immense,
To claim no merit, pounds, shillings, or pence,
Scarce even a passing *très-jolie*."

7.
True. Still he loves me; that I know well,
Though I cannot at all explain it.
And he, if I ask him, says he won't tell;
He just says, "You've my heart, little Nell,
And I would not for worlds reclaim it."

8.
So why he loves me, why I love Ned,
To know I despair of, and therefore,
For reasons in vain don't bother my head;
For he said—how he smiled when he said!—
"Love, for every Why there's a Wherefore."
CATHARINE SINCLAIR.

COFFEE PALACES.

"IF you mean to compete with the public-houses," said a gentleman of great experience to some members of a committee in our hearing, "you must not forget one half of the arts they use to make their houses attractive. Your coffee palace must not be low-roofed and dark and dingy any more than theirs: warmth, brightness, glitter of glass and ornaments you must hold forth, as well as they, or you will assuredly play a losing game in the long run." Not a few of the experiments that have been made in our large towns in the establishment of coffee palaces have failed recently for want of attention to this point, which appears nevertheless to be so simple and urgent. It was recalled to our attention a short time since by a prospectus which was handed to us for a coffee palace for women at Knightsbridge. In that quarter we knew well that large numbers of girls were engaged in shops and in workrooms, and we have heard a great many accounts of how hardly they are put to it for proper places in which to cook and eat their dinners. Many of them have to content themselves with what they can carry from their home or lodgings in the morning, and

the best they can do is to wander about and eat it in the park—sorely put to it, if it happens to rain or snow. Even with a well-brought-up and well-meaning girl, we can easily see how the warmth of the public-house might be tempting. We were therefore prepared to appreciate the intention of the committee who were aiming at founding such an institution. We resolved to watch its progress and report upon it to our readers. One thing after another, however, arose to delay our journey of inquiry; and when, last week, we did accomplish it, we found, to our deep regret, that of the £1,000 needed to purchase the lease of a proper building to start the house, only some £800 had been promised, and that consequently nothing had yet been done. But Miss Needham, of 34, Montpelier Square, to whom we had been referred for information, told us, with an air of quiet determination, that, as they had succeeded so well with the Men's Coffee Palace, the women's would assuredly prove a success, because it was even more wanted. She expressed her readiness to show us the men's house, and we gladly accompanied her. On the way she enlight-

ned us as to the history of the institution. It was only in May, 1876, that the committee, who had for some time been labouring hard to get subscriptions, felt themselves entitled to take on lease, in a very conspicuous position opposite the barracks, the house known as the Rose and Crown, which had gained rather an unenviable notoriety as a soldier's den. It is striking, lofty, and well lighted. The ground floor is devoted to coffee tables precisely as in the Edinburgh Castle and Dublin Castle at the east end of London, only that here there is more of finish and elegance in the furniture. Down below are kitchens and cellars. Above, on the first-floor, are reading-rooms well supplied with papers, &c., smoking-rooms, halls for meeting; and higher still the rooms are divided off into little bedrooms, spotlessly neat and clean, which are let to men engaged in various callings at charges varying from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per week. Before the house had been in existence four months it was found desirable to extend the accommodation for lodgers; and luckily the next house was in the market. It was accordingly taken; and now in the two houses there are nearly forty beds, all of which are regularly let. The house that was first bought is already paying even per cent. on the money invested; and the other will before long, doubtless, show the same result. The house was extremely quiet and cleanly: all present, it was clear, were disposed to appreciate the privilege. From all that we saw at the Rose and Crown, we are able to say that it is as quiet and home-like as any private house. Many soldiers still frequent it, and from the regularity with which the religious meetings are attended, and the interest shown in them, it is not too much to say that a genuine and good Christian work has been begun. In connection with the house there is servants' registry—a considerable proportion of the lodgers being gentlemen's servants—and by this registry some service is done both to employers and employed in the district. The advantages of combining the lodging-house and the coffee palace are evident. At such a scale of charges for coffee and bread as suffices to induce people to come, there could not possibly be anything but the smallest margin of profit. The lodging-house is what enables the palace to become self-supporting. In all such enterprises the ultimate question is, Can it be made to pay? else there immediately emerges the question of demoralizing the people by supplying food far below the market value.

The impression produced on us by the Rose

and Crown makes us particularly anxious to do something, if possible, for the women's palace. *He gives twice who gives quickly.* We read in the prospectus which has been issued by the committee, which, it should be remarked, is quite independent of that of the Rose and Crown—

"A house in the Brompton Road has been looked at which appears well suited to the purpose, as it is capable of enlargement, and could offer sleeping accommodation to ten lodgers at 5s. or 6s. per week. Failing this another house could doubtless be found in close proximity to many of the shops. In addition to the premium £1,000 would at once be required for alterations, furniture, &c. After the first outlay there is every reasonable prospect of the house being self-supporting. The rooms to be let for sleeping will, it is believed, be eagerly sought for by members of the different classes who will benefit by the Restaurant. No intoxicants will be sold. A suitable matron has been found, who with her husband would reside on the premises. The sum required may seem large, but it must be borne in mind that no new Institutions can be started without capital, and that the money expended will not be lost but invested in the property and always retain a value.

"The Committee of Management desire to attach to the Establishment, a Free Reading Room and Library, where secular classes could be held for those desirous of availing themselves of them. Bible Classes could at suitable times be conducted, or short Devotional Meetings held. This addition to the work would, it is believed, attract and not repel those whom it is sought to benefit. The attendance would be perfectly optional. This part of the work will be carried on in union with the Young Women's Christian Association."

We shall now transport our readers to the West, to observe a most interesting series of experiments which two ladies have carried on in Bristol with great success, accomplishing a vast amount of good with little expenditure, and with no obtrusive machinery of advertisement. It is quite possible, indeed, that the visitor might pretty exhaustively do the philanthropic institutions of Bristol and never hear a word of either enterprise. And yet he would miss what has perhaps a more available lesson for many other places than almost anything else. Every one knows that in large towns there is a constant influx of girls from other places and the surrounding country, who find work in warehouses or in factories, and who are without friends or the means of spending a pleasant evening in an innocent and improving way. They soon fall (and almost inevitably) into the companionship of the more "knowing" ones, who for the most part are just as ignorant of innocent and improving pastimes, though they can find a way of being "jolly" and spending a "pleasant time." And would it not imply a self-restraint almost beyond average human nature, if they did not yield

to the social attractions that are nearest them? We know what a dreary little bedroom in a poor lodging-house is, and how hard it must be to have to share such a home with uncongenial company. The temptation to "do as others do" is therefore irresistible; and to "do as others do" is the great peril even with classes which ought to have resources, of which the class we are now speaking of can hardly know anything.

To meet the great want suggested by such a state of things, Miss Simpson has hit on a very good plan. She has engaged a comfortable airy room at 12 Bridge Street, where there is a little select library and where are laid out on a large table, some books and newspapers. She opens it at 6.30 on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, having, however, caused tickets like this to be distributed among the class that are desired to attend:

"SOCIAL MEETINGS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Tuesday Evening, 12, Bridge Street.

Thursday Evening, " "

Commence each evening at 6.30.

You are affectionately invited to attend."

Along with this ticket a little handbill is given which, in the most simple terms, sets forth the object of the meeting and the manner in which it is conducted. We can hardly describe the work better than by inserting it:—

"WHAT IS OUR 'SOCIAL MEETING'?"

"The object of this meeting is to provide some place where young Women may go after they leave the warehouse, and spend a social evening, free from those temptations to which they are exposed in the Dancing Saloons, Theatre, &c.

"Our mode of conducting it is this. A comfortable room having been provided, well lighted, and made as attractive as possible, with pictures on the wall, flowers, texts, and a large motto with 'Welcome to our Social Meeting' placed near the door,

"The room is opened at 6. A good fire—kettle boiling—table with a white cloth, tea-pot, cups and saucers, and milk, are provided for those who live at a distance, and who could not have any tea without going to the coffee-rooms.

"They bring their own food, and one girl is chosen to be the tea-maker. When they have finished, the grace being sung, the table is cleared, and the work brought out. This being a Social meeting and not a school, each can choose her own employment. Some read, others write, or work. Several hymns are sung during the evening, and some interesting book read aloud. At 8.30 the work is put away, money for the Savings Bank collected, and the Bibles given out. A chapter having been read, and one Text bearing on the subject given, we close with a short prayer. A tract is given to each, and the members are allowed the use of the Library."

Miss Simpson's work has so grown in favour that the room is now completely filled,

and many are the evidences that, in not a few cases, those who have been regular attendants at Miss Simpson's "Social Meetings" have become the centres of good influences where such were greatly needed. We think it is a pity that Miss Simpson should be under the necessity of dropping the meetings during the summer months, or has felt it expedient to do so; because the temptations in certain directions are just as great in summer as in winter, and the recess cannot but have the effect of weakening the attraction by altering habits. Would it not be possible for her to get such support or help as would enable her to carry on the work through the whole year, varying the routine by pleasant walks or games?

Miss Gibb's work is so far similar to Miss Simpson's, but it is more extensive. She has a room where the factory girls go during their dinner hour, and can spend it pleasantly; there are evening classes, which are largely attended, and also a lodging-house, which is laid out in little separate bedrooms, where at a small price, quiet, cleanliness, and freedom from noisy companions, are assured. The management is admirable; and we have asked ourselves over and over again since we became acquainted with it, why such a work is not carried on extensively in every large town. We hear much of working-men's coffee houses, and public-houses without drink, and reading-rooms and libraries for working-men; but lodging-houses and coffee-houses for working-women are assuredly more wanted still.

These few instances indicate how, with very little outlay and slight effort comparatively, great numbers of our young people could be aided and withdrawn from besetting temptations. If only a little of the effort that is devoted to showy institutions with large funds, which after all do not need to keep active a huge machinery for raising money, were devoted to the establishment of such harbours of refuge as the coffee palace and lodging-house, a good deal of the necessity for these "gigantic institutions" might cease to exist. It is in its many forms a preventive work of prime importance; and when Miss Needham told us of the meetings she had already had with many of the girls in her district, and of their amenability and readiness to embrace such aid when held out to them, we thought anew of that sentence so applicable to all such endeavours: "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."



"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE;" ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—A DOUBTFUL "FRIEND IN NEED."

THE reader will perhaps recollect a man among the unemployed round St. Paul's, whom Jasper spoke to on his first visit there, and obtained such comfort from in regard to their mutual necessities as the contrast between marriage and a family on the one hand and bachelorhood on the other could suggest, when neither of the men could get work, and were both alike destitute of money and friends.

While Jasper was in all the throes of a tantalizing puzzle as to which of the two remaining carvings must be eaten first (and he decided before disposing of either to go again to St. Paul's on the vague chance of a friendly meal, which he now needed, for he rarely took one at his lodgings, on account of his increasing debt and hopelessness of payment), he met on his way the man just mentioned; whose aspect and gait were so changed that Jasper saw he must have got work, and in getting it had forgotten all his troubles.

The man saw Jasper, remembered him, and crossed the street to speak to him.

"Well, lad, I've gotten in there at last," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of St. Paul's; "and how is it with you?"

"As it was," said Jasper, with a smile which was so full of pathetic meaning that Job Larken, for so was the man called, seemed to understand intuitively all that the other would not speak, took his arm in a friendly way, and said as they moved on together,—

"Labour is a brotherhood, to my thinking."

"And to mine," responded Jasper; but as if the remark had nothing whatever to do with his own position at the moment.

"Come, then, I propose that he who is the richest entertains the other." And he showed money, several shillings.

"Before you repeat that offer," said Jasper, "look at this." And he turned an empty pocket inside out.

"All right; mine then is the honour and duty," said Larken.

He took Jasper to an inn, not far from St. Paul's, built up temporarily for the entertain-

ment of the men on the works; and there they dined together off a beefsteak, though Jasper could eat but little. And there, later in the day, they spent the evening, with a few other of the St. Paul's workmen; and their jovial yet kindly hospitality so touched Jasper, that before he knew what he was about he began to drink deeply, and to let forth the almost fierce joy he felt at the discovery that men were not all barbarians; and that brotherhood did still exist on the earth, even if confined to this little humble building and corner.

During the evening Larken learned from Jasper the actual state of things with him; and asked him to dine there daily till he got work at something, which could not be much longer delayed, as the ground was getting free, and the foundations were being dug.

"Who would have thought I should have got in? I didn't, for long enough. But I am in, and have had three weeks' wages."

So Jasper, anxious above all things to retain his last two carvings, accepted this offer.

But the close of the night was, that Jasper, weakened in body and mind by the privations of the last three weeks, and suddenly brought in contact with kind faces, pleasant speech, hopeful aspirations, and generous hospitality, was so moved to the very depths, that, throwing off all his gloom and despair, he became the life and soul of the little band, drank as they drank, and drank when they ceased to drink, and finally had to be taken home by Larken.

Horror-stricken the next day, as he dimly recalled what had passed, he decided to go to the inn no more.

Then as hunger again threatened, or the sale of one of his two precious carvings, he thought how unworthy it was of him to assume that anybody was in fault but himself, and that, having given so bad an idea of himself, he ought to go again, if only to substitute a better one.

But determined to be independent, and at least pay for what he took, he sold the demon's head, feeling as if he were selling a limb of his body for a mere mess of pottage.

Then he went; and continued to go day after day, sometimes exercising full control

over his draughts, and then ceasing to enjoy the society he was in or to make them enjoy his presence; at other times yielding to the tempter, who whispered—

“Drink, and you can speak; that will change all things to brightness and joy.”

CHAPTER XIII.—MAY’S UNCLE WRITES AGAIN.

AND this was his letter:—

“DEARE NEICE,—I have agen to take neybores Jacob’s pen in hand to say all is well wich I sholde not doe but for maners, as I am sory to Inform you we are in moche anxios feers in respekt of J. D. He anoyed youre aunte very moche the other nite, she being the onley feemale in the house and J. D. singing under the winder after midnite sumthing aboute Lady Mine and Flowing Wyne wich mayde your Aunte use very hard words to mee wen I came home for alowing of such a thyng as she sayde was not fit to bee adressed to a respecterble feemal turned fifty and eight. Presentlie he come back so I being undressed was wrapping a shaving shete round mee to go down and persuade youre J. D. to come up to his roome wen I heared a noyse and looked out of winder I am sory and greeved to tell you I saw hym in respect of wich I rite being took off by the Watchman who J. D. was pressing to accept a denery at S. Paules wich he sayde was at his disposal. I went out and made it al rite with the Watchman who owed me for a sandy culled wig he ordered wen paying his adresses to the widow that kepes the tabacco shop round the corner by the sine of the Duke’s Snuff box. i brought J. D. in and got hym up to bed and I muste say he was up next morning uncommon early putting his hand to everything that wanted mending and whistling like an angel, and baring your Aunte’s scolding in a way she sayde ort to be a lesson to me. I must also tel you he has took more paines with his Hair about wich I hardly know what to say but I feer in kindnesse I sholde tel you that we in the trade doe mostly regarde a changerbleness in stile of Hair as a sine of unsettlemint in the state of the afectshun. but al the same I wolde not thinke to moche of that as I have known a gentleman engaged to the same ladie for 20 years change hys stile every week. I think in respect to J. D. if you colde advise hym to take to a dark servisable perrywig it might have a stedy-ing and kind of elevating effect on his minde. You not being aquanted with the world may not sea the force of this observashun but I

doe asure you a man who has a perrywig to kepe straite is far more inclined to soberness of carater in his walke through lyfe than one who has not. And to this the hoste of the Taberd as a man of yeres and experiance and an observer of natshure in wigs and otherwise tels mee he adds on his own account Very True.

“So no more at present from your Afectshunate uncle

“RALPH HATHEWAY.”

No longer in grief, but rather in deep despair, May took this letter also to the Rector.

When he had read it twice (deliberating, no doubt, the while as to what he could do), he said, after a long pause,—

“Tell your mistress, May, I will wait no longer for my friend’s answer. We will start in two days. No; it must be three. Jekyll is ill, and fearing to die, and if I were to go before he recovers I do believe the poor old man would drop off through sheer depression of soul. But he’s getting better. Say three or four days. Tell my wife that, and hurry away, for I am busy, and have much to do before I leave.”

“May I write only a few words to Jasper?” asked May tremblingly.

“Not one. Go!”

The Rector’s spiritual patient, however, lingered on many days; so many, as to allow other and serious influences to affect May, and finally lead her to a resolve of a momentous character.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RECTOR’S NEWS.

WHILE poverty, disappointment, humiliation, and despair, were producing their natural effect on Jasper, and driving him to seek temporary forgetfulness of his misery with the midnight companions who were only too glad to entertain him, he felt suddenly as if he were grasped by the throat by a stern yet not unfriendly hand, and bidden to pause, and ask himself whither he was going.

Twice in one day did he receive what he felt in his conscience to be essentially the same terrible warning. In the first instance, it came in the guise of the Rector, whose letter was, to the excited eyes of the young man, in effect, him. And thus from Charlsbury did the Rector seem to speak:—

“MY POORE JASPER,—I have sad newes for you, but if alle be true that I doe heare, you wyll finde plentie of that kinde of conso-

latioun which the devil, to do him justice, alwayes provides for them that compleately trust in hym.

"I am heart-sore to begin in this fashion to a youth whom I see much esteemed, and of whom I cannot yet thinke soe ill as others doe aboute here. To God, then, I committ you, while I say that our deare and faithful mayde has left us suddenlye, why, we know not—nor whither she has gone. If it bee to you, I command you, by all that may remayne deare to you in this lyfe, and by youre everye hope of the lyfe hereafter, to respect her innocence and childlike faith, and to write back to mee now—ay, at ones—to say honestly if you doe or doe not know of this her departure, or of any intentioun on her parte to soe leve us.

"If your heart blede in reading this as mine does to write it, if your conscience acquits you, whereas you now stande in the sighte of the Almighty, of alle evil in this matter, then, I say, take comfort, for I am sending aboute in every directioun, and hope soone to get tydings that may relieve us alle.

"From your friende and pastor,

"WILLIAM MARTEN."

"P.S.—Your father, Jasper, was a man who respected mee, though he did not attend my ministrations; and I liked him better, soothe to say, than moste of my own flocke. If my wordes faile, and there be neede of more, *think of hym*, and of what he wolde now saye if he were by my syde, and thoughte, feared, and *hoped* as I doe, and shall so continue, till I heare from you."

That was the first grasp of the felt but unseen hand at Jasper's throat, and it left him in a state that he thought no other news of any kind could by possibility enhance.

But while he wandered about in his garret like one stunned in brain, blinded in sight, and literally stumbling over every little obstacle in the way of his feet, he heard excited voices below stairs; and he crept down to listen, as if he ought to be interested in discovering what they meant, while he was really playing a part to deceive himself; a part in which the chaos of passion, grief, and shame that were raging in his soul had no share.

But he did listen, and for a moment forgot himself as he learned the nature of the incident that was affecting his kindly hosts. A man had just taken possession of everything for some small arrear of rent which the unfortunate barber was unable to pay; and he and his wife were to pack up

their clothes, and other personal things of trivial value, and go forth.

Jasper had been vaguely conscious all that early morning that he ought not to allow himself to be tempted to share another meal with the good old couple, seeing that lately they had stinted themselves for his sake. Watching his opportunity, when the three had gone together to the spare bedroom, he rushed through the shop out into the street, and walked rapidly away; his throat swelling with emotions that almost suffocated him, as his former fancy recurred, that the hand, which seemed no longer friendly, but to belong to retributive justice, was again at his throat, and disinclined to let go its terrible hold.

CHAPTER XV.—CAN MISERY COMFORT MISERY?

JASPER walked on seemingly aimless as to the direction he went in, and for some miles walked swiftly, trying to outstrip the dark shadow of despair that dogged his footsteps.

It was with a feeling of surprise that he became all at once aware he was in a hamlet he remembered to have passed through before with the waggon of hay, on his first approach to London. He was, then, on the road toward Charlbury; but hardly knew whether to be pleased or sorry at the discovery. In his plight, to go on with any hope of reaching Charlbury, or of helping in the search for May, would be the act of a madman; but still he went on without the hope, unconsciously tempted by the beauty of the morning, which was clear and warm, yet not oppressive; that perfect kind of morning in early autumn when the miserable of the earth feel and sometimes say—

"What a world it is, for all but us!"

Jasper had not left any of his trouble behind him in that dark, steeped, and smoke-veiled city; which he could still see if he turned his eyes in its direction. Indeed, the solitude, freshness, peace, and the productive richness of these autumnal lanes and corn-fields, brought bitterly to him the thought of the tumult, jadedness, and barrenness of his life in the months of his "grand chance," and of the weak indulgences he had resorted to for consolation. And as to May, she too was looking on the fruits of the year without any hope for herself of similar fruition. This brought what after all was his keenest grief, the fear that she had given him up; and that through his neglect, and the mischief that Trimmer had probably done him at Charlbury, her faith in him might have been too

rudely shaken to trust him again, even if he should ever be in a position to ask her to do so.

Thus racked by remorse and despair, and by jealousy that threatened to become his chief tormentor, so rapidly did it increase in strength and bitterness, Jasper toiled on, weary, hungry, and sick, till he came to a bright little brook, and a cluster of low-growing trees and furze bushes, overhung by the slender drooping branches of a climbing rose.

He laid down on the grass beside the rippling pleasant-voiced water, inclining to indulge in those gloomy thoughts that such an object naturally inspires in persons of Jasper's sorry condition. Accordingly, he began to wonder who would care if he rolled in, and lay with the white stones at the bottom.

Time passed; and then some shadows quivering on the water made him look up to see what caused them, and he saw bunches of bright oval berries of the wild rose hanging in exquisite grace and colour above him. He began almost mechanically to copy them; and forgot all about suicide in his study of a new design for a picture-frame, in which these pretty clusters were to be the chief ornaments.

While looking at them, a bit of the old road, over-arched by spreading oaks in full autumnal glory of colour, was also in his view; and he was aware soon that the road was no longer solitary. He saw on it a wayfarer limping with great difficulty, and sometimes stopping to rest on a tree root, or heap of stones.

The traveller was a woman, and as she came on towards the brook and Jasper, he saw she must have injured one of her feet; for every time she sat down she put both her hands to it, and rocked herself over it, apparently in great pain.

She wore an old cloak, the hood of which covered her head, and almost concealed her face. Her stooping form and halting steps made Jasper think her a very aged woman.

"Poor old soul!" he thought, "she is hurrying to beg of me who haven't a farthing to bless myself with."

She came on to the corner of the brook, and sat down by the tree from which hung the beautiful berries, while the furze bushes hid Jasper from her. He could only see her sideways, all cloaked and hooded as she was; and feeling sure she was some tramp who had not yet caught sight of him, but who when she did so would begin to beg, he

decided on getting away, and slipping unobserved by her into the little wood hard by, when he saw her throw herself down on the grass with an air of great misery, as if like Romeo she were "taking the measure of an unmade grave."

Jasper rose, and stood looking down upon her in hesitation as to whether he should go away or offer comfort. Her hood had fallen back when she flung herself face downwards, and there was perhaps something in the fact of the shower of light hair being of the hue and fineness of the neat plaits of May Engleheart that quickened the pity already stirring in Jasper's breast.

Yet it was difficult to know what to say, and he stood still, silent and helpless. What comfort could misery give to misery?

But when the sound of bitter but subdued sobs reached him, Jasper, unable to restrain his pity, yet fearing to startle one who evidently thought she was alone, said gently, as he moved, so that she might see him—

"You are in grief, mistress; so am I. May one unlucky being help another?"

The woman gave a startled sigh, and drew herself up with a shudder, while pulling on her hood, and still keeping her face concealed from him by burying it in her hands.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired Jasper in a voice so gentle and soft the woman might have been in doubt for a moment whether it belonged to one of her own sex, for she gave a hurried side-glance in Jasper's direction, without taking her hands from her face, or looking up at his. But whether she had seen enough to remove her doubt as to its being a woman or a man who addressed her, or that some entirely different impulse had really influenced her glance, she turned away, as if in reserve and coldness, while waving to him to go; and then a moment later Jasper heard her sob as if her heart would break.

"I suppose you are asking me," said Jasper, almost involuntarily, and in a meditative tone, "why, if I am really merciful, I do not leave you alone with your grief? That's just what the world has done to me, without my asking, or at all desiring it."

This time the wayfarer started as if there had been something new and unexpected in the words she heard; and therefore so held her head as to appear to be listening, though she was more careful than before to keep her face turned away.

As for Jasper, he felt but half inclined to obey her supposed request. The world seemed so dreary that even an unknown

companion in adversity was something he felt loth to leave.

She knew he was still near, for after a moment or two she asked in a faint, quivering voice, muffled by her hood, so that Jasper could only with difficulty catch the words or meaning, while strangely thrilled by something inexplicable in the tone—

"Is this far from London, can you tell me?"

"No; not so far," answered Jasper, while trying to peer into the hidden features, "but I have walked from there this morning. But it depends on what part you may be bound for. Now I, myself, am come from Southwark; near the famous Tabard Inn, of which you may have heard."

"In that case," said a voice in its own natural and no longer muffled tones, that made Jasper's heart almost stand still, "you have no doubt heard of the wonderful artist in wood, Jasper Deane, who is making so great a name at the building of St. Paul's; and who has been so faithful and careful for those he left behind him at Charlbury?"

At hearing such words in such a voice, Jasper had a trembling seize him; and was glad to hold by the bare part of the trunk of an aged furze near which he stood, fixing swimming eyes on the little hooded head by the brook.

"I must be mad or dreaming!" he gasped. "Who is this, whose voice I seem to know so well? Who is it mocking at one more poor and more wretched than herself?"

Before, however, he had ceased speaking, his arms were round May; her face, pale as his, was on his breast.

But after a moment's hesitation through weariness and weakness, she so coldly though gently repulsed him, that he drew back, inexpressibly grieved; yet holding her hands still, and gazing with an amazement that increased as her faint answers to his questions came.

"Why, May, what trouble has befallen you to leave the good Rector, and to send you upon such a journey?"

She turned away her face, which paled and flushed under his gaze, and said—

"You must give me some time before I tell you that, but I had only too strong a reason for it."

"But how have you come?"

"Walked."

"Walked? Impossible!"

"I have had some short lifts when carts or waggons passed with women in them I

could trust, but chief way I have indeed walked."

"And what need for that? In Heaven's name, what need? Why, it has nearly killed you. Oh, May, May!"

"I had no money. I was robbed."

And May's voice was bitter, and her eyes brimmed over at the thought of her well-earned wages.

"Robbed? and with violence?" demanded Jasper, his face burning, his eyes wild with fury, but his voice stifled and low.

"No; my money, and the sound of horses' feet in the road, saved me from that."

And May's looks and features showed how fearful had been the moment she passed through, and how grateful she was in spite of all that followed through her loss.

Cruelly conscious of her first repulse, but keeping her sunburnt little hand in his own, Jasper urged her to give him some idea of the reason she had ventured alone on such a journey.

"I can say little on that now, or, indeed, ever," answered May. "Guess as you please, but ask me no more after this. I was sought by one"—

"Ah! I thought so. I know him. Curse him!" interrupted Jasper, thinking of the Rector's son. But May took no heed of this, but went on as if nothing had happened:

"—who could not believe in my still keeping true to my engagement with Jasper Deane after what reports came down about him. No, he would not believe; and I could not bear his incessant love-making, which became like to hurt my good name, and indeed to be the torment of my life. It was only by my leaving as I did leave—secretly, and without a friend or fellow-traveller—that I could prevent injuring those for whom I would willingly lay down my life."

"I understand, May. Be as silent as you please. To save the peace and happiness of your benefactor's household you have sacrificed yourself, and might have sacrificed me! But, however, you are safe on that head. I am sunk so low that to speak of any sacrifice of me, however trivial, is to talk as a man who, having nothing left in the world, should busy himself as to the careful disposal of his gifts."

In spite, however, of Jasper's bitterness against the Rector's son, which was overpowering at this new outrage on his sweet-heart, Jasper could not but presently turn to a more attractive aspect of the case; and feel his heart swell with pride and triumph

that gave him a happiness he had never felt before. But the next instant a deep sense of his own humiliation made him groan in bitter shame and despair.

"And *this* is the reward I have to offer you for such goodness! This is the beggar you have given up wealth and position for, and life-long connection with your best and wisest friends!"

Till now May had not seen the change in Jasper's face. When she did notice how pinched and white it looked she said, with a smile that had much more of sadness than her voice, which she tried to make cheerful—

"You look like I feel—quite ready for breakfast, if we had it."

But Jasper started, and looked at her, with eyes wild indeed, but not with his own hunger.

"Has it come to *this*? You hungry, and I without a penny in the world?"

Her secret having come out, she could no longer hide that her faintness was indeed from want of food.

"I must go to Uncle and Aunt Hatheway," she said, "till I can get some work."

The position of Jasper was now such as gave him even more concern than any he had ever known. How should he break it to May that the barber and his wife were really in such circumstances as made it impossible for them to offer her a home even for a few days?

They turned, and walked on towards London. Jasper, ignoring May's remark, said—

"It is a long way we have to go, and you have no strength. I passed a little shop not far down the road; have you a few pence?"

"They stole all from me when I changed my first guinea."

"The infamous rascals!"

"I had five guineas which I was bringing to my aunt; and which I thought would save me from being a burden till I got work." There May's courage broke down once more; and she sobbed pitifully at the loss of such hard earned and such pressingly needed wealth; and Jasper, unable to do anything else, wept with her.

May's faintness and her keen grief about her loss of her wages, and Jasper's increasing difficulty to see what they would do, made him refrain from pressing her to tell him the details of the robbery. It seemed to him cruel to agitate her in her present state of weakness and perplexity by more and useless questions—useless, for the theft had occurred at the middle of her journey, and in a manner

that left small if any hope of discovering the robbers.

There happened in the next few minutes to pass along the road a butcher's cart and horse, driven by a man who lived in Southwark, and was slightly known to Jasper, who ran to meet him, and begged for a lift towards London for himself and his companion.

On their way inquiries were made as to the relationship of the young couple, which amused Jasper at first, till he found how it pained and embarrassed May.

Presently the driver stopped at an ale-house for a drink, and as Jasper did not offer to treat him he seemed to feel he must treat Jasper and his sweetheart. They both refused his offer, but so faintly that the good-humoured butcher began to banter them on their shyness; so at last Jasper managed to intimate that he had come out without any money that morning, and that he was rather hungry than thirsty. That was enough: before long they were all sitting down on a bench outside the ale-house, with the materials of a hearty breakfast before them; Jasper's eyes swimming with tearful delight as he saw May beginning to eat, though very slowly, a morsel now and then, as if afraid to venture more in her weak and agitated state. To give her time, when he had done his own breakfast, Jasper said gaily to the butcher, a jolly, good-looking, portly man—

"I should like to sketch you; I am a bit of an artist."

The butcher laughed—coloured—but sat still, and waited the result.

In a few minutes Jasper showed his sketch to May, who looked pleasantly surprised, and then the butcher was permitted to look.

It was a head and bust, life-size, in coloured chalk, and done with such vigour and fidelity to nature, though with few strokes, and of course pretending to nothing more than an impromptu sketch, that the butcher stared and stared, as if he not only saw himself there in the flesh as he was, but as if he had never seen himself rightly before, not even in the mirror at home.

"Will you sell it to me?" he asked after a long silence.

"No; it is yours already—in return for your kindness this morning."

"Thank ye, young folk. People say I'm well-to-do—that's my affair; but any how I can afford to buy what I want, and I suspect"—and here he looked with a roguish twinkle of his eye from one to the other of the two lovers—"that you can't afford to give; if that's so, out with it, man."

Jasper's face showed how true and how pertinent were the butcher's words.

"Would you then think a guinea too much, and let me pay the reckoning here?" asked Jasper, diffidently.

The butcher called for the bill, and when it came took out a great leather bag, and from that took two bright new guineas of the recent coinage, and pushing one towards the landlord, got his change, and then pushed the other toward Jasper, saying—

"There, my lad, we're square now; and where shall I set you down?"

"May I ask where you are yourself going?"

"To Southwark, but not to stop, for I have business in May Fair."

"And so have I, or at least beyond there, in Knightsbridge," said Jasper, with sudden animation, "so, if you please, we'll go with you as far as you go."

During breakfast the horse had been taken out and fed, so was in excellent trim for going fast when they once more started.

Passing the barber's, which he was about to point out to May, Jasper saw the shop was shut; and so could no longer persuade himself, as he had been doing, that some indulgence must have been granted; he therefore said nothing to May, but relapsed into a sad silence.

They were set down near Knightsbridge. Jasper, whose senses had been considerably quickened since his meeting with May, had remembered he had here a hope of obtaining work; but the person of whom he was in search being from home, the lovers were presently again wandering in uncertainty on Jasper's part as to what way to turn.

May began to urge they should go to her relatives; and then Jasper, hinting at the truth, told her how much he had desired to take some news of chances of work when he next troubled them. She suspected from his manner that they were in some trouble, and soon drew the details from him. And from that moment Jasper felt silence to be useless, and began to tell her the whole history of his recent life; nor did he stop till he had confessed his fault as well as the misfortunes that had so foolishly tempted him into a course that might have been fatal—but for May's coming. But she was here, and her mere presence had opened his eyes to all its unmanliness. Let him at least thank her for that!

All this so alarmed May as to her own position, penniless, homeless, and in London, that though she dragged on by Jasper's aid for some time, suddenly her little remaining

strength deserted her, and she would have fallen if he had not put his arm round her and drawn her to the steps of Trinity Chapel, which they had just been passing.

A little wedding party were then coming out of the church. Jasper, gazing half-vacantly at them in his own despair, at first envied the bridegroom his air of protective right which he wore with pride.

Some new bright vivifying idea now lit his features, though he kept it awhile to himself, as if afraid to trust to the dazzling vista he saw opening.

Suddenly Jasper bent down, and May, turning her wan wet eyes inquiringly, met his, full of light, fresh hope, and strong entreaty.

"May," he said, "surely if ever you did doubt, you cannot *now* doubt our fates are to be cast together after such a meeting as this morning's. As separate, they are poor indeed; but let me make them one and I can go with you to your kinsfolk with a clear conscience, knowing they will believe and feel—that with you really mine my lost strength will be found; ah! yes, May, my ill-luck would be turned then. What have we in the world but each other? Shall we risk a still greater poverty by a separation? Let me feel I *am* your rightful protector, and I know I shall find strength and means to protect."

May listened tremblingly to his words, but found it impossible to speak at once in answer. So he hurried on: "Does not Providence itself guide us to this? Think, May, of our unexpected and wonderful meeting to-day! The misery we had apart, the happiness in each other which we now enjoy, and which He will bless and confirm in marriage. Think, too, how He has put the means into our hands; whereas, but an hour or two ago, we had not even the where-withal to buy a morsel of bread!"

No other food but hope being offered her in her dreary and unprotected state, and she almost starving in soul for nourishment of some kind, May felt unable to refuse to let her poor heart feed on what Jasper was finding gave such new life and joy.

She put her hand in his with a look of solemn joy, and let him lead her meekly as a child up the steps.

The clergyman was still in the aisle, and was about to turn towards the vestry when this strange pair stood before him.

Lax as was the marriage law at that time, and especially in that particular edifice, which became the subject of remark in a comedy of the period, he at first refused Jasper's prayer.

Jasper, however, pleaded so boldly, and made him understand so well the difficulty of their position, that, finding his fee would be paid, he relented.

But even at the altar he was inclined to hesitate, saying to Jasper—

“You have no witnesses.”

“Oh, you can provide those, sir! I know

that, by a wedding I read of here some weeks ago.”

As this had been an affair the clergyman had not much pleasure in being reminded of, he hurried into the service, and found his witnesses in the pew-opener and clerk.

When he came to “with all my worldly goods I thee endow,” and when the ring,



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which Jasper had worn since the death of his father, who had himself previously worn it in remembrance of his wife, whose wedding-ring it was, had been put on the bride's finger, Jasper's eyes filled; and May only made things worse by trying to smile with a greater tenderness than she had ever shown him, for they both broke down utterly, and sobbed in each other's embrace.

When the clergyman blessed them, he

added, with a grumbling and not too kindly or unsuspicious manner to Jasper—

“Though at present your bride does not appear particularly happy.”

At this May found strength to push by her tears with both hands, and to say with an exquisite smile—

“Fear not, sir; we trust in God the water of this wedding shall be turned into wine.”

THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

IN proceeding to give some account of Jesuitism as an institution, I need not say that my aim is entirely historical and expository. Not only so, but my exposition is confined to the original aspect of the institution as devised by Loyola and his coadjutors. Of the subsequent history and actual working of Jesuitism, and the application of its principles in practical morals and education, I shall have nothing to say. Such a subject would carry us far beyond the limits of a paper or two for GOOD WORDS, and would hardly be suitable to its pages. But many readers may desire to know something of the Order in its original form, and of the general principles on which it was founded.

It is not unnecessary to put forward this claim to be merely an expositor. "Jesuitism on the brain" is a phenomenon not unknown both in our political and religious world; and whatever be the merit or demerit of this psychological condition in itself, it is not one which is favourable to historical research, or indeed to the integrity of any intellectual inquiry. I should be sorry to incur any such charge, but that one requires to write very carefully on this subject to escape it may be inferred from the fact that so great a writer as Mr. Carlyle may be said to have fairly exposed himself to it in his highly abusive paper on Jesuitism,* and that the charge has been distinctly made against so calm and able a writer as Mr. Cartwright, the author of "An Historical Sketch" on the "Jesuits; their Constitution and Teaching," which has recently appeared. Mr. Cartwright's interesting volume forms a republication, in substance, of two articles from the *Quarterly Review* which were generally approved as the results of very careful and elaborate study. But a weekly critic† pronounces the volume to be a conspicuous example of anti-Jesuitical mania. I humbly think myself entirely free from this mania; and I have never found it difficult to look at ecclesiastical parties or institutions of any kind in a broad, impartial manner. I am sure I have no wish to set down aught in malice, but only plainly to state the facts as they appear to me.

The first thing to be considered about Jesuitism is that it externally differs from all previous Orders in the Latin Church. It is the sequel and consummation of all pre-

ceding monasticism, but it is not itself, strictly speaking, a form of monasticism. Its community-life is not fenced off from the world by special conventions of dress, of dwelling, or of ritual observances, so stringently required in all the other monastic professions. It is not included in the general definition applied to other Monkish communities by the Council of Trent. All the same, it is the natural outgrowth of the whole preceding monastic history, and Ignatius himself never could have been what he was save as a child of the monastery. It was in the Dominican cell at Manresa that he laid the foundation of his spiritual character and the spiritual character of his Order, if not of its polity. All that had been working in the Church for centuries under the name of monasticism—those principles of self-renunciation, dogmatic ecstasy, and especially of ecclesiastical obedience and hierarchical dictation, which had wrought themselves into the very substance of mediæval Christianity—came forth in him into a more perfect form than any that had preceded it. The inner organization, or spiritual polity of the Order, was the more complete that it laid aside the external adjuncts under which the previous Orders of the Church had arrayed themselves and become known in the world. In dropping the specialities of monasticism it merely dropped the vesture, beginning to be disused, of principles of eternal value to the Church, because of permanent force in human nature.

It is interesting to trace the successive forms in which these principles asserted themselves. At first monasticism was really what its name bears to be. It denoted the life of a religious solitary, who had fled from contact with the wickedness of the Roman world in the third and fourth centuries. The Oriental Anchorite* in the Egyptian and Syrian desert is the original type of the monk, and, indeed, the only true solitary.† The idea of a community-life at all is at variance with the primitive conception. St. Anthony in his lonely cell or St. Symeon Stylites on his pillar is the true monk. But the charm of what was specially called "the religious life" became so general, and so many sought to enter upon it, that it necessarily became a subject of regulation; and even before it passed out of its primitive Oriental phase

* Latter-Day Pamphlets. Carlyle's Works, vol. 13, No. VII.

† *Athenæum*, Feb. 3, 1877.

* Ἀναχωρητής, one who has retired from the world.

† Μοναχός.

communities or orders of monks had arisen in all quarters of the Church. Then came in the Western or Latin Church the great foundations in succession from that of St. Benedict in the sixth century—the precursor, and more or less the pattern, of all subsequent Orders, till the rise of the great preaching Orders in the thirteenth century, which we have already sketched. All through this remarkable development the original idea of withdrawal from the world is so far preserved. Augustinians, Benedictines, Carthusians (1086), Cistercians (1098), Dominicans, Franciscans, were all, or professed to be, isolated from the world; in token of which they wore a special dress, had a special mode of living, and practised special services. But it is needless to say that the number of monks, as they gradually grew and multiplied, became a world in itself, and that the profession of religious solitariness was less and less a fact capable of realisation. Some spirit more than usually intense and single-minded in its devotion may have aspired to it and a few realised it, but the ordinary life of a monk must have been almost as much a social life as many forms of secular existence around them. Not only so, but it was the express mission of the preaching friars to go out into the world to proclaim the truth of the Church and to vanquish heretics and infidels. In short, the original idea of monasticism had been gradually yielding all through its history to the subordinate ideas, ambitions, and utilities which had gathered around the institution. Originally the monk had fled not only from the world but from the Church, as an external society, too often marked by corruption in such great centres as Alexandria or Constantinople or Rome. But monks had long since become the armies of the Church, mutinous sometimes, like other armies, but finding all their *raison d'être*, as well as the very forms and sanctions of their existence, in the approval and authority of the Church. The true life and power of monasticism, therefore, long before the time of Ignatius, lay not in the solitariness which the name denotes, nor even in the ascetic formalisms connected with the name, and specially typifying it to the popular religious mind: they lay rather in the principles of ecclesiastical devotion and subordination which the system had engendered and made a spiritual habit through all its history. In other words—for this is what it comes to—the idea of *order* had quite supplanted the special idea of *monasticism*, or even of *asceticism*, before

the rise of Ignatius. In abandoning therefore in the constitution of his Society the former idea altogether, and only practically adopting the latter, he but carried out the system to its logical development, or in other words, to the historical point towards which it had been long tending. He was himself a monk quite as much as St. Dominic, or St. Bernard, or St. Benedict. His own religious life was largely matured in retirement, and sternly disciplined by asceticism. But he saw—and it was just his genius that he did see—that both these forms of the religious life, if not losing their hold, were yet to be less useful to the Church in the future than the past; and so he seized upon the one still vital principle of *obedience* and made this *the* principle of his order. So entirely had the original line of monastic development lost itself or turned back in him to the social idea which preceded it in the history of the Church that he called his order a Society or *Compañía*—the Spanish designation of a body of fighting men under the control of a superior or captain. “*Est quorundum militum Societas*” is the definition—as Mr. Cartwright points out—which the great Jesuit Doctor, Suarez, gives of the body of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

The society or Order thus constituted by Ignatius has a twofold foundation, both of which must be considered carefully: first, a spiritual or psychological foundation; and secondly, a canonical, ecclesiastical, or constitutional foundation. Mr. Cartwright has considered it exclusively in the latter point of view, and this, of course, is the natural tendency of the politician, as well as of the religious polemic. What they see respectively in Jesuitism is a vast polity—a body of men bound together for a common cause, and pledged to maintain that cause at all hazards and under all disguises. This is so far quite a true view; but it is a partial and imperfect view, and Jesuitism can only be fully understood, and receive true historical justice, when contemplated under both its aspects.

I.

Primarily Jesuitism is a religious discipline. It is a system founded on a definite course of religious experiences and practices, and it was never meant by its author to lose this primary character. It was religious before it was political in his own case. No one can gain admission to it, save through a definite religious portal, or course of spiritual exercises, which profess to mirror the religious thought of the founder, and to mark and describe the

great crisis in his own religious history at Manresa. We should feel ourselves doing great injustice to the system, if we did not primarily insist upon its religious character. This is its inner foundation, and without some knowledge of this it is impossible to understand it.

The "*Exercitia Spiritualia*" were the first product of the mind of Ignatius. They reach back to his original conversion and self-dedication to the service of the Church as already described, and are hence often entitled "Manresa; or the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius." These exercises were of course composed by Ignatius in his native Spanish, the only language of which he had any command at this early time. It is said that the autograph MS. is preserved in the Vatican, and a Latin copy which I have before me* professes to be a literal version of the Spanish autograph. It differs considerably in arrangement and fulness of matter from another Latin copy which I have also had the opportunity of consulting, and which professes to be the "*Pith of Ascetic Discipline*,"—(*Medulla Askeseos*), or "*The Exercises of Ignatius de Loyola*," explained by a more accurate method than any hitherto attempted, and one nearer to the mind of the author."

It is hardly necessary to say that the book is greatly valued, not only by the Order but by the Roman Catholic Church in general. "It is," says the late Cardinal Wiseman, "framed by a master mind (unless we admit a higher solution) capable of grappling with the most arduous and complicated task." In its own sphere it is even, according to the same writer, as consecutive and demonstrative as the elements of Euclid are in their sphere. "The mind may struggle against the first exercise or demonstrable truth in the series; but once satisfied of this resistance is as useless as unreasonable; the next consequence is inevitable; conclusion follows conclusion, and the triumph is complete. The passions may entrench themselves at each step behind new works, but each position carried is a point of successful attack upon the next, and grace at length wins the very citadel. Many is the fool who has entered into a retreat to scoff and remained to pray."†

The idea of *retreat* lies at the basis of the system. The religious soul is supposed to seek in seclusion deliverance from the powers of sin and an evil world. The Spiritual Ex-

ercises are certain operations designed to liberate it from its own irregular affections, and "put it in the way of knowing and embracing the will of God towards it." The soul to be exercised must submit to spiritual guidance and control. "The life of a good retreat is a good director of it." Ignatius himself divided the Exercises into four series or weeks, each consecrated to a special work of reform. But the weeks of the Exercises do not mean necessarily a period of seven days. The original duration of their performance was certainly a month; but even so, more or less time was allotted to each week's work, according to the discretion of the director. Now, except in very particular circumstances, the entire period is abridged to ten days; sometimes it is still further reduced.* Thus at the very outset the principle of accommodation, so characteristic of the order, comes into play. Some require the full Exercises, others not. Each must be satisfied with what is allotted to him.

The Exercises of the first week are of a most varied and searching character, dealing first with the *end of man*, which is called the principle or foundation of the whole; and then with the "*sins of angels*," of Adam, personal sins, the infinite evil and penalty of sin, death, judgment, hell; closing the awful picture with a more encouraging strain—two Exercises on the prodigal son, his wanderings and return.

It is notable that the great foundation or key-note of the "Exercises" and of the well-known Westminster Catechism is the same: "What is the chief end of man?" And the answer is substantially the same: "The end of man is to fear and serve God, and by serving Him to attain salvation."† The thought is expanded as follows: "I come from God, I belong to God, I am destined for God; that is to say, God is my first principle, my Sovereign Master, my last End."

While thus striking the same key-note at the beginning, it is needless to say that the divergence soon begins. The Catechism soars at once to such lofty themes as the nature of God—the Trinity—the Divine Decrees. The "Exercises" never forget their purpose of ascetic or religious drill. We are to learn to fear God by indifference to all creatures, and rules are given for the culture of this indifference, and then

* Preface of Dr. Wiseman. See also "*Preliminary Annotations to Exercises*."

† "Man was created for this, and that he might praise and reverence the Lord His God, and serving Him at length be saved."

* Rome, 1870.

† Preface to the "*Spiritual Exercises*," by Dr. Wiseman.

a series of meditations, as we have said, on sin, and death, and hell. Nothing can exceed the literalness of these meditations. The imagination is directed to seize as vividly as it can the objects, and bring them before it: what sin involves, its matter, its motive, its outrage against God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; the sins of childhood, sins of youth, sins of riper years; what it is to die, the moments before death and after death, all the dreadful accompaniments; the height, the breadth, and the depth of hell, the society of devils, "created for vengeance," and in their fury laying on grievous torments; all the forms of torment, of the imagination, of the memory, of the will, of sight, of hearing, of smell, of taste.

I thought of quoting some of the frightful passages in which all this is set forth—but shrink from doing so.* The same coarseness of description, the same concreteness of portraiture, are carried all through the Exercises, which, however, as they advance from period to period, pass to more exalted and less painful themes—the Incarnation, Nativity, and public and hidden life of Christ in the second period; the Eucharist, Passion, and Sufferings of our Lord, in the third; and the Resurrection, Ascension, and Heavenly Life of our Lord in the fourth.

All is designed with a view to bring the soul into more perfect harmony with the divine life, and the requirements of the Church. The most vigilant self-examination is to be maintained throughout, and colloquies held at the close of each Exercise with a divine Person imaged as before the mind, the Virgin, Christ, or even God the Father. The novice is to sift his conscience three times a day; and after supper he is to mark the number of his delinquencies by so many points upon a line. If due diligence is used in overcoming his sins, this line will be soon gradually reduced in size till it vanish to a point. The penitent is to sit, kneel, or lie on his face or on his back, as may be most likely to secure his spiritual good. Every care is to be taken that the Exercises are specially adapted to the special case of each penitent, so that he take them neither with undue ease

nor undue depression, or "desolation," as it is called. "For him who is exercising himself in the first week it is expedient to be ignorant what he is to do in the next." The purely spiritual effects of the Exercises are to be enhanced if necessary by fasting, by shortening the enjoyment of sleep and bodily infliction, such as "wearing of hair clothes, ropes, or iron bars, the application of strokes or blows, or other austerities."

The circumstances of our Lord's life are to be conjured imaginatively before the mind, just as the aspects of death and hell in the first week. For example, "the cottage of the Blessed Virgin, in the scene of the angel saluting her;" "She and Joseph, with a poor maid servant and an ox, setting out for Bethlehem;" the "length, windings, and roughnesses of the road." The penitent is "to hear with the inward ear what the Divine Persons are saying who are speaking to one another in heaven concerning the redemption of the human race, what the Virgin and the angel are saying, who, in a little cell, are conversing on the Mysteries of the Incarnation." In all such things the convert of Manresa speaks his own genuine experience. He would have others—all his disciples—to enter more or less into the same realities of ecstasy which he himself had known. His own experience is in fact everywhere stamped upon the book—the same singular mixture of superficiality and depth—superficiality of thought, depth of feeling; the same mechanical yet intense line of meditation, the same triviality, yet the same sublimity; a passion of devotion which takes up the least things, and yet has wings which soar into the empyrean.

It is impossible to leave the Exercitia without recognising the profoundly religious character of Jesuitism in its foundation. Into whatever it may have grown, and strange and dubious as may have often been the acts of its policy, it was plainly at its inception in the mind of the author a system of thorough spiritual consecration, in which the penitent gave himself from the depths of his being to the service of Christ and the Church, and sought to draw all the most powerful motives of his action from conversancy with the unseen realities of heaven and hell. Even if these realities appear to our Protestant conception exaggerations, in fact, caricatures, of all that a rational man can believe, this is no reason why we should deny their reality to the Jesuit, or the honesty and power of the spiritual vision out of which there came to him inspiration to sever him-

* The following may suffice:—"The first point is to see by the imagination the vast fires of hell, and the souls encircled in certain fiery bodies, as it were dungeons. The second is to hear in imagination the lamentations, the howlings, the exclamations and the blasphemies against Christ and his saints thence breathing forth. The third is to perceive by the *smell*, also of imagination, the smoke, the brimstone, and the stench of a kind of sink of filth and of putrefaction. The fourth is to *taste*, in like manner, those most bitter things, as the tears, the rottenness and the coom of conscience. The fifth to *touch*, in like manner, those fires, by the touch of which the souls themselves are burnt."

self from all lower pursuits and to offer up his powers of body and of mind to a supreme spiritual Authority. As an institution we may be sure that Jesuitism could never have

been what it became, a match for all the spiritual conviction and dogmatic zeal of Protestantism, without this profoundly religious basis on which it rested.

JOHN TULLOCH.

WALKS IN LONDON.

SURROUNDINGS OF ST. PAUL'S.

WHAT is now called St. Paul's Church-yard was surrounded before the Fire by shops of booksellers, who have since betaken themselves to Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane, and Amen Corner, on the north of the church, so called, says Stow, "because of stationers or text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A B C, with the Paternoster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c." At the corner of Cheapside and Paternoster Row was, till 1848, the "Chapter Coffee House," of much literary celebrity, where authors and booksellers of the last century were greatly wont to congregate. Here also the club of the "Wittenagemot" was held, which was much frequented by physicians of the last century. In the room which bore the name of the club, the famous Dr. Buchan, author of "Domestic Medicine," used to see his patients, a man "of venerable aspect, neat in his dress, his hair tied behind with a large black ribbon, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, realising the idea of an Esculapian dignitary." It was at the Chapter Coffee House that the famous "Threepenny Curates" could be hired for two pence and a cup of coffee to hold service anywhere within the boundary.

Paternoster Row (so called from the rosary makers?) is still the booksellers' paradise. Its entrance is guarded by the establishments of Messrs. Blackwood and Nelson, and a mighty bust of Aldus presides over the narrow busy pavement, while every window at the sides is filled with books, chiefly Bibles, Prayer-Books, and religious tracts. The Church of St. Michael le Quern, Paternoster Row, destroyed in the Fire, derived its name from the use in the adjoining market of the handmill of Scripture; it continued to be employed for the grinding of malt till the time of the Commonwealth. John Leland, the antiquary, was buried in this church.

Panier Alley, leading into Newgate Street, being close to the corn-market, marks the residence of the "Paniers," makers of bakers' baskets, in the fourteenth century. Here,

built in the wall, is a stone with a relief of a boy sitting on a panyer, inscribed—

"When ye have sought
The City round
Yet still this is
The highest grovnd.
August ye 27, 1688."

Dolly's Chop House, close to this (so called from an old cook of the tavern, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough), has a curious old coffee-room of Queen Anne's time. The head of that queen, painted on a window of the tavern, has given a name to Queen's Head Passage.

At the bottom of Paternoster Row is Warwick Lane, where till lately stood (on the west of the lane) the College of Physicians, whither Dryden's body was brought by Dr. Garth, to whom it was indebted for suitable burial, and whence (May 13, 1700) it was followed by more than a hundred coaches to Westminster. The buildings of the college (which originally met at Linacre's house in Knight-riding Street) were erected by Wren (1674), and conspicuous from their dome, surmounted by a golden ball.

"A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."

The original name of this street was Eldenesse Lane; it derives its present appellation from the inn or palace of the earls of Warwick. This Warwick Inn was in the possession of Cecily, Duchess of Warwick, c. 1450. Eight years later, when the greater estates of the realm were called up to London, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker," came with six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden or roast meat as he could pick and carry on a long dagger."

Midway down the lane on the east side is the Bell Inn (rebuilt), where (1684) the holy Archbishop Leighton died peacefully in his

sleep, thereby fulfilling his often expressed desire, as described by Burnet, that he might die in an inn—"it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom all the world was an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it."

Opposite the Bell, closing an alley on the left, stood the Oxford Arms, one of the most curious old hostelries in England, demolished within the last few months. It belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and was restored immediately after the Great Fire, on the exact plan of an older inn on the site, which was then destroyed. The leases of the property forbade the closing of a door leading to the houses of the residentiary canons of St. Paul's, by which Roman Catholics who frequented the inn escaped during the riots of 1780. The great court of the inn, constantly crowded with waggons and filled with people, horses, donkeys, dogs, geese—life of every kind—presented a series of Teniers pictures in its double tiers of blackened, balustraded, open galleries, with figures hanging over them, with clothes of every form and hue suspended from pillar to pillar, and with outside staircases, where children sat to chatter and play in the shadow of the immensely broad eaves which supported the steep red roofs. Amongst those who lived here in former days was John Roberts the bookseller, and from hence he sent forth his squibs and libels on Pope. On the wall of the last house (left), where Warwick Lane enters Newgate Street, Warwick the king-maker is commemorated in a very curious relief, of 1668, of an armed knight with shield and sword.

The neighbourhood of Newgate has always been "the butchers' quarter." St. Nicholas's Shambles originally stood here, which took their name from the old Church of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, destroyed at the Dissolution, and till the Great Fire the market continued to be held in the middle of the street in open stalls, which were a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and gave the name of "Stinking Lane" to the present King Edward Street from the filth which they accumulated. After the Fire a market-house was erected in the open space between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, where the ivy-covered houses of the prebends of St. Paul's, commemorated in Ivy Lane, stood amidst orchards, whose apples were a great temptation to London street-boys, and frequently proved fatal to them, as is shown by the coroners' inquests of five centuries ago. Newgate Market continued

to be the principal meat-market of London till the recent erection of that in Smith-field;

"Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords."

On the north side of Newgate Street, through an open screen, are seen some of the modern buildings of Christ's Hospital. Its foundation was one of the last acts of Edward VI., who died ten days after. He was so touched by an affecting sermon which he heard from Bishop Ridley on June 26, 1553, upon the duty of providing for the sick and needy, that after the service was over he sent for the bishop, thanked him for his advice, and, after inquiring what class of persons was in most need of being benefited, founded a hospital for destitute and fatherless children. The buildings were set apart for this purpose which had belonged to the Grey Friars, and had been given to the City of London by Henry VIII. at the Dissolution.

This monastery of Grey Friars, which was one of the most important religious houses in London, was founded by the first Franciscans who came over to England in the reign of Henry III. Its buildings were raised by the charity of various pious benefactors, and its glorious church was given by Margaret, second wife of Edward I. She was buried here, with her niece Queen Isabella, the wicked wife of Edward II., and many other members of the royal family. The monastery also became the favourite place of interment for the foreign attendants of the Plantagenet queens consort. Here too, in 1665, were laid the remains of one who "possessed every advantage which nature and art and an excellent education could give," the accomplished Sir Kenelm Digby, who was laid in the magnificent tomb where he had buried his wayward wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley, lamented in the verses of Ben Jonson.

All the monuments in Grey Friars, many of them of marble and alabaster, and extremely magnificent, were sold for £50 by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman—a destruction which signifies little now, as they would all have perished otherwise in the Great Fire. Even the name of Grey Friars became extinct when Christ's Hospital was founded, and nothing remains of the monastery except some low brick arches of the western cloister on the left of the entrance.

The hospital is approached from Newgate Street by a brick gateway, surmounted by a statue of Edward VI. in his robes. The

courts, used as playgrounds by the boys, are handsome and spacious. There are six hundred and eighty-five boys lodged and boarded in the surrounding buildings; and belonging to the same foundation is the preparatory school of five hundred boys, and the school of sixty or seventy girls at Hertford. The boys sleep in dormitories crowded with little beds, and wash in lavatories. A line in their swimming-bath marks the junction of three parishes—Christ Church, St. Sepulchre's, and St. Bartholomew's.

London smoke has already given a venerable aspect to the noble Hall, 187 feet in length, and the long oak tables are really old. In the centre of the side wall is a pulpit whence graces are read, and the lessons of the day in the morning. The walls are decorated beyond the pulpit by the arms of the Presidents, below the pulpit by the arms of the Treasurers, beginning with those of Grafton, Treasurer in 1554, the year after the foundation. The raised seats at the end of the hall are intended for spectators admitted by ticket to witness the "Public Suppings" at 7 P.M. on the six Thursdays in Lent—a very curious sight. An immense picture by Verrio gives a very curious representation of the scholars of Christ Hospital, both boys and girls, bringing their drawings to be examined by James II. in the midst of his court. Charles II. was originally introduced, but as he died before the picture was finished, his figure was altered to that of his brother. The custom portrayed here is still kept up, and every year the scholars go to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Pennant describes this as "the largest picture I ever saw."

The boys educated at Christ's Hospital are generally called "Blue-Coat Boys," from their dress, which consists of a blue gown, red leathern girdle, yellow stockings, and bands. The two first classes of the school are called "Grecians" and "Deputy Grecians." Among eminent Blue-Coat Boys were Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden the antiquary, Campion the Jesuit, Mitchell the translator of Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, Richardson the novelist, and above all Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was educated here under James Boyer and who said, when he heard of his head master's death, that "it was fortunate the cherubs who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

Where Newgate Street is crossed by Giltspur Street and the Old Bailey stood the New Gate, one of the five principal gates

of the city, which was also used as a prison. It was the origin of the famous Newgate Prison, which now looms, grim and grimy, at the end of Holborn Viaduct, and whose very name is fraught with reminiscences of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Greenacre, Courvoisier, and others celebrated in the annals of crime. The Prison was rebuilt, 1770—80, under George Dance, architect of the Mansion House. On the south front are allegorical statues of Concord, Mercy, Justice, Truth, Peace, and Plenty—interesting as having once adorned the New Gate. Those who have been imprisoned here include Sackville and Wither the poets; Penn, for street preaching; De Foe, for publishing his "Shortest Way with Dissenters;" Jack Sheppard, who was painted here by Sir James Thornhill; and Dr. Dodd, who preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel (on Acts xv. 23) before he was hanged for forgery in 1777. Lord George Gordon was imprisoned in Newgate for a libel on the Queen of France, and died within its walls of the gaol distemper. Since the executions at Tyburn have been stopped, they have taken place here. One of the most important has been that of Bellingham, for the murder of Mr. Percival. The late amelioration in the condition of prisoners in Newgate is in great measure due to the exertions of Mrs. Fry, who has left a terrible account of their state even in 1838.

Here is the Old Bailey Sessions House, for the trial of prisoners within twelve miles of St. Paul's. Over it is a dining-room, where the judges dine when business is over, whence the line—

"And wretches hang that jury-men may dine."

Jonathan Wild, famous in the annals of crime, lived at the second house south of Ship Court in the Old Bailey. Green Anchor Court in the Old Bailey was the miserable residence of Oliver Goldsmith in 1788.

Opposite Newgate is St. Sepulchre's Church, of which John Rogers, the Smithfield martyr, was vicar, chiefly modern, but with a remarkable porch which has a beautiful fan-tracery roof. Many are the Americans who visit the interior to see a grey gravestone "in the church choir, on the south side thereof," with an almost obliterated epitaph, which began—

"Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!"

for it covers the remains of Captain John Smith (1579—1631), "sometime Governor of Virginia and Admirall of New England,"

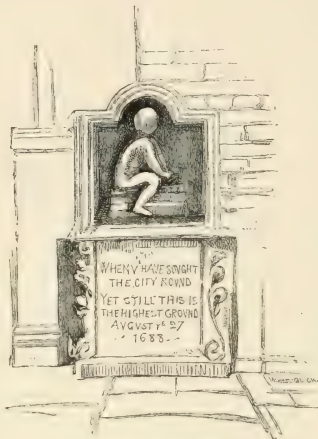
and author of many works upon the History of Virginia. The three Turks' heads which are still visible on his shield of arms were granted by Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, in honour of Smith's having, in three single combats, overcome three Turks and cut off their heads, in the wars of Hungary in 1602.

It is the bell of St. Sepulchre's which is tolled when prisoners in Newgate are executed, and by an old custom a nosegay was presented at this church to every prisoner who was on his way to Tyburn. The church

clock still regulates the hour of executions, and the church bellman used to go under the walls of Newgate on the night before an execution and ring his bell and recite—

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!"

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Boy of Panyer's Alley.

THE SIKH BROTHERHOOD AND THEIR SACRED BOOK.

II.

THE meaning of Nanuk's first inspired utterance was not to be mistaken. The Nawab, who had hoped to gain him over to Islam, was disappointed, and fell back on the former belief that he was mad. Sending to the hill of ashes in the forest, where the new prophet sat, nearly nude and filthy, with the other Fakeers, the Nawab summoned his fugitive chamberlain to his presence. "What have I to do with thy Nawab?" said the saint to the messenger; "play the rebeck." For there now sat with him the companion of all his future life, the Mahomedan minstrel, Murdana, who sang his gospel to the listening multitudes from Mecca to Ceylon, striking the fantastic Rubab brought down from heaven. Others returned to him with the entreaty, "For God's sake give me

an interview," and with them he went. But to all questions as to the meaning of the new doctrine, that there is no Hindoo and no Mussulman, he only replied in mystic verses, and the Nawab, in despair, took him to afternoon prayer in the mosque. As the line of worshippers bent behind the Kazee, Nanuk was seen to laugh. On being remonstrated with, he said, "The Kazee's prayer has not been accepted by God; his mind was not fixed on God; he said (in his heart), 'May it not be that my foal will fall into the well?' His mind had wandered there." The Kazee confessed it was true, and the whole court marvelled as Nanuk uttered the words—

"He is a Mussulman who clears away his own self, who is sincere, patient, of few words, Who does not touch what is standing, who does not eat what is fallen down.
That Mussulman will go to Paradise, (says) Nanuk."

This reconciled even the Nawab to the loss

of his chamberlain, and his possible convert. Murdana played the rebeck, all the Fakeers adorned Nanuk, Mussulmans and Hindoos saluted him, and he went forth on his apostleship to the world.

Here the quasi-miraculous marks every step, and the darker and later traditions part company. If the legends be taken as allegories, a few of them are marked by moral beauty, and some are most childish. Murdana, his companion, was a very Gehazi, unhappy at his master's self-denial, and always in suspense as to the supply of food. In the first of the five missionary journeys, that to the East, Nanuk convicted a rascally priest, restored the dead elephant of the Emperor Ibrahim Lodi, brought to repentance a party of the stranglers known as Thugs, and confounded by his wisdom other teachers. To the Emperor he uttered this rhapsody :

"Nanuk is hungry after God, for other things he does not care;
Our search is for the sight (of God), for other things we search not at all."

The story of the priest has a fine significance. Shekh Sajan kept idol-house and mosque on the highway, to attract both Hindoos and Mahomedans. At the dead of night he rose and threw the victims down a well. When Nanuk and Murdana became his guests, the teacher convicted him, and he threw himself at his feet, crying, "Sir, pardon my sins." "Shekh Sajan," replied Father Nanuk, "at the threshold of God the sins are pardoned by two words." But before Nanuk would reveal the words—the *Wah ! Gooroo !* which were to be in the centuries the battle-cry of the faith, down to Sobraon against us, and to Delhi against the last of the Moguls—the priest had to confess every murder, and bring all his stolen goods to feed the poor. With the great Babar also, who introduced the fifth of the Mahomedan dynasties of India, Nanuk had a meeting, probably in 1524, when that Emperor conquered the Punjab. Again and again the Grunth mentions him, and alludes to the calamities of those days of war. The first twelve years of his apostleship were closed by a visit to his native village. He would not enter it, but allowed Murdana to bring his mother and father to him. She wept sore to tempt him back, but his only response was the usual, "Murdana, play the rebeck," when he uttered verses now in the Grunth. The materialistic father thought to tempt him by a new house, a new wife and fine marriage procession, but forth came the re-buke and the revealing: "O father and

mother, that one is the all-arranging Supreme Being; the union that is made by him is good." To a Mussulman saint who asked for a knife, not that by which animals are slain but that which slaughters man, that is "by which egotism becomes slaughtered," Nanuk answered, "O, Peer, take it." And this is the knife :

"The Knife of Truth consider altogether as true !
Its working is inestimable.
Apply it to the whetstone of truth and hide it !
Put it into a sheath of virtues !
Who is slaughtered by this becomes a Shekh.
Rehold, covetousness, the blood, has flowed out.
If, being slaughtered, thou cling to truth,
Thou wilt be absorbed in the sight (of God) at the gate,
(says) Nanuk."

The unquiet spirit of the dreaming ascetic drove him south, from home, and wife, and child, the second time to Ceylon, of which, however, the compilers of the "Lives" knew so little that they speak of the Singhalese as Hindoos instead of Boodhists. On his return, Nanuk rested a while with his people, but soon roamed north, to Cashmere, and even to the mythic Olympus of Sumeru, where the god Mahadev and the chief spirits discussed with him his teaching. A fourth mission he made, this time to Mecca. The fact that he made the usual pilgrimage is most probable, for he professed to be no more a Hindoo than a Mahomedan, and his teaching was for both. The tradition is, that when he lay down to sleep he turned his feet towards the Kaaba, or black stone, in the house of God. When reproved for irreverence, he replied, "Put my feet in that direction where the house of God is *not*." The Kazee turned the feet, but thither the Kaaba also turned. The stone he pronounced an old Lingum of the idol Siva. So also he ever denounced the Brahmins, cooking animal food on one occasion at the time of an eclipse, as a symbolic exposure of their formalism. On another occasion he poured out a libation to the west, while they invoked their ancestors towards the east. When asked for an explanation, he declared he was watering his field in the Punjab, and when told the water would not reach so far he inquired how, then, their water would get to the other world? The fifth wandering takes him to the realms of phantasy, in a place not yet identified, where he held converse with the saints in a state of ecstasy.

"After that the Gooroo Baba went home." An aged ascetic, after fifty years roaming and teaching, poor as when he went forth a dreamy youth, he sought a place to die on the banks of his native Ravee, at Kartarpore. His disciples, Mahomedan and Hindoo,

settled around him. He had not united the two creeds, but he had planted among the Punjabees the germs of a reform which was to pale before the true Saviour of the World, and, after taking a political shape, to disappear before the rule of such Christian men as Henry Lawrence and John Lawrence, Baba Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes. Like so many of the legends of his life—some of them dim traditions of the historical facts and the moral truths fully revealed in the Old and the New Testaments—the story of his death has a lesson even for the best of us. For “charity never faileth,” and we may set this at least against the corruption and the vileness, the bloodshed and the folly, with which his successors identified his teaching. Having appointed Ungud, and not his own sons, the second Gooroo, the aged Nanuk sat down under a sarih tree, which now became dry, now blossomed again. The last hour had come—“the hour before the day” when nature is nearest its end. Wife, relations, disciples, all began to weep. The old manuscript, where spared by the white ants, thus proceeds:

“Then his sons said: ‘O father, what will be our state?’ The Gooroo answered, ‘Not even the dogs of the Gooroos are in want. You will get plenty of clothes and bread, and if you will mutter “Gooroo! Gooroo!” the end of your existence will be obtained.’ Then the Hindoos and Mussulmans, who were votaries of the name, began to say, the Mussulmans, ‘We shall bury him,’ and the Hindoos, ‘We shall burn him.’ Then the Baba said, ‘Put ye flowers on both sides; on the right side put those of the Hindoos, and on the left those of the Mussulmans. If the flowers of the Hindoos will remain green to-morrow, then they shall burn me; and if the flowers of the Mussulmans will remain green, then they shall bury me.’ Then the Baba ordered the society that they should recite the praises (of God). When (this) *Slök* was read, ‘The wind is the Gooroo,’ &c., having taken up (his feet?) he fell asleep When they lifted up the sheet there was nothing at all. The flowers of both parties had remained green. The Hindoos took theirs and went, and the Mussulmans took theirs and went. The whole society fell on their knees. Say: *Wäh Gooroo!* In the *Samvat* year, 1595, the tenth day of the light half of the month of *Asü*, Baba Nanuk was absorbed (=died) in *Kartarpur*.”

Born in the year of our Lord 1469, the founder of the Sikh reform of Hindooism died in 1538, at the age of sixty-nine.

III.

The times were propitious for the success of the only national reform which has sprung from the corrupting calm of the ocean of Hindooism since Boodha Gautama's days. The period of the activity of Nanuk, the founder of the Sikh Brotherhood, was parallel

with two events: the establishment of the Mogul power in the north and of the Portuguese influence in the south of India, on the disintegration of the Afghan and Hindoo dynasties. The same circumstances that tempted Babar, descendant of Timour and Ghengiz Khan, from the north, and Vasco de Gama, determined to excel Columbus, from the west, favoured and in some sense caused the rise of reform within Hindooism itself. In this respect like Roman Catholicism, if the Hindoo faith makes no converts by force, it is elastic enough to find a place for every dissident within it, and to absorb into itself the fetish-worshipping savages of the hills, whom its early literature denounces. As Benedict, Loyola and Francis, Hildebrand, Fénelon and Newman, have all found a career under the shadow of the Vatican, Hindooism has had its series of opposing schools and reformers ever since it learned the lesson from the temporary but brilliant success of Boodhism, that truth about the supernatural is wide enough and has sufficiently many sides to include and to utilise all. To this hour new sects spring up, new tribes of non-Aryan peoples are recognised, the viscous mass adapting itself to every movement, and readily taking on while it modifies every impression.

If Nanuk ever made that missionary journey through South India which the older and more trustworthy “*Life*” describes, he might have seen the Portuguese Christians who, at Calicut and Cochin, began with the sixteenth century that work of civilisation in which the England of Elizabeth superseded them. It was in 1526, when the Sikh fakeer was at the height of his zeal, that Babar took Delhi, and began the fifth and last experiment of Islam in governing India. The frequent battle-ground of Paniput, where the Mogul, as Babar is popularly but incorrectly called, defeated the Afghan Lodi, was almost in the heart of the very land from which Nanuk recruited his disciples. In his wanderings, as during his early residence in the storm-beaten Punjab, he must have seen Mahomedan struggling with Mahomedan, and both with Hindoo, till the spectacle of the splendid court of a Hindoo prince at Jounpore, and ruling over Oudh, gave the still warlike Rajpoots at least the hope that they might yet dominate all Hindostan. This hope, we know, was realised by the more astute Brahmins of South Bombay, who, as Mahrattas, swept the whole Peninsula a century later, from Paniput to the ditch of Calcutta and the walls of Madras.

But in Nanuk, born in a Mahomedan village and servant to a Mahomedan lord, it took the dreamy form of a faith in which there should be neither Hindoo nor Mussulman, Rajpoot nor Afghan, caste-bound nor circumcised, but all should worship the one Supreme Vishnoo, that in the Timeless One all might be absorbed. Nor was he alone in this dream. He was only one of many fakeers who taught similar doctrine, linking it on to the preserving Vishnoo rather than to the destroying Siva of the Brahminical triad. He differed from his fellows, not in his greater ability, not even in the remarkable number of his followers, and certainly not in the literary value of the Scripture which he dictated or repeated. It was his fortune in after times to come into contact with another Christian power than the Portugal of Prince Henry, of Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. The sect which he founded developed into the only political, military, or national body in the long annals of the later Hindooism; and therefore it clashed with the English, who from Clive at Arcot, Plassy, and Benares, to Lake and Lawrence and Nicholson at Delhi, made all India "red," as the last Sikh leader, Runjeet Singh, used to predict would be done. Impelled by that Providence whose ways it long refused to see, the East India Company has been used to preserve the political powers which sided with it, like the Nizam and the Mahratta and Rajpoot chiefs, and at the same time to fossilise the cults and the customs of the varied millions of subjects forced upon it, till in the fulness of the times the True Light shall transform what of them is good, and shall banish the evil. Nanuk dreamed he could make Hindoo and Mahomedan one, but he lacked the uniting principle, of which he had no revelation. His followers did exactly the opposite. They widened the gulf between the two. They organized themselves into a powerful confederacy to pull down the Mahomedan empire which Babar had strengthened anew in their founder's time. They became the most active mercenaries the British have had in abolishing for ever the rule of Islam over India.

Still Nanuk's dream of the unity of all men in his Brotherhood of Vishnoo is so morally attractive, that we ask where, outside the circumstances of his life and times, he got it. He somewhat closely copied Kabeer, the weaver, who was the most famous of the twelve apostles of Ramanand. That master had denounced caste, teaching that the true

ascetic who leads a holy life can have no higher merit, and is liberated from all restraints save those of ablution and his order. Kabeer went farther, and openly attacked idolatry, while his assaults on the Koran and its teachers were as severe as those on the Brahmins. There is much in common between the legend of Kabeer's and that of Nanuk's early life, while their teaching was addressed to both the great religions of their day. Kabeer was most popular, had not, indeed, been long dead, when about 1490 A.D. Nanuk began to teach. Both wrote in the vernacular of their day and province. In truth, Nanuk was rather the bard, who handed down in his Grunth the verses of Kabeer and other fakeers, than the independent founder of a system or the original author of his Scripture. So far as he was its author, his verses are inferior to those of his predecessors. All drank at the same fountain of the Bhagavat-Geet, portions of which to this day excite the admiration of the learned of Europe. The Kabeer-Punthees, who have still their headquarters in Benares, are ever throwing off new sects, or attracting by their doctrine of equality new devotees from the non-Hindoo tribes of the hills. The Sutnamees, the worshippers of the Pure Name, are the latest development in Central India, under circumstances of feeling after God if haply they may find Him which give the Christian missionaries there much hope of them.

Another name to be mentioned with those of Kabeer and Nanuk as completing the circle of the three most remarkable Hindoo reformers apart from Christian influences, is Chaitunya, the Brahmin of Nuddea in Bengal. He immediately succeeded, as Kabeer just preceded Nanuk, in order of time, for they taught in different parts of the Peninsula. He was the Bengalee, as Kabeer was the Hindee, and Nanuk the Punjabee Gooroo. He too sought proselytes among the Mahomedans and outcasts, exalted Vishnoo as Krishna, and added the doctrine of Bhakti or the "faith," which, while identifying the worshipper, the teacher, and the god as supreme, ascribes to the god real attributes, and inculcates incessant devotion. But to what all this leads in practice is seen in its highest embodiment in the worship of Jugganath, and in such criminal trials as are frequent in the Indian courts, where the Gooroo commits acts of adultery with his female devotees as the most perfect absorption into deity. Starting with traditionary beliefs of the equality of men, the goodness of self-denial, and the delights of communion with the one God,

the teaching of Kabeer, Nanuk, and Chaitunya alike ends in a worse catalogue of vices than that written against the Paganism of the West by Paul, the inspired Jew. And in spite of all that, the later Vaishnava as well as the earlier Vedic worship is ever fondly dwelt on in book and lecture and sermon by the large class of Hindoos whom we have educated to scout Brahminism, while they seek a half-way house in the Vaishnava plagiarisms of Theodore Parker. The nature-worship of the Vedic hymns and the pantheistic, conscienceless brotherhood of the Bhagavat song, are followed by the Brahmo Somaj of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, as modernised in the pantheistic mysticism which even Boston is learning to abjure, though Emerson is still in its midst.

In the three centuries from 1538, when Nanuk died, to 1839, when the Sikh kingdom virtually expired, on the death of Runjeet Singh, we may trace the progress of the Brotherhood along the two lines of a gradual return to the popular Hindooism against which it was meant to be a protest, and of a parallel rise into the position of a military and ruling body which the English neutralised. Although Nanuk passed over his two sons in selecting his successor, each of them founded one of those sects against which the true Sikh is warned. To the elder we owe the Oodasees: a religious order whose fakeers have accumulated both wealth and sanctity in the Punjab. The younger is infamous through his followers, the Bedees, who use the name of Nanuk to exact a tax of five pice or farthings from every Sikh, and have long been the most notorious murderers of their female infants in all India. Nanuk had made no converts among the literate or the noble; to the last the orthodox Brahmins despised him as a vulgar madman. His most attached disciples were of the great peasant race of the Jats (Getae) Hindoo and Mahomedan, who till the land from the Indus to the Lower Ganges. Slavish obedience, and not understanding, or even the ability to read and write, was what he sought in the simple Lahana, whom, according to the later authority, he named Ungud, "the giver of one's body," when he nominated him the second Gooroo. Ungud was too ignorant to invent the Goormookhee letters ascribed to him; his own verses are inferior copies of those of Nanuk. In 1552 Ungud also passed over his sons and presented the staff of office to his servant, Umar-Das, investing him by an offering of five pice and a cocoa-nut. Unlettered though the third Gooroo was, his contributions to the

Scriptures of the Brotherhood are marked by a clear simplicity. In the twenty-two years of his priesthood he made Govindal his centre, building there a walled well to which there descend eighty-four steps. To sit on each of these in turn, making ablution and reading the Grunth, is to secure immediate absorption into Vishnoo without passing through the eighty-four lakhs (8,400,000) of transmigrations. Hence every year that well still attracts one of the largest *melas*, or fairs, in North India. From 1574 to 1581 his son-in-law, Ramdas, was Gooroo. For the well of Govindal he substituted the great tank of Umritsur, for the waters of pantheistic annihilation the fount of the pantheistic nectar. He in his turn added to the Scripture, and his additions are among its better portions. By his foundation of Umritsur, and his establishment of the office of Gooroo in hereditary succession, he moreover took the first steps towards the organization of the confederacy which soon began to excite the attention of the Mahomedan emperor. Under his son Arjun, the fifth Gooroo, who directed the Brotherhood from 1581 to 1606, the Sikhs first became a national or political power. In the eighty years of these Gooroos, since Babar had established the Mogul dynasty on the throne of Delhi, Hindostan had seen the vicissitudes of Hoomayoon and his able rival Sher Shah, and the long splendour of Akbur. The weak Jahangeer had just succeeded to power and had begun that imperial progress to Lahore and Cashmere which took him every year right through the heart of the Sikh country. Arjun had thrown off the character of fakeer and had become a money-making, money-seeking noble, who levied a tax on every Sikh, while he traded on his own account. His disciples increased rapidly in every district, till he became powerful enough to be courted as an ally by Khusrav, the rebel son of the emperor. When Khusrav raised the standard of revolt it was in the Punjab, and when the insurrection was suppressed it was at Lahore that Jahangeer took vengeance upon his abettors. Arjun was imprisoned until he should pay an enormous fine, and he died in prison of the excessive heat of the season. This we learn from an impartial account, but Sikh tradition represents the death of their great Gooroo thus: Falsely accused to the emperor by the finance minister, to whose daughter he refused to betroth his son and successor, Arjun was sentenced to be burned in a raw cow-hide, jumped into the Ravee, and was absorbed in the deity, for his body could not be found.

The special interest of Arjun to us lies in the fact that he first collected the verses of Nanuk and his other predecessors, added some careless ravings of his own, and published the Grunth as we now have it. The old manuscript, undoubtedly signed by him, is still carefully venerated at Kartarpoor, where Nanuk died, but in most of the copies of this we find a few verses composed by the two successors of Arjun. A divine code alone was wanted to complete the organization of the sect, and it became imperative to rescue the verses of Nanuk for this purpose. To give farther authority to the whole, Arjun added extracts from the compositions of such earlier ascetics as Kabeer, in the form of proofs or *loci probantes* at the end of each *Rag* or canto. The whole he called "Grunth," or "Grunth Sahib," that is "The Book" or Bible of the Sikhs. The final *h* is a breathing, and the word is pronounced as a cross between the English words Grant and Grunt. The same word had long before been applied to other writings of the Vaishnavas. We may see the genesis of a human scripture in progress if we look at the legend of the editing. One day, when the disciples were gathered round their Gooroo Arjun, they declared that the authentic words of Nanuk gave peace to their soul and drew them to worship, while the verses of other teachers ascribed to him excited pride and worldly wisdom only. The time had come, they urged, to distinguish authoritatively the true from the false. On this Arjun himself collected all the writings, marking each set by the name of its author, and made them over to the scribe Bhai Goor-das, to write in one book in the Goormookhee characters. All preceding teachers, save the Vaishnava mystics, had used the now unknown Sanscrit of the Vedas and Pooranas. Nanuk and his successors spoke the Hindee of their day, which the illiterate, like themselves, understood, and Arjun had it written in the common characters. When all was finished, a few blank pages only being left for the predicted revelations of the ninth Gooroo, Arjun signed the Scripture, warning the Sikhs of all time to reject all other writings and authority, even if they bore the name of Nanuk.

From this the linguistic value at least of the Grunth will be at once apparent. We can trace the breaking down of the Latin of the empire into the nine Provençal and modern languages of South and West Europe, far more easily than we can follow the transition of the Sanscrit into the Prakrit and of the

Prakrit dialects into the Aryan tongues of British India. This is a new field, which has only of late begun to attract scholars, and it has a serious practical importance, for the inquiry affects the great vernaculars of all India south of the Himalayas, or of one hundred and fifty millions of people. Covering at least a century in its composition, and quoting still older verses than those of Nanuk, the Grunth bridges the gulf from the Prakrit to the modern Hindee. For instance, Dr. Trumpp pronounces the oldest writer in the collection to have been Namdev, the earliest Mahratta poet we have. He lived about the fourteenth century, in Pundherpore, where he was a calico printer. In the same province in the Deccan, and about the same time, lived Triloçan, and his verses also are in the Grunth. Another old writer, of whom it gives us a curious relic in a mixture of Sanscrit and the vernacular of the fourteenth century, is Jaidev, one of whose couplets we may rescue from the ocean of the ALL:

"The primeval Spirit is incomparable, first, steeped in love, Joyful, far from nature, though in thought penetrating all."

Ramanand himself, the great Vaishnava master of Kabeer, is represented by one utterance, which is as much old Hindee in its dialect as Chaucer is English. As a religious book the Grunth is written in verse, in old Prakrit metres and in later inventions probably of the writers. Old Hindee poetry is measured by quantity and by rhyme, but the poets are frequently so much at a loss for a perfect rhyme that they manipulate words to suit their purpose. Professor Trumpp's translation, with notes, covers seven hundred and eight large and crowded pages. After an introductory chapter by Nanuk, called the *Jap*, there follow three series of extracts from the cantos which the Sikhs use as evening prayers and just before retiring to rest. Then come the thirty-one Rags, which constitute the book. These are without order or connection, a mass of repetitions and incoherencies, such as illiterate dreamers would croon forth and still more illiterate editors would jumble together. The "Bhog," or conclusion of the whole, is perhaps its most interesting portion, for it contains the chants of Kabeer and Fureed as well as of Nanuk and his successors to Arjun, and the verses of Tej Bahadoor, a later Gooroo. The Scripture thus begins with the *Jap* revealed to Nanuk on the Olympus of Mount Suméru:

"OM!

The true name is the Creator, the Spirit without fear, without enmity, having a timeless form, not produced from the womb.

"By the favour of the Gooroo.

JAPU!

At the beginning is the True One, at the beginning of the Age is the True One.
The True One is, O Nanuk! and the True One also will be!"

As a scholar and a German, Dr. Trumpp cannot be suspected of a tendency to undervalue the Grunth and its teaching. That he does not exaggerate the pantheism of its philosophy and the polytheism of its devotees all will admit who have lived among the Sikhs, or studied their daily life and worship. The catholicity which in Nanuk was so admirable came to nothing, for it had its root in no higher or more practical teaching than that of a metaphysical pantheism. If Nanuk, the first Gooroo, saw the supreme Lord in Vishnoo the Preserver, Govind, the tenth and last, found him in the destructive and abominable Doorga. Nanuk followed Kabeer in teaching the unity of God, and in language which would be beautiful if it meant anything but a pantheistic obliteration of all that gives a moral and personal existence to any being. This Supreme expands into a plurality of forms, for "He himself is One, and he himself is many;" as creator he thus expands when he seeks to sport with worlds as his playthings. No other teleological principle is dreamed of than such childishness, nor is self-consciousness or free-will possible to the Absolute. Personified as man only he may have both moral and intellectual qualities, and hence apparent contradictions in the Grunth, as in all this class of writings. To the last Nanuk was a Hindoo, who went no farther in his unitarianism than to subordinate to the Supreme Being all the millions of gods whom also he adopted. He laughs at idolatry, it is true, but only because he would put the popular gods below Vishnoo. His utterances are never so clear as this of Kabeer's:

"A stone is shaped by the hammer, and formed into an image, giving it a breast and feet.
If this image be true, then it will eat the hammerer."

Passages like this occasionally recall the irony of the inspired Jews. Nanuk's tolerance of Mahomedans was extended only to the Soofees, the mystics who had derived their pantheism from Hindoo sources. Nay, both Nanuk and his Mahomedan friends expressed merely the great truth and the greater error which found expression in the protest of Boodhism in the sixth century before Christ: the truth, that sin is misery; the error, that the only salvation from sin is reunion with the Vacuum which writes on every man's forehead his destiny to sin. To that truth we must

ascribe all that is beautiful in the teaching of Boodha Gautama and the Vaishnavas down to Nanuk; in that error we find the source of the weary, sad iteration of mystic and mythologic phantasies in the Adi-Grunth. And what makes the whole system and book sadder is, that the only link between sin and the delusive deliverance from it is one which rivets still closer the chain of destiny, and obliterates still more completely every trace of free self-consciousness. Priestcraft comes in with its sole mediation and its barren infallibility. The true Gooroo alone can communicate "the name," and only to him on whose forehead he asserts it to have been written from the beginning. The Sikh or disciple must slavishly seek and obey the Gooroo, who is, indeed, himself the Superior Lord and worshipped. *So ham*, "I am that," that is, "I am identical with the Supreme," is in reality all that the Gooroo has to teach to him who would be delivered from his own Ego and become also one with Brahm. Sikhism, then, is no moralising deism, says Dr. Trumpp. It was rather so demoralising a deification of sensual man that it was well for the Sikhs, if they were to be a national brotherhood, that the order of Gooroo ceased with the tenth. The best that can be said is, that the million and a half of illiterate Sikhs have been familiarised by Nanuk and the Mahomedan Soofees with the idea of one Supreme Lord, so far as to worship but rarely the *dii minores*. But in spite of the strict moral precepts of the earlier Gooroos, repeated in the rite of initiation still, the Sikhs no sooner gained power for themselves than they became worse than all their neighbours, Mahomedan or Hindoo.

The death of Arjun, the fifth Gooroo, not only made them an organized brotherhood, it supplied them with the new motive of hate to the Mahomedan power. His son and successor, Har-Govind, made soldiers of the Sikhs to avenge his father's death, till the Hindoos looked upon him as their deliverer from oppression. Har-Rai, the seventh Gooroo, took part in the struggles of Aurungzeb's sons, but died in his bed in 1660. Har-Kisan, the eighth, was detained at Delhi as a hostage for the good behaviour of the now dangerous confederacy. The ninth, Tej Bahadoor, 1664—1675, fell a victim to that emperor's intolerance. The Sikhs tell the tale how his sacred person was captured, was shut up in Delhi till he should profess Islam, was beheaded by a disciple that it might not be profaned, and was clandestinely carried off and burned with the

due rites. Then it was, they say, that those prophecies were uttered, in which the Gooroo declared before he died that one Dhuleep would lead the Brotherhood to the sack of Delhi. "Already," exclaimed the doomed hierophant, "I see the Lal Koortees (red-coats) on the march to destroy the palace." Govind Singh, his son, was not fifteen when he succeeded to the inheritance of vengeance. In the third of a century, from 1675 to 1708, he completed the military organization of Arjun, and he wrote, "The Grunth of the Tenth Reign," because the guardians of the Adi-Grunth refused to allow him to add to it. Amid all the misery of the Hindoo provinces which marked the virtual fall of the Mogul Empire in the death of Aurungzeb, the tenth Gooroo was the hope of the oppressed, although his own deputies so added to the oppression that he was compelled to abolish the tax. Weary of a life of conflict, but with all his weapons beside him, he sat himself down upon the funeral pyre, and having meditated on the Supreme Lord, he uttered with his mouth, and with love, the following:

"Since I seized thy feet I brought nothing else under my eye,
O merciful Ram! the Pooranas and the Koran teach various systems: I did not mind one.
The Smriti, the Shastras, and the Vedas, all teach many modifications: I did not recognise one.
O disposer of happiness, bestow mercy! I did not say 'I': all I recognised as 'THEE.'

He refused to appoint a successor. The Brotherhood he entrusted "to the bosom of the timeless, divine male," and to the book, the Grunth Sahib.

The Punjab which the last of the Gooroo left was the prey of anarchy all the next century. After fifty years of confusion, when Afghans and Mahrattas had exhausted themselves, or in 1759, the Sikhs emerged masters of the situation. The Jat peasants of Nanuk's and Arjun's days had become the warrior lords of the land of the Five Rivers. Clive had not then got farther north than Benares, where he was soon to obtain, legally, the sovereignty of India from the *faintant* emperor. Summoning the Gooroomata, the national diet, to the nectar fount at Umritsur, the leaders of the twelve Sikh *misals* or voluntary clans divided the country among them, claiming it all, from Delhi to Peshawur. The Sutlej River divided them, however, into the two great classes of the Manjha, or old Sikhs, to the north of it, and the Malwa, or later Sikhs, to the south—Hindoos who adopted the new religion of the sword when the Mahomedan empire was collapsing.

As the years passed on Runjeet Singh raised his misal to supremacy, and by 1820 from Lahore he ruled as a sovereign all the Sikhs north of the Sutlej. Those to the south saw their danger in time and threw themselves on the protection of the advancing British power, of which they have ever since been the most loyal and enlightened supporters. Maharaja Runjeet Singh, however, was only the head of a military oligarchy, and he had the shrewdness to court the friendship of the foreigners who had settled on the south bank of the Sutlej. That excess which was only too common to the Sikh prætorians carried him off in 1839, when we were in the middle of our Cabul troubles. If his son had been worthy of him the Sutlej might have been our frontier still. But Kurruk Singh was an imbecile who also died of his vices. His son, Nao Nihal, perished prematurely; the next heir, Sher Singh, was murdered; and a boy of five, Dhuleep Singh, was proclaimed Maharaja in 1843. First one Sikh war and then a second were forced on Lord Hardinge and Lord Dalhousie by the intriguing chiefs and misled soldiery whom Henry Lawrence had dreamed of consolidating into a righteous kingdom with British assistance. On the 29th March, 1849, the boy Maharaja, seated on his throne, signed away the sovereignty of the Punjab, the national independence for which the Sikhs had proved themselves unfit, and retired on £50,000 a year. The Koh-i-Noor, that his reputed father had plundered from the Afghans, as they from the Moguls at Delhi, and had destined for the idol Jugganath, was sent home to adorn the crown of England. Under the teaching of the American Presbyterian missionaries Dhuleep Singh sought baptism, and the last representative of Nanuk has long been a Christian noble. Nor is he alone in this. Another of the chiefs of the twelve clans, the late Maharaja of Kuppurtulla, married a Christian wife and maintained a Christian mission to his people, while one of his sons was not long ago publicly baptized by a native minister in the heart of a Sikh town.

The latest of our Indian Provinces to receive the gospel of the only Saviour of men, the Punjab, has seen many another triumph of the True Name. It has been the scene of the labours of British officers and administrators who have spared neither leisure nor purse to teach the people they loved what Nanuk knew not but Nanuk's last representative has found. From Peshawur to Delhi the Punjab has enjoyed the

self-denying labours of missionaries, some of whom have given their lives for a loftier and purer brotherhood than the Khalsa. If, indeed, as all analogy would suggest, India is to be Christianized by its own sons, then it is to the Sikhs that it looks for the new Gooroo, the Christian Nanuk, who shall point the truth-seeker, convinced of sin, to the Supreme God, the Timeless One, who

hath taken away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Was it an unreal vision that passed across the soul of the dying Norman Macleod?—"I have had such a glorious dream! I thought the whole Punjab was suddenly Christianized—and such noble fellows, with their native churches and clergy!" We look with assured confidence for the Christian Nanuk.

GEORGE SMITH.



STAFFA.

GOD hath his temples by no human hand
 Hewn in the ageless rocks. And there his voice
 Is heard in tempest, as the rushing noise
 Of many waters: there great columns stand
 Fluted, in order, like the wave-worked sand
 On Eastern shores, where strangest forms rejoice
 In rarest hues of beauty. Ours no choice
 But bend in worship, reverently, till land
 And sea seem mingled in one element,
 Inspiring rarer beatings of the heart.
 Such art thou, Staffa! where we look on Art
 Forefelt in Nature, to fine issues lent.
 Great awe creeps o'er us while we list the sway
 Of ocean waters as they bar the way.

E. CONDER GRAY.





STAFFA.

THE STORY OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA, TOLD BY THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

VIII.—PAPUA, OR NEW GUINEA.

"THE world has now been searched through and through, and scarce a corner remains to be explored." To this saying of the ethnologist there is certainly one exception. Of the vast island of New Guinea exploration has touched but the fringe. Enough, however, is known to enable us to separate very distinctly the Papuan, or Austro-Malay, from every other zoological sub-region. In its conditions, with a tropical temperature, lofty mountains, luxuriant forests, and abundant moisture, it presents a striking contrast to Australia. The islands of smaller size which are grouped around it possess, in a less degree, the same peculiarities, and have been zoologically subdivided as the provinces of Timor, Celebes, and Moluccas. These all possess many of the characteristic types of New Guinea, but with no inconsiderable admixture of Indian and Australian forms respectively. The analysis of their bird-fauna shows clearly that it is derivative. We might be perplexed to understand how islands so distant as the Moluccas should have been peopled from New Guinea, but the soundings of the *Challenger* show that while the sea round the Moluccas reaches a depth of from 1,200 to 2,800 fathoms, yet these deep seas are very narrow, and have rims as shallow as 400 fathoms. There may therefore have been a chain of lakes which in times geologically recent have sunk down along with the intervening land, and thus the connection with New Guinea, though not continuous, was probably not very widely interrupted.

But in Papua itself we find a distinct centre of life. We know little of its mammals, but all we do know are, with the exception of a single pig, marsupials, of an Australian type, yet only two out of nineteen known species are identical with Australian forms, and there are no rats or mice.

Of nearly 400 species and 145 genera of land birds, after putting aside 40 genera, world-wide or migrants, only 7 genera are Indian, while 50 are Australian, and 43 peculiar to New Guinea, while of the species over 300 belong to it exclusively. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate these in detail, but we should mention the number of kingfishers, and especially the peculiar group of racket-tails (*Tanysiptera*), the most beautiful of that

beautiful family; many very singular forms of parrots, including the largest and the smallest of the tribe; various brilliantly plumaged genera of flycatchers, and also of pigeons, especially that mammoth among doves, the *Goura*, or crowned pigeon, of which there are two species.

Mr. Wallace has remarked that the birds of New Guinea present a larger proportion of brilliantly plumaged species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of Paradise largely contribute. Of this family twenty-four species are known, all confined to the Papuan islands, with a single exception, a *Manucodia*, which has extended its range to North Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumes of the true Paradise birds. Whether for singularity or beauty of plumage the birds of Paradise are without rivals in the bird-world. Most of them have superb tufts of feathers issuing, not from the wings, but from each side of the body, forming sometimes wavy silky plumes of considerable thickness, sometimes fans which spread on each side of the breast, sometimes shields or long trains behind the wings; while the central tail feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or terminated by lustrous spatules, and all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In the sub-family *Epimachina*, instead of tufts from the sides of the body, the accessory plumes spring from the head, the back, or the shoulders, while in the species which strays into North Australia these peculiarities are absent. There is scarcely a hue among the colours of nature which is not found in the endless variety of the painting of the Paradise birds, not only the lustrous metallic tints of the humming-bird, but yellows, reds, blues, and greens of every degree of intensity. Yet these fantastic freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males, the females are all clad in the most sober browns, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a protection from observation during the labours of the nesting season.

Strange notions formerly prevailed among the vulgar as to the birds of Paradise. As until recently no European had been able to

observe them in life, all our specimens were supplied by the natives, who always cut off the legs from the skins, on which account they were reputed to be without feet, whence the name of the best-known species—*Apoda*. Peculiar and strange as are these creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their nearest allies in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sombreness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the starlings the paradise birds are naturally placed.

Now the existence of a group so isolated, so abnormal, and yet so completely differentiated, and consisting of so many species which vary so widely, that in any other group, I suspect, our systematists would have indulged their taste by making a distinct genus for each, indicates at once a very distinct origin for this part at least of the bird-life of New Guinea. There are no links, no relations with the forms of any other island, still less with those of Continental Asia.

And when we pass to other families of birds we find peculiarities scarcely less strongly marked. Professor Newton has drawn special attention to the great development of the cassowaries in New Guinea and its dependencies. Already nine species are recognised, one of which is found in North Australia, and another in Ceram, the others being all Papuan. So important is this group, especially when we consider the impossibility of migration in the case of these flightless ratite birds, that Professor Newton suggests that this fact alone is almost sufficient to attach Ceram to New Guinea, and also to separate off North Australia from the rest of the continent. At least, we have here for Papua a distinct group of ratite birds. Africa has its ostriches, South America its rheas, Australia its emeus, New Zealand its kiwis and moas, New Guinea its cassowaries, and Madagascar had once its giant *Aepyornis*. Now, with the exception of the ostrich, which has probably worked its way northwards from southern Africa, all these huge pedestrians, living or extinct, belong to the southern hemisphere.

Of fossil ostrich-like birds we find none in Europe above the lower Eocene strata; there, however, they occur, and one has been found fossil in the Siwalik range of hills in India. In the northern hemisphere they existed at a period when there were few or no carnivorous quadrupeds; in fact, before the predominance of mammalian life. Their existence in the south implies that beasts of prey have been either few or absent, for

against their attacks they are helpless. As we have seen in the course of these papers, they still exist only where they have no natural enemies, excepting in the case of the ostrich, whose speed and the conditions of the country where it lives, wide open desert plains, sufficiently secure it from destruction.

Mr. Wallace holds that it is unnecessary to believe that the southern continents were ever united in order to account for the presence of these birds, and, assuming a common origin for them all, suggests either that the ancestral type may have been a bird capable of flight, and thus spread from one continent to another, its descendants gradually losing the power of flight from disuse and the absence of enemies; or (and he himself inclines to this view) that the whole world was once peopled before the introduction of carnivorous quadrupeds by wingless ostrich-like forms, which were exterminated in the north by these foes, and that where they remained they became developed into the families we now find.

As regards the first hypothesis, the revelations of geology yield no corroborative proof, for nowhere have any possible ancestors, with power of flight, been exhumed. As to the second hypothesis, without admitting a common origin in the north for all these families, it is impossible to doubt their great antiquity in their existing seats, an antiquity antecedent to the introduction of mammalia; and here we have a very strong proof of the separation of the Papuan region from the earliest times of the existing fauna.

The racket-tailed kingfishers and other peculiar types of "this teeming bird-land" have been already referred to, but it is impossible to enumerate all in detail. Suffice it to say, that little as we know of New Guinea, we know enough to see that even in those families of birds which are most widely spread its species possess a brilliancy of plumage not attained elsewhere, as in the case of the great whiskered swift, a world-wide class, everywhere else most sombre and plain.

In one respect New Guinea stands apart from all the other areas we have been considering. In its massive configuration it is rather an island continent than an isle of the sea. Impinging closely on Australian and Indian regions, it shows no indication of having been at any time a link between them, but plainly asserts its independence. Its animals are the aboriginal children of its soil, and belong to olden and long-differentiated types. Its human inhabitants, with their dark

skins, broad and flattened features, and woolly hair, are the least affected by admixture with Malayan immigrants of any of the Negrite aborigines of the Eastern or Pacific Islands. All is antique as well as distinct, and fully justifies the claim of Papua to be treated as a distinct zoological area.

We have in this series of papers reviewed cursorily the distinctive bird features of the oceanic islands, and of what may be called the continental islands. We have confined ourselves to those in which, as being truly oceanic, the ornithology is generically, as well as specifically, distinct; and we have endeavoured to show how the degree of peculiarity in each may be taken, in default of geological or other record, as an index to the comparative antiquity of each.

The analysis is far from complete. From want of space many minor oceanic islands, such as Tristan d'Acunha, have been passed over, where the bird fauna, though very limited, is as distinct as in the areas passed under review.

One other ornithological province has been omitted, that of Madagascar, which is no part of the African province, but a very distinct "massive," scarcely less varied and peculiar, and far richer than even New Zealand itself. Not more than 130 land-birds are as yet known from this imperfectly explored land, yet of these over 100 species and several genera are peculiar. But however distant may be the geological epoch at which Madagascar was separated from Africa, we have preferred to look at it rather as an independent continent than as an oceanic island, and to consider the Mascarenes as outliers of this province.

If from the oceanic islands we turn to those countless islands which are in no sense oceanic, but merely appendages of the adjacent continents, we shall find in the identity, or the partial modification of their birds, a tolerably accurate indication of the comparative length of time which has elapsed since they were separated from the mainland, or since they rose from the sea. Thus on the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, east and west, the recent separation of the British Islands is shown by the fact that, with the single exception of the red grouse, which does not, as on the continent, assume a white wing in winter, there is no modification of any single bird. The Bermudas have but recently risen from the sea, for no one bird differs from those of the American continent opposite. In the Faroe Islands we find one bird, the wren, which, long confined to these rocks,

has attained stouter and stronger proportions than elsewhere. In the Azores, peopled from Europe, the variations exhibit a tendency similar to the fully-developed species in the Gallapagos from American ancestry, and under parallel conditions. The plumage is darker, and the legs and bills thicker. The bullfinch has altogether lost his ruddy hue, and the chaffinch its rich rose. Yet more divergent are the birds of the Canaries and Madeira, where the chaffinch is the same as that of the Azores, with the addition in the Canaries of a second still more sombre coloured chaffinch (*Fringilla teydea*). The gold-crested wren also has become distinct, and each group of islands possesses its special pigeons. These islands are certainly European rather than African. The native birds of St. Helena have probably, like its flora and its land shells, been exterminated, yet one peculiar species, and that a small mountain plover, remains.

Of the West African islands the Cape Verde group has been long enough isolated to possess two peculiar species out of eighteen, while of more southern islands Fernando Po seems to have nothing peculiar; yet Prince's Island and St. Thomas, lying farther out, have a few specialities.

Passing to the isolated archipelagoes of the Indian Ocean, the Andamans have many peculiar species, but all of them merely slight modifications of Indian forms. So also with the Nicobars, except that here one or two species of Malayan character have crept in from the south. The great islands off China, Formosa and Hainan, tell their origin very clearly by their birds. In Formosa, though Mr. Swinhoe, our first authority on Chinese ornithology, has found thirty-four peculiar species, yet nearly all are closely allied to Chinese or Himalayan forms. The presence of many Himalayan non-Chinese species suggests that Formosa may be the highest point of a former eastward extension of the Himalayas, now almost submerged. In Hainan, on the contrary, though we have sixteen species as yet discovered peculiar to the island, the general character partakes largely of the Malayan type, derived, of course, from the opposite coast.

The West Indies are included in the great neotropical or South American region, but their bird fauna is very remarkable. Trinidad and Tobago, geographically West Indian, are simply South American, and of 350 species have not one peculiar, while they are separated by a very shallow sea from the southern continent. Their separation must, therefore,

have been very recent. Far more ancient must be the formation of the other islands. Their birds are allied, not to South, but to Central America. Yet if there ever has been a land communication it must have been exceedingly remote in point of time, when we note the peculiar forms of birds which have grown up on the various islands. Of 140 *genera* of birds 30 are peculiar; and nearly the whole of the non-migrant species, amounting to many hundreds, are peculiar; in fact, they almost rival oceanic islands in their specialization. But not only do they differ thus widely from the fauna of the mainland, almost every island has its special species; and, until European colonization destroyed the forests, had them in vastly greater numbers. With the exception of the Mascarenes, there is probably no part of the earth's surface where the aborigines have been so rapidly exterminated, and none where so great a number of species have disappeared, as in the West Indies. The epoch of the separation of the different islands, though long subsequent to their general isolation from Central America, must be incalculably remote. To take a single instance which throws light on geological history, there is a most peculiar family of very small birds, allied perhaps to the motmots, the todies. Of this family, which only exists on the Great Antilles, but five species are known, one in Cuba, one in St. Domingo, one in Porto Rico, and two in Jamaica. Here then we have not a *genus* merely but absolutely a *family* of birds segregated on four islands, each of which has been separated long enough to have specialised its own species.

On the Pacific coast of America, again, we find the same process of modification going

on in the adjacent islands, which has culminated in the "*ornis*" of Gallapagos. Thus Juan Fernandez, as has been already noted, possesses its special species. Very recently the little island of Guadalupe, off Lower California, 160 miles from the coast, has been for the first time visited by a naturalist, who collected but eight species of land bird, every one of which was distinct and new, yet each having a closely related representative on the continent opposite. In all of them the specific characters as regards coloration are strictly preserved, but in all the colours are darker, the wings and tail shorter, and the bills and feet shorter and stronger. No more telling illustration could possibly have been found of the mode in which insular forms are gradually modified under conditions of isolation.

The survey we have very briefly taken in these papers of the birds of the islands of the ocean may, it is hoped, serve to illustrate, not only the importance to scientific discovery of noting the most minute and apparently trivial facts in nature, but also the way in which each branch of physical science is correlated with each other; and how the study and classification of any order of life, whether birds, molluscs, insects, or flora, may subserve a far higher end than the mere collector's, and cast a ray of light even on the darkest mysteries of the far-reaching and unfathomable past, during which a foreseeing Providence has, by means which we are apt to term natural laws, but which I would more reverently express as the mode in which God works, been preparing our globe to be the habitation of the highest of His creatures—man.

THE END.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Religious joy.

THERE are many persons who do not know or will not believe that there is such a thing as *religious joy*. They do not, perhaps, question the reality of religion, nor hesitate to acknowledge its importance; but they have accustomed themselves to look at it from its gloomy side. They think of it as placing a check on mirth and enjoyment, as restraining the outflow of natural feelings, interfering with many pleasures that go to make up the sum of human happiness, and

inducing an unnatural and disagreeable moroseness in the life and character of its votaries. This is an aspect of religious life which is specially apt to lay hold of the minds of the young and high-spirited. It may be all very well, they are ready to think, for grave old men and women to "follow after godliness;" nay, they may even go so far as to hope that they will themselves become pious as years pass over them; but to enter *now* on a distinctly religious life would be, they imagine, to crush the flower of their youth in its bloom, to extinguish the inward fire that cheers them at once by its bright-

ness and its warmth, and to doom themselves henceforth to a cold, dull, spiritless existence.

Some ground, it is to be feared, has been given for this mistaken idea of religion, by the conduct of many good and worthy men, whose piety, however unquestionably real, has partaken too much of a gloomy character. We need not go back, for examples, to the hermits and self-torturers of former times. Are there not, among ourselves, earnest, zealous Christians, who, with the very best intentions, are doing what they can to render unattractive the service which they love? How many are there who frown on mirth and innocent enjoyment; whose faces of unrelaxing demureness, and tones of drawling melancholy, maintain a solemnity that, while wholly unnecessary, is either repulsive or ridiculous; who seem ever ready, in the scornful language of the prophet, to "bow down their heads as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under them." If such is the type of piety we set up before the eyes of the world, and especially before the eyes of the young, whose glorious privilege it is to have an unceasing flow of spirits that cannot be and never were meant to be thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined," then truly it is no wonder if some of the best and noblest spirits among us should be led to doubt whether there is such a thing at all as religious joy.

Here, assuredly, is a matter well worthy of the most earnest consideration. For, if we encourage, by speech or behaviour, a practical belief that religion is a dulling, souring, deadening influence, robbing life of its sweetness, poisoning its pleasures, and introducing new elements of pain and sorrow, we shall be doing our very best to secure its rejection by those around us. The world truly has enough already of sadness and suffering. It is not surely more tears, more sorrow, more suffering; but comfort, peace, joy, strength, that man wants here below.

Happily the Bible leaves no doubt as to the character and tendency of the religion which it reveals. Its pages are resonant with joy and praise. It has nothing but scorn and indignation for the miserable caricature of religious seriousness that exhibits itself in dismal grimaces, funereal tones, Pharisaic restrictions, and morbid misanthropy. There is nothing in the Bible of undue or unseasonable sombreness; nothing to discourage indulgence, at a fitting time, in the merry laugh, the merry sport, the merry song, or the merry dance. The glad-

some buoyancy of youth may have free scope, without a word of condemnation from the sacred pages. No doubt the Bible reveals many painful truths, but only that the evil which is in us may be rooted out, and that we may become happy subjects of that "kingdom of God," which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The very word "Gospel," and the original word which it represents, declare the religion of the Bible to be a message of joy. It was so announced almost from the first dawn of prophecy; for example, in the promise twice repeated to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." That promise was a source of hope and rejoicing, as all their records show, to the patriarchs and prophets of ancient Israel. More especially the Psalms, in whose glowing words we have the sentiments of not a few writers, besides the great poet-king, though they sometimes touch notes of deepest sadness, yet convey, on the whole, an impression of profound and irrepressible joy. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous!" "O clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph." "O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy; for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth." Nay, how often do the Psalmists rise from the very depths of melancholy to notes of cheerfulness, and even of triumph? "Why dost Thou cast me off? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? O send forth Thy light, and Thy truth; let them lead me, and bring me to Thy holy hill, even to Thy tabernacles; then will I go to the altar of God, to God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God, my God."

Such being the tone of Old Testament piety, it would be strange indeed to find any change for the worse when we come to the greater light and liberty of New Testament days. But there is no such change. "Fear not," says the angel to the shepherds, "for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." "These things," says the Saviour himself, "have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." Nor are the Apostolic precepts less emphatic, or their views of the Christian life less encouraging. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." "Whom, having not seen, ye love; in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy

unspeakable, and full of glory." Surely, if there is warrant in Scripture for anything, it is for religious joy.

To us, as to the Israelites in their day of difficulty and despondency, the "joy of the Lord" should ever be a source of "strength." Believing, as we need must, that sorrow and suffering have a value of their own, yet we cannot for a moment doubt that work is best done, difficulties most successfully encountered, and the warfare of the Christian life most courageously maintained, when the sweet light of gladness shines full upon our souls. Some of the modes in which religion is a well-spring of joy, and therefore also an element of strength, will be considered in the following papers.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Joy in God's righteous government.

Religion is a source of joy, and therefore of strength, inasmuch as it teaches that the world is under the control of a righteous and benevolent Governor. We are so accustomed to this belief, that we do not readily realise its value. Necessary to our comfort as the air we breathe, it is almost equally familiar, and the necessity strikes us as seldom in the one case as in the other. Yet it needs but little thought to discover how dire a calamity it would be to have this doctrine wrested from us. Let us place ourselves, in imagination, face to face with the misery and confusion that exist so widely around us; let us listen to the record of "wrong and outrage with which earth is filled;" let us see the wicked prosperous, and the righteous cast down; let us watch the helpless and the innocent apparently perishing for the guilty; let us note the fact that the progress of the race, if progress it can be called, is attained full oft by the crushing of the individual; let us shut out for a little the idea of a God over all, Who shall yet right every wrong, and is even now working out some scheme of perfect wisdom towards some gracious end; and then let us say, in the midst of such surroundings, and filled with such conceptions, whether comfort and peace and joy are reasonable feelings. Are thoughts like these capable of nerving one for any manly effort, likely ever to produce any God-like nobleness?

We hear much, in these days, of certain philosophical theories, in which development does everything, and little or no room is left for a Creator, and Preserver, and Governor of all. Let not these words be misunderstood.

They contain no attack on the theory of "evolution," regarded merely as a scientific hypothesis. Evolution may be, after all, nothing more than God's method of working out His designs; it is only its atheistic aspect which is here objected to. It would be disloyal to truth to throw a single obstacle in the way of honest scientific inquiry. The book of nature is the handwriting of God, no less than the book of revelation, and let it, by all means, be studied as such with the utmost diligence and reverence. There is no need to quail at the results, even if they overturn some of our most cherished conceptions. But, in proceeding to that study, we cannot forego the lessons which religion teaches. We must take with us the idea of a personal God, as a primary necessity of our own nature. We must take with us the belief that there is some relation between that Great Being and ourselves; otherwise we have no motive to work upon, no basis on which to rest the notion of responsibility, nothing to stir the soul to generous effort, or give us any joyous sense of superiority to the beasts. We must hold by the doctrine of His moral government, otherwise we have no comforting assurance that this tangled web of human affairs is a *cosmos* rather than a *chaos*, an ordered harmony where everything will yet come right, rather than a chance collection of discordant forces that will struggle on and on in blind confusion, and traverse with reckless unconsciousness one another's path, till one and all perish ineffectually in endless night! It is a dreary dreary system, this materialistic atheism—a system that, should it ever gain general acceptance, will give the death-blow to all true nobleness, and leave this human life of ours sad, dismal, hopeless.

But, on the other hand, when we think of the loving Father Whose hand is on the helm of the universe, with what a new delight, with what a new energy do we feel ourselves inspired! We are like the soldier in the midst of the battle, who is confused by the tumult and the rushing to and fro, and is stunned by the fearful din, and shudders, it may be, at the groans of the dying and the ghastliness of the dead, but knows, all the while, that though he cannot understand the movements, they are all directed to one great end by the general stationed on the neighbouring height, who sees, and comprehends, and regulates the whole. Nay, we are in a better position still. For we know that He Who is governing us can not merely direct but control the fight; we know that He is

able to see and appreciate the conduct of each individual warrior; we know that He encourages every kind of heroism; we know that, though He has not communicated to us His own plans, yet He has plainly revealed our duty; we know that the fulfilment of that duty will not be thrown away, either as regards our standing in His sight or as regards the final accomplishment of His designs; we know that these designs are directed by infinite goodness, and that the results of His government will be in accordance with His own glorious character; we know enough, in short, to enable us to join heartily and intelligently in the exclamation of the Psalmist, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!" Surely such a knowledge and such a faith are a source of joy and of strength.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Joy in reconciliation to God.

It is undoubtedly a gladsome and invigorating thought that the world is ruled with unerring power and beneficence. Yet the joy and the energy which such a thought inspires depend, in no small degree, on the hypothesis that our hearts are right with God, that our views are in accordance with His will, our efforts in the direction of His purposes, our desires consistent with His glory. But it needs no argument to prove that this is very far from being naturally the case. True it is, no doubt, that man's better impulses do generally "feel after God." He has not a few noble instincts and affections, and his heart will sometimes glow with lofty aspirations. Yet the most thoughtful are painfully aware that their ordinary frame of mind and course of conduct are far less in harmony with the divine will and character than they ought certainly to be. Nay, they feel that they are not even in harmony with themselves, that the wheels of moral life move uneasily, and sometimes painfully, within them. In view of these facts, it is not too much to say, that man's nature has somehow been marred, that his true end and destiny have not been realised, that he has failed to attain that grandeur of character and happiness of life for which he seems in some respects to be adapted. This conclusion, though confirmed by revelation, has often been more or less dimly apprehended by the light of nature alone; hence the blind attempts of the heathen to appease the offended deity by sacrifice; hence also the gropings of philosophers in search of some feasible theory of life, that might help men to rise to their proper place and dignity.

Here, it must be admitted, the religion of the Bible acts like the surgeon's knife, not sparing to wound in order that it may cure. Its tendency is to embitter for a time the sufferings of the patient. It is no pleasant thing to be convinced that one is labouring under a loathsome and fatal malady. Yet such is usually the first effect of God's revelation on the sinful soul. But when we consider that the same revelation offers a complete remedy, surely we cannot be wrong in setting down this discovery as a source of joy and of strength. The godly sorrow which the Gospel works is not a true result of the Gospel itself, but of the sin it is intended to destroy.

Still more will it appear that in this matter the Gospel is true to its own character as a message of joy, if we consider what would be the condition of man without its blessed influence. How is he to free himself by his own exertions from sin and its curse? Let any one in good earnest try the experiment. Let him remember that God's law is exceeding broad, taking notice of his inmost thoughts, as well as of his words and actions; that perfect obedience alone can be accepted; that the law promises no indulgence to what we are pleased to call the weaknesses of human nature, and that mere good intentions and resolutions will not avail to satisfy its claims. In such a case what can his best efforts lead to but despair? Suppose, however, that such an experiment has been in some measure successful—that some man of iron will and indomitable perseverance has succeeded in casting off the yoke of sin, where is his security, apart from the Gospel, that he will find forgiveness for his past transgressions? How can he have any well-grounded hope that repentance and amendment will be accepted in the room of innocence? And, without such a hope, what motive has he to put forth his energy in a struggle which may after all prove vain and fruitless?

It is the peculiar glory of the Gospel of Christ, that it supplies the needful assurance in this appalling difficulty. Every obstacle, it tells us, has been removed, and the path is open to reconciliation with our God. He is waiting to receive back the penitent with outstretched arms, and encompass him with the light and sweetness of a father's love. This is "the good tidings of great joy" which the Bible reveals, the message of "peace on earth and good-will to men." And if we accept this assurance as a message of joy, we are certain to find it also a source of strength—of strength to labour and "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," to subdue

the selfishness of our hearts and bring our wills into harmony with the Divine, to "fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life." "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Joy in the hope of everlasting life.

The religion of the Bible becomes a source of joy and strength, by confirming our anticipations of a future life, and thus enabling us to look forward to the attainment of a higher and still higher perfection. After all that men have written on the subject, it is still the fact, as it has been from the beginning, that the one universal dread of mankind is Death. He is still the "great enemy," the "king of terrors." The uncertainty of his coming is, in no small degree, a poison to every cup of earthly pleasure; and, when he does come, his advent is surrounded with many circumstances of horror and alarm. It were a hard and an ungrateful task to enumerate the causes which make the grim destroyer so unwelcome. But most unwelcome and most dreaded is he, when there is no trustworthy knowledge of what lies beyond. "That undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," has ever been a natural object of apprehension and dread.

Nor does it improve matters to maintain, as some venture to do, that death is an everlasting sleep—a sleep "that knows no waking." The human soul, it may be safely predicted, will never accept that doctrine. Man shrinks with a special repugnance from the thought of annihilation. It is easy, as far as one's own heart is concerned, to put this matter to a simple practical test. Go, reader, to the grave of some dear departed friend, and say, standing there, whether you can believe—whether you can bear even to imagine—that that sweet spirit you loved so well has passed into nothing and exists no more. It is impossible. Nature cries out against it as a chilling, sickening, horrifying thought. What heart can we have to work the work of life, to bear its burdens, or even

to enjoy its pleasures, if, with the knowledge that death is fast approaching, we really know no more? "Are we to expect anything after death? and, if so, what?" are questions of thrilling and unceasing interest.

In dealing with these questions revelation comes to our aid, and brings us a message of joy and strength. Christ, our Great High Priest and Mediator, Himself "risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," has "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." He has trod the dark valley, and left behind Him the light and glory of His presence. He has made clear to us the gladdening truth that this present life is but the beginning of our existence, and has pointed us forward to a "better country," where that existence shall be continued in unending happiness and glory. The secrets of the unseen world are indeed but dimly revealed, yet enough has been disclosed to fire our zeal and encourage our exertions. We are promised admission to a "Father's house" of "many mansions," a home of manifold variety, where each will have scope to develop to the utmost his special faculties and powers. There, we are assured, the curse of sin, which is the great hindrance to our present peace, shall be taken away completely and for ever. We are taught to hope also for the removal of all sorrow, and crying, and pain, and the consequent completeness of that "joy in the Lord," which, even here, "is our strength." We are encouraged to expect reunion with those we loved on earth. Above all, we are promised the presence of the Holy One Himself, and the full vision of His glory, a sight that shall carry the enraptured soul on and on, through successive stages of holiness and virtue, approaching ever nearer and nearer to His perfection.

Is there not a perennial fountain of joy and of strength in thoughts and prospects like these? Can we not fight the battle of life more bravely, and sink more cheerfully to our rest when the battle is over, if our souls have learned thus, "to be joyful in the Lord, and to rejoice in His salvation?"

JOHN BLACK.

LOHENGRIN.

THOSE who see TRANSUBSTANTIATION, or the "HOLY GRAIL," only through the gross controversial mists of the Reformation, see but the prose. The poetry of the great Romanist dogma shines out in that cycle of Middle-Age legends, derived originally from

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the Welsh bards, into which the French Trouvères poured the spirit of the new chivalry, leaving the later Germanic singers to invest their lays with a spiritual, not to say theological, significance. In the legend of Parcival and the Holy Grail, transub-

stantiation is no longer seen as the lowest degradation to which a miracle-monger can subject a pathetic symbol. It rises at once to the highest level of poetic inspiration. It becomes the immortal expression of the courage, self-sacrifice, and purity of the ideal Christian knight.

The story of the sacred quest, and the guardianship of the "real blood" in its varied developments, sums up not only the nobler impulses of the Middle Ages, but some of the most central needs and religious passions of human nature. The Dramas that circle round it are the dramas of our common endeavour, patience, failure, and aspiration. The Incidents belong to an eternally recurring class. The Characters remain in their vast outline so many phases of the human soul. The Moral is the moral of human life as it repeats itself, essentially the same under all Protean changes of time and place. It is this representative quality that has so impressed Wagner with the force and superiority of legend or the mythus to present, in a condensed and simple form, the feelings common to our nature. There they appear, raised, by situations purely ideal, to their highest degree of intensity. The love of all women is in Elsa,—their jealousy and revenge is in Ortrud; the *abandon* and despair of all noble and blighted natures in Tannhäuser, their nobility and thirst for action in Lohengrin.

But the reader must now grasp the elements of the narrative itself, as it rises out of a double legend, into that peculiar distinctness which the genius of Wagner has impressed upon his version of the "San Grail" and the "Knight of the Swan."

The cup of the holy blood was that in which our Lord had consecrated the elements at His last supper. To the eye of faith that cup had never perished. It existed still; it ever would exist—blessed by the Lord Himself, filled with His blood, the very visible incarnation of His unspeakable love in its sublime purity and sacrifice. There, in one glowing symbol, is the whole parable of the sacramental claim. Literalised by Rome it reads thus:—"On earth, in a material cup, is the real presence, dwelling for ever incarnate, with men."

That dogma is the secret of all sacerdotalism. The quest might belong to the people; but the guardianship of the sacred elements, attributed in the myth to the holy knights, belonged, in reality, to the holy Church, before whose mystic thrall all Christian knights bowed down.

Joseph of Arimathea had been the first guardian; but for the sins of the world, as faith grew cold, the holy cup had been caught away by angels to heaven, only to be restored to Titurel, the anointed knight.

Even so does divine truth appear, disappear, and reappear, as the world is able and worthy to entertain it.

On the summit of a lofty mountain, clothed with luxuriant forests, somewhere, as the Trouvères supposed, on the confines of India, stood a glittering pile. There Titurel, with a band of chosen knights, kept the Holy Grail in the palace of Montsalvat. Those shining domes of clear agate were lifted with opal columns. The walls glowed with Oriental jasper; the shrine was bright with gold and precious stones; the perfume of myrrh and aloes floated through its corridors, and the fertility of Eden surrounded its precincts with tropical fruits and flowers.

The imagery of Montsalvat is a strange mixture of Asiatic mystery and Eastern pomp, wedded to the Catholic shrines of the West. It is a Mont St. Michel in the tropics. The knights of the Grail embodied exactly the Church's conception of the warrior's highest mission. Her knight was a religious mystic, but he appeared constantly in the world, and stood like an impassable barrier between injured innocence and brutal force. Lohengrin is the shining embodiment of the moral force, represented by the Church of the Middle Ages, which enabled the unarmed monk to dash princes and proud monarchs from their thrones. The knight of the San Grail came as the angel of God, with all an angel's might, and more than an angel's sympathy. He shows himself a man amongst men but the mystery of Montsalvat was upon him. He could not justify, or explain his actions; he could not reveal his name. The question "By what authority doest thou these things?" will ever be met by the noblest natures with sealed lips. The "things" are their own authority. Every spiritual mission justifies itself. When its prophet stoops to explain, the hour of his retirement is at hand. Like Lohengrin, his power is at an end, he must return to Montsalvat, and leave a world to which so much has been given, and which has proved itself worthy of so little.

Titurel was succeeded by Parcival, and Lohengrin was the son of Parcival. It is at this point that the Germanic legend of the Knight of the Swan, so popular at the mouths of great rivers, weds itself to the wider myth of the Saint Grail.

An innocent woman of high rank is accused by brutal conspirators of a high crime. She sees in a dream a knight of superhuman splendour who promises to be her champion. In the hour of her trial he appears, drawn by a swan in a mystic bark from the open sea. He enters the mouth of the river, lands, and conquers. He weds her on one condition, that she will never ask his name or his credentials. She promises, but at last cannot resist the temptation; she urges the fatal question. The swan reappears and the knight is borne away from her for ever.

Wagner's opening prelude to Lohengrin resumes the clear phases of the coming drama. It is a wondrous sound epitome, arousing the emotions appropriate to the subtle depth of each phase, and shaking the soul of the listener with a certain keen hunger of expectant curiosity. It is like one of those crystal globes in Burne Jones's masterpiece, "The Days of Creation." The essence of the day to be born is there, as the essence of Lohengrin is in the mystic prelude.

But more various and suggestive is the musical language of pure emotion than any image or painted symbols of crystal globes and angels, for the musical strain provides the single emotion in its fulness and indivisibility, which fires a whole set of symbols, and animates a whole series of incidents.

You may state Lohengrin as a STORY, as a PHILOSOPHICAL CONCEPTION, as a SYMBOL, or as a pure METAPHYSICAL IDEA, and music shall seize and inspire each statement. As a STORY, it is the knight coming from the remote and mystic shrine of Montsalvat to the banks of the Scheldt to rescue a forlorn maiden, entering into the din and turmoil of war and human passion, and at last retiring to the inviolable sanctuary.

As a PHILOSOPHICAL CONCEPTION, it sums up the two poles of human nature—the passion for *contemplation* and the *passion for action*. In the Middle Ages, the monastic solitude, with its visions and its mysteries, stood for one; chivalry, with its knights-errant and its bloody wars and adventures, stood for the other; and in the legends of the Saint Grail the two are united, but the conception is a representative one, and eternally, philosophically true to human nature. Man dreams and aspires; he seeks isolation; he places leagues of ocean, continents, impenetrable forests, between his soul and the work-a-day world. He ascends his holy mountain, his Montsalvat, and dwells in its resplendent halls, on the very confines

between heaven and earth. Still even there he seeks for confraternity in his isolation. There are with him others, Titurel, Parcival, the knights of the holy quest, of the San Grail, of the blood which is the life thereof. But to what end this science of contemplation? to what end this heart, alternately refrained and expanded, these muscles so firmly knit, these limbs so proudly clad in shining mail, this bright sword lying idle in its scabbard? Made strong and holy, for what but for action? Prepared, but not made perfect, except through suffering. The return of the holy knight to the struggles of the world is at once the recognition of the spiritual force embodied by the Church, and the condemnation of the monastic ideal of solitude and prayer. The larger moral missed by the Church is caught by the popular myth. The discipline of life is not apart from human love, however shining may be the summits of Montsalvat. The training of the heart must lie in the full expansion of love. Lohengrin loves Elsa. The training of the hand must be in knightly deeds done amongst men. Lohengrin slays the oppressor. In the midst of glory come pain and separation, yet the experience and trial have both been needful; and though the latest note be one of sorrow, yet will the white swan, Death, lead the good knight safely through the rolling waters to his rest.

As a SYMBOL, the descent of the mystic knight, the glimpse of his supernal graces vouchsafed to earth, and his withdrawal to the mysterious region, is all imaged by the vision of the holy cup borne of angels, which to the expectant saint comes from out the remote distance—"Rose-red, with beatings in it, as if alive till all the white walls of the cell are dyed with rosy colours leaping on the wall, and then . . . the Grail pass'd."—*Tennyson*.

As a pure METAPHYSICAL idea, Lohengrin stands for the dawn of sensibility; as when one awakes after long sleep, and slowly recovering consciousness begins to feel life in all one's limbs, and to be keenly conscious of the sun, and flowers, and of food, and wine—all the activities and stimulants of life. Then, after a climax of consciousness to pain or to pleasure has been reached, the slow returning of sensibility into the realm of unconscious sleep. Life in the work-a-day world has been taken away, and the white swan of sleep has borne the weary one back to the dreamland of Montsalvat.

And now let us come upon the Prelude, and see how it closes with Lohengrin under

one and all of these aspects—how it kindles through music the one and indivisible tide of emotion that flows through the series of dramatic, philosophical, symbolical, or metaphysical conceptions, which I have referred to.

And here, if not before, our powers of description break down. The orchestra must take their place. But who has not heard, in the shrill breathing of the opening violins and flutes,—

"The slender sound,
As from a distance beyond distance.
... O! never harp was born,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came."

How it remains for long in the upper air, as loth to leave the shining heights of Montsalvat, then steals cautiously down to parley with some earthlier whispers. Like Brunhild the Walküre stooping from Walhall to listen to the plaint of human lovers, even so is the high sound drawn to earth. The warm tints of the sunny genial world, with all its lights and shadows, "all the wealth, and all the woe," begin to glow and mantle in the richly swelling tide of sound. One by one all the instruments of the orchestra are gathered in as the deeper notes of the descending scale climb downwards, and the varied voices of pain and forebodings and excess of tender love are woven into the mighty fabric of suspended harmonies, until with a vast shattering of silver cymbals the climax is reached and repeated, and then the little far-off voice of bitterness like a heart-pang shoots through the rich and laden atmosphere of changing and dissolving sound, and we suddenly are conscious that the power of the spell is waning, the satisfaction of a finished work sinks in upon the soul, lately the scene of such stormy and conflicting emotions, and we heave a long and peaceful sigh as the phrase ends with a perfect major close. But at that moment, like Elsa awaking from her deadly swoon, we are aware that the shining knight is gone. The music is caught up higher and higher, further and further "the slender sound" from "a distance beyond distance" recedes as it came, and as the ear clings to the last faint ethereal whisper in the upper air, we perceive that the knight of the San Grail has passed.

FYTTTE THE FIRST.

As the last whisper of shrill violin harmonies dies away, the curtain rises upon the grassy lowlands in the neighbourhood of Antwerp. The river winds away into the distance, broadening out to the dim and hazy sea. The whole scene lies glowing and

palpitating in the splendour of a summer day, and Henry, the King of Germany, seated under a spreading oak, holds his court with military pomp. The foreground is crowded with knights and retainers in splendid costumes. A blast of trumpets sounds, and a herald steps forward, and in a musical phrase closely imitative of the natural inflection of a voice bawling out loud, proclaims his sovereign's will, which is, that an army should at once muster to serve the King in his foreign wars. The enthusiasm of the people is checked by the very business-like way in which the King rises and in dignified Wagnerian recitative reminds his loyal people of their internal discords, and especially of their immediate disagreement about the Overlordship of Brabant itself, and he then calls upon the leading noble, Frederic Count of Telramund, to show the cause. This ambitious man, who has married Ortrud, a lineal princess of Friesland, and who aspires to the vacant throne of Brabant, then steps forth and tells how that the late ruling Duke made him guardian of his two children, Gottfried and Elsa; how that Elsa, who should have been his own bride, conspired with some unknown lover, doubtless eager for the crown, and treacherously in a wood made away with her brother Gottfried; how he, the Count, then married Ortrud and claimed the throne for himself. He then proceeds to arraign Elsa for the murder of her brother, and here the legend of the swan is slipped in.

The discerning reader may as well know that Gottfried has been turned into a swan by the magic arts of the wicked Frisian Princess Ortrud, who aspires with Frederic Telramund to the vacant throne. A thrill of horror runs through the assembly on learning the charge now made against Elsa, and a highly expressive cry bursts forth from the people. The first crisis is now steadily worked up with all the dramatic art and patient analysis of the situation so characteristic of Wagner's genius. Nothing is forgotten. The King bids the Count consider the awful nature of the charge. The Count grows more violent in his assertions, and begins to impute all those base motives to Elsa which are indeed his own.

The King reproves him judiciously, and recalls the controversy to facts with "Summon the maid!"

The herald now proclaims a judicial trial, and the royal will is emphasized by a great unsheathing and flourishing of swords. In answer to the general summons, Elsa, in pure white, accompanied by her maidens, is seen

approaching. The crowd parts as she slowly moves like one in a trance not seeing or hearing. A cry of subdued admiration and sympathy greets her, and is immediately followed by the first Elsa motive in the orchestra—that strain of pure and pathetic melody, inseparably connected with her innocence and her vision of Lohengrin. The crowd are half won over.

"How like an angel of light! He who accuses her must surely prove her guilt." She stands face to face with the King. In answer to his questions she inclines her head, but speaks not when asked to confess her guilt. With a weary, dreamy sigh come the words "Alas! my poor brother!" The King and the people are staggered, when Elsa raises her head, and in a strain that must ever thrill all hearers into rapt silence, she relates, with eyes dreamy and fixed, how, an unprotected orphan, she has often prayed for a heavenly guide.

The crowd stare wonderingly.

The King, a little impatient, breaks in with "Elsa, defend thyself." Now from the orchestra softly streams the opening subject of the prelude, the dream music of Montsalvat. Thither indeed at such a moment has the spirit of Elsa been caught away. Her face begins to glow, as she is lifted up to the celestial contemplation she describes the form of the shining knight who appeared in answer to the orphan's prayer, and ends with the passionate apostrophe, "My guardian, my defender, thou shalt be my champion!"

Her prayer is echoed by the excited multitude. The King alone resists the spell. Instantly the rival Count seizes his occasion to declare that she calls for her paramour, and that he is prepared to meet him in single combat. Not a man steps forth. The wavering crowd are evidently struck by his determined attitude.

The King expresses confidence in the Count, and things are beginning to look black indeed for Elsa.

Still the King will not judge—Heaven alone must decide—Telramund is pledged to fight. All eyes turn to Elsa. She accepts the challenge, and is asked for her champion. She grows dreamy, speaks again of her knight, and offers herself up to him in a kind of ecstatic prayer. Her spell is once more on the inconstant crowd. "A noble prize! who will the victor be?"

The solemn moment has arrived. The herald again steps forth, and with declamatory accents, simulating the natural inflections,

he calls for Elsa's champion. There is no answer, and the dropping notes of the trombone and violoncello *pizzicato* admirably render the pause of suspense. Elsa passes slowly from tranquillity to agitation. The crowd begins to side against her. The hostile Count exults. Elsa turns to him, and implores for one more summons. Again the trumpets sound, again the herald cries; again an ominous silence, broken only by one soft trumpet note, a still softer horn note, then five taps, like fate, on the kettledrum, suspended by rests. "The Heavens are silent, she is doomed," cries the mob, and Elsa sinks on her knees in passionate prayer—a prayer of exquisite distress, which is soon changed as her vision brightens to a growing ecstasy.

"O, Lord, send my knight!
Send him again stainless and white,
Let me behold that form of light!"

The tremulous violins sustain and suspend the stretched emotion, whilst a strange shudder passes through the crowd. A group on the banks are now looking seaward. Something is stealing out of the hazy distance. Little cries arise, then shouts, and, "Look! a marvel!" then a confused roar of voices, and a rush and mingling together of the gaily decked multitude. "A swan! a fair swan! yonder a bark—the swan drawing the bark. A knight, a full fair knight, shining in resplendent armour. A helm of light—see how he gains the shore!" He comes, and from the crowd behind who cannot see—"What! where! there! look! who is it?" Such are the exclamations of this eight-part chorus, which renders better than any description, the exciting and rapturous scene which now unfolds itself, as the crowd parts to right and left, and the knight, the unknown knight, who is Lohengrin, steps from the swan-drawn bark, clad in shining silver mail from top to toe, and stands for a moment waving his adieu to the swan.

In that strain of unaccompanied melody, so famous, and so clear in its lofty, fearless simplicity, he announces his mission to the King, and in another moment Elsa is in his arms.

The first development of the parable is reached. Lohengrin has found the earthly counterpart to his mystic passion for the Holy Grail. He has heard from the lips of his queen those glowing words, "My hope! my solace, my hero, I am thine!" but in an instant, before surrendering himself, he guards his sacred identity with, "Never, as thou dost love me, ask from whence I came—never ask my race or name."

With these words, the first ominous notes of pain, which recur again in the mouth of Elsa's rival, Ortrud, and which are henceforth identified with the fatal question, and weighted with the woe of the final catastrophe, are heard; and the phrase is followed by that other famous recurring strain, expressive of the weird mystery that envelops Lohengrin, and for ever separates him from his earthly surroundings, even at the moment when he seems most immersed in and identified with all human interests of love and war; and the warning is twice repeated.

In a transport of confiding love, Elsa promises everything. Then Lohengrin clasps her to his breast, with the simple but intense words wedded to the simplest, clearest, musical phrase, "Elsa, I love thee." The snatch of six part-chorus that now greets the pair, "O, sweet enchantment, wondrous love!" is a piece of rich and satisfying harmony, in which the leading melody, full of repose, rings clear above the glowing chords and modulations upon which it is floated out.

But the champions already stand face to face, and whilst the ground is being measured out, bandy words of mutual defiance. Then the herald once more proclaims aloud the fight. The two rivals commit their cause to heaven. The King, for the first time, becomes thoroughly melodic and lyrical in his prayer, which is taken up by the whole assembly, in a full and overpowering chorus of considerable length, at the close of which, to the rattle of violins, the King draws his sword as the signal to begin.

Trumpets on the stage blare forth, and the combatants rush together. The indescribable close of the first act must be left to the reader's imagination or memory. Frederic falls before Lohengrin's sword, his life is magnanimously spared. Elsa's ecstasy, the intense passion of which silences the turbulent burst of chorus, surpasses in its fervour the famous "Robert, toi que j'aime!" itself a masterpiece of dramatic passion.

Nothing finer of its kind has ever been conceived than the phrase beginning on *G* above the line, "Joy, oh joy!" taking a new flight on *A*, yearning on that elevation for a still more intense expression; and at last scaling to the upper *B* in that bounding strain, at the close of which Elsa sinks exhausted upon Lohengrin's breast.

A lesser artist would have here brought down the curtain, but the climax is rounded off superbly with ten more pages of chorus in eleven parts, in which the rage and astonish-

ment of Count Frederic and Ortrud his consort, the thanksgiving of the king, the triumph of the knight, the ecstasy of Elsa, and the bewildered joy of the multitude, take up the heroine's strain, and work out her touching and melodic phrases in a symphonic form, and with a wealth of orchestration worthy of the finest parts of *Fidelio*. At the close Frederic falls in despair at the feet of his wife Ortrud. - Lohengrin is carried off in procession on his own shield, and Elsa is raised high on the King's, o'erspread with gorgeous mantles, whilst the curtain descends amid the universal rejoicings.

FYTTÉ THE SECOND.

The moon is slowly rising over the square of the great Minster at Antwerp. On one side of it is ranged the palace brightly lighted up, and the sound of dance music mingles incongruously with the lonely gloom of the two dark figures cowering on the steps in front of the cathedral portals.

In the long and stormy duet which follows, Frederic upbraids Ortrud with having goaded him on falsely to accuse Elsa of her brother's murder. He had weakly relied on his wife's lie and her magic to slay his rival. Now he had been thrown in the ordeal combat, and both were disgraced. His very sword was gone; he longs for it to slay his now detested consort. He raves like a second weak blubbering Ahab before a second wily and indomitable Jezebel. The woman now shows her reserve force; she tells the disgraced noble he has been defeated by magic. Had he but grazed the body of the unknown knight he might still have been victor, but now he could only paralyze his power by extorting the secret of his name. But one could accomplish this—Elsa, who on the morrow was to become a bride. There was not a moment to be lost. See, the music has died in the castle-halls, the revellers are gone.

Elsa will come forth presently on her balcony, to drink deep after the heated ball-room from the cool cisterns of the night.

The stars are out. Hush! yonder casement opens. The Count is hurried off by his wife, who sits down on the steps with face buried apparently in her hands, but in reality with an eye as of a cat fixed on its prey, watching every motion of the snow-white figure slowly emerging, and now leaning out upon the balcony towards her.

Soft summer night, and stars that seem to beat in time to yonder palpitating heart! Sweet wandering airs that fan the hot cheeks

and happy restless spirit of maiden Elsa, who in solitude, balmy and silent, seeks to possess herself, and sound with full and satisfying thought the depths of her own happiness! In her most entrancing song, that floats out into the listening night, she seems to sound and sound, and find those depths fathomless.

The short orchestral prelude recasts, in a meditative and subdued mould, some of the elements of the last triumphal chorus, and then, clear through the balmy midsummer moonlight, steals forth that enchanting song, in its opening phrases so strikingly like "Home, sweet home," but quite etherealised out of all resemblance to it as it proceeds.

But the snake in the dark now rears its slanderous head. Ortrud draws out of the deep shadow with a pathetic wail—"Elsa!" The startled girl is soon melted to pity for her prostrate rival, who craftily abases herself and pleads for her husband, whom she represents as deeply penitent, and eager for the royal favour of his happy rival.

Elsa's own spirit, longing to overflow and impart happiness to all, is played upon by the sorceress, who is presently received with open arms by the trusting bride; and few can forget Mademoiselle Titiens' magnificent burst of insulting malice and vengeance (during Elsa's momentary withdrawal), in which Ortrud summons the infernal gods whom she worships to accomplish her dark designs for the ruin of Elsa's love. Elsa finishes by inviting her two rivals to array themselves in splendid apparel, and grace with her the nuptial festival on the morrow. The gratitude of Ortrud now offers a return in the shape of good counsel. She artlessly advises Elsa not to marry a man she knows nothing of, but to extort the confession of his name at least; and the phrase of exalted passion in which Elsa naively answers the designing woman, that she cannot know what true love is if she can so suggest a doubt, is one of matchless freshness and full tidal joy.

But the poison has nevertheless been instilled, and the pair withdraw into the castle together. Frederic now creeps from his recess, where he has listened to all, utters a few strains of malignant joy, the day breaks; the long drawn-out and magnificent crisis of the second act is at hand.

With the bright glancing of the morning light upon the cathedral, palace, and marketplace, the soul passes into a new phase of emotions. Now we can see the meaning of the long, gloomy duet, between Frederic and

Ortrud, succeeded by the finely contrasted night-scene of Elsa's love and Ortrud's treachery. The whole atmosphere of the night, laden with oppressive and exhausting passion, confined to three individuals, has prepared us for the fresh life of the day and the busy stir and tumult of feelings, in which the individual is at first lost in the crowded scene, and then steps forth into prominence, but still to carry on his action no longer in private, but *coram populo*.

The early dawn broadens to the cheery sound of horns, answering each other, call for call, from the distant turrets of the city. Troops of men and girls visit the town Well, and pass to and fro in the market-place.

And now the castle gates open, forth come the royal trumpeters and blow the herald blast, summoning from right and left the nobles and retainers, to prepare for the presence of the King and the marriage festivities of Elsa and her knight.

The straightforward chorus in which the gay groups greet each other is exhilarating, and seems to banish the last shade of night from the stage and of gloom from the heart.

The royal herald here steps forth, and with a flourish of trumpets announces to the hushed crowd that Frederic Telramund is an outlaw and traitor, and the people, like parrots, break out gaily into free cursing. Lohengrin is then proclaimed Guardian of Brabant, and the pliable chorus assents vociferously. The third message summons the nobles and retainers to the espousals of Elsa and the knight, which, of course, forms the subject for a longer chorus, in which the nobles profess themselves willing to follow the new Overlord to victory against the King's foes in a distant land. Observe the fine proportion of the herald's tripartite message, and the corresponding bursts of chorus which greet it. Again, the perfection of form is instinctively reached. What follows shows that acquaintance with popular movements, and that deep insight into the political instincts of crowds subjected to the manipulation of agitators, of which Wagner had some bracing experience when he himself appeared as a party orator during the rise of Saxony and the agitation of 1848.

There are always two sides to a question, and in every political movement always a reactionary minority.

No sooner has the boisterously loyal chorus ceased, than a movement is apparent in the crowd, and four nobles detach themselves from the herd. "The land we are to quit!" cries one. "Against a foe who never

threatened us," replies a second. "Such rashness will bring sorrow," says a third. "But who will dare oppose the King?" asks the fourth. "I!" cries Frederic of Telramund stepping from his hiding-place.

He has indeed struck while the iron is hot; and, with the rapid instinct of self-preservation, he levels a blow at his victim, declares that all have been duped by magical arts, and that the unknown knight must be unmasked.

The crowd is but half won, but the poison of suspicion has been dropped, and the rapid kaleidoscope has already shifted, as the conspirators mingle in the gathering crowd of nobly clad courtiers, and four royal pages appear in scarlet, yellow, and blue satin, and from their fresh girl voices a very song of the morning, "Make way! make way!" falls like dew and sunshine. It is one of those matchless fragments of clear and effectively simple harmony of which Wagner seems to have an inexhaustible store. The cry from the Syrens in *Tannhäuser*, and the parting salute of the chorus in the bridal chamber, are but two of a hundred other examples. The glittering crowd now parts; splendid pages, in all the colours of the rainbow, make their way some to the open Minster door, others to range themselves on either side up the flight of steps. On the Palace balcony appear groups of beautiful children and gaily dressed women and cavaliers, and instalments of the royal procession are seen slowly winding from terrace to terrace and approaching until the last flight of marble stairs lands them in the great square, which parts the procession from the Minster.

The stately music heralds in the appearance of Elsa; there is a long-drawn-out expectant sigh from the crowd, "She comes! with blushes glowing, on holy thoughts intent;" and Elsa, robed in bridal white, stands revealed to the whole assembly on the top of the Palace stairs. Then slowly preceded and followed by her maidens, she advances in the procession, and crosses the market-place, whilst a rapturous chorus rends the air with, "Hail! Elsa of Brabant." As the strain culminates in one long shout, Elsa's foot is on the second step of the Minster stairs, when the treacherous Ortrud, who has formed one of her train, rushes forward, and pushes Elsa aside with "Stand back, Elsa! no longer will I follow you like a slave; the precedence is mine, you shall yet bow to me!" The tumult following these words and the fierce colloquy between Elsa and Ortrud threaten to end in

dire confusion, but Wagner has the stages of development firmly in hand, and the transitions of incident and emotion never lose definite purpose and clearness. But one thing has again to be done. Doubt, suspicion of the unknown knight, has to be sown amongst the people, and matured in the heart of Elsa. In presence of such a rabid falcon as Ortrud, the poor white dove is only too powerless. The sorceress hurls at her, and at the assembled crowd, the charge of magic against the mysterious knight, insists upon his name, and with every taunt harps upon a question to which Elsa can give no answer, until the effect of her words, supported by the disaffected minority gathering round Frederic Telramund, is also seen in the maiden's passionate assertions of her utter trust in the midst of her growing agitation. Suddenly, the King and Lohengrin are announced, and the orderly progression of the drama is displayed by Frederic now stepping forth to confront his rival, as Ortrud had dealt with hers. It is the occasion for a new emphasis of the harrowing question, "Who is the knight" to whom the fortunes of Brabant, and Elsa, the jewel of Brabant, have been handed over in a moment of popular excitement? Let him stand forth and declare himself. "Yon shining knight who has defied my sword, I here accuse of sorcery vile!" cries Frederic. At first the King is for passing the charge by, but Frederic's vehemence begins to win the crowd. The mystic knight is forced at last to declare that Elsa alone can put that question to him, that he will answer no other.

Fatal trust in the reticence of a woman! Had she not sworn never to ask? Could he not trust her? Heavenly trust in human frailty, how often hast thou been deceived! But a new stage has been reached. Elsa has heard; she has been shaken. The crowd expect to know. The poison is working in the blood of the bride. Frederic and Ortrud no longer care to interrupt the nuptial procession; their work is done. The organ peals forth from the open portals, and dies away in one long swell. All seems fair again. Elsa falls in tears on the breast of her knight. Ortrud stands aside with menacing arm uplifted, but in the tears of Elsa, and in the triumphant attitude of Ortrud, we read the doom of the injured bride, and the brief yet bitter ascendancy of the perfidious witch, so swiftly developed in the third and last Part.

H. R. HAWEIS.

(To be concluded in next Part.)





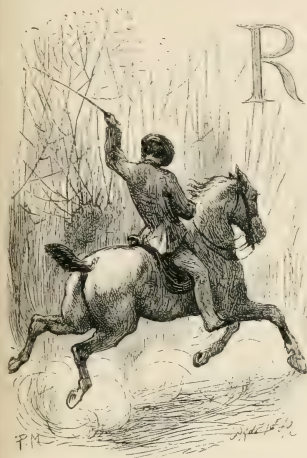
‘ DORIS BARUGH.’

DORIS BARUGH.

A Yorkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE RISING OF THE STORM.



RALPH hurried away to the house in mad anger—for the anger of a vain man wounded in his supreme vanity is a sort of insanity—he had resolved that

Rika

should care for him, and that she should confess him irresistible, and he had never doubted his power till he saw her listening to his cousin, and even then the notion that Gilbert could prove a successful rival had seemed too absurd. Instead of confessing love she had pitied him. His eyes blazed with angry light, his face was red with passion, and he carried his hands tightly clenched on each side of him as he met Faith Emmett at the foot of the great staircase.

The sight of her boy always brought a rare sweetness to the housekeeper's lips—her eyes opened widely without any of the yellow light that sometimes flashed between their dark lashes; but at the sight of his troubled face Faith's smile vanished, her forehead wrinkled, and her eyelids drooped.

"What ails ye, mah bairn?" she said, and she laid her brown hand on his arm.

He shook her off angrily.

"Confound you! don't stop me. Can't you see I'm in a hurry?" He pushed past her and went on up the stairs and along the gallery.

But Faith was not disturbed by his rudeness, she knew her power over him. She followed quickly, and when she too reached

the gallery—"Whisht, whisht, mah lad," she said softly, "ye've been crossed, an' mebbe if ye comes along wiv me ye'll find t' reason why. Come, mah honey, ye'll nut be going in to breakfast yonder; ye can have all ye wishes for in t' housekeeper's room."

Ralph shook his head, but his manner was irresolute.

"I don't want breakfast. I want to be left quiet."

Faith turned, looked at him resolutely over her shoulder, and said, "Come," and he followed her down-stairs.

The housekeeper's breakfast was on the table untouched. She had been far too deeply interested in watching Ralph's interview with Rika, and then in trying to know the rights of her darling's discomfiture, to think about eating, though she had a great liking for dainty dishes. "Yey'll be quiet in here, honey." She opened the door of her den, saw Ralph fling himself into a huge arm-chair, and then bustled off to the still-room in search of some hot coffee and toast for her darling.

When she came back with a tray laden with a fragrant and appetising breakfast she looked still graver, for Ralph, instead of having attacked, as she expected he would, the cold partridge on the table, sat scowling in the easy-chair, looking far more ready for a fray than a feast.

"Come and take some breakfast, honey," said Faith; "there's cream cakes and kidneys, and an omelette I made o' puppose—ye sud nivver fast on trouble, Master Ralph."

Ralph looked round at the table, but he refused to be tempted.

"Give me a cup of coffee and a bit of bread," he said, "and if you've got anything to tell me, for heaven's sake tell it and have done with it, instead of winking and pursing up your lips and making an old fool of yourself."

Faith winced, but she did not look angry. She shook her head sorrowfully at Ralph.

"Eh, eh, it's been allays t' same fra yur cradle upwards; you spiles all by wantin' it ower soon. How could ye think, honey, to ask a lass her mind afore she'd broke her fast; an' mebbe if ye'd left her a week or mair she'd have smiled on ye."

"Do mind your own business," Ralph

broke in furiously, stamping his foot. "Say what you have to tell me and have done with it—that is," he rose and moved towards the door, "if you have anything to tell. I don't want to be jawed as if I was six."

Faith's hands clasped themselves tightly together. She had that wonderful power of forbearance so often linked with a strong, passionate nature. Ralph never guessed how deeply she felt his taunts.

"Master Ralph," she began in a deprecating voice, "many's t' time I've told ye that Mrs. Burneston 'ud do you a bad turn, an' see, for all your scaum, she's done it now."

"What has she done? Make haste." He stamped on the floor in his impatience.

"Sit ye doon an' I'll tell ye. Nobbut you are ower good for t' likes o' a poor parson's lass."

He frowned angrily.

"You're talking nonsense, Faith, and you know it; if I want anything, it doesn't matter whether it's good enough for me, I must have it; and I should have thought," a slight flush spread over his face, "that you would prefer Miss Masham to Rose Duncombe."

"Rose!" Faith tossed her head, and the corners of her mouth went down into her chin; "it cud nivver be seemly fer you to speak with such as Rose, nobbut in the way of kindness. But, Master Ralph, you sud look higher than Miss Masham; you may wed with a duke's daughter fer t' asking."

"I shall wed, as you call it, whom I please;" then he flushed angrily at the remembrance of Rika's refusal. "But never mind all this; what has Mrs. Burneston done? say it and do be quick."

"I sud ha' thowt you might have guessed; it's clear as daylight—mickle wad hae muckle, an' muckle wad hae mair; t' mistress has gotten mickle, but what's that sae long as her foalks is nut t' same as hersel. Hes not Miss Masham telled ye that she visits at t' Cairn, takes up wiv such as t' Barughs? Nae, nae, Master Ralph, Mrs. Burneston's fain t' wed her friend wiv her brother, an' she'd do it twice as much noo just fer to spite you."

Ralph stood still; he leant against the wall thinking and frowning, but at last a smile spread over his face.

"Do you know, Faith, you think you're deuced clever, but you're an extremely foolish old woman? To begin with: such a thing as an attachment between Miss Masham and that lout George Barugh is impossible; and next, how can Mrs. Burneston know anything about me and Rika?"

"Eh, lad, if ye'd allays keep a smile on your

bonny face like that, ye looks my ain bairn 'at seemed gone away, an' Satan's hoof 'at had just dinted yer forehead is smoothed out o' sight now. Eh, lad," she went up to him and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder, "I'm not blamin' yu, honey." The soft tenderness that had made her eyes dark and liquid changed into sudden hate. "It's not yur fault if ye're changed, it's she 'at has driven ye fra yur ain home into wicked ways, an' noo that she sees a chance o' your comin' round she tries to step atween you an' ivvery pleasure yey fancy."

The last words renewed Ralph's anger. His resentment against Doris had slumbered in the amusement afforded by his pursuit of Rika, but there came back suddenly his meeting with his stepmother outside the stone cottage, and also Rose's sudden removal from Burneston.

"Curse her!" he said fiercely; "yes, you're right, Faith, there must be an end to this at once;" then as the thought came, "by Jove, she has set Rika against me."

Faith nodded her head eagerly. This was just the mood she had been striving to evoke, and yet, knowing her boy's contradiction, she has begun to feel hopeless of success.

"What did I say to ye; an' did yey mind, when yu an' t' lass were talking beside t' river? I was takin' tent on ye an' sae was Mrs. Burneston. I saw Miss turn her head to t' house, an' I looks, an' theer was t' mistress a' frownin' an' a' beckonin', an' I kenned 'at she was oop to keepin' her fra you. When I knows a thing, Master Ralph, I knows it, an' I reads Mrs. Burneston like a book for a' t' scaum in her face; she hates you an' she hates mey, an' she'll nivver rest till she sees our backs turned on t' Hall."

There was real passion in Faith's voice, but there was not the fierce glance and violent manner she often used to overawe her inferiors. She looked calm and very pale, but her hand trembled as it rested on Ralph's arm.

He stood a moment musing.

"Look here," he said sternly; "I've been wrong all this time. I've never asserted myself, and she thinks she can override me as she pleases. I have taken her insolence too quietly; but we'll see who's master here. My father—" he hesitated, a lingering touch of right feeling reminding him that he had a listener; then the remembrance of Rika's refusal came back with the new aspect of being caused by Doris, and he forgot all restraint.

"The low-born, presuming upstart!" he

said ; " she to dare to judge and control my conduct—she ! Does she think I'm as great a fool as my father, I wonder ? If I'd been older when he was duped into that marriage, I should have been justified in shutting him up. He lost his senses, and they've never come back."

By this time Faith had seen the danger of going too far.

" Whisht, whisht, you masn't blame t' squire, dear," she spoke soothingly, " he's nowt to do with such ways. I heard him tell Mrs. Burneston 'at Miss Masham were not for t' likes o' her brother George."

Ralph stared in utter surprise. Till now he had looked on Faith's assertion about George and Rika as a mere effort of imagination. It was too daring for Doris to dream of such a project.

" You heard !—how ?"

" I was in Master Phil's room, and they war speaking out."

" And you listened ?" he sneered, and Faith reddened. " Well, of course, that explains everything, and also explains what happened this morning. Well, I'm off."

He nodded and left the room, eager to find Rika. Of course she cared nothing for George Barugh, but he was sure now that she had been prejudiced against him. If his step-mother were determined to marry Miss Masham to her brother George, Doris, he thought, would stick at nothing. If Rika knew how Doris had upset his whole life he was quite sure she would not be guided by her. " After all, Rika's a lady," he said, " and she must have some class prejudice ; it is far more natural she should side with me than with a farmer's daughter. They must have finished breakfast by now."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—GEORGE'S QUEST.

WHEN George left his sister he rode away slowly up the avenue ; he had no heart to go through the village or to pass by the Farm and Rose Duncombe's cottage, and, as has been said, the road through the avenue curved round into the Steersley road above the church. As he passed the churchyard gate so many memories crowded over George that he gave his horse the whip and galloped on till Burneston was fairly left behind him.

" Mother says it hes been a grand thing for Doris to have married t' squire," he said sadly, " but I can't see it. She's not taken happiness to t' Hall, an' she looks worried an' sore-hearted ; except when I spoke of t' little lad she scarce smiled. Mebbe it's true

that happiness is not so unequal as foalks says. Mother's nivver tasted the sort o' pleasures that Doris lives among, but, for all that, mother's younger and fresher in spirit than Doris'll ivver be now ; it must be sad to hate, as I fear she hates Ralph Burneston, her own husband's son, too."

He sighed at this. He had spoken positively about Rose to Doris, but he felt that marriage was over for him, for it seemed as if his love for Rose had grown hopeless. He knew he could never love any other girl, and, therefore, however despairing her attachment might be to Ralph Burneston, he thought it must like his own surely prove undying. But he was not sighing now for himself or for Rose Duncombe ; he was only thinking how completely the practical experience offered by life contradicts the theories of youth and hope. The squire's love for Doris had seemed perfect, and although hers had not equalled it, still George had hoped that her husband's great love would have sufficed for his sister's happiness, would, at least, have drawn her love forth in return.

" But she cannot truly love her husband," he thought sadly ; " her own self an' little Phil comes first, an' t' squire last of all. 'Twas plain to me whiles I talked to Mr. Burneston how he loves t' lad ; tho' he sees Ralph's been to blame, yet he longs to keep him at home ; an' how can Doris set herself against him ? I don't like him, but then he's not t' flesh an' blood of one that's dear to me. I'm very sorry for him. I thowt Doris 'd be so large-minded, so 'different to most stepmothers. I'm sadly feared 'tis her pride ; she'd like t' set him aside fer t' sake o' her own bairn."

His thoughts went on to Ralph and Rika, and he felt a tender pity lest the girl should fix her affections on such a changeable, unstable character as Ralph Burneston's.

" She's worth better than he, nobbut she may steady him an' lead him up to higher things. Aye, there 'tis, I kenned I'd stumble on't at last. There 'tis—it's at the root of Doris' troubles. She tries t' deal wi' 'em herself. She don't cast 'em on Him that careth for her. Why, if she did she'd rise up fresh and bright, instead of having her young face clouded and grave."

So much thought and sympathy for others had put his own trial aside ; but as he drew near to the parsonage at Steersley his trouble came back, and he felt heavy-hearted again.

" Well," he smiled, " I'm not practising my own doctrine ; I munnot trust to myself ; I

mun do what Mr. Hawnby says is best fer t' poor lass."

His mind turned slowly from one idea to another, and he had been so bent on finding Rose at Burneston, that at first he had scarcely entertained the squire's idea that she would be found at Steersley; but when he came in sight of the low grey house a sudden glow of hope warmed his heart. Something told him that Rose was near at hand.

The parsonage stood some way back from the road, screened very much from sight by clumps of Portugal laurel, the garden itself being divided from the highway by a low wooden park paling, grey with the lovely opal tints of time, which had covered much of it with hoary lichen. Behind the house, far away, was the open country; to the right of the parsonage were tall trees, and from these came the peaceful sound of rooks, as the huge black birds sailed solemnly forth from their nests to take their evening gossip overhead.

The grey wooden palings were continued up each side of the grounds to the low stone wall which shut in the back yard and out-buildings. George rode round to the back gate, and as he looked over the palings through the alley of apple-trees, which bordered this side of the garden, he saw a sight which brought the blood to his cheeks and made his pulses quiver. Surely it was Rose who was pacing up and down this sequestered alley quite out of sight, as she thought, for only a tall man on horseback could have seen over the fence into the walk below. She was unconscious of his presence; she walked past him down the alley, her hands clasped together, and it seemed to George in his hurried glance at her, with a sad, stricken look on her face.

He rode on fast, opened the gate for himself, and had put his horse under a shed, before the parson's lad, an old decrepit man with a hump on his back, found out there was some one in the yard.

George nodded and asked if the parson was at home.

The old man shook his head, "Nae, nae, mah lad, an' he'll nut com yam mebbe till night. There's a awd lass atween life an' death mebbe three miles aff, an' ye'll not fine t' parson leavin' till his wark's done ov her. Fooalks tell 'at sheea's been a witch, an' t' awd deevil's fearsome noo sheea's deein', she cries out on Awd Soss, an' says he's waitin' fer her soul."

"Poor old creature!" Then George hesi-

tated. "I'll go in an' wait awhile," he said, "I want t' speak wi' t' parson."

Bill stared after him.

"Hainst he sehd Ah war nut tu let onnybody gan in, but yon lad's sae maisterful. Weel, weel, Ah've telled him nowt, an' if t' lass keeps weel oot o' sight, mebbe he'll nut get a sight o' her."

George went rapidly past the house, he scarcely felt his lameness now, the moorland air had so invigorated him. He was anxious to escape the observation of Mr. Hawnby's housekeeper. Fortunately he met Rose at the near end of the apple-tree walk; his fear had been that she would escape at the first glimpse of him.

She looked stupefied as she saw him coming towards her; then, as he held out his hand, she tried to turn away; but it was too late. George caught first one hand and then the other, and held her fast.

"Whisht, lass!" He saw the bright colour fly into her face, and he feared a sudden gust of passion. "Nobbut ye'll stand still, I'll loose ye soon enough. Rose, honey, I's so fain to see ye safe, 'at I's no mind to flout ye fer t' fright ye gave me yon. Tell me, lass"—he loosed one hand; but, spite of her twitching fingers, he kept the other firmly grasped—"what's ye doin' here?"

"I don't know." She looked sullen, and there was such despair in her voice that his heart ached for her.

"I mean, how did you get here, lass?"

He spoke in a soothing voice as he gazed at the girl; her scared, wan look, the hopeless misery in her face, wrung his heart. He saw, as he took in every bit of her tired, drooping figure, that she wore the same gown she had worn that fatal day on the moor; it was soiled and dragged, and George's heart was full of fear as he waited for her answer.

Rose gave him a hasty look; then she turned her head away.

"On my legs, foolish lad; how else d'ye think?" She gave a short laugh.

"My poor lass, d'ye mean," he said tenderly, "'at you walked all the way from t' Cairn to Steersley?"

There was the old scornful light in her eyes as she turned round and looked in his face.

"My mercy! ye're not changed, lad; ye're as fond as iver ye was, nae doubt. I walked a' t' way from t' Cairn; easy walking for such as me," she said bitterly. Then she saw tears in his loving brown eyes, and turned away.

"I'll not freet ye, lass," he said. "I'm onny thankful to find you here safe, an' in such good keeping. T' parson's reeght good, Rose."

"Yes, he's very kind." She spoke carelessly and stopped for awhile; then, finding George did not break the silence, she resumed her walk under the apple-trees.

He paced silently beside her. Presently he saw first one tear and then another fall and leave its trace on the bosom of her travel-stained gown. She did not sob or sigh; the tears started to his own eyes, and he dared not speak; his love was too reverent in its nature to force itself on her sorrow. At last she spoke without looking at him.

"Ye're a kind, good lad, an' may ye nivver know t' bitterness of such a lot as mine. D'ye mind, lad, how ye read to me yance o' t' Slough o' Despond an' t' pilgrims flounderin' and strugglin' i' t' mire an' foul water, till they couldn't sae much as see t' land on t' other side? Well, lad, Ah was gone further still; Ah left strugglin' an' flounderin'. Ah was just sinking." She looked up sharply; the intense pity in his face irritated her, and roused the old defiant spirit. "An' why not, Ah'd like to know? No one wad be a bogle t' warse if Ah had sunk an' gone out o' mind for ivver."

"Rose, Rose! whisht, honey! Ah tells ye ye munnut speak untruths; ye kens there was more than yan 'at wad ha' gone sorrowin' fer yu their lives long."

"More than yan! Ah likes that, Ah diz." She laughed harshly, and George winced. "More than yan means two at t' outside, an' that's yersel an' mebbe Gran'mother. Yance Ah'd hev made a bigger hole i' life when Ah left it, but now—" she looked round wildly, then the sight of the house seemed to recall her straying wits. "God help me!" she said, "Ah've laughed at yu, George, fer yur sermons, but Ah's learned to trust i' God sin he helped me on t' moor, an' Ah knaws He'll have pity on such a wretched thing as a girl which loves a man wivout a heart in his body."

She dried her eyes and kept walking on beside her companion, but George did not speak. His lips moved as he prayed fervently for help and guidance, both for himself and for poor Rose, but he could not find anything to say. He feared to comfort her; if he tried it would most likely set her contradiction in a blaze; for he saw that she was in too overwrought a mood to endure any topic disconnected with her present trouble.

He was conscious of some change in Rose. Formerly he had thought that only his exceeding love for her made him sometimes distrustful of his power to convince her, but now there was a dignity in her despair of self that kept him hushed. He felt that the nature he thought he knew so thoroughly had secrets beyond his ken.

All at once she began to speak again, in a quiet, calm voice, and looking straight before her, so as to avoid George's eyes.

"Thank you, lad, for all your kindness. Ah knaws more then you thinks." You came here last night, an' t' Rector was away, an' t' housekeeper 'd been told t' haud her tongue, an' so ye went on to t' inn tired an' worn out. If ye'd not started sae early t' mornin' fer Burneston ye'd hev kenned t' truth; but ye'd flitted be time t' Rector got to t' Black Eagle."

"But how came they not t' say a word at t' inn? They must know you're here."

Rose shook her head. "Not they. Ah was miles from Steersley when Mr. Hawnbys saw me fost. Ah cannot tell ye how Ah'd gotten so far. Ah got lifts in carts; an' yance a lady—she mun be good, whoever she be—took me on a bit in her carriage. It was night-time, an' she was going post haste to see a dyin' daughter. Ah telled her Ah would fain die, so as her daughter might live, life was nowt to me, Ah said; and she cried, poor soul, an' patted me on t' shoulder, and sehd Ah was to live for t' sake o' Him who died that Ah might live—not for mysel'. 'Tis strange how t' words spoken in darkness sank into mah heart. Ah could scarce make out her face in t' glimmer, but Ah knew it must be sweet; her words had a teary sound, but they warmed me as a smile wad ha' done. Ah, she war good. Mebbe if Ah'd not travelled along wiv her, Ah'd not have come away so quiet wiv t' Parson."

"Where did you meet him?"

He saw at once he had better have kept silence. The interruption to her flow of recollections jarred the nerves of the unhappy girl. She tossed her head and gave George a derisive smile.

"Just t' same—same as ivver—poor doited lad!"

But as she found that he kept silence, the longing to tell her story to the end grew too strong to resist. She looked straight before her again and went on—

"T' lady made me stay wiv her till t' daylight came; but then Ah would go. She urged me to go on wiv her to her journey's end, but no,

that was not fer t' likes o' me; 't was enough for me to see t' fine lady's maid, as soon as 't was light, toss her head at me. T' lady said t' next town was Steersley, so Ah said Ah'd friends in a village near, an' she was too kind t' ask questions. Then t' Parson found me sitting under a hedge. Ah was faint an' weary—t' lady gave me biscuits, but Ah'd no heart to eat—an' he bid me get up beside him, an' he took me to an awd lass in a cottage near an' left me all day; an' i' t' evenin', when Ah lay sleepin' on t' bed, he came an' fetched me here."

"Thank God!" said George involuntarily.

Rose gave him a smile, but it made her face look old and dreary; it was but the ghost of the saucy happy smiles that used to be a part of her beauty. It faded into a look of deep sadness.

"Fare ye well, lad," she said gravely; "go back to your ain foalks, an' nivver trouble more about Rose Duncombe; she's not worthy for yu to think on. Ah didn't say, forget me. Ah'd like to feel Ah had yan true friend to count on; but ye mun change yur way o' thinkin'. Ye mun always mind Ah's not t' Rose 'at ye loved yance, but a misguided lass that hes cast herself away. Yur words hes come truer than ye thowt for; George, lad, Ah hev ventured too near the flame, an' my wings is singed for ivvermore"—her voice broke into a sob.

She waved her hand quickly, and darted from him as suddenly as she had left him at the Cairn.

With her went the weight which kept down his power of thinking, and a flood of questions rose to his lips which the very sight of her woeful face, and the hearing of her sad story, had for the time stifled. He looked wistfully up the apple walk, and then shook his head.

"It's mah ain fault, Ah'm unready," he said, "but 'tis impish to me, an' it's useless to repine against one's ownself for aught beside sin—it's no sin, Mr. Hawnby says, to be unready and awkward-like, so long as it don't come from being ower^a full o' wersels, an' only God knows," he said reverently, "how truly Ah was taken up wi' t' poor lass. Well, it would be selfish to cross her will, an' Ah'll not seek her for this time. Maybe He'll order it diferent one day."

It was getting too late to return to the Cairn, and he so longed to see the Rector that he resolved to sleep at the Steersley Inn. As he led out his horse, Mr. Hawnby came

hurriedly out of the parsonage. He looked much pleased to see George.

"I'm glad I've met you my lad. You will find a letter from me when you reach home," he said. "I met Rose as she left you just now. Poor child, she is not fit to talk yet; you must leave her alone. She will not take comfort from you in her present state."

"What is to become of her, sir? it's past bearing!"

The rector put his hand kindly on George's shoulder.

"Come, come, this is not like you; I thought you would be quite cheered to find she was safe. Leave her alone with me. I am seeking a quiet home for her, for Mr. Burneston will of course agree with me that she cannot return to her grandmother. When she is more like herself I will write and tell you, but depend upon it she is far better among strangers just now. Now I shall send you away, and you had better not try to see Rose again for some time to come."

"You are very good, sir, I've no words to thank you," but George looked sadly downcast.

"Cheer up, my lad," the Rector said. "Time is a wonderful healer, and you are both very young, you know, so be hopeful. Now, good-bye. God bless you."

He squeezed the lad's hand warmly. "Poor lad," he said, as he watched him trot out of the yard. "He will win her yet, I hope; he deserves to, and she'll come right in time."

CHAPTER XL.—HATE.

DORIS had also seen the abrupt parting between Ralph and Rika, and she guessed they had quarrelled.

Mr. Burneston frowned and grumbled at his son's absence from the breakfast table.

"Late rising is a very bad habit," he said to Rika; "I hope, my dear, you don't indulge in it."

"I? oh no, I'm always up early," she said abruptly; "but indeed, Mr. Burneston, your son is not late this morning, he was in—in the garden before I came down."

The squire had looked at her in his usual easy careless fashion, but as she went on speaking his gaze became earnest, for she grew crimson, hesitated, and ended by looking down into her plate, wishing she could get anywhere out of sight.

Raine had been reading a letter, but the pause that followed made him conscious that something was happening. He looked up and saw the squire's puzzled face, and Rika's

guilty confusion. He had been very happy this morning, and his absorption had been caused by a resolve, spite of the letters, which urged his return home, to spend another week at Burneston. He had heard Ralph's name, and some instinct told him that his cousin was being discussed, and now Rika's face showed him that her interest in the young fellow was much warmer than he had supposed. He felt all at once irritable and cynical.

"Where's Ralph this morning?" he said impatiently. He looked first at Mr. Burneston, then at Rika, and ended with Doris.

"He will be here directly, I dare say," Mrs. Burneston answered calmly. Then she looked on to Rika, "Have you finished, Rika?" she said. "I want to show you some songs that have come up from London; we can try them presently, if you like."

"Very well, I'll come now," and Rika rose to follow her friend.

"What would ladies do in the country, I wonder, without parcels from London?" Raine said. "They are about the only outside help you have in getting through the day." He looked directly at Rika.

"I don't think educated women need outside help of that sort," she said so seriously that Mr. Burneston looked astonished. "It seems to me that women as a rule waste fewer minutes than men do; they have so many small duties to fill up little corners of life with."

"Or they think so," Raine said, so bitterly that even the squire wondered at his tone. "One thing is certain, they can always flirt in any corner of life, and then they can talk—that is the inestimable advantage they possess over the slower, dumber animals. They have nimbler and better balanced tongues."

"Come, come, Gilbert, I thought love of dress and tidiness used to be the chief feminine defects in your catalogue; you are growing spiteful, old fellow."

"I've no doubt," Rika said, "that Mr. Raine would like our tongue tips to be burnt as they used to be by the Inquisition."

Doris laughed. "He is incorrigible; Philip you had better read him a lecture." She moved to the door. "Come, Rika, are you ready?"

Mrs. Burneston had noticed Rika's confusion, and then Gilbert's vexed manner; but she did not look at him as she rose to open the door, or she would have seen that he was frowning at her.

"Rika cannot care for that unfledged

boy," he thought. "I can't do her the injustice to think that she cares for him seriously—but why does she flirt? Why need she notice him in the way she does? She's but an ordinary woman, after all. How right I've been all through these years; women can't be trusted. That girl only encourages Ralph because she sees he must be a rich man some day, and she is a poor clergyman's daughter, so she keeps him in tow. I believe it's half of it Mrs. Burneston's doing. She is charming to look at and pleasant to talk to, and so on, but she is thoroughly worldly and scheming, the worst possible adviser such a girl as Rika Masham could have, and yet"—he closed the door on the two ladies—"I thought Mrs. Burneston disliked her step-son too much to wish to marry him to her friend. I can't make her out, she's a sphinx. They are all sphinxes. But what a fool I am to worry about it! I'll go back to Austen's End."

The sphinx leads the way to her sitting-room, but when they reached the book landing facing the Clytie, Rika stopped.

"I'll not come with you now, Doris; I'll come presently."

Her friend turned round and gave her a long searching glance, then she smiled.

"Shall I tell you what you mean, Rika?" Then seeing a vexed look in her friend's face, "I know you want to avoid me just now; but don't be afraid, dear, I'm not going to tease you," she said gravely; "but I do earnestly wish to ask you a question at once."

"Very well; I'll come now. I don't pledge myself to answer your question, you know," she said saucily.

She said to herself as she followed Doris—

"I shall not tell her; she is not Ralph's own mother, and I don't think she judges him fairly. I should hate her if she had the stiff, polite manner with me she has with that boy. If I had not been a coward I might have told her how unkind she is, and so have helped the poor fellow."

Like all impulsive people, Rika was full of quick contrition, and her anger at Ralph's vehemence to her had soon melted into self-condemnation. Her manner must have deceived him, and led him on, she thought, or he would not have spoken as he had done. She gave a little sigh. Why had it been natural to feel at her ease with Ralph—almost a stranger—and yet with Mr. Raine, whom she had met before at Burneston, she had each day, so it seemed to her, to begin the acquaintance afresh? Life was a great puzzle.

"I am not going to stay long with you this morning," she said to Doris. "I have to write to my father and tell him when to expect me."

Doris gave her one of the sweet rare smiles which little Phil had inherited.

"You may as well sit down and listen instead of standing," she said. "And Rika, dear, you must not talk of going home, I want you so much. I cannot part with you yet. Is it your quarrel this morning that makes you talk of going away? I think you have quarrelled with Ralph, have you not?"

"Doris!" said Rika impetuously "I told you I should not answer questions; there are several reasons why I must go home."

Doris fixed another of her long searching glances on her friend, at first Rika stood it bravely, but at Doris's next question her cheeks burned and her hands grew cold all at once.

"Do you like Mr. Raine, Rika?"

Rika struggled angrily with her confusion. She forced a laugh and looked up at her friend saucily.

"I really don't know. What does it



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matter. Why do you ask me? Perhaps I do a little."

"A good deal I think. Come, Rika, am I your friend or am I not? Friends should have no secrets."

"I really do not know how to answer you. Sometimes I think I like him, and then, when we have parted quite good friends, he says, next time we meet, something so very rude, so horribly unkind about women. Did you hear what he said just now? I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes, I was so angry."

Doris smiled. "You are too sensitive. He is only teasing you. However, dear, you have answered my question. You would not care for the opinion of a man you dislike—it would not bring you to tears."

She bent down and gave her friend a warm kiss.

This was so unlike Doris that Rika felt puzzled. Very rosy she returned the kiss, but did not know what to say next.

"I mean this"—Doris saw the question in her eyes—"I was beginning to be really afraid that you cared for Ralph, and this

troubled me. Mr. Raine is so much better suited to you than that boy"—

Rika coloured violently, and rose up to go away.

"Oh, please don't!" she said, "I know I shall displease you some day, for all your love and goodness to me; but I can't talk this kind of talk—only, yes—stop an instant; there is something I will say out to you." Her eyes brightened with sudden energy, and she went hurriedly on. "I know I ought to have said it sooner. Doris dear, why are you always so unkind to Ralph Burneston?"

More than once at Pelican House, Rika, in her abrupt frank remonstrances, had taken her friend's proud reserve by storm; but since Doris's marriage a barrier had come between these two which even Rika's playful fearlessness had shrunk from overleaping.

At this direct question Doris first flushed deeply; then, as the colour fled away, leaving her paler than before it came, she looked coldly and proudly at her friend.

"In what way am I unkind? A general charge is vague, and means really nothing."

Rika started; a cold chill fell on her glowing mood. She could not have believed that Doris could have spoken to her so haughtily. For a moment she hesitated. It seemed to her that any further urging must certainly produce a quarrel, and she could not bear to quarrel with Doris. Against this hesitation her independent spirit rose. She had a right as Doris's chosen friend to tell her of her faults; she was quite willing to take advice about her own, and she resented the tone in which Doris had spoken; it stung her and set her temper on edge.

"It seems to me you never speak really kindly to him—your manner is forced. You treat him like a stranger. Why, I am much more intimate with him than you are."

"I could justify my coldness towards Ralph by telling you of his misconduct; but that would really be unkind. He is a very unsatisfactory person. Do not let us talk of him."

She turned away deeply wounded; she was utterly disappointed in Rika. Ralph must have gained great influence to make the girl take his part against her own friend.

"Ah, but, Doris, look at me now, and don't be angry." She took both her friend's hands; but Mrs. Burneston did not smile. "Years ago, when I was here, you always spoke of him in the same cold, severe way, as if he were a sort of criminal, when he was really only a boy; and he's only a boy still—only a year older than our Egbert, and you

can't think how indulgent my father is to Egbert; he says it is the greatest mistake to be unloving to boys."

"Your father doubtless knows how to manage his own son, but you do not know how he would behave in my place," said Doris. She spoke very coldly, but so quietly that Rika had no idea of the storm she had raised.

It had come to this, then, Doris thought. The hateful tie of caste obliterated all memories of past affection and of present kindness; for to her practical mind, with its ever-increasing worldly views, these visits to Burneston were for Rika steps in the social scale not to be attained by other means. Rika considered Ralph her equal, and had towards him a fellow-feeling, a sympathy, which could not exist between her and a farmer's daughter.

"My own folly for taking her to the Cairn and asking her to my wedding!" She had said this to herself with whitening lips while she listened to Rika.

"Oh, Doris, you are angry still!" the girl said eagerly, "and it's all my fault. Say you forgive me. Perhaps I should not interfere; indeed I do it in love, and of course I might have done it better; I am sure to blunder at things. If I could only be father for five minutes! I believe I mean this; you, who are so clever and so perfect in your ways, can get so much power over people. Oh, Doris! remember how you could make the girls love you, even without trying, at Pelican House; couldn't you, if you chose, still make this boy love you, and be guided by you—worship you almost? Remember he's never had a mother to teach him since he's been any age. When I saw him on your wedding-day I thought, Ah, how he will improve! for, indeed, it seemed to me you would be an angel in the house."

Doris's lips relaxed their unpleasant tension.

"Rika, you forget one thing," she said sadly. "I never was what you fancied me; I am not an angel—far from one. You are so very enthusiastic that you exaggerate both the bad and the good in me. If Ralph Burneston had been different to me I might have been different to him. Now it is too late."

"Oh, Doris! and he so loves your boy, and Phil dotes on his brother."

A dark shadow, the darkest Rika had ever seen there, fell on the lovely face.

"I am very sorry for it, for as he grows older I cannot possibly allow them to associate. Ralph's example would ruin his brother. Rika, once for all, you do not know this young fellow as I do."

There was such intense bitterness in her tones that Rika recoiled. It seemed to her that some other woman had usurped the lovely shape of her friend, Doris was so entirely transformed when she spoke of Ralph Burneston.

Should she cease speaking, and pray all the more earnestly that Doris's heart might soften? and yet that longing to finish our work which so often mars it made Rika's tongue restless.

"Only just this," she said pleadingly, "and I will not return to the subject. You are such a loving devoted mother, that I can't help thinking if you would try and look on Ralph as really your own son, you would end by loving him; and I firmly believe in the power of love; it is a transforming power, it unlocks all hearts; only love must be shown by acts, not kept within us as a theory."

"And you have been trying to win Ralph's love. You foolish girl! you have been making your own misery." Doris gave way to her anger at last. "Ralph is only amusing himself with you, he will not marry you; and if he did he could not make you happy; he is vicious and good-for-nothing, while Gilbert Raine is in every way a suitable match for you."

Rika's face was as red as fire.

"It is you who exaggerate now, Doris. What have I done to gain Ralph's love? You misjudge me; and besides, I do not think it is nice to speak to me in that way of a man who seeks every opportunity to quarrel with me, as Mr. Raine does. Why should I look on men in the light of possible husbands? The very idea is a restraint, and besides, it is quite uncalled for."

She was so deeply mortified that the tears filled her eyes, and she turned to go away, and Doris did not try to prevent her.

She was very much disappointed in Rika. It was arrogant beyond belief that a young girl living in such seclusion should presume to judge her, and above all should refuse to be guided by her.

"It shows"—Mrs. Burneston drew herself up proudly—"the extreme ignorance and narrow-mindedness of these people who live out of the world; just like all religious people," she sneered, "unless you agree with them you are wrong."

She was very forlorn in that moment. Only yesterday her husband had shown her a letter from George announcing Rose's safety; and while he urged that the news should for the present be kept from Ralph,

he also said that it would be wise to keep the lad, if possible, for some months under home influence.

And Mr. Burneston had said to his wife—"You will try and help me to make home as pleasant as we can for poor Ralph?"

Everybody on the side of Ralph, and now even Rika.

Doris asked herself how she could get through these months with her present feelings towards Ralph.

"He is so deceitful," she said. "If he were just to speak out his feelings for me, his father would never forgive him. I know he loathes and despises me." She sat down and began to think. Somehow her power seemed to have lost its firm foundations. Her husband was as fond of her as ever, but on the subject of Ralph she saw he doubted her judgment, and in the first year of their marriage he had relied on her implicitly.

"He has been more with Ralph since then," she said, "and I know Philip thoroughly; he is very good, I suppose better than any one else is, because he makes no profession of goodness; but he is weak, and those who see him daily gain a daily increasing influence. Who knows that Ralph will not gradually bring him to think less of me? It is not a question of whether I could bear it or not"—Doris looked strangely good and earnest, for she really thought she was right—"but it must be quite wrong to let any influence come between man and wife, and I know that Ralph's is a bad influence." And then came the thought of little Phil; it would be a cruel wrong to expose her darling to his brother's teaching; and already the child was too fond of Ralph.

"And there is no weakness in Phil, baby as he is; it is easy to see that. He might, as he grows older, insist that Ralph should always stay here, and then what should I do?"

Such a writhe of uncontrollable hatred rose against the enforced calmness of these last minutes, that she clenched her hands in a physical effort against it.

Then she stood still, holding her forehead with both hands, in deep thought.

"Why do I struggle so? I have tried not to hate him, and I can't help it; I will hate him, he is bad and hateful; and he shall not live here to spoil all my life and to ruin my child."

CHAPTER. XLI.—AT LAST.

THE afternoon sun was shining on the river, a broad golden stretch spread from the

stone bridge on the right to the frail wooden bridge of planks leading from the foot of the village to the meadows across the water, and besides this a golden radiance painted the trunks and branches of the trees, and came through the leaves in chequered patterns on the yellow road that led from the Hall to the wooden bridge—a radiance that was rather metallic than genial, for the nipping touch of autumn was in the air, so that it was but a worldly kind of sunshine, after all, dazzling to the eye, but bringing no heart-glow with it.

Doris and Rika Masham were coming back from Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. The girl had expressed a wish to visit some of the villagers. Mrs. Burneston had taken her up to the stone cottages, but as Mrs. Duncombe was fast asleep, and Joseph Sunley was rheumatic, cross, and averse to conversation, they were coming home at a brisk pace beside the river.

The previous day had worn away slowly and uncomfortably—as days do that hold in them the weight of a dispute—and to-day, except to Mr. Burneston, had been full of uneasy constraint. Ralph had been dogged and sullen towards his stepmother and silent to Miss Masham, except that he had tried more than once to speak to her alone, and when he found she avoided this he had looked angry. Doris had been unusually silent and stately to all. While Gilbert Raine had been sometimes cynical and bitter in speech, and then ashamed of his own harshness, as he remarked Rika's avoidance of his young cousin; and then again, as he felt how stiff and cold her manner had become to himself, he lapsed into his old belief, and cursed the caprice of a woman.

Rika was sure she ought to go home. She longed to get away from the unspoken strife which existed between Doris and her stepson. When she met her friend at luncheon, after their quarrel, she had felt shy, and Mrs. Burneston had at first been very silent; but in the long afternoon's drive she had recovered herself, and joined in the talk between Rika and her husband. Miss Masham knew that it would be worse than useless to try for any decided spoken reconciliation with Doris, and besides, she felt that it would be difficult for her friend to excuse her own words about Gilbert Raine. The colour came rushing to the girl's face when she met Mr. Raine, it was so very humbling to think that Doris had really intended to make up a match in her friend's presence.

"To throw me in fact at the head of a

man who already has a low opinion of women; and I thought Doris so high-minded. Oh, how could she do it?"

She had been busy with these thoughts as she walked up through the village with her friend; and Doris too walked on silently. They had exchanged a few words with Mrs. Crewe standing at her gate, and now walking back to the Hall beside the sun-lit river, they were each again busy with their own thoughts.

Rika was trying to say she must go home without offending Doris. Ralph had spoken to her again in so marked a manner, that she feared he meant to renew his proposal. She did not wish to betray him to Doris, and yet if she stayed on at Burneston it might be difficult to keep the matter from her. And in regard to her feelings towards Mr. Raine, Rika was puzzled. She knew that, for a time at least, she should be glad to part from Doris till the memory of so many years of love had swept away the new and painful impression she had lately received. She was sure she should be very glad to get away from Ralph's admiration, and yet she was not glad to leave Burneston; the thought even of going was keenly painful. Her cheeks glowed as she walked beside her friend, and she hung her head a little. It began to dawn on her that after all she did care for this rude cynic, who lost no chance of mortifying her; last night she had learned that his silence wounded her more than his words did, and she had found herself at breakfast time this morning longing for and yet shrinking from his coming.

And yet when, after luncheon, she had turned markedly away from Ralph, and had come up to Mr. Raine, who was examining an old picture at the other end of the room, though for a moment he had smiled and seemed ready to speak, he suddenly turned his back upon her, and became absorbed in studying the picture.

Her colour grew yet deeper as she thought of these things, and there was anger mixed with it now against Gilbert Raine.

All at once a bright idea came to release Rika from this humiliation, for it was terribly humbling to find her thoughts engrossed by a man who was not only rude and contradictory, but who actually avoided her as much as he could.

"I do not care for him as a man," she smiled at her own fear, "it is only his talk that interests me—it is so brilliant, so very different to any I have ever heard; there is nothing in it that sounds stereotyped or common-place; yes, it is only his talk, and

I have the chance of hearing so little good talk except my father's!"

"Doris," she said abruptly, as they walked side by side, "you won't be vexed with me, will you? but I must go home the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Burneston's delicate eyebrows rounded with surprise, but she looked very sad.

"So soon? I am sorry." She tried to speak very courteously. "You have quickly tired of Burneston this time, Rika."

"No, indeed I have not; and I will come again if you will kindly give me a chance; but I believe for several reasons that I ought to go home now."

Doris did not answer; they had nearly reached the stone bridge, and there came bounding towards them Mr. Burneston's collie-dog.

Next moment Ralph Burneston appeared advancing to meet them.

"I should like to know, dear," Doris spoke very quietly, "whether this decision of yours has anything to do with Ralph; I don't think you really care for him, but your manner towards him puzzles me."

"Does it? Well then, listen: I shrink from him so much, that unless you wish me to stay with you now, I shall hurry on to the Hall alone directly he joins us."

Doris gave her such a grateful glance that Rika felt puzzled too.

"I do not think he will walk with us," Mrs. Burneston said calmly; "if you were alone it might be different."

But Ralph was hastening towards them; he was beside them in a moment, and he turned at once and walked by Rika, making some remark on the glow which the walk had given her.

"I must hurry on," she said to Doris, "I want to ask Jane to do something for me before dinner."

Ralph quickened his steps too, and walked on with her. Rika looked over her shoulder at Doris—it seemed to her that Mrs. Burneston could so easily make an excuse for keeping her step-son beside her.

But Doris never thought of seeking such an excuse; she rejoiced in this chance of showing Ralph that Miss Masham disliked his attentions.

"Ralph, you had better stay with me," she said; "Rika does not want company."

Ralph looked very angry.

"Will she always treat me like a boy?" he muttered. Then aloud he said, "Miss Masham can speak for herself. Say I may come with you," he whispered low to Rika.

His manner showed the girl that her fear was well founded.

"No, indeed," she said kindly, "I will go alone. I prefer it. Good-bye," she nodded, and went on hurriedly.

But Ralph kept close beside her.

"At least, you will let me say three words?" He was eager and determined, and Rika saw that she must speak out.

"No, indeed, Mr. Burneston, indeed I cannot; I will not listen to another word from you." She had stopped as she began to speak, and stood facing him. She wished Doris would come up and help her instead of standing a few yards off beside the collie-dog, like a picture framed in by the glowing sunshine.

"That is because you have been set against me," he said angrily, "because I have been slandered. You have been listening to Mrs. Burneston, you *shall* listen to me," and he snatched at Rika's wrist.

She was not taken by surprise, and she twisted herself free in an instant, and went back to Mrs. Burneston—only for an instant; before Ralph had recovered himself the two ladies had come up with him, his step-mother looking very proud and pale. Rika kept her face turned away.

"You seem to forget yourself, sir, altogether," Doris said, "and what is due to a lady and my visitor."

She spoke with intense haughtiness; in her heart she triumphed that Ralph should have so far forgotten himself in her presence. Her face grew very set and hard.

"Miss Masham is my friend and my visitor, and she shall not be annoyed."

"Annoyed!" he laughed scornfully. "I like that! Pray, how do you know she is annoyed? I know rather more about women than you do, Mrs. Burneston, though you do know everything. Miss Masham listened to me fast enough till you tried to set her against me. It was bad enough before; but I said nothing then. This time I tell you plainly I won't have it. I am almost of age, and I won't be interfered with. I'll not be treated like a boy by you."

Doris looked at him for a moment before she answered, "You behave so like a man"—her lip quivered with scorn—"and you consider yourself a gentleman, both in conduct and manner!"

Her contempt stung him out of all reticence.

"Look here!" he said fiercely. "So far I have treated you much better than you could have expected; but don't try any of your airs on me—they don't impose on me. I will

not be interfered with by you. I am my own master, and if I choose to talk to Miss Masham, nothing you can tell her against me shall prevent it."

Doris stood stupefied; the insult to her own pride effaced all thought of Rika, and her perfect blanched silence subdued Ralph spite of himself. "You had better go on," he said more quietly, "and overtake Miss Masham; tell her I was quite in earnest in my proposal yesterday morning. She will listen to me all right; she was quite ready till you came between us."

Doris forced her white lips open; her surprise at this avowal roused her.

"Is it possible," she said coldly, "that you do not see? She will not listen to you at all! She considers you only a boy. If she loves any one, it is Gilbert Raine."

"And this is your work, too. It may have been part of your breeding to go prying and interfering into other people's affairs, but I tell you, once for all, to leave me alone. Because my father was weak enough to take you out of your proper station, do you imagine for one moment he has made you his equal, or that you can have the slightest influence with me? I tell you again, I'll not submit to it. You have made mischief enough. Keep your proper place. I don't interfere with you. I believe, if you could, you'd make my father disinherit me. You can't do that, try as you will; but I tell you what you can do, you may make things very unpleasant for yourself in the future."

He stopped from sheer want of breath, his face and voice alike full of passion.

Doris could not have interrupted, even if she had tried; his very words had stunned her; they had struck at her like a shower of stones or a blinding storm of hail.

Now that he paused, expecting a torrent of angry words, there was a dead silence.

The collie-dog had grown impatient, and came bounding back to see what was happening, but the two figures stood motionless on the yellow road. At last Doris forced herself to speak.

"You are a coward!"

That was all she said, and she smiled; but Ralph felt as if some one had struck him on the face.

"Coward or not," he said fiercely, "we'll see who's master yet at Burneston."

He hurried recklessly away, the dog bounding on in front, past the village, past the plank bridge; hurried on without taking any heed where he was going till he ran right up against Gilbert Raine.

"Hulloa, my lad! do you want to send me spinning into the river? You should look ahead."

Gilbert spoke irritably. He was standing taking a sketch of the bridge and the tree-shaded river bank, and the shock of Ralph's onset had almost upset him.

"Why do you stand in the way?"—Ralph spoke savagely. "I'm in a humour to quarrel with any one—with you especially!"

"Ergo, you are in want of the doctor; you can have no possible reason to quarrel with me—you are simply bilious."

"Simply don't be a fool, Gilbert. But I recollect I do want to speak to you. Is it true or is it not true that Miss Masham cares for you?"

The dark wrinkled face was bent down over his drawing.

"Who said this?" He did not look up.

Ralph was too full of passion to discriminate nicely, and, indeed, Raine's manner might have deceived a cooler observer. He was so afraid of believing that he seemed to be concealing his real thoughts.

"Then it's true—oh, confound you all!" he said. "I believe from first to last you're all against me."

Gilbert Raine had recovered himself. "Be quiet, my boy!" he said. "I have no right to think Miss Masham cares for me, but—"

Ralph stopped him angrily.

"You are going to say you care for her—for a girl half your age. I wonder you're not ashamed to think of her—you, a wrinkled, middle-aged man, who've lived three parts of your life among musty old books! How dare you think of a bright, fresh young creature like Miss Masham, and what have you to offer her?" he said contemptuously, for he saw a change in Raine's face, and he resolved to make the most of his selfishness.

Raine's manner had changed; he was calm and cold as he answered.

"You don't know what you are talking about, you silly fellow! But I'll tell you one thing, my boy; I am sure that for five years at least you are not fit to be trusted with the happiness of any woman."

Ralph glared at him for an instant, muttered something, and then he turned sullenly back towards the Hall.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE STEPMOTHER.

Is time something abstract, something that can be measured? There may be souls to whom hours and minutes, weeks and days, may seem equal in length; but there are,

no doubt, happy mortals whose existence moves serenely and in measured paces along the level roads of commonplace life. The roads turn sometimes to avoid a morass or a river, or even a hill that might expend breath in the climbing, though a boundless prospect is to be gazed on from its topmost height. Nothing that should not come there ever does come to alarm or even surprise the very ordinary and tranquil-pulsed wayfarers who journey along the level monotony.

It was very hard on Doris that, being placed by destiny in a position guaranteed to be commonplace and uneventful by all the outward keys of such existences, life should have become for her as eventful as if she had lived on moderate means in a city, with a daily struggle to earn her daily bread there. And these excitements and heart-burnings, and now this tremendous uprising of her whole nature, had all one origin—the presence, the existence even, of Ralph Burneston.

She had been alone, by the clock, about an hour; her feelings would have told her that half a day had passed since she reached her own room. She had gone home mechanically, and then having put off her things, she went to her sitting-room.

She had not rung for her maid; it seemed to her that the humbling she had received must be painted on her face; her mortification left no room for anger—a dull ache was over heart and brain.

Ralph had only said the truth. And now came another thought: when Phil knew the truth would not he judge her as Ralph did?

"He will never tell me so in words," the pale proud lips quivered as this thought came, "but he will grow to look on me as—as"—she was walking up and down the little room, her gown gathered in one hand; as she turned she stopped with a scared face. She saw a form advancing towards her—tall and broad, his red hair glowing as he reached the stream of light, so level now that it only lit the middle of the room. Her heart seemed to stand still, but in an instant the vision was gone—the place where it had stood was empty.

Doris shivered from head to foot. She felt herself suddenly brought to judgment. Phil might never look on her as she looked on her mother, that would be impossible, and for an instant her pride took comfort in this thought of her own superiority; but her father—no, Doris felt to the very bottom of her soul that her father was her superior. Spite of his broad speech, his rough red hands, his

homely unpolished ways, he had one noble quality for which she honoured him, honoured him all the more that she felt incapable of attaining it, and that quality was self-respect. He was neither ashamed of himself nor of his belongings.

How well she remembered what had happened during her last visit to the Cairn! Walking one day with her father on the moor, a carriage had passed near them in the road below, in which she thought she had recognised Mrs. Boothroyd. Even now she shrank at the remembrance of the shame that had seized on her at the dread of recognition; and although some weeks later she had learned her mistake, Mrs. Boothroyd being still in London, she had never forgotten her terror.

But Doris knew that if her father had been well born, all these outward blemishes would not have troubled her. It was from his homely station, and, above all, his calling as a farmer, that she shrank; and although Phil would never shrink from her personally, yet he had just the same right to be ashamed of her origin.

"Ashamed of me!" She stood like a statue. It seemed to her she could not live through such an agony as this. She tried to throw herself back a few years. When she left Pelican House she had come home resolved to be true to herself, and she had been true till she married. How she had sunk since then!

The thought of Ralph came back, and she rose from her despairing humiliation with desperate energy. "I was raw and ignorant then," she said. "After all, the world teaches us wisdom. Why should Phil ever know the truth, at least till he is old enough to be free from prejudice?"

When this precise period was to arrive Doris did not determine, but she believed firmly that if her boy could only be kept free from low, corrupting influences, especially the influence of Ralph, he would grow to be a perfect man, godlike in his large and generous views of life. This was to be the outcome of his natural goodness, for Doris did not believe in the help afforded by religious training against human infirmity.

"It is so all through life," she said bitterly. "However false the insult or accusation, the insult remains; it can never be washed out."

Yes, the time had come for decided action. She resolved that she would not see Ralph Burneston again—that as long as she was its mistress the Hall should be closed against

him. But still she hesitated as to the means. She could only obtain his banishment by an appeal to his father, and she shrank from making this appeal. She did not shrink from the sight of her husband's sorrow; her hatred to Ralph blinded her to the right he had to his father's love, a right, indeed, which, if remembered, would have sharpened her purpose; she only feared Mr. Burneston's weakness of will, for, after all, he might not have courage to carry out her wishes.

"I have been a fool!" There was a new expression in her eyes, a dire, vengeful look that drove womanhood from the delicate face, leaving it a mask of sharply cut features so pale that her long eyelashes looked intensely black as they touched the white cheeks. "Why did I interfere when I saw he had begun again with Rose? If he had really disgraced himself Philip would then have banished him at once, and I should have been held blameless. Well, that is over. It was an opportunity given me, and I let it pass. I must trust now to my power over Philip. If that fails——" She stopped and put her hand to her forehead.

Her head ached sorely, she felt bruised all over; but she had no feeling for herself; her heart swelled almost to suffocation, for she had not shed one tear since she and Ralph parted. She dared not give way for a moment, for she had only herself to depend on. Even Rika was ready to take Ralph's part against her! Each time she had spoken of him to her husband, he had asked her to be less hard in her judgment. Doris hated strife, not because of its sin, but because her fastidious nature shrank from its pettiness and discourtesy, and she knew that she must have angry words with her husband before she should get him to see with her eyes.

"It used not to be so," she said. "Once he thought my judgment perfect—he never questioned my wishes—and so he will again when he is separated from Ralph; his daily influence destroys mine. Yes, he was right when he said I should see who was master at Burneston. I must see Philip at once, for"—she hesitated—"I am not sure, but I must make sure."

She rang the bell. Now that she had decided she was eager to act. She must give no chance to Ralph to get a hearing before she did.

"Has Mr. Burneston come in?" she said to Benjamin.

"Yes, ma'am, t' master's in the study."

He looked hard at her, for she was strangely

pale; there was a forced, unusual sound in her voice.

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, either here or in the study."

CHAPTER XLIII.—DORIS SPEAKS.

MR. BURNESTON was very busy examining papers that had arrived from his agent at Steersley during his absence. He had nearly finished his work, and this unusual summons disturbed him.

"Tell your mistress I am very busy, and say I should like her to come here if she is in a hurry," he said, "or say I will be with her in about half-an-hour."

Doris thought this message a proof of her declining influence. She made no answer, but as soon as Benjamin had departed she went down to the study. Her heart beat so violently as she reached the door that a tinge of colour rose on her face.

"How can I be so foolish?" she said. "What can I be afraid of?"

"Come in." But Mr. Burneston went on writing, his back was to the door, so he did not see her face.

"If you really cannot spare me a few minutes I will go," she said in a hard strained voice, "but I have something to say which requires your whole attention."

Mr. Burneston frowned and bit his lips, then he cleared off his annoyance and smiled as he turned round to his wife.

"Well, what is this wonderful something that will not wait? What is it? You look quite ill! Sit down here, darling. But I would have come up if you had only had a little patience."

Plainly he had not seen Ralph. Doris felt relieved; he took her hand, and made her sit beside him.

"Philip, I want to ask you first to listen patiently, and with all your attention. You do not always take my part now."

His fair serene face grew troubled. He guessed that the "something" related either to Faith or Ralph.

"I think there is no need to have any question of the kind," he said sadly. "It seems to me that a husband and wife should take the same view of matters."

"I fear in this case it is quite impossible." He looked at her, and the set stiffness of her face annoyed him.

"You pique yourself on your justice," he said, "and yet though I am always ready to care for all that you love, Doris, you refuse to share my feelings in this way."

"I must speak out, Philip. It may be

hard for you to hear; but it is no question of feeling now. Ralph has insulted me—has spoken to me in a way which makes it impossible for us to live together any longer." She paused. "I have come to ask you to send him away from this house."

As she went on her courage came back; it seemed to her that he could not refuse her request.

Mr. Burneston's face was full of pain.

"My dear, you take offence so easily, just like all women; you make so much of words." He stopped in surprise and some alarm too, for Doris rose from her chair and stood facing him like a Fate, her arms hanging stiffly beside her, her face fixed, but with a dark storm in her eyes. Mr. Burneston finished his sentence. "I thought you so much grander and nobler than any ordinary woman. I am afraid I have mistaken you."

"You can think so, of course; possibly you agree with your son, and consider that no insolence can be too great towards a person who is not born a lady; it is for you to decide. Please let me tell all. He has told me to-day that I am an upstart; he has said—well," she went on proudly, "he has only said the truth about my origin and the folly of my marriage; and he has asserted that his power over you is greater than mine is. Stay, Philip, I have not done. You must act as you choose; but if Ralph is to stay here I go away at once and I take Phil with me. He shall not be ruined by his brother's teaching, nor shall he learn to despise his mother by hearing her insulted."

Her eyes flashed, for once she let passion have its way; she looked a splendid picture of wrath as she stood quivering before her astonished husband.

"You are mad," he said, and then he stopped; but Doris did not speak. She stood waiting his decision.

"Doris," he said, "I do not for a moment excuse Ralph's conduct, but I never saw you like this before. You know I can't bear exaggeration. Remember you are speaking of only a boy. It is—well, it is not at all like you to speak in such a manner."

It is singular how a crisis of feeling brings out the salient points of contrasted natures at their superlative degree.

"I only say what I mean," she answered.

Mr. Burneston shook his head, and a fretful look passed over his face.

"If you would only use your own good sense," he said, "you must see that what you propose would be, perhaps, the boy's ruin."

Consider the great advantage Ralph gains by staying here. I don't take his part for a moment. I am grieved and surprised that he should so far forget himself and what is due to you, and to me also. I could not have believed it if any one else had told me. You are quite sure, my dear, you have made no mistake?"

He looked at her with a feeling of relief; this new hope, feeble as it was, was something to cling to.

She moved her head disdainfully.

"If you had been present, even you would say I have been merciful. No, Philip, do not lessen my respect for you. For once assert your own authority, or I must do as I say, I must remove Phil from his brother's influence."

Mr. Burneston shook his head. There was a painful flush on his forehead.

"If you would sit down and keep yourself quiet it would be so much better. I am going to find Ralph. I shall speak to him as severely as even you," there was a sorrowful emphasis on the words, "can wish; and I am sure he will make you as humble an apology as you can desire. It may be," he said impressively, out of the longing of his heart, "that you will both go on together better; after this there will be no concealed bitterness between you."

There was a beseeching anxiety in his eyes as he looked at his wife; but Doris was not in a mood to bear this. She might have been quelled by a will stronger than her own. His weakness only increased her anger.

"There are some offences which cannot be pardoned," she said haughtily. "Cannot you see that this breach is beyond healing? I cannot live with a person I hate, and Ralph has made me hate him. Some day, Philip, your eyes will be open to your own injustice. You know your son's vices, and yet you expect me not only to tolerate his daily companionship, but to submit meekly to gross insult; and because I refuse, you are angry. Well, you must choose between him and me, and I expect he will offer you the same choice."

His wife's rudeness wounded Mr. Burneston sorely.

"You are as self-willed as he is, Doris. Why, even your brother George, who has more cause of quarrel with Ralph than any of us have, says it will do wonders for the lad if we can only manage to keep him at home a year or so. If he goes away angry he will most likely go back to his old habits and companions, and be utterly ruined."

Doris had stood thinking during these words.

"Do you mean to say that, let Ralph disgrace himself ever so much, you have no power to leave any of your land away from him?"

There was a keen eagerness in her voice and manner that jarred on her husband.

"Certainly not, unless—" he stopped abruptly.

"Unless he brings himself within the penalties of the law, you mean; and a man may be a most infamous scoundrel, and yet escape punishment. Ralph is a scoundrel already, and he will have all, and Phil——"

Her husband's eyes had opened in wide wonder. This was the first time she had really let him see the truth.

"Stop, Doris." He spoke very coldly. It seemed to her with disgust. "Phil is as well provided for as he can be; and now do not let us recur to this subject. I will try to forget it, and you, my dear, must, for my sake, receive Ralph's apology. No, I really cannot hear any more."

He retreated hastily, fearing another attack, while Doris sank exhausted on a chair, sight blurred and hearing deadened by the force she had been putting on herself.

Mr. Burneston, too, felt blinded. It seemed to him, as he crossed the hall on his way to Ralph's room, that he had got a shock. His whole nature had revolted against his wife's manner, and above all against her last words. She who had seemed incapable of the slightest meanness or calculation—had she then cherished hatred against Ralph because he was the heir of Burneston? It was incredible, and spite of his grief the loyal gentleman strove against the thought as against a positive injury to Doris.

He had found his way mechanically to Ralph's room, and to his surprise his son's voice said "Come in" when he knocked.

Ralph sate moodily in a chair near one of the windows; his pipe lay beside him, but he had not been smoking. He nodded when his father came in, and pushed a chair towards him. But Mr. Burneston stood still, looking at his son with real sternness on his gentle face.

"I thought you were a gentleman," he

said, "and I find I am mistaken. You will come with me at once and apologise to Mrs. Burneston."

"I can't do that, father! I am sorry for you, but you must have known this sort of thing would happen some day. Why need you worry about it? Leave me to settle it with Mrs. Burneston."

"You seem to forget, sir, that you are talking of my wife! I insist on an apology."

His father's anger quieted Ralph.

"I can only say again I'm very sorry for you. I can't be sorry I've spoken out. If you knew how I've been used, you'd——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said his father savagely.

"But you shall listen to me!" the boy said desperately. "I've no quarrel with you, and never will have. You and I would have been fast friends if no mischief had been stirred up between us. There, I'm not going to vex you any more! Remember I am your own son, and you owe me some love." His blue eyes looked so pleading that his father turned away. "I'd made up my mind, dull as this place is, to stay here with you a few months, but I see it can't be. If you like, I'll go away for a bit; it's just as unpleasant for me as it is for any one."

"No!" Mr. Burneston tried to speak. "I do not wish to send you away. You have behaved very ill, and for my sake as well as for your own you must apologise. If you consider the matter you will see there is no other way."

Ralph shook his head and put his hands in his pockets.

"Can't do it! I wouldn't if I could." He muttered the last words.

Mr. Burneston took no notice. He was worn and weary with all this strife.

"You are excited now," he said; "you will come to your senses presently, and then, Ralph, I shall be grievously disappointed if you don't see things differently. You owe a full apology; you have insulted a lady, and that lady your father's wife. You had better keep to your rooms till you are more reasonable; and understand distinctly, I forbid you to leave Burneston without my permission. Good night! Faith will bring you all you want."



THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

II.

IT remains to speak of the political constitution of Jesuitism. What is the "Society of Jesus" as a polity or order of government? Its actual course of history, the manner in which it has applied its principles and acquired reputation and power, whether famous or infamous, in the world, lie beyond our province. Our business is only to describe the original rules and organization of the society.

From the outset the society was, in the essential meaning of the word, *political*—that is to say, it embraced a *policy*. It was not merely an incorporation of religious persons, for purposes of religious culture and self-discipline—although it was conspicuously this; it was moreover an incorporation with a view to *action* upon the Church and the world. It was a *propaganda*. This was the spirit that animated the little band at Montmartre. They vowed not merely to live religious lives for themselves, or to engage, as many enthusiasts had done before them, in the general work of the Church, but to devote themselves as a *Compagnia* or *ordo militum* to the service of the Church, specially to spread the faith in Palestine in the face of the Infidel, or failing this, to place themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff, for any other work of spiritual aggression he might appoint. Circumstances rendered the intended mission to Palestine abortive, but only served to call forth more definitely the characteristic spirit of the society.

This spirit was summed up in its special vow of *obedience*. All preceding religious orders professed this vow along with those of poverty and chastity; but the Jesuit put this vow first. Obedience was his prime and cardinal duty—obedience to the Church in the person of the Roman Pontiff. Other Orders had laid stress upon other things, some phase of self-renunciation, or some public work such as preaching. The Jesuit laid all stress from the first upon the idea of *obedience* to the head of the Church. This was originally, and continues to be, the keynote of the Order. Other phases of religious devotion had been more or less worked out. Loyola himself, while practising the most rigorous abstinence and self-denial in his own case, yet very early in his career came to the conclusion that his special line of action and distinction did not lie in this way. He had not found in this manner his own highest

aspirations. The ascetic principle had attained its highest achievements and was no longer living as it had once been. No more triumphs awaited it. Through many transformations it had exhausted itself, or at least its power of again moving the Church and the world. To a certain extent of course it must be utilised. No religious Order could dispense with it. But the moving spring of a new Order must be found elsewhere, in some principle which, while carrying on the monastic succession, should yet rise above its narrowness, and, while severing those who embraced it definitely from the world, should yet allow of ample intercourse with the world. It was in the world, in the family, in society, in courts, in the conduct of education and of politics, that the battle of the Church was to be fought in the sixteenth century. And the men or the Order that were to serve the Church effectually must be primarily equipped for taking their place in all these positions, and carrying into all of them a special spirit and line of thought or action.

Of the old vows, it was plain that the only one that admitted of this wider application was the vow of *obedience*. Asceticism in its various forms was good. The Jesuit was to renounce his individual possessions, he was to cultivate abstinence as the strength of the higher spiritual life; but above all he was to be *obedient*. Other principles might be relaxed, and were, in point of fact, relaxed, where the great motto of the society, "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*," could be better carried out by their relaxation. But no Jesuit in any circumstances was to be really a free agent, or act on his own responsibility, even for the avowed good of the society. He must always and everywhere obey, or be the executive of a higher will appointed to guide him. This is the principle so clearly laid down by Ignatius himself, in his famous letter to the brethren of the Society in Portugal—a document which forms, so to speak, one of the constitutional authorities of the Order. "We may see ourselves," he says, "surpassed by other religious Orders in the fasts and vigils they observe, and in the severity of those practices which, each according to its rule, piously adheres to. But it is my wish to see all those who, within this society, devote themselves to the service of God distinguishing themselves by a true and perfect obedience, an abdication of will and

judgment. I would that every true and genuine son of the Society should be known by the very mark, that he looks not to the person to whom he yields obedience, but that he sees in him the Lord Christ, for whose sake that obedience is rendered. Obedience is to be rendered to a Superior—not on account of his wisdom, goodness, or any other such like qualities—but solely because he is in God's place. . . . Nor is anything to be abated from obedience on the ground that the Superior may be wanting in prudence or discretion, for he claims it as *Superior*, as filling the place of those whose wisdom can never be at fault. . . . Any deviation from the will and injunction of a Superior, on the specious pretext of going beyond what is commanded in things good and commendable, is to be accounted disobedience, and in every case what is commanded by him who is in God's place towards us is acceptable to God. Your own will lay down—that liberty with which He had endowed you, dedicate it to Him through His ministers. Never even attempt to bend or mould the will of your Superior. This is to invert the Divine order. How blinded by self-love are those who make such an attempt! On the contrary, whoever would immolate himself without reserve to God must offer to Him not his will merely, but his intelligence, so that he not only wills as the Superior wills, but thinks as he thinks."

Much besides might be quoted to the same effect. The obedience enjoined by Loyola in this famous letter is an absolute obedience. The mind, and will, and affection are to be alike at the disposal of the Society, the several members moving like machinery, as if they had no more will of their own than corpses ("perinde cadavera" is Loyola's own language), to the will of the Superior; the Rectors or local Superiors to the will of the Provincial, the Provincials to the will of the General, the General presumably to the nod of the sovereign pontiff—God's vicar on earth. The spring being once started, the vast mechanism moves with undeviating certainty in the direction indicated. Nor is mere movement enough. While the aim is to convert a mass of human souls into the undeviating routine of mechanical action, the idea of mere mechanical action is repudiated. The mind and heart must go with the will. Loyola repeatedly insists upon this concert of judgment with action, knowing very well, as he himself says, that "the will will not continue long to follow where the judgment repugnates. What alacrity," he

adds, "can there be when the will and mind (commander and commanded) are at variance? If one hesitates and doubts whether it be desirable, or not desirable, to do what is commanded, there is no zeal, no celerity. That nobler simplicity of a blind obedience is gone when we allow ourselves to question whether that which is commanded be right or wrong. Humility, too, is gone: for although, on one hand, we obey, on the other (by exercising our own judgment) we set ourselves above the Superior."

It is unnecessary to quote further. The dominant principle or genius of the system stands forth completely, nakedly to view. There is a certain sublimity in its audacity. It is a great thing to weld human beings into a corporate moving mass, so that at the word of command one executive purpose shall pervade them like an electric current, and issue in combined and definite action. But to aim not merely at an executive obedience like this, but at an obedience of mind as well as of will and of heart, was a truly daring conception. And yet it was only the logical conclusion of the Church principles in which Loyola had been trained. It was the practical climax of the Roman system, which contemplates not only the regulation of human life, but of human opinion. The Church according to this system is a Divine organism specially informed by Divine knowledge, whose interpreter and voice is the Pope, as the head of the organism—the vicar of God on earth—and all the members of the body are in theory the mere vehicles of this higher voice. It is by no means enough in theory that the members move in unison with the head, but that they do so because they think as the head thinks. The intellect must be in subjection as well as the will, and unity of action is to be sought not in spite of or through diversity of opinion, but by means of unity of opinion. More or less, perhaps, this may be said to be the theory of all Churches. Unity of doctrine has seemed to all of them more or less the necessary condition of unity of practice. But the Roman system has alone carried out the theory to its ultimate conclusion. It has alone provided for intellectual no less than practical union by an infallible Head with a human voice.

It is the distinction of Jesuitism that it has sought to convert this theory into a fact, and to lay the whole duty of the religious life on the principle of obedience, not merely to the Divine will but to the will of the Church, as interpreted by its visible head. The authority

of the Pope is for it theoretically* the authority of the Church, and the authority of the Church is Divine. Jesuitism is the reduction of this idea to a rule of action, and its tendency has therefore been from the beginning to absorb the activity of the Roman Church. The Order has more than once been in practical opposition to the Papacy; it has been condemned and prohibited by the very Authority for the sake of which it professes to exist; but gradually and necessarily it has become the exclusive organ of the Papal power. It is a sad history which shows, during the last three hundred years, how every trace of the old liberties which used to subsist within the Latin Church has perished; but to any one looking below the surface the result was an inevitable one. Jesuitism so truly interpreted the fundamental idea of Romanism, and made its meaning clear to it, that nothing alien could flourish along side it. Every element of liberty—of free thought—of free life—have been gradually cast out, as the principle of absolute and blind obedience is no longer owned as the principle of a sect within the Church, but of the Church itself. The Syllabus and the Vatican Council are only the natural outcome of the spirit and tendency which Jesuitism organized and has carried to its legitimate applications.

But it remains to show how this principle of subordination is worked out, or in other words, the regulations by which the Society is constituted and operates. The order is divided into several grades. There is first a class of Probationers, or in other words, of Novitiates, embracing all seeking admission into the order. By the original statutes it is said that no one under fourteen years of age could become a novice; though subsequently, by papal brief, the General was empowered in certain cases to admit at an earlier age. The novice binds himself to relinquish all personal and civil rights, and to place himself entirely in the hands of his Superiors. The novitiate extends for ten years, but may be abbreviated or prolonged at the discretion of the Superior. Here, as everywhere, amidst the most extraordinary multitude of rules, there is no rule which may not be relaxed according to circumstances. The greater convenience—which is, being interpreted, the greater glory of God

—is made to justify everything. If a novice shows remarkable powers, likely to be useful to the Society, he can be rapidly advanced from stage to stage. If he shows little or no available powers, he may never get within the charmed circle at all. Everything depends from the first upon his capacity of improving the principle of obedience. The course of instruction and discipline is specially designed to instil into him this principle, and to test his qualification as a *servus Dei*—the Deus being for him his Superior. Spiritual character or moral worth by no means constitutes the main point of distinction in a novice. Loyola is reputed himself to have said to his confidential secretary, Polanco, that “in those who offered themselves he looked less to purely natural goodness than to firmness of character and ability of business.” And their ability for business meant very much readiness to obey—to submit judgment and will to the word of command. Even excess in devotional exercises, a wish to be good or to do good, beyond what was enjoined or required, was viewed with rigour and forbidden. The novice was to aim at nothing beyond the will of his Superior. He was to renounce not only all personal and worldly rights, but all intercourse with his nearest relations, save by permission and in the presence of the Superior. He cannot write or receive any letters, except under the same supervision. He is in spiritual jail, in short, to do what he is ordered, and nothing else; and his advancement depends upon the aptitude with which he obeys orders, and commends himself by his subservience.

The novitiate opens with a month more or less devoted to the spiritual exercises of which we have already spoken. The foundation of Jesuit discipleship is always laid, as I have already said, in this course of religious discipline. Then a second month is devoted to visiting the sick in hospital; a third to begging from door to door; a fourth to the discharge of menial offices; a fifth to teach the poorest and most ignorant children the rudiments of religion; a sixth to the experimental discharge of the duties of preaching and confession. All these things are to be done because required as duties to Christ. It is laid down, for example, that during the month that the novice must discharge the duties of scullion, or any other abject offices required of him, the cook is not to address him in a softened voice, or to speak entreatingly to him as a man addressing a man, but as if in the name of Christ he

* We say “theoretically,” because, in point of fact, as is well known, the Jesuit Order has never hesitated to resist Papal authority when it conceived that authority to be inimical to its interests. Mr. Cartwright has shown this abundantly in his volume, especially in chapters xii. and xiii.

is to say, "Do this or that"—"It is not the voice of a man that is heard, or even of a Superior, but of the Lord."

If a candidate approves himself as a novice he is, if specially qualified in this direction, advanced to the Scholastic grade, before admission to which he takes the three vows, or he becomes after taking the same three vows a coadjutor; and lastly, if he shows genuine aptitude, he becomes one of the "professed," or Select Fathers of the Order, and makes profession of the four vows. He is now a full-grown Jesuit, and eligible to the highest work of the Order for which his talents may fit him. He is still, however, in his full development "a servant of servants." He has hardly more liberty or spontaneity than as a novice. By a brief of Gregory XIV., issued in 1591, it is provided that no process or inquiry whatever is necessary before a sentence of expulsion takes effect upon any member of the society condemned by the General. The powers of the General are practically as absolute over a "professed" father as over a novice. He can pronounce summary or final judgment on the simple ground that so he judges it in his conscience right to do; and this, too, notwithstanding that no one can be advanced to the full profession of a Jesuit, according to the ordinary rules, till he has reached the age of forty-five. After, it may be, therefore, thirty-one years of subordinate discipleship, he yet holds his position purely by the will of his Superior. It is almost needless to say that in many cases the rule as to age is relaxed. No rules, however absolute in themselves, ever stand in the way of the supposed good of the Order. This is a characteristic of the system throughout. And accordingly whenever a candidate discovers remarkable powers—"pregnant parts," as we would say—destined to contribute to the honour and glory of the Order, there is no difficulty of advancing his pupilage. Acquaviva did not enter the Order till he was twenty-five, and he was not only a "professed" father, but had attained to the supreme dignity of General by the age of forty. On the other hand, there are many who never reach the highest grade of the Order at all; it is said not more than two per cent. become fully "professed" fathers or members of what Mr. Cartwright calls "the Old Guard of the Order."

Thus constituted in successive grades rising one above another and all closely related, there is a continuous interchange of communication through all the members of the Order, wherever they are scattered. From

the General at the head downwards all are brought into connection by an elaborate thread of correspondence going constantly forward. "Like a spider's web," says Mr. Cartwright, "the tissue of the Society is spun to snap up everything for the General's benefit, for in him all is concentrated, to him all is rendered subordinate. The Superiors and Rectors of houses of all Europe have to report in writing every week to the Provincial—those in the distant regions of the Indies alone being authorised to regulate their correspondence according to intervals which the Provincial may fix. The reports, it is expressly commanded, shall treat at full not only of persons and matters relating to members of the society, but likewise of the dealings of the same with persons outside the Society; so that the Provincial may contemplate all things as though he had them before him. The Provincial is then to make once a month his report to the General on what has been brought under his notice. To guard, however, against the possibility of suppression or misrepresentation on his part, all Superiors, Rectors, and Masters of Novitiates are bound, irrespective of their reports to the Provincial, once in three months to make another to the General himself. . . . All letters of business have to be directed to the General, and not to others who are acting with him. In treating matters which demand secrecy such terms are to be used as can be understood only by the Superiors; the method shall be prescribed by the General. . . . In reference to those outside the Society, care is to be taken so to word every report that in the event of its falling into the hands of the person implicated it may not alarm him.* "The members of the Society," says Father Genelli, "ought always to have the supreme object alone before their minds—the greater glory of God—and to work for nothing else besides. They should be indifferent as to the means which conduct to their end, unless they be directed in the choice of them by obedience. . . . The principle of the greater glory of God is the rule, and as this may involve many particulars as to time, place, or the person concerned, circumstances must be the guide."†

The government of the Society involves still further checks and provisions than those we have now sketched. General congregations of the Order are held from time to time. These congregations are composed

* P. 23, 24.

† P. 25.

of select fathers, and particularly of the dignitaries called Provincials, and they discharge important functions. Especially they appoint four assistants to the General, who are always to be with him, and in whose appointment he himself has no share. Further, they appoint the confessor for the General, who is bound to reside always in Rome, and never to move from home without a father assistant. If the General is in theory, therefore, a spiritual Autocrat, supervising and directing at his will all the subordinate members of the Society, he is in his turn supervised and his conscience placed in the hands of a confessor who may be supposed to represent the interests of the Order independently. And in the very unlikely case of a General proving untrue to those interests, there are thus the means of checking him, and even of deposing him, as was attempted in the case of Gonzalez, who was promoted from the chair of divinity in the University of Salamanca to the office of General in 1617. Gonzalez was opposed to the famous system of Probabilism in morals, which before then had acquired such ascendancy in the Order, and called forth, as is well known, the withering sarcasm of Pascal in the "Provincial Letters," and he sought to carry out his views as head of the Order. Its genius, however, proved too strong for him, although he was backed by Pope Innocent XI., who has also been accused of Jansenist leanings. A motion was made for convoking a General Congregation, with the view of removing him from the Generalship. The attempt was not successful, but to the last the Society withstood all his efforts to effect a change in the tenor of its moral theology.

Into all the interesting questions which arise as to the teaching of the society, and the results of the controversy which was waged amidst the excitement and amazement of Europe betwixt it and the famous author of the Provincial Letters, I cannot enter here. All this belongs to the later history of the institution. It has been enough to endeavour to give in these brief sketches some idea of the great founder of the system, and of its original genius and polity; and in doing this I trust I have neither touched on controversy nor raised the ghost of any of the fanaticisms so apt to haunt the subject. All my aim has been to give some definite picture of a man and of a policy which have exercised such influence in the world—whose power, although it has more than once been cut down, has risen to life again, and seems now, some think, as fresh and vigorous as ever. Jesuitism is the most complete expression of the principle of authority in matters of opinion. As such it has gathered to itself most of the faith and genius of the Roman system; and if the principles of authority and of freedom cannot be harmonised in the progress of society, but are destined to still further conflicts, it is in Jesuitism doubtless that modern freedom will find its constant and most powerful enemy. Let us hope that there may be some higher conciliation than we have yet reached for these great principles in the future, and that the self-devotion of Jesuitism and the cardinal virtue of obedience may be saved to the world without the sacrifice of the yet nobler enthusiasm for liberty and the rarer glory of spontaneous virtue with which it encircles Humanity.

J. TULLOCH.

SAINT MODAN OF ROSNEATH.

UPON the whole, it appears not unreasonable to adhere to the tradition which classes Modan, not among those Teutonic or Latin emissaries who, during the forty or fifty years which followed the conference of Whitby, came northward full of enthusiasm for the authority of Rome, the Nicæan Easter, the circular tonsure, and episcopal rule, but among those earlier missionaries of Celtic blood who were the comrades or disciples of Columba, and to whom the monastery of Iona was "the centre of ecclesiastical government and of religious enterprise," to whom the abbot was above the bishop, who shaved their heads, not on the crown, but in a narrow streak from ear to ear, and who

commemorated the resurrection on a day of their own between the 14th and 20th of the paschal moon.

It is hardly possible, however, to determine the exact date of Modan's life and work. Adam King, whose authority stands high, in his "Calendar" (which forms part of a little rare volume, his translation of the Catechism of Canisius), assigns him the date 507—"St. Modane, Abbot in Scotland, under King Conranus, 507." Camerarius names his date as 522, but (with what Dean Reeves calls "characteristic boldness") describes him as "Abbot of Dryburgh," an assertion accepted and reiterated, "with circumstances," by Alban Butler, who informs us that Modan

was raised to the abbacy against his will, and that his "firm inflexible rule was tempered with the most winning sweetness and charity." But Dryburgh, which was a house of the Praemonstratensians, was not founded till the days of the "Sair Sanct" David I.; and the "Chronicle of Melrose" bears that "Roger was made the first abbot, 13th Decr., 1152." Whatever dress Modan wore, it was not the white cassock and bonnet, short white cloak, and red shoes of the Abbot of Dryburgh. But the ecclesiastical chroniclers were much given to copying each other, and to amplifying the slightest hint that redounded to the honour of a favourite saint or martyr, to say nothing of a tendency to invent when facts failed them. Thus Camerarius not only appoints Modan Abbot of Dryburgh, but relates what hours he daily gave to prayer, his castigation of his body, his humility of mind, his rule so wisely exercised that "never with him, as too often happens, did gentleness slide into laxity, or firmness into rigour." Thus, too, Dempster alleges that he wrote a great many books (as Dempster doubtless thought became an abbot), of which "only three, concerning the office of a bishop, survive." "Dempster," says the Bollandist editor, "appears to think it a disgrace if any of these old saints be not described as not only eminent in doctrine, but also in successful authorship." The fact is, that Camerarius, Dempster, Lesley (Bishop of Ross), Conaëus, and their brethren, derive the outline of much of their histories from Hector Boece, and fill in the body of the picture at their own hand. They may refer to various authorities, but it does not always follow either that the references are genuine or the authorities, such as they are, adhered to. Camerarius, for example, quotes the "Chronicles of Scone," as giving an account of Modan; these chronicles being simply a MS. of Fordun's chronicle (with local interpolations), the only copy of which now in print contains no reference to Modan; apropos of which, says Mr. Skene, in a letter with which he has kindly favoured me, "both Camerarius and Dempster are open to the remark that it does not follow, because they refer to an authority, that they really had any such authority to refer to." Boece's own reference to Modan is as follows, in the 5th chapter of his 10th book: "King Achaius had his realm in good peace, and deceased the 32nd year of his reign, from our redemption 819 years, and was buried in Colmekill. Among us were, in those days, Gervadius, Glaciane, Modane, and Medane, great doctors and men of singular erudition;" a statement copied by Lesley, with

the amplification that Modan and Medan were brother monks, although in a previous section of his work ("De Origine, Moribus, &c., Scotorum"), Book IV. 45, in treating of the reign of Conranus, he says, "At this time, A.D. 501, there flourished Colman, Priscus, Medan, and Modan, bishops and confessors." But no one, as Mr. Hill Burton has proved—if it required proof—need take Boece or the chroniclers as safe guides in chronology.

We are not definitely helped by anything we can learn from Irish sources. In the Irish "Festilogia" there are two Modans, both saints of rare sanctity: the one Abbot of Kilmodain, and Bishop of Carnfurbuidhe, whose day in the Calendar is 6th March; the other Bishop of Airegal-Muodain, whose day is 30th August: one of them, if not both, of the sixth century; neither of whom, says Colgan, can be identified with our Modan, though they show the name not to have been an uncommon one in Ireland. Strangely enough, the same Colgan is said to have conjectured that Modan might be identified with a certain Mudan, at whose monastery Columba called when on his way, in 561, from Culdrevny in Sligo to Cruimther Fraech's monastery in Leitrim; although this Mudan, according to the only legend of him I can find in Colgan, exhibited a character on this occasion the reverse of saintly. The story is that he turned Columba and the twelve companions who were travelling with him into a dirty barn, and though it was Friday gave them nothing for supper but the carcase of a pig, not even scraped, and to aid their cookery only a bundle of wet wands and a broken kettle. "This," said Columba, "is done in scorn, but heed it not; go on with your cooking." Whereupon his followers lighted the wands and put on the kettle. There was a hole in it, but Columba, "in the name of God and Fraech his servant," bade them stop it with straw. The pig was cut up and put into the kettle; and when after due boiling it was taken out, lo! it had turned from pork into a goodly kettle of fish, fit for the repast of a saint upon a Friday. On leaving the place next morning, Columba foretold that a spot so inhospitable would in future be the abode, not of clergy, but of beasts of prey. Colgan surely could never see any trace of Modan here.

The idea of Dean Reeves is probably correct. "My belief is," says that most illustrious of Irish archaeologists, to whom I am deeply indebted for a valuable letter on the subject of Modan, "that the saint was an Irish missionary; and that he is not received in the Irish calendars, at least, under this name,

because he withdrew from his native country ; while the Scotch writers know nothing of his history because he was a stranger." As the chief immigration of Irish missionaries took place during the life-time of the generation which witnessed the coming of Columba to Iona, in the year 563, we may with tolerable certainty assign Modan to the sixth century.

Towards the close of that century, Scotland, shaggy with forests that have long decayed, wild with undrained swamp and heathy moor, was divided (speaking roughly) into the kingdom of Northumbria on the east, of the Northern Picts beyond the Grampians, of the Dalriadic Scots in the West Highlands, and of the Britons of Strathclyde, whose king dwelt on Dunbarton Rock. Traces of Ninian's mission lingered in the south and west. Other definite indications of the presence of Christianity it was difficult to find until Kentigern, under the protection of the King of Strathclyde, built his wooden church beside the cemetery which Ninian had consecrated more than a hundred years before, on that brae overlooking the Molen-dinar where now stands the cathedral of Glasgow. Into all the regions of the Picts, "beyond the back of Britain," and of the Dalriads, in what is now Argyll, the founder of Iona or his followers made their way ; nor are traces of them lacking in Strathclyde. Columba himself, we know, journeyed from Iona to Glasgow to meet the aged Kentigern, who from a different centre had carried on a work as sacred as his own. Among the friends or disciples of Columba we picture Modan, a youthful Irish missionary, setting forth from Iona to the mainland, to win for Christ some part of that kingdom of darkness which lay beyond the rampart of Benmore and the double summit of Cruachan. His first *point-d'appui* was on Loch Etive side. From thence he could readily make his way, by the ferry of Connel on the one side, or by that of Shean on the other, to the straths and shores of Lorne, Appin, and Morven ; while the Pass of Brander, giving access to Loch Awe, opened to him the country above and around Inverary. He dwelt by Loch Etive long enough to establish his chapel and sanctuary in the reverence of the neighbouring tribe, and then travelled onward by Loch Awe, across Loch Fyne (more probably than round its head, for Columba's followers were expert sailors in their coracles of wicker and skin), to Strachur, whence he could go down the glen to Loch Riddan. Here he found a new centre from which he could approach, with

ease, the district of Cowal and the islands of the Firth of Clyde—Bute overtopped by Arran filling up the background as he looked down the loch, past the little isle of Eilangreg, long afterwards associated with the ill-starred expedition of the Earl of Argyll. Here, too, he imprinted his name on the place of his abode, and then fared onwards, "for ever roaming with a hungry heart," and yearning to illumine the dark glens with the light of Christ. Going by land along the shores of the Kyles, of Loch Striven, and of the Clyde, until he crossed Loch Long, or all the way in his coracle upon the waters, the journey to Rosneath was not a lengthy one, though rough and possibly perilous. Here, on the hilly peninsula between the Gairloch and Loch Long, he next erected his tabernacle—probably, as we have already said, in or near the Clachan Glen above the church, whence in the morning he could watch the sun striking the grim summit of Alclud, the stronghold of the Britons ; and in the evening see it tinge with gold and purple the rugged screen of Highland hills, on which the race of Diarmid had not yet laid their tenacious grasp, and behind whose wild barrier lay the "broad waters of the west" and the sacred home of Iona. But there were yet farther realms to penetrate. As he looked out on the world from Rosneath, he saw before him a choice of either of two missionary enterprises : the one across the Clyde into the kingdom to which the river gave its name ; the other past Dunbarton and Loch Lomond, into the valley of the Endrick, and on until he should see "the links of Forth." He chose the latter, no doubt knowing that Kentigern had already preached the cross through all the bounds of Clydesdale, and desiring to find an untried field.

We know nothing of the actual stages of his progress ; but we know that he evangelized the whole country as far east as Falkirk, and that in after ages the church of that town and the High Church of Stirling were dedicated in grateful remembrance of his name.

In these journeys and missions a long life was spent. Latterly he gave himself, with ever-increasing zeal, to the evangelization of these Lowland districts, and only retired to his earlier haunts, from time to time, for quiet and repose. The journey to Loch Etive became at last too fatiguing, and he could draw no nearer to the West Highlands than Rosneath. Thither it was his wont to betake himself for meditation, and to restore his strength by peaceful communion with God and nature. There, at last, worn out

with many labours, *obdormivit in Domino*, he fell asleep in the Lord. Doubtless grateful disciples soothed his dying hours, and the band of companions or followers who had gathered round him, and over whom he had ruled as abbot, received his last blessing, and laid him in his tomb with prayers.

The Breviary of Aberdeen—that great storehouse of Scottish hagiology—under the date February 4, has six lessons on St. Modan. The lessons were edifying portions of the lives of saints meant to be read aloud in the refectory; or, epitomized, formed the three

lessons of the second nocturn, and were inserted in the Breviary. Those for 4th February are somewhat as follows:—

Lect. 1. The venerable father Modan was the revered and most religious father of many monks. From the very beginning of his life he passed his days under the monastic rule and habit, in poverty, chastity, and obedience; as a faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ, continually warring against the devil, the flesh, and the fleeting world, with the armour of faith, virtue, and righteousness. Armed with these he followed



Rosneath Churchyard.

Christ and His apostles in the preaching of the word with manifest signs following.

Lect. 2. Casting aside riches, royal descent, and earthly possessions, he clothed himself in the lowly cowl, that he might become the heir of Christ, in frugality and sparingness of food subduing his lower nature, content with bread and water, never using wine or flesh, but only herbs and draughts from the spring. By thus appeasing his hunger and thirst he so brought his body under, that he became a warrior of religion

and a model of life in the ways of truth, virtue, and holiness.

Lect. 3. To how many wanderers from the light of faith did the blessed Modan restore their lost sight! How many ears, deaf and stopped up through the obduracy of unbelief, did he open to hear the voice of the Divine commands! How many transgressors, long bound in the chains of sin, did he so awaken by the ministry of the word of life that they repented and believed, and were moved by the power of God, working through him, to renounce their evil ways!

Lect. 4. Rightly, therefore, on this man, holy and dear to God, was bestowed the name of Modanus, as if *modos odens vanos*—hating evil and vain customs, or having those that are angelic, for what he lacked of heavenly grace he obtained by his prayers. By the gravity of his manners and the austerity of his life all could see the purity and modesty of his character. And he so tamed the external senses, which have been termed the windows of death, that he never experienced the irregular motions of sin.

Lect. 5. For truly he closed these windows with the bars of Divine fear and love, and by chastity banished sensuality from the hearts of many of the sons of iniquity. He cast down anger by patience; he extinguished envy by love; he prostrated pride before humility; he overcame sloth by diligence in watching and prayer, and subdued every vice by its opposite virtue. So much so that the whole Scotie race which dwelt on the west side of the river of Forth, or Scottish Sea, and at Falkirk, became imbued with his doctrine.

Lect. 6. When the aforesaid race of the Scoti had been converted to the inviolate faith of Christ, by the merits, miracles, and preachings of the blessed Modan, and the disciples who accompanied him, the saint, worn out with excessive labours and Divine studies for the salvation of that race and of himself, was so exhausted that he could scarcely walk, although still active in mind and ready to preach. Wherefore he retired to more secret places near the ocean of Scotia, not far from Dunbarton and Lochgarloch, in a spot sequestered from man by the sea and the surrounding mountains. After many wonderful miracles he fell asleep in the Lord, in the place where the parish church of Rosneath stands, dedicated to his honour. His most sacred relics rest in a certain chapel of the cemetery of the same church, and are held in the highest veneration."

There is in all this a good deal of what Dean Reeves calls "hagiological platitude." The austerity, chastity, self-discipline and indefatigable evangelism were favourite attributes with the chroniclers of the early saints. Yet enough that is individual remains, after all fair deductions, to show that Modan's career was noble and his memory justly revered.

In a beautiful passage of the story of Kentigern, contributed by Principal Shairp to GOOD WORDS, in the first year of the magazine's existence, the author says, "As we stand amid the venerable gloom of that dim crypt, and look, here on the grave of Mungo, there on the unlettered stone that hides

Edward Irving, do we not feel that the fire which glowed in the apostle of Strath Clyde burned on in the great preacher of our own age; and that we, though living in so changed a world and looking forth on all things with so different eyes, are yet knit to all the Christian people of those early ages, their spiritual descendants, heirs of the faith in which they lived and died?" The same feeling is inseparable from the thought of Modan's grave. The flame of faith he kindled has never died out; and in the place where he was laid down to rest has burned with no common brightness, within living memory. One association with the "God's Acre" which holds the ashes of the saint of the sixth century is dear to many that have known the saint of the nineteenth, who lies there too;—also a Celt and an evangelist, who like Modan first preached the word of life within view of Benmore, and after many faithful ministerings, and a good fight fought, chose Rosneath as the quiet haven in which he should end his days. Close to the spot where Modan's dust ages ago made the grass grow greener, and where his long-lost relics were once enshrined, a granite cross, such as the missionary of Iona may have looked on within the sacred island, marks the grave of John Macleod Campbell.

One, whose lot it is to form the most recent link in that chain of Christian ministry, of which the disciple of Columba formed the first, may hope to be pardoned for the attempt to recall the memory of his predecessor's faith and zeal, and to gather into such clearness as is now possible the rays of light that yet shine, though faintly, round the name of Saint Modan of Rosneath.

R. H. S.

[Since the publication of the first part of this paper, I have been favoured by the Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., minister of Kilmallie, with an interesting letter on the subject of Modan, in which he says: "The saint's well was resorted to by the sick within the last sixty years, and many offerings were left beside it. If one may judge from the value of these, however, neither the faith nor the gratitude of the votaries could have been very strong. I never heard of more than a copper coin having been left there, and that sometimes the least that could be got, a halfpenny, or even a farthing. There was a bell called Clag buidhe Bhaile Mhaodain—the yellow bell of Baile Mhaodain—which was held in higher veneration for great curative powers than even the well. As a matter of very special favour it was sometimes allowed to be carried to the sick in other parishes; and if, after accomplishing its benevolent errand, it was not immediately carried back, it would take the matter into its own hands and fly through the air to its home, all the while ringing out the most melodious music ever heard by mortal ear. I remember conversing with old people who believed as firmly as possible that boatmen on Loch Etive often heard the clag buidhe singing its saintly tunes in the sky above them as it returned to its home. I never heard what became of this tuneless yellow bell. The old parochial church of Ardgour (Argyll) was Cille-Mhaodan, Kilmodan. Scarce any remains of the church can be traced, but the burial ground is still used." The fact of this, the third dedication to Modan in Argyllshire, confirms the idea that his memory left its strongest impressions in that region, and that these became fainter in proportion to the distance from Iona.]

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

PART V.

IT will be necessary for our purpose to follow in outline the events of our Lord's ministry as a consecutive narrative; and if I do so without calling your attention to the endless difficulties and questions which have been raised as to the occurrence and sequence of many of those events, it is not because I wish to ignore them myself, or to lead you away from the examination of them. In our time, which is, perhaps, before all things an age of criticism, much has been done towards the creation of a science of history, and therefore of a science of religion, which is the highest part of history. We have discovered, or at any rate have done much to perfect, the use of new and searching methods of investigation, and have applied, and are applying, these to every department of human knowledge and human life. It was not to be expected, or indeed to be wished, that the new criticism should pause before that history, or the books containing it, which our forefathers held too sacred to be looked upon or treated as ordinary history. It has not paused, and, while respecting our fathers' reverent feeling for the books which have done so much for our nation and for the world, we may rejoice that it has not; and that friend and foe in this generation have been alike busy in turning all the light which recent research has placed within their reach upon the story of our Lord's ministry, and the gospel narratives in which it is contained. We English were in danger of idolatry in this matter—of putting the Book in the place of Him of whom it testifies—and it is well for us that we have been shaken, however roughly, out of a habit which fostered unreality in the very centre of our lives. We were inclined to claim for Christ's religion and for its evidences immunities which neither He nor His apostles ever claimed. That position has been abandoned, and the best representatives of every school of religious thought amongst us (so far as I am aware) now challenge the freest inquiry, and lend their own aid in carrying it on. And amongst the first and not least formidable difficulties which have met them has been that of harmonizing the writings of the four evangelists so as to make the several narratives fit into one continuous whole. Whether it is possible that this can ever be done com-

pletely in the absence of the discovery of new evidence, which there is no reason to look for, seems to be very doubtful; at any rate it has not been accomplished hitherto. But the general outline comes out clearly enough, and this is at any rate all we need in order to pursue our particular inquiry satisfactorily. Turning, then, to the point at which we have arrived, we shall find ourselves at once met by questions of detail as to our Lord's return from the wilderness after His temptation. Whether He returned to the scene of John's baptism on the Jordan, and remained there for some days, or went straight back into Galilee from the desert; whether He commenced his active ministry at once, or even yet postponed it until John had been put in prison—are questions about which there is as yet no general concurrence of opinion. You may each of you judge for yourselves of the difficulties by comparing the passages in the four Gospels which relate to this period (Matt. iv. 12, 17, 18; Mark i. 14 to 22; Luke iv. 14 to 29; John i. 29 to 51).

Taking this warning with us, we need trouble no further about the harmonies. Indeed, for our purpose, they are of very little consequence, for, take the narrative how we will, it divides itself beyond all question into several distinct and clearly marked periods. The first of these is that between the temptation and the formal opening of Christ's ministry in Galilee, marked by his first great discourse, the Sermon on the Mount, and the public selection of the twelve apostles from the body of his followers for special and continuous service. This period extends at most over a few months, or more probably weeks, beginning a few days before the feast of the Passover, and ending in the early summer at the time, not (so far as I am aware) exactly ascertained, when Herod Antipas seized John the Baptist and put him in prison. We must run through it shortly, noting the principal events, and then applying our test to such of them as seem to come within its scope.

The temptation over, Christ appears to have returned by Bethabara on his way to His Galilean home. The crowds were still pressing to John's baptism, and a group of the most earnest amongst them had already gathered round the Baptist, and were attaching themselves to his person, as the sons of the prophets round Elisha, the apostles

round Christ himself, the companions of Medina round Mohammed. To two of these John points out Christ as the Son of God, of whom he was sent to bear record. They follow Him, spend a few hours of the afternoon with Him, and recognise Him as the Messiah. One of them, Andrew, brings his brother Simon Peter to Christ. He Himself calls Philip, who in his turn brings his friend Nathanael. With these five Christ starts for his home in Galilee. These earliest followers, we may note, are almost certainly of the twelve apostles. As to Andrew, Simon Peter, and Philip, who are expressly named, there is no question; and there is good reason to believe that the companion of Andrew, whose name is not given, was John, the son of Zebedee, and that Nathanael was the apostle Bartholomew, whose name is constantly coupled in the Gospels with that of Philip. Nathanael was of Cana of Galilee, of what trade we do not know; the other four were of Bethsaida, a suburb of Capernaum, fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. They accompany Christ to Cana, Nathanael's home, where they meet Christ's mother, and are present at the marriage feast, at which his first miracle is wrought. From thence they follow Him to Capernaum, and some of them go on with Him to Jerusalem to the Passover, at which He drives out the cattle-dealers from the outer court of the temple, and overthrows the tables of the money-changers. This act fixes the attention of all Jerusalem upon Him, and brings Him at once under the notice of the Sanhedrim. One of these rulers, a Pharisee, seeks an interview with Him by night. He commits Himself neither to the mob nor the nobles. After the feast He remains for some time in the northern part of Judæa, where His fame attracts followers, whom His disciples baptize. He then passes through Samaria, stopping two days in the city of that name, and preaching there. They then pass on into Galilee, and while the disciples apparently go for the time to their own homes and pursuits, He returns to Nazareth to begin His formal ministry amongst those who had known Him from His childhood. They turn upon Him in the middle of His first discourse, and attempt to murder Him. He leaves His old home for the neighbouring village of Cana, where He is found by the ruler whose son is sick at Capernaum. He heals the child, and follows the father to that city, where He hears of the imprisonment of the Baptist, and at once enters on the second stage of His public career.

And now, following the narrative step by step so far, see if you can find any trace in it of a failure in courage, even for a moment. In the first place you will find generally that there is no wavering or hesitation at any point. The time for these is past, and, the call once recognised and accepted, there is no shrinking, or looking round, or going back. The strain and burthen of a great message of deliverance to men has again and again found the weak places in the faith and courage of the most devoted and heroic of those to whom it has been entrusted. Moses pleads under its pressure that another may be sent in his place (Exod. iv. 13), asks despairingly, "Why hast Thou sent me?" (Exod. v. 22.) Elijah prays for death. Mohammed passes years of despondency and hesitation under the sneers of those who scoff, "There goeth the son of Abdallah, who hath his converse with God!" Such shrinkings and doubtings enlist our sympathy, make us feel the tie of a common humanity which binds us to such men; but no one, I suppose, will maintain that perfect manliness would not suppress at any rate the open expression of any such feelings. The man who has to lead a great revolution should keep all misgivings to himself, and the weight of them so kept must often prove the sorest part of his burthen.

But let us pass on to the particular events of this period. As to many of them the question of whether they are courageous or not, perhaps, does not arise, except in so far as it arises on every act in our lives, each of which may, and indeed must, be done either manfully with perfect directness, or unmanfully with more or less adroitness. The man whose yea is yea and his nay nay is, we all confess, the most courageous, whether or no he may be the most successful, in daily life; and He who gave the precept has left us the most perfect example of how to live up to it. And this quality shines out at once in these early conversations with Nathanael, Nicodemus, and the woman of Samaria, as much as in the discourses of his later years.

Before considering them we may glance at the purification of the temple, an act which at any rate should satisfy those who think courage best proved by physical daring. At this time, we must remember, He had no following, such as the crowd that swept after Him on Palm Sunday, three years later, into the temple courts. But leaving the act to speak for itself, look at the rare courage of the speech by which that act is justified when it is challenged. He, not even a Levite, a

mere peasant from a despised province, had presumed to exercise authority in the temple precincts. Jerusalem was full of worse idolatries, but the idolatry of the temple buildings was, perhaps, the strongest. The Jews seem to have regarded it as Christians have sometimes regarded the visible Church, or the Bible—as an object of worship; to have thought that if it perished God Himself would perish. And so Christ's answer goes straight to the root of their idolatry. His words were not understood by them, or even by His own disciples, in their full meaning—that His body, and the body of every man, is the true temple of God. But they understood enough of them to see that He had no superstition about these splendid buildings of theirs, and was trying to lift them above local and national prejudices, and those who would not be lifted brooded over them till their day of vengeance came.

But there were those on whom the daring acts and words of Christ were already taking hold. Many of those who had come up to the Passover believed in Him, some even amongst the rulers. One of these we hear more of at once.

Nicodemus, we must remember, was a leading member of the Sanhedrim, a representative of that section of the rulers who, like the rest of the nation, were expecting a deliverer, a king who should prevail against the Cæsar. They had sent to the Baptist, and had heard of his testimony to this young Galilean, who had now come to Jerusalem, and was showing signs of a power which they could not but acknowledge. For had He not cleansed the temple, which, notwithstanding their pretended reverence for it, they had allowed to be turned into a shambles and an exchange? They saw that a part of the people were ready to gather to Him, and that He had refused to commit Himself to them (John ii. 23). This, then, was no leader of a popular party or faction. Nicodemus was evidently induced to doubt whether He might not prove to be the king they were looking for, as the Baptist had declared. At any rate he would see for himself. And so he comes to Christ, and hears directly from Him that He has indeed come to set up a kingdom, but that it is no visible kingdom like the Cæsar's, but a kingdom over men's spirits, one which rulers as well as peasants must become new men before they can enter—that a light has come into the world, and "he that doeth truth cometh to that light." From beginning to end not a word to catch this ruler, or those he repre-

sented; no balancing with words or playing with plausible religious shibboleths, with which Nicodemus would be familiar, and which would please and, perchance, reconcile the powerful persons he represented. There is no severer test of manliness than our own behaviour to powerful persons whose aid would advance the cause we have at heart. We know from the later records that the interview of that night had made a deep impression on the ruler, but for the present he shrinks back and disappears, leaving the strange young peasant to go on His way.

The same splendid directness and incisiveness characterize His teaching at Samaria. There, again, He attacks at once the most cherished local traditions, showing that the place of worship matters nothing, the object of worship everything. That object is a Father of men's spirits, who wills that all men should know and worship Him, but can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He is Himself the Messiah, who has come from the Father to give them this spirit of truth in their own hearts. The Jews at Jerusalem had been clamouring round Him for signs of His claim to speak such words, and in the next few days His own people would be crying out for His blood when they heard them. These Samaritans hear and recognise the message and the messenger. The seed is sown, and He passes on, never to return and garner the harvest; deliberately preferring the hard, priest-ridden lake cities of the Jews as the centre of His ministry—the decision, interpret it as we will, of no soft or timid preacher.

This first period fitly closes with the scene at Nazareth. Here He returns while the reports of His doings at the feast at Jerusalem are fresh in the minds of His family and fellow-townsmen. They are excited and divided as to Him. A thousand reasons would occur for speaking soft things, at such a moment, for accommodating His teaching here at any rate to the wants and tastes of His hearers, so as to keep a safe and friendly asylum at Nazareth, amongst the scenes and people He had loved from childhood. It is clear that some of His family, if not His mother herself, were already seriously alarmed and displeased, and disliked what they had heard of His teaching at Jerusalem and on His way home, which they felt would bring Him to ruin, in which they might be involved. He must have seen and conversed with them before the scene in the synagogue, and have had then to endure the bitter pain of alienating those whom He loved and respected,

and had reason to love and respect, but who cannot for the time rise out of the conventional respectable way of looking at things. To stand by what our conscience witnesses for as truth, through evil and good report, even against all opposition of those we love, and of those whose judgment we respect, and should in many things prefer to follow, to cut one's self deliberately off from their love and sympathy and respect, is surely one of the most severe trials which men have to face. A man has need to feel at such times that the spirit of the Lord is upon him in some measure, as it was upon Christ when he rose in the synagogue of Nazareth, and selecting the passage of Isaiah which speaks most directly of the Messiah, claims that title for Himself, and tells them that to-day this prophecy is fulfilled in Him. The fierce, hard, Jewish spirit is at once roused to fury: they would kill Him then and there, and so settle His claims, if they could and dared. He passes through them, and away from the quiet home where He had been brought up—alone it would seem, so far as man could make Him so, and homeless for the remainder of His life; yet not alone, for His Father is with Him; nor homeless, for He has the only home of which man can be sure, the home of His own heart shared with the spirit of God.

PART VI.

"What is it that ye came to note?
A young man preaching from a boat,"

A. CLOUGH.

THE second period of our Lord's ministry is one, in the main, of joyful progress and triumph, in which the test of true manliness must be more subtle than when the surroundings are hostile. It consists at such times in the careful watchfulness not to give wrong impressions, not to mislead those who are touched by enthusiasm, conscious of new life, grateful to Him who has kindled that life in them. It is then that the temptation to be all things to all men in a wrong sense, to adapt and accommodate teaching and life to a lower standard in order to maintain a hold upon the masses of average men and women who have been moved by the words of lips touched by fire from the altar of God, has generally proved too much for the best and strongest of the world's great reformers. It is scarcely necessary to labour this point, which would, I think, be sorrowfully admitted by those who have studied most lovingly and carefully the lives of such men for instance as Savonarola, or Wesley. If you will refer to a recent and valuable work on

the life of a greater than either of these, Mr. Bosworth Smith's "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" (p. 91, &c.), you will find there perhaps the best illustration which I can give you of this sad experience. When Mohammed returns from Medina, sweeping at last all enemies out of his path as the prophet of a new faith, and the leader of an awakened and repentant people, his biographer pauses to notice the lowering of the standard both in his life and teaching. Power, he pleads, brings with it new temptations and new failures. The more thoroughly a man is carried away by his inspiration, and convinced of the truth and goodness of his cause and his message, the more likely he is to forget the means in the end, and to allow the end to justify whatever means seem to lead to its triumph. He must maintain as he can, and by any means, his power over the motley mass of followers that his mission has gathered round him, and will be apt to aim rather at what will hold them than what will satisfy the highest promptings of his own conscience. We may allow the plea in such cases, though with sorrow and humiliation. But the more minutely we examine the life of Christ, the more we shall feel that here there is no place for it, shall be impressed with the entire absence of any such bending to expediency, or forgetting the means in the end. He never accommodates His life or teaching to any standard but the highest, never lowers or relaxes that standard by a shade or a hair's-breadth to make the road easy to rich or powerful questioners, or to uphold the spirit of His followers when they are startled and uneasy as they begin half blindly to recognise what spirit they are of. This unbending truthfulness is, then, what we have chiefly to look for in this period, questioning each act and word in turn whether there is any swerving in it from the highest ideal.

It is not easy to mark off distinctly the time over which it extends, but it seems to me to commence with His return to Capernaum, after the healing of the centurion's son, when He hears of the imprisonment of John, and to end with the estrangement of many of His followers by His teaching as to the bread of life, and His final and open rupture with and defiance of the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees, when they change from suspicious and watchful critics into open and avowed enemies, baffled for the moment, but dogging His footsteps and thirsting for His blood. It is upon His relations with them more particularly that we must keep our attention fixed, as it is here, if anywhere,

that we may look for a failure of nerve and truthfulness, and therefore of manliness.

We must gather our connected view of this period from all the narratives, and shall find the beginning most clearly indicated in St. Matthew, in the last part of the 4th chapter, where He recalls to His side Peter and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee—who appear to have left Him for the moment and to have returned to their boats and nets at Bethsaida—and opens His ministry in the lake cities by the Sermon on the Mount. For the end we must go to the 11th chapter of St. Luke (v. 37, &c.), where, in the house of a Pharisee, He speaks the words which madden Pharisees and lawyers into urging Him vehemently to speak of many things, and watching for the words which will enable them to entangle and, as they think, to destroy Him.

First, then, as to the main facts so far as they are necessary for our purposes, we may note that our Lord accepts at once the imprisonment of the Baptist as the final summons to Himself. Gathering, therefore, a few of John's disciples round Him, and welcoming the restless inquiring crowds who had been roused by the voice crying in the wilderness, He stands forward at once to proclaim and explain the nature of that new kingdom of God which has now to be set up in the world. Standing forth alone, on the open hillside, the young Galilean peasant gives forth the great proclamation, which by one effort lifted mankind on to that new and higher ground on which it has been painfully struggling ever since, but on the whole with sure though slow success, to plant itself and maintain sure foothold. In all history there is no parallel to it. It stands there a miracle or sign of God's reign in this world far more wonderful than any of Christ's miracles of healing. Unbelievers have been sneering at and ridiculing it, and Christian doctors paring and explaining it away ever since; but there it stands, as strong and fresh as ever, the calm declaration and witness of what mankind is intended by God to become on this earth of His. As a question of courageous utterance (with which we are here mainly concerned), I would only ask you to read it through once more, bearing in mind who the preacher was—a peasant, already repudiated by His own neighbours and kinsfolk, and suspected by the national rulers and teachers; and who were the hearers—a motley crowd of Jewish peasants and fishermen, Romish legionaries, traders from Damascus, Tyre, and Sidon, and the distant isles of Greece,

with a large sprinkling of publicans, scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers.

The immediate result of the sermon was to bow the hearts of this crowd for the time, so that He was able to choose followers from amongst them much as He would. He takes fishermen and peasants, selecting only two at most from any rank above the lowest, and one of these from a class more hated and despised by the Jews than the poorest peasant. It is plain that He might at first have had apostles from amongst the upper classes had He desired it—as a teacher with any want of courage would surely have done. The only scribe who offers himself is rejected (Matt. viii. 19). The calling of the apostles is followed by a succession of discourses and miracles, which move the people more and more, until, after that of the loaves, the popular enthusiasm rises to the point it had so often reached in the case of other preachers. They are ready to take Him by force and make Him a king (John vi. 15). The apostles apparently encourage this enthusiasm, for which He constrains them into a ship, and sends them away before Him. After rejoining them and rebuking their want of understanding and faith, He returns with them to the multitudes, and at once speaks of Himself as the bread from heaven, in the discourse which offends many of His disciples, who from this time go back and walk no more with Him (John vi. 60). The brief season of triumphant progress is drawing to an end during which He could rejoice in spirit in contemplating the human harvest which He and His disciples seemed to be already successfully garnering.

But even while the prospect was fairest, while the people were surging round Him in the first enthusiasm of their new faith, there had been ominous signs of that antagonism of the rulers which was to end on Calvary, and we have now to glance at the relations of Christ with them during this same period. This antagonism was of gradual growth. In the first instance many of the scribes and Pharisees seem to have followed Him more for the purpose of hearing and watching, than in a spirit of direct hostility. In the Sermon on the Mount He only once alludes to them directly, when He tells His hearers that unless their righteousness should exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, there could be no place for them in the kingdom of which He was now proclaiming the laws. It does not appear that they were alienated by what was then said, for soon afterwards we find Pharisees and doctors of the law

from Jerusalem "and every town of Galilee and Judæa" sitting by while He teaches, "and the power of the Lord was present to heal them" (Luke v. 17). Now, however, they are aroused and startled by Christ's address to the palsied man—"Thy sins are forgiven thee." The cure of the man silences them for the moment. They are filled with fear and glorify God, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day" (v. 26). But Christ's next act again rouses their jealousy afresh. He has not called any of them to His side; that, probably, they would have deemed presumption. They are waiting and watching; thinking, doubtless, that their presence gave a sanction and respectability to the young teacher, which He, and the crowds who came to hear and be healed, would learn to appreciate. Meantime it might restrain Him and them from rash acts and words, which would ruin a national movement that might possibly be hereafter guided to the advantage of Israel. But now Christ singles out Levi the publican, calls him as an apostle, and goes to his house to feast with a large company of publicans. The great men remonstrate angrily; such an act outrages all their notions of the orthodox conduct of a prophet. Christ replies simply that He has come to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance.

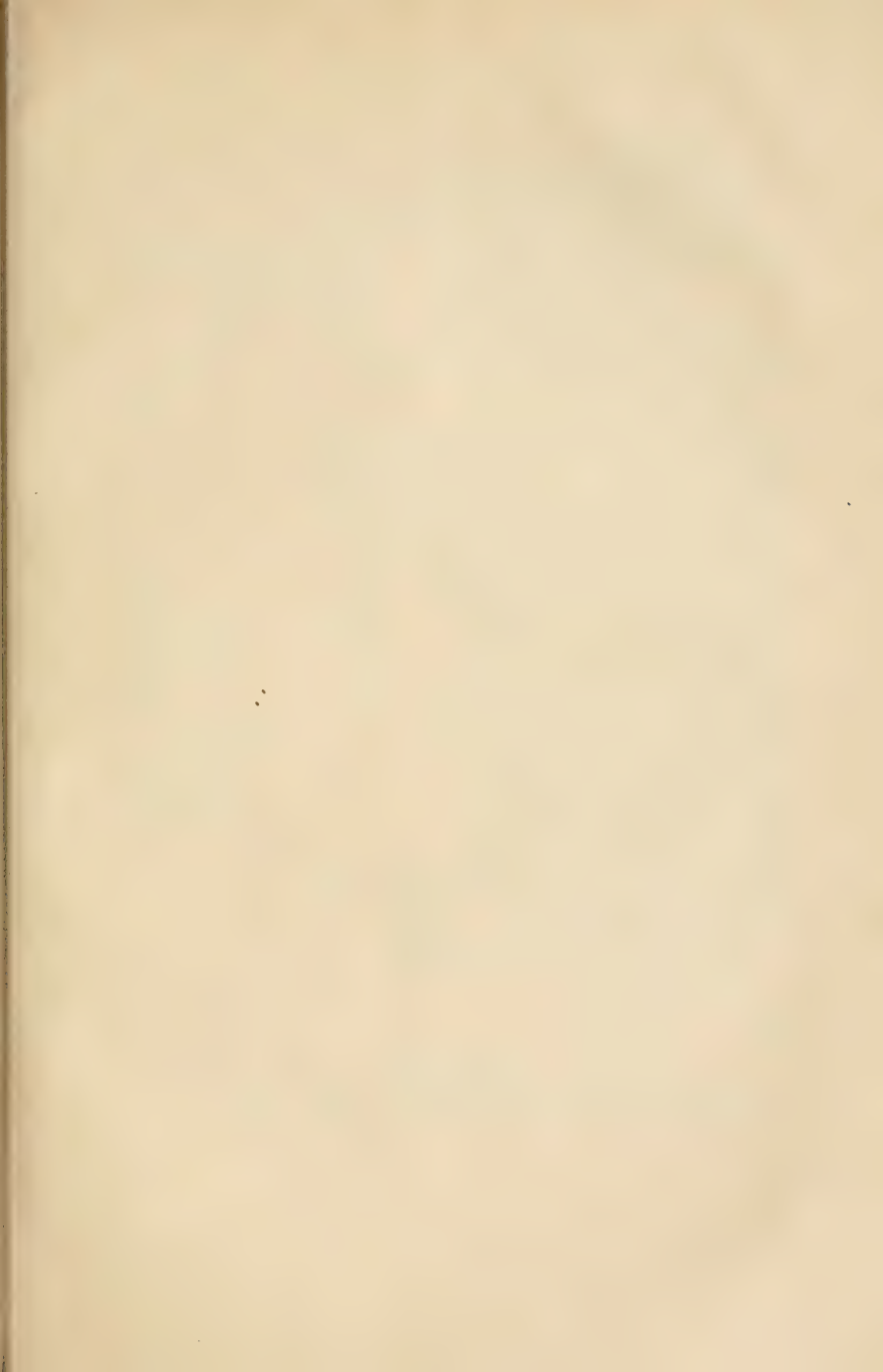
A few days later an even more serious question is raised between them. On a Sabbath day His disciples pluck and eat the corn, and Christ justifies them. On the next Sabbath, while they are watching Him, He heals a man, with the obvious purpose of offending them, and claims to be Lord of the Sabbath, as He had claimed power to forgive sins. They begin to be filled with madness, and communed what they might do to Him (Luke vi. 11). Still, however, the breach is not final. They have not abandoned the hope of using the young preacher and prophet for their purposes. Simon invites Him to his house, and, though neglecting the usual courtesies of an entertainer (as out of place in the case of a peasant) is evidently not treacherous in the invitation. He might well flatter himself on his freedom from class prejudices, and feel that such condescension would have a good effect on his guest, and might lead Him to rely on and consult persons moving in the upper ranks of Jewish society as to His future course. The story of the woman, a sinner, who gets into the room and anoints Christ's feet (Luke vii. 36), and the use which He makes of the incident

—to bring home to Simon's mind, with the most exquisite temper and courtesy, but with the most faithful firmness, his shortcomings as a host, and his want of true insight as a man—are amongst the finest illustrations we have of His method with the great and powerful of His nation. Before leaving the house He reasserts His power to forgive sins.

We must now follow Him to Jerusalem, to which He goes up to one of the feasts, and at the head-quarters of the scribes and Pharisees deliberately raises afresh the burning questions which He had left rankling in the minds of the provincial hierarchy. He heals the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath day, and sends him through the streets carrying his bed. Challenged to defend Himself (probably before the Sanhedrim), He claims, more explicitly than ever before, that God is His Father, and hath given Him not only power to do mighty works, but "authority to execute judgment;" that their own scriptures testify of Him, who can give them life if they will come to Him for it (John v.). Upon which they, naturally enough, seek to slay Him, but He gets back unscathed to Galilee, and then follows the scene which I have referred to as the end of this period of His ministry.

The Pharisees are now dogging His footsteps wherever He goes, but even yet have not given up the hope of coming to some terms with One whom they cannot help acknowledging to wield a power over the people which has slipped from them. Influenced possibly by a discourse (Luke xi. 29) in which He upbraids the people as an evil generation, without specially alluding, as was so often His custom, to the people's leaders and teachers as those upon whom the chief guilt rested, they again invite Him into their own circle. But now the time is passed for the kindly courtesy of the feast in Simon's house. The usual means of washing before meat are there, but He rejects them. They express a well-bred astonishment, and then follows that scathing denunciation of their hypocrisies and tyrannies, of their "inward parts full of ravening wickedness" (Luke xi. 39), which makes the breach final and irrevocable between the Son of Man and the rulers of Israel.

Thenceforth Christ has more and more to "tread the wine-press alone," amidst bewildered followers and powerful enemies resolved on His destruction, and unscrupulous as to the means by which it must be compassed.





"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORE, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE BRIDAL FEAST.

AS they left the church May would listen to no plan whatever but that of going at once to Southwark, and finding out her uncle and aunt, wherever they might be.

Great was the surprise of Jasper to see the shop open again, and Hatheway lathering the beard of a customer, and smiling, as was his wont, over one of the old tales with which he amused his customers.

The landlord then had relented, thought Jasper; or money had suddenly come in the very nick of time.

Waiting till he saw the shop empty, he and May then presented themselves hand-in-hand, to the barber and to his wife, who was still in tearful joy at the relief they had experienced.

Great was the astonishment and unbounded the pleasure with which the pair were received. After a few explanations and a very tender reception of May by her aunt, which made the bride feel more relieved and peaceful than she had ever been in her life, Hatheway told them of a most welcome event that had happened that day, while he was expecting to be obliged to go out of house and home, and leave behind all he was worth in the world: the lady of quality, the relic of the Scotch banneret, had that morning sent a fresh present of game.

"Now," explained Hatheway, "I was determined not to be done by that rascal of a varlet this time. We wanted a good dinner too much for ourselves, though there didn't seem much chance of cooking it, under the circumstances. Thinking of him made me bold to speak my mind about his mistress, though I knew *that* could do me no good then, when I most wanted it. So says I to him, 'Go and tell your mistress I can't eat no more game without sauce; and if she don't understand that, then say I want the money for that wig, and I mean to have it.'

"The varlet looked as if he had been just ordered off to the gallows, and away he goes; but, to my eternal wonder, by-and-by he brings me the whole amount—six guineas; for, as I never had but one such customer, and as I knew she'd make me wait, I charged her a stiffish price—but then, mind you, I put in the very best materials and labour. Well,

this made me guess the whole story, and I taxed the varlet with it, as if I knew, and he confessed all, and begged my forgiveness. What had he done? Why, kept the money I don't know how long, but came regular every year with the game he was himself to eat! So I paid my rent, and 'Richard's himself again!' as the man in the play says; and here's a bridal feast fit for a king, and so I shall shut up shop to please myself this time, and in honour of May's wedding."

The post that night took two letters for Charlshury—one from Jasper to the Rector, the other from May to her late mistress; and between the two communications the motives that had led to the marriage, and the whole history of Jasper's long struggle with misfortune, came out but too clearly. Of the journey, or the reasons of her secret departure, May said nothing, except a few words of earnest entreaty for kind judgment and forgiveness.

"God help them!" ejaculated the Rector, "for it is, I fear, evident they have no immediate hope or means of life in any other direction."

CHAPTER XVII.—A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

It is the ninth day since that of the bridal; and Jasper has counted each as sadly as it passed without bringing relief, as he now counts the strokes on the great bell of St. Saviour, which also make nine.

He sits in a chamber that is for the most part invisible, except where the cross-beams and side-slopes of the roof seem to advance out of the gloom, which is lighted only by a single oil-lamp on a table in the centre.

The feeble rays fall on a face that looks almost aged, though it has not yet known twenty-one years; a face where pathetic resignation and firm resolve alternate under different moods of thought and feeling.

They fall also on thin fingers handling a piece of wood, which is being prepared for carving, by a wash of white-lead tempered in water, to make a surface for the preliminary drawing. They also dimly illuminate the surface of a drawing on paper, mounted ready to copy from.

For a time the patient sad workman heeds little the poverty of the light: these

mechanical processes being so familiar that he could almost perform them in total darkness.

But when the delicate and all-important work of drawing begins, his eyes are strained by the difficulty of seeing his own pencillings, his soul is tortured by the fear he must fail under such circumstances to develop his conceptions worthily.

In vain he raises the surface of the wood higher and higher; in vain he trims the wick of his lamp. With an angry gesture he at last starts up and exclaims—

"What could even a Cellini do in such a state of things, but hang himself, and punish all posterity by the loss of his intended beneficence in works of incomparable art! And that's just what I have a mind to do." And then his hollow laugh sounded through the place.

However, after pacing up and down the length of his garret, passing into and emerging from obscurity at each turn, he sat down again to his work. And whether it was that he had regained his calmer mood, or that some visual obstruction, due perhaps to the low state of his health, had passed away from his eyes, he found himself rapidly sketching on till his drawing was done.

He scrutinized it narrowly, holding it close to the light till the smoke and smell warned him he was burning the edge of the wood.

The drawing appeared to satisfy; and quickly the gleam of a bright narrow-pointed knife began to flash back the rays of the lamp, and then one tool after another was taken up and laid down again as he found necessary for particular parts of the carving.

Once he paused, as if to lessen the strain upon his mental and bodily eyes, and stretching himself back against his chair, he said aloud—

"Is it not awful to think on what narrow points of time and incident the life of man, and all that makes his life valuable to himself or others, may depend! If this fails me!"

He would not complete the sentence he felt hovering on his lips, but abruptly changed it to—

"Why, then I begin again, of course!"

And with sternly compressed lips he resumed his work; till hearing a sound behind him he turned with a smile to meet May, as he supposed, but saw through the obscurity of the garret a form standing on the threshold, which looked so mysterious that for the moment the morbid nerves gave a false cry of alarm, and Jasper's hair stood on end as he asked himself, What could this

apparition mean at such a time of night? Losing all power of control or judgment, unable to speak or move, he sat staring at the figure, faintly conscious of a speculation, Was this the Evil One coming in his hour of danger to tempt him?

It was the pause that made the whole matter seem supernatural. The visitor was so struck by the picturesque mystery and darkness of the place, and by Jasper's attitude and alarm, that the quiet words of apology and explanation he had been about to utter as he opened the door without noise and entered in were forgotten; and he stood still for a few seconds in silent wonder.

"Pardon me," he said at last, as he advanced nearer to the light, and Jasper was able to make out the lineaments of a fine, thoughtful, and grave face. "Your people down-stairs wanted to take up a message from me; and I fear I have made the maker of periwigs angry by putting him aside, and bringing my own message."

Rising, and recovering from what he felt to be a silly and undignified alarm, Jasper placed his only chair for the visitor, and asked him to sit; wondering all the while what on earth could have induced this person to come in upon him in this way, and so late at night.

The visitor took the chair, either through his unconsciousness there was no other in the place, or as perceiving that fact, and still taking it as his right.

"You are Jasper Deane?" he asked, his keen inquisitive eye fixed on the young carver.

"I am."

"The doer of this?" and he held out to Jasper the demon-head so lately carved and resigned with such grief.

"Yes," said Jasper, more and more surprised.

"By accident I saw this for sale, bought it at a low price, and so guessed the maker of it must have sold it for a still lower one. I then learned your name and address, and came hither straight from the shop. What else have you?"

Jasper showed his crucifix, explaining he had borrowed it from the barber; and the stranger looked at it long and earnestly by such aid as the lamp would give him, making, however, no observation.

"Anything else?" Jasper was beginning to think it was time to set the visitor to answer questions rather than let him go on with these interrogatories relative to his (Jasper's) affairs; but there was something in the

stranger's tone and manner so suggestive of the right to command, without being offensive, that Jasper, after a pause, replied—

"No—nothing worth showing." And then he could not help revealing the pangs of his heart, as he said with simple pathos—

"I have had to part with all since I came here. They have been meat and drink to me."

And then nothing would do but the young carver must explain why he came to London, and how he had acquired his knowledge and "dexterity" in the art.

Jasper was about to relate, as the best beginning he could think of, thus taken unawares, his father's talk with him on that memorable day at the church doors; but he abruptly changed his purpose, seeing that otherwise the whole history of the restoration must come out, and he break his pledged word to Godfrey Trimmer.

So he confined himself to the briefest and curtest explanation: how he had been apprenticed to Godfrey Trimmer, been employed by him on the church doors, and left him to come to London, hearing there was a great field for men of his class in the building and ornamenting of the new St. Paul's.

Something in the stranger's eye at the mention of Godfrey Trimmer made Jasper fancy the name was familiar to him. But with that fancy came back another, which had for some time made the young wood-carver uncomfortable during the talk—this was a certain look, a certain tone running through the questions, and implying—so he thought—doubt and suspicion. Jasper felt such conduct ought to be resented, but no fair opportunity offering, he waited for the issue of this strange nocturnal meeting.

"What is it you have not 'worth showing'?" asked the stranger after a pause, and repeating Jasper's late words with a slightly humorous tone.

"Does any man care to produce that which he has said is not worth inspection?" queried Jasper in return.

The quick eye of the stranger had by this time caught sight of a block of wood on the table; and knowing nothing about it, but determined to learn all he could, he put his hand upon it, saying—

"Is this it?"

Jasper at the same moment put out his hand to hold the carving, feeling angry at the liberty taken, but unable to give way to so natural a feeling, in the overmastering belief that this man must have come for some purpose beneficial to him, Jasper, and that no rudeness was meant.

The stranger easily withdrew the carving from the irresolute fingers that strove to detain it, and took that also close to the light to look at.

His first emotion was a burst of laughter, as he exclaimed—

"What! a sow and her young ones? And the man who did this crucifix could afterwards descend to this! The sublimest height and the most grovelling depths of art brought into juxtaposition! You are a bold man!"

But again he looked at it, and with obvious admiration. And Jasper, instead of the indignant burst that was upon his lips, told him the story of its origin, and the rough farmer's kindness in placing it again in his hands.

"What shall I give you for it?"

"In order that you may destroy so degrading a specimen of the art?" asked Jasper.

"How much? You can make a copy for the farmer."

Jasper owned he could, and named his old price, two guineas.

"I shall give you ten for this and the crucifix. But stop; don't be in a hurry to admire my liberality and laugh in your sleeve at my credulity, for I want you to include in the bargain your help in the recovery of the pieces you have parted with. Get them as cheaply as possible, but on my account. I mean I shall pay for them."

Jasper's heart heaved as he said—

"I shall indeed be happy and proud to be employed on such a mission."

But his sudden delight was as suddenly checked by the stranger's next words, which certainly were calculated to startle him.

"That I think these carvings really good, you know now. But I want to know something else," and his look became penetrating, his voice severe, as he added, "Are they really yours?"

"My property?" gasped Jasper.

"Your soul's property."

"What do you mean? You cannot surely come here to insult one so helpless as I am, and who has never knowingly offended you, never knowingly wronged any man?"

The quivering indignant voice seemed rather to please than annoy the visitor, though he continued to speak in the same sort of way—

"I am told you are one of those ill-advised youths whom no employer can trust; that you claim as your work that which really belongs to others who have entrusted merely portions to you under their guidance; and that, unable to make your claim manfully, you

insinuate it by inscriptions on dark parts of the work that may not be discovered till all the fraud and mischief have had their swing, and when probably the true artist is dead and can no longer expose you. What say you?"

What could Jasper say? Nothing more than give an earnest solemn denial, accompanied with all the signs of his abhorrence of the crime imputed to him.

He did just for a moment feel inclined to go into the whole subject of the church doors; for, if Godfrey Trimmer was thus working in the dark against him, did not that fact relieve him from his engagement? Perhaps.

But would his story be believed, however truly told? Ill in mind and body, faint to exhaustion, almost forgetting the visitor, the hapless youth lost his faith and courage, no longer defended himself, and wished only to be alone. Still it was not without dignity he said—

"If you believe all this, I am perplexed to discover why you came. But I am ill at solving difficult problems. Please then to excuse me; and as to other matters, you will hardly like to buy the carvings under" —

"They are mine. The carvings are good enough. It is not they that are in question, but you."

"And who are you who dares thus to challenge me and my integrity?" burst out Jasper at last with vehemence.

"I should like much to catch your face just now, if you could but hold it still for a few moments. Do try!"

Jasper gazed in speechless wonder on the visitor, who burst out into a laugh; which in a few seconds became infectious, and Jasper laughed too, after an ineffectual attempt at indignant protest by saying—

"Really, this is too ridiculous!"

But he began to understand the stranger was consciously playing a part, in order to be satisfied in his own way. Presently he said to Jasper, with a change of tone—

"It is late. You look ill and worn; you must be careful. London is a place to try the temper of a man when he comes here for the first time, young, and with all the appetites and temperament of the artist nature. But they are the true men who come out of this fiery furnace scathless, like the men who are spoken of in the Book of Daniel. Be careful. Come to breakfast with me to-morrow morning about nine."

He stopped, wrote something on the back of the paper containing Jasper's drawing copy,

turned the paper and examined the drawing, took up the carving that was being executed from it and looked at that, and then left the garret, merely turning on the threshold to say "Good night."

"What a state to be left in!" thought Jasper after the visitor had gone. "If the man's object had been to rouse me, regardless of any pain, any torture he might inflict, he could hardly have succeeded better. But rouse me for what? He has got everything out of me, and told me nothing in return!"

Full of doubt as he was as to the bringings forth of to-morrow, strenuously as he tried to repress all vague imaginings and wild hopes, and to lull the excitement he had been plunged into, he could not but feel as if new blood had entered his veins, a new spirit taken possession of his whole being. His ambition did not simply revive, but appeared literally to leap forth once more into the arena of life—stronger, abler, more self-possessing for its long repression.

After some minutes spent in such ways, guessing this and rejecting that about his visitor, and angry with his folly for engaging in such idle speculations when a few hours would put an end to all doubts, he hurried down to seek May, and relate to her word for word all that had passed.

Such an incident seemed indeed momentous to her. One so ardent, loving, and religious could hardly help feeling inspired by the belief, which Jasper confessed he shared in all humility but in all transport of soul, that Providence itself was answering at last the many and anguished prayers they had sent up to the throne of grace for succour in their hard extremity.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE POT OF FLOWERS.

BEFORE nine next morning Jasper was at the place indicated by the stranger—Shire Lane, Temple Bar. He was to know the right house by the carved canopy over the door which the stranger had mentioned as his guide.

Why had he not given Jasper his name? Could it be mere forgetfulness; or was it due to that suspicion of Jasper that made him keep aloof to a certain extent even while in some aspects so cordial, and which made his words occasionally cut like a whip.

A girl opened the door when he knocked.

"Is—is the gentleman at home?"

"He's not down to breakfast yet," said the girl, taking him into a little parlour, and leaving him there.

The first object that attracted Jasper's eye was a pot of something in a slender tall stand before the window. Going to look at it, he was startled to find a carving in wood of a pot of flowers, so exquisitely delicate in design and execution that the blossoms and their stalks trembled and shook with the movement of a heavy waggon passing outside.

Jasper thought at first his eyes must be deceiving him; that the excitement of his last night was falsifying everything he saw, and making him believe in miracles which would presently resolve themselves into mere commonplace artistic skill and audacity.

But the longer he gazed the deeper his admiration grew of this wonderful work, which the pen of Horace Walpole at a later time was destined to send on to immortality.

There was no other carving in the room, no other object capable of drawing away his thoughts even for an instant from these seemingly fragile flowers, which might almost be expected soon to drop their petals.

And then as he gazed there entered into his soul a feeling almost unknown before—a sense of impotence, a belief that nothing he might do could ever rival this—and so an overwhelming despair as to his fate.

Could it be that he had idly misjudged himself all this while? That, deceived by the artistic vigour and beauty of those old church doors, he, a mere imitator, had learned from them how to accomplish the restoration; and then had gone away with the belief that he was himself an artist—that he too could create?

All the glory of his art seemed to die for him in these few minutes of rapt study of the pot of flowers. He loved art, but he, like us all, loved himself; and art and himself had been one—now they were divorced, and henceforward must be two. The drudgery of the vocation alone was left for him!

But who was the man capable of so fine a thing? These tremulous flowers, making him fear they would fall at the passage of another vehicle, reminded Jasper of the antique tales he had learned at the grammar school of the doings and rivalries of Grecian artists: of the one who had painted flowers to such perfection that the insects came to rifle them of their honey; and of the other, his competitor, who showed a picture with a curtain, and was told to take it away; and then the expectant artist learned there was no curtain—but of paint—and that while he had only deceived the insect, his rival had deceived him.

Was the visitor of last night the maker? If so, what might not grow out of these next

few minutes. Was he, or was he not, fortunate to have lighted on such a man? He could not tell.

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of the stranger, who noted instantly the young man's discomposure of look, without of course suspecting the cause.

Shaking him by the hand, and making him sit down again, for Jasper had risen at the opening of the door, he called for breakfast; and by his genial *bonhomie* softened Jasper's mood, and drove away, one by one, the shadows from the too expressive face.

Seeing how frequently during their meal his eye turned toward the pot of flowers, he said—

"Have you looked at that?"

"Yes," said Jasper.

"Well?"

"It has all but decided me to go home again, and ask Farmer Bunce to employ me in tilling his fields."

"Aha! You'll do, young man, if only you can flatter and carve at the same time. I can't."

Was this meant for severity? Jasper wondered. The remark made him uncomfortable.

The little maid now came in with a letter, and while the host read it Jasper went, as it out of politeness, towards the window, and renewed his study of the pot of flowers.

"Flatter!" yes, that was the word. Surely then it *was* the maker of this carving who sat there behind him; it was such a consummate artist he had to please and satisfy. However, he had best wait and make quietly sure.

Why was he so depressed at the prospect of the ensuing conversation? Had not the stranger come to seek him precisely because of his favourable opinion; and was not that opinion founded entirely on his (Jasper's) own work?

The fact was that he felt quite disenchanted at the loss of his dream of future and lonely excellence. He had in moments of effusion, common to all such temperaments, reared for himself a magnificent temple of fame; and a few steps were to suffice for him to rise to his place of apotheosis. The church doors of Charlbury were to send him with reputation to London. There he would be sure to get a commission from some patriotic nobleman to prepare for him a series of carvings touching on the heroic features of his family history. By that time St. Paul's would be newly built, and he, through his patron, would get the post of chief carver in wood; and then—why, then the rest of his life would be devoted to the service of God and of art, in so decorating the one English cathedral of modern

times that men should come to it centuries later with one thought of the cathedral generally, and another in particular of him and his handiwork, through both having become so famous. Already had he vaguely projected a magnificent series illustrative of the chief events in the life of St. Paul as one of the things he had got to do.

It was like falling bodily from a vast height, this fall that he felt in his spirit, when he saw how egregiously he had been shaping out for his own glorification the very career that this new and mysterious acquaintance might be about to enter on.

"Jasper," said the stranger, and the voice seemed stern, as if in reproof of the thoughts coursing through the young man's brain.

"Yes, sir."

"It's best to be frank with you. I've got here, quite unexpectedly, an unpleasant letter—a particularly unpleasant one! Let me, however, say, before touching on its contents, that when I chanced upon the carving yesterday your name had already reached me in connection with your late master, who has now the management of a number of the men at St. Paul's, and reached me somewhat curiously."

"Would you kindly tell me how?" asked Jasper, thoroughly roused in self-defence.

"I touched on the matter last night, and as I thought and hoped for the last time. I must now speak more plainly. It was said, then, you had done good subsidiary work in repairing the old doors of Charlsbury Church; but that you, an apprentice, had been foolish enough to boast it was all your doing. In consequence of this, so I was told, your master had exposed you, and you had left the place on account of the ridicule and odium you incurred."

Jasper's flashing eyes and storm-threatening face told the speaker what the late apprentice thought of such a story; and his own features relaxed from their hard expression as he said—

"Come, then, tell me all about it."

"No, sir; that I cannot do."

"Cannot! Why?"

"Because I obtained my freedom from Mr. Trimmer by the promise that I would henceforth be silent about the church doors."

"You do not mean that Mr. Trimmer acknowledged the restoration to be yours, while taking the credit of it, and demanding silence from you?"

"No; but I am forbidden to speak, and at any cost to myself I decline to do so."

"Now, Jasper, listen to me. After seeing that carving, and finding who was the carver, I thought it best to seek you out and judge for myself whether you were one of those dangerous inflated youths, such as you had been described to me; and I confess that our talk did much to remove whatever of doubt I had felt."

"But after seeing you, I met Mr. Trimmer at a kind of masonic meeting, instituted by Sir Christopher Wren, and which seems likely to flourish and become perennial in this country, and I told him of the carving I had met with, of our interview, and the appointment for this morning. He looked at me significantly, then whispered in his noisy way of whispering that he would write and send to me early this morning; and ended by the advice that I should wait the receipt of his letter before committing myself to you. Well, here is his letter. Read it."

Jasper took the outstretched sheet, very much as he might have accepted the proffer of an adder in a bag, while obliged politely to ignore the danger of the venom. And this was what he read:

"DEARE SIR,—The kindnesse I have as a strangere in London reseved at your handes makes me onwiling to lett you be taken advantage of, so I thinke it butt righte to informe you of certayne facts.

"I shal saye noothing more about the churche doores. I promissed the yonge man I woulde not—for resons I leve you to gess. Why shoulde I harme one who may yet doe wel, and so com to understande beter who were his true benefactors?"

"But abote the carvinges you did speke off. Aske him wether the crucifixe was not in my handes a gode wile, the sowe and littere the sayme, and all his other carvynge, —and whatt for? I pray you aske hym that. I don't say my werke on them was any grate thinges. I am not going to prase myselfe, but leve it to other men and alle gode judges to doe that for me. But whatte I doe say is this—those carvynge came to me in one staite, and did leve me quite in another.

"Ask hym, I pray you, and you will be satisfide. And THAT is alle I wante. So noe more from your gode friend and humble servante,

"GODFREY TRIMMER."

Jasper's first remark on this was the short but not sweet one—

"It's an infamous lie! A most infamous lie!"

"But you see, Jasper, it is your master who says it—the man of all men whose word is calculated to benefit or injure you."

"God knows, sir, I see that! I feel that!" responded the young man.

"Consider! Were your carvings in his hands at any period, and for any length of time?"

"Yes, yes. Fool that I was! I showed them to him when I was so anxious to give him confidence about the church doors; and he was so pleased with them, he said, that he wished me to leave them with him, and I did so for several weeks."

"Are you sure he did not touch on or work over them?"

This question embarrassed Jasper; for already he recalled a certain fancy that had occurred to him as he handled the carvings on their return; and wondered whether the dust on them affected their old crispness and beauty. Cleaning them carefully, he had become only more disappointed as he satisfied himself they certainly were not so good as he had thought them. Was it that his artistic faculty had been growing so fast under the influence of the work on the doors as to put him ahead of his previous doings? Or was it—could it be possible—that his master, with some idiotic idea of improving them, had really gone over them with his niggling mischievous tool, but feeling ill-satisfied at last, had carefully darkened the touched parts, and so returned them to Jasper, without a word on his own attempts?

But even in recalling those momentary thoughts, Jasper was quite sure he had never suspected Godfrey of the villainous purpose that he now saw might account for his tamperings with the carvings, if he spoke truly in his letter.

The stranger perceived the distress and difficulty of the young man as to how he might answer the question, and, as if doubting and sympathizing at the same moment, repeated his question, but in kinder tones—

"Are you sure he did not touch or work over your carvings?"

"I cannot tell. But if he did, he did it to their injury, and he carefully concealed the fact from me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I live, and demand, sir, from your justice, opportunity to prove he is incapable of the work he pretends to."

"What kind of opportunity?"

"Let him take fresh subjects from you—mark the wood so that it cannot be changed;

do exactly the same to me—and judge by the result. Only, sir, I feel bound to warn you that the supervision you exercise over me, which cannot be too severe and jealous, must be extended to him; for, on my soul, I believe him to be as false as hell, and ready for any practice, however foul, to injure me!"

"These are serious things to say against a man in authority, and who comes to his powerful recommendation as to his past character and ability."

"They are, sir, and I withdraw them; not because I doubt their truth, but because I feel I am in no position to put them forward. I beg you to pardon my hasty words."

"Well, Jasper, I have been thinking, and this is what I come to: Mr. Godfrey Trimmer is hardly likely to enter into the competition you offer."

"No, sir, no; I see that now," interrupted Jasper.

"But, on the other hand, nothing can be fairer than your proposition as regards yourself. Take then that subject on which I found you at work last night. By-the-bye, could you bring it to me at once?"

"I have it here, sir," responded Jasper eagerly; and then he owned that he had guessed something of what had passed in the mind of his late visitor, and had brought the new carving with the express purpose to offer to execute it as a test of his independent ability.

The stranger smiled as he took the carving which Jasper had only just begun. The subject was "St. Paul in the Areopagus," selected from the series of ambitious works that were to make Jasper one of the great ones of the earth—an English Cellini, working in another material, as Jasper had lately thought, but as he now thought no longer, since seeing the pot of flowers; which revealed all kinds of possibilities he had never before even dreamed of, in connection with box-wood or oak.

Taking up a sharp-pointed pencil, asking no leave of Jasper, and seemingly tempted merely by his artistic instinct to improve what was defective, the stranger began to touch that part of the drawing on the wood which had not yet been cut, speaking the while:

"Do you know my name or anything about me?"

"No, sir; but I should be glad if I might know, and particularly if this pot of flowers is of your carving."

"Turn up the pot and look at the bottom."

Jasper did so, and read there the name of "Grinling Gibbons."

"Well?" asked the stranger, turning with a smile on his face; "are you satisfied with my card of introduction?"

"Under any other circumstances than the unhappy ones that surround me I should esteem this the proudest and happiest day of my life, when such a man so speaks to me."

"More flattery! You really ought to have been a courtier."

"I should have been glad of a courtier's fortune," responded Jasper, with a moving smile.

"Pooh! you are a simpleton; men come to court nowadays to make their fortunes, not to bring them. And you, you have a shrewd eye, and are thinking what you may make out of me."

"Art has its kings; I do not know that I could find a worthier one to kneel to, since I must kneel," said Jasper.

"Come; come; speak out, you know my position, and"—

"I am so profoundly ignorant of everything relating to it that, while I can but think and dream and hope, I fear to commit myself in every word I say."

"That is true?"

"Absolutely."

"You really mean to declare that you do not, directly or indirectly, know that the whole of the wood-carvings of the choir of the new St. Paul's are entrusted to me?—that I am about to begin at once, so that by the time the place is ready to receive them they too shall be ready for the place? You know nothing of that?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then there are liars in the world—great liars!" said Mr. Gibbons, as if making quite a discovery, and rather elated by it. "Well, and now you do know?"

"I can only congratulate Sir Christopher Wren that such an artist exists, and that he has had the rare fortune to find and appreciate him at the right moment of time."

"See if you like what I have done," said Mr. Gibbons, rising, and placing the pencil ready for Jasper. "Mind; truth before all things; if you do really see and know in any carving before us more than I do, show it to me fearlessly, and we shall get on."

Jasper looked carefully, sharply. He felt he had to do with a real man, and had only to be himself real, or, in other words, true to his own instincts and character.

Thus looking, he presently handed back the block with a smile and the words—

"It makes me like my own ideas better."

"Excellently said! The idea here is good—so good—that if you only approach it in the execution you need no longer trouble about your prospects, or about the good or ill opinion of Mr. Godfrey Trimmer."

Again examining the drawing for two or three minutes, he asked—

"Shall I finish my pencil touches, or leave the whole just as it is?"

Jasper paused before replying—

"I had already purposed to go over every line of my drawing with the new light your touches have given me, but"—there he paused as if at a loss for the right words to express his meaning delicately.

"But what?"

"Why, looking simply at the value and beauty of the result, I do most earnestly covet your every touch, but"—

"Another but! well, what's the but this time?"

"Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say."

"Ah, I understand; if glory is to come out of this trial, you want it to be absolutely your own—all your own: very well, I leave it as it is."

"No, no, no!" cried Jasper. "In your soul you are thinking of my divided allegiance—so much given to art, so much given to my own selfish self. That shall not be. I beg you to believe me that I wish—nay, I very strongly desire—to do the right in all things; and the right here is to make the best of the work, even if that involves the world's knowing and recognising in it—the master's hand."

Mr. Gibbons smiled, sat down, and touched a few places, not many, then said—

"It is I who would have to be ashamed, if any one dared to connect my name with this carving. Trust me, whatever you may make of it, it shall be all your own."

While Jasper was studying the meaning and effect of these touchings, Mr. Gibbons said—

"My undertaking at St. Paul's demands assistants; I am sorry to say that as yet I have found only Dutchmen equal to the task; and I sought you in the hope to find one Englishman at all events to support me in supporting the honour of the country."

And then a second time he asked—

"What say you?"

Jasper knew not what to say. The old superstition was again coming over him, with a change of the evil one of darkness for a heavenly messenger of light. Every nerve of his body seemed to thrill at the sound of this

man's voice, every faculty of his mind seemed to cry out,—

"O king by right divine! master, master! take me—do with me what you will!"

Restraining himself by the recollection of Godfrey's letter, he could only murmur—

"You fear I am unworthy of so precious a labour and privilege?"

"About the carving—the test you spoke of. How long do you expect to be?"

"A month."

"Too long—not for the work, but for me. Take another subject. That demon-head of yours was fine; but, given a good idea to start with, coarse lines will tell on such a thing, even if not very cunningly directed.



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I should like something quite opposite. Say a face delicate yet individual. Say a woman's—where every stroke must reveal the character of the workman, alike in his thought and touch."

"Would this do?" said Jasper, hurriedly taking a sketch-book from his pocket—a smile on his glowing face, which deepened into a blush, as he produced a sketch of May, done with wonderfully few strokes, but

as wonderfully giving all the charm and serenity of one of the sweetest and holiest of human faces.

"Your sweetheart?"

"She was ten days ago," said Jasper.

Mr. Gibbons stared, as if beginning to hear of a tragedy, while the tone belonged to the comic muse. Then he laughed. "Oh! Ah! I understand. She's your wife now?"

Jasper did not need to answer otherwise than by his look.

"You have drawn this for the purpose of carving it?"

"I have."

"I saw that in a moment. It pleases me."

Mr. Gibbons went to a cupboard and fetched a block of wood, roughly shaped for a small head and bust. Turning this with its foot uppermost, he with a few strokes of a tool that to Jasper appeared simply magical when he saw what they had accomplished, wrote—actually wrote—his name on the hard wood, flowing and picturesque, and with but very slight accommodation to the nature of the material. Then with a humorous smile he said—

"We'll silence one of you now—Trimmer *versus* Jasper, or Jasper *versus* Trimmer, as the law fellows say. Carve your wife's head and bust on that—do her justice, and bring it to me this day week, at noon. Mind, I am a punctual man, and expect punctuality. The extensive work I see before me will demand precision in its every detail, business and other. Besides, I have a special reason for fixing that time."

"I will be exact to the day and hour," said Jasper.

"You are not without means?"

"I have not a sixpence in the world," exclaimed Jasper, blurring out at once his last great secret trouble, and only just able to prevent tears coming into his eyes.

"God bless me!" cried Mr. Gibbons. "You don't mean you have been perpetrating miracles—have made away with my ten guineas before you have got them?"

"No, sir," said Jasper with a delicious smile of relief; "but I feared Mr. Godfrey Trimmer's letter had put you off the bargain, which was simply of your own making."

"Nothing puts me off a bargain I make

but proofs of actual dishonesty, which I do not for a moment suspect here. Look on the mantelpiece. There's a roll containing ten guineas. Take them. Use them well. Shut your and your wife's eyes to the sights of London till your work is done, and then"—

The two shook hands and parted, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Jasper hurried away, hurried homewards, straight to the barber's, found his wife's aunt in the parlour, threw down the gold on the table before her, and said with emotion—

"Mistress Hatheway—my best of mothers, the only one I have been able to know, for mine died while I was but an infant—I and May are saved—saved, and all through you! Do you think that through all those terrible months I did not see your hard pinching and scraping to live yourselves and keep me alive? All that's over. Kiss me. The day is coming when I shall repay you in something better than gold. Take half of these. May will have the rest, and plenty to follow ere long."

Mr. Hatheway, who happened to come in just then, was very much astonished to see his wife hugging a young fellow in her arms; but when he heard Jasper's story, could scarcely refrain from imitating her example. And then he hurried up-stairs, to be the first to tell May of Jasper's news.

It was soon settled there was to be no work that day, but that they should all spend it in a visit to the parks; where they had the special gratification of seeing the royal ducks fed by the royal hands; and where Hatheway made Jasper and his pretty wife uncomfortable by his somewhat too obvious pride in them—and especially in Jasper's personal appearance—which the honest barber attributed entirely to the fact that he had that day for the first time been allowed to trim and dress the young man's hair.

DREAMS.

DREAMS, only foolish dreams, may be.

Is wakefulness so wise?

These eyes are dull—what if we see

In dreams with keener eyes?

Some dreams we've known more wakeful far

Than any waking hours,

When we make fast with lock and bar

This Haunted House of ours.

All day we shut our doors, but sleep

Sets doors and windows wide;

The ghosts come in with stealthy creep,

And through the chambers glide.

Sometimes they come in trooping hosts,

And sometimes one by one;

We call them dreams, but they are ghosts

Of days and years long gone.

And some with mirth and laughter come,

And some look gravely glad;

With angry, frowning faces some

Pass by, and some are sad,

And some—they hover round us long,

With pitiful sweet smile—

Alas! we did them grievous wrong,

And slew ourselves the while!

As on your fading ghosts we gaze,

Sure death's no sharper pain,

O Days that should have been! O Days

That ne'er can come again!

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

LOHENGRIN.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

THERE is but one more development in the character of Elsa, and the lines of the plot are complete. It is the struggle between her love and her curiosity, in which the last wins, and the *dénouement* passes to a terribly rapid close. That struggle is the centre and pith of the last act.

The famous introduction is instinct with the higher moral of the whole, which is inferred rather than felt out in the closing incidents of the drama. The music is all joyous stir, and knightly, chivalrous vigour. It is the shout of a multitude, it is the triumph of Lohengrin in his accomplished mission, in which his personal feelings and his fateful love are all put aside, and the larger aspect of his publicwork, in delivering Elsa, breaking up the malign enchantment, and restoring the little Prince Gottfried to his adoring people, is alone entertained.

In this stirring prelude, Lohengrin, not the lover, not the rival, but only the victorious knight of the San Grail, seems to pass for the last time, enveloped in mystic glory before us, amidst the acclamations of the people; and the martial strains ring on, long after the hero has retired into the sacred rest of Montsalvat. But the joys and the sorrows of earth love must first be traversed.

The empty bridal chamber is before us. On one side, a wide oriel window, through which we may see the summer moonlight, setting full upon the broad waters of the Scheldt. Voices—fresh voices—young girls. The doors open.

They enter as pages bearing torches. The King, nobles, and ladies, conduct Elsa and her knight to their bridal room. No more graceful scene, no more delicate and enchanting music, has ever been devised than the famous "Faithful and true! we lead you to where love triumphant shall crown you with joy." Eight ladies now take up a new and equally enchanting strain, which is in fact a poetical version of "whom God hath joined together;" and throughout the astonishing scene that follows, there reigns that singular elevation which must for ever separate this great love duet from such sensuous emanations as Gounod's duet between Faust and Marguerite, or Wagner's own delineation of criminal passion in Tristan and Isolde.

Here everything is rare and sublimated.

The breath of a divine fervour lifts the knightly passion of Lohengrin into an

atmosphere of resplendent purity. As the last notes of bridal music die away, and the doors are closed upon the happy pair, that long-drawn-out duet begins, which in dramatic force alone will bear comparison with the finest bursts in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Merely as a psychological study, it is worth dwelling upon, although no words can convey an idea of the truth and power of the music. The happy strain is o'er, "We are alone, who never were alone since first we met." The first notes of Lohengrin take us from the joyous conventional view of the bridal chorus, into the immediate privacy of the lovers.

With the closing of the doors the atmosphere is shifted instantly.

The melody is long drawn out, reposeful, and *intime*. He longs to know from her own lips whether she is happy.

It is the old, imperious instinct, which is eager to seek a confirmation of its desire from a kindred soul.

It must hear from other lips what it already knows, and be thus twice blessed. "Happy!" cries Elsa, "that word my transport cannot measure!"

He is satisfied. She has given him back his feelings. He reminds her of the mystic love which brought him from the distance in her hour of need. She answers with a glimpse of her own vision. Now that she holds in her arms its realisation, it lends eloquence to her lips. She will be melted by his eyes, and flow about him like a river; she will be the little flower that kisses his feet as they move in the fresh grass.

She will live so. No, she will die, if in dying her life can become more his own. Is this love? is it all that love can say? No, it might still breathe his dear name. "Must it be forever concealed from me?"

With the beseeching yet warning fifth from *E* to *A*—"Elsa!" Lohengrin would check her miserable rashness. But the woman is unbalanced by the intensity of her emotions, and with clinging urgency rushes on heedless. "How sweetly sounds my name from thy dear lips! but thy dear name shall never sound from mine!"

Will the spell never be broken? Will she never know? Again her lover would check her—"Oh, my sweet wife!"—notes full of a sudden heart-pang. She heeds them not. She presses eagerly her face close to him, and clasps him in her arms, pleading impetuously, "Now, when none are near,

whisper the word once softly; I only shall hear it." Lohengrin rises. His pain is too great, he needs diversion for his thoughts, he will put this dreadful moment aside. He lifts her from the couch; they are both standing by the oriel casement. He pushes it wide open. The moonlight streams in, and the soft air is full of strange and mystic perfumes. The air seems to grow chill. The music of shrill triplets on flutes and clarionets is here marvellous. The lovers stand between the moonlight and the dawn.

Alas! too true. The dream of love draws to its pallid awakening. For a moment they stand and inhale the odorous gales, which come streaming towards the knight as from the aromatic shrine of Montsalvat. Thoughts of its glory rush into his mind; his ecstatic nature wakes beneath them; he speaks what seem to her wild words of magic and mystery. A vague distrust mingles with her passion. His secret is fraught perchance with danger; he is not safe in her embrace; others may have mystic claims over him. Yet for a moment she is folded in a long embrace. Oh! could her folly all be forgotten! But no! the very inner woman comes out piteously with, "Let me—let me know!" The first stern notes from the knight are her answer: "No more of this, Elsa!" But she is quite wild, weakly wild. "Tell, oh tell me thy race, name, *all*!—I will never, never, tell it to any one." It is a situation that must so often have repeated itself in the sad annals of humanity—the eager insatiable curiosity of woman, wrecking her own love and the love of one dearer to her than life itself. But the deepest side of the ideal knight is now fairly aroused. The sense of his duty, and the honour of the San Grail! Before that consummate glory even the fire of love grows pale, and he tells his bride that wavering faith shall never be forgiven. In a moment the unhappy Elsa is melted and contrite. She falls back on the simple human side of her love, and calls him to her arms, the only spell she knows. But Lohengrin now proclaims that he belongs to a higher world, that none can add or take from the sacred order which owns his allegiance: that the bliss from whence he comes and whither he must return is ineffable, supernal.

Alas! Help! Heaven!

A cry of bitter jealous passion breaks from the frantic woman. She now feels, by a quick and sure instinct, that she is going to be left. One more typical situation. The plaint of all forsaken hearts is resumed in

that despairing cry of Elsa; the time for asking his name seems past. The sense of overhanging doom is upon her. A vague terror shakes her whole frame. Is it the prophetic sense of the murderers that are even now with Frederic of Telramund, close outside her bedchamber? "Hark! there are sounds!" the knight's quick ear has heard, but she is gazing vacantly from the casement. Another terror now seizes her. Over the flooded river brightening to the dawn she catches sight of the ominous swan that brought her champion.

"The swan! the swan!" she screams, like one possessed. "As when I first beheld his pinions shine—he comes for thee!" In her mad despair, trust, caution, even love itself, seems to give way to the impetuous fury of a wild creature; and this last consummate touch of human nature is simply overpowering on the stage. In the gentlest and tenderest of women, when pushed to extremity, there is often the imperious ferocity of a tiger at bay. Like a vindictive fury she flies at him with, "Declare thy race and name! Declare thy name!—thy name! Where is thy home?"

At that moment the door is burst open, the murderers rush in—Elsa has just strength and presence of mind left, as the sudden revulsion of feeling takes possession of her relaxing limbs, to hand her lover his sword before she swoons away. With a touch of that enchanted blade Lohengrin slays Frederic Telramund, then lifts the fainting form of Elsa on to the bed. Nobles and servitors enter. The knight, lost for ever to his love, with sad and solemn calmness bids them lead Elsa to the King, and promises there, in presence of all, to declare his name and home.

From the orchestra are heard the well-known notes of doom and mystery associated with Lohengrin's warning voice and Ortrud's spell.

The body of Frederic is removed, and a large curtain falls. The *mise-en-scène* of the prolonged duet being very shallow, a mere background against the footlights, the splendid vision of the broad prairie and banks of the winding Scheldt, with the hazy distant sea, is all ready, as in the opening act, to be revealed as the scene of the final situation, and almost immediately the curtain is withdrawn, and the opening pageant is again before us. The King is with his nobles under the spreading oak, the full morning sun is throbbing over river and mead. The assembling drum and trumpet music, of quite a

perfunctory character, goes on for several pages, whilst the crowd distributes itself. It is an immense relief, and in its indifference rests the mind, and prepares us quite after the Shakespearian method for the exciting *dénouement* close at hand.

Mutual compliments now pass between the warlike monarch and his people. It appears that all are now prepared to join in his foreign war for the sake of Germany, and he is thanking them, when four nobles, bearing a corpse on a shrouded bier, enter and lay their burden at the King's feet. A thrill of astonishment and horror runs through the assembly as Telramund's friends are recognised in the four pall-bearers. To all inquiries they answer that the knight, the new guardian of Brabant, has sent them there with their burden. Elsa is now seen approaching with a train of ladies, her head downcast in deepest sorrow, and the orchestra repeats a fragment of the motive which indicates the burden of the overhanging mystery. A new commotion in the crowd, and in another moment the knight of the Grail, fully armed in shining mail, as in the first act, strides into the midst, and stands before the King by the side of the shrouded bier. He is received with acclamations as the heaven-sent hero, but at once informs the King that all is changed now, that he has been doggedly arraigned by a section of the nobles to reveal his name and nation, and that at this moment he stands accused of foul murder. With these words he tears the pall from Frederic Telramund's corpse, and declares that in self-defence he slew him. His accents have hitherto been proud and defiant, but as he hears the subject of his great personal sorrow his tone changes, as though for a moment his inner mood were coloured by a tenderer and more regretful glow of feeling. As he proceeds to recount his bride's fault of faith he recovers himself, and prepares to make the final announcement which is to free his bonds on earth, deprive him of his love, and restore him to the heaven of Montsalvat. Rising to his full stature, whilst his face glows with the dignified consciousness of his high origin, "I do not shrink from declaring my name and lineage. Ye shall know that I am more than the equal of the proudest noble here."

Then follows the masterly summary of the opening orchestral prelude, the leading parts being for the first time transferred in a consecutive melody to the hero. Then the legend of the San Grail comes forth. The story of the shining halls of Montsalvat, with

its consecrated knights; of his own mission to succour the oppressed, of the ineffable raptures of the blessed cup. The whole orchestration, now headed by the mystic knight, is like the actual unfolding in flesh and blood or revelation to the eye of sense of what in the ethereal introduction was but an anticipatory vision.

The crystal globe has yielded up its secret. The parable of the Grail is about to be realised as the knight declares, "My father is crowned Parcival, and I am LOHENGRIN!"

An immense emotion now takes possession of the monarch, and his assembled lieges. "While I hear him," exclaims the King, "the holy tears course down my cheeks."

Poor Elsa staggers back—"Tis all dark! dark! the earth reels! air—air—I cannot breathe!" Her fainting form is caught in Lohengrin's arms, longing, hungering for her the last time. "I felt thou wast the soul of all delight." It is almost the last touch of earthly passion. Elsa awaking from her swoon tries passionately to detain him. She despairs, she repents, she will do any penance. Too late. "Alas! my sweetest wife, I must leave thee for ever." It is his only, but inexorable reply. Elsa seems stunned; worn out for a moment with the intense emotion she lies still in his arms. The knight commits her fainting to her ladies, then turns, and explains that he cannot lead the army to war; that he must return from whence he came.

But on the distant Scheldt the portent is now seen again. Groups crowd once more, and rush to the river banks. The cry of "The swan! the swan!" resounds on all sides. Lohengrin advances to the swan, now close on the banks with the empty skiff, and greets the fair white bird with a modified form of the first magic strain, which is so widely known as the "Swan" motive. But ere he ascends the bark he unlocks the riddle of the swan, and the mystery of the vanished Gottfried, Elsa's brother. He returns for a moment to fold his lost bride in one last embrace, to tell her, that had she been true, in a year her brother would have been restored, and her husband would not have been lost to her; that now, his ring, his horn, and his sword, alone can be left with her. These she must give to her brother when he appears. They are the sure means of victory; they will constitute him the leader and Overlord of his people. He then commits himself once more to the service of the Holy Grail, and strides back to the empty bark.

Elsa falls prostrate. At that moment Ortrud steps forth, and exultingly confesses her wicked sorcery. *She* has enchained Gottfried under the form of a swan, and she declares that had the knight tarried another minute, the spell would have been broken, and Gottfried restored. But at that instant, whilst a burst of execration rises from the crowd, the swan vanishes—the young Gottfried rushes towards Elsa.

The dove of the Holy Grail flutters down, and is harnessed by Lohengrin to the bark, which moves off apace with the shining knight. With a scream of joy, Elsa falls into her brother's arms, and then catching sight of her beloved borne away on the great flood, with a wild despairing cry of "My husband!" sinks lifeless to the ground.

No words can add to the consummate dramatic finish of this scene. It will bear the fullest analysis; it will feed the profoundest meditation. The struggle between the earthly love and the heavenly mission of the holy knight; the serene triumph of the latter, in the midst of that ecstatic contemplation of celestial glory which fills his last long monologue; the entire, unhurried performance of his whole mission, and detailed delivery ere he goes, of the perfect plot; the tender memory of the swan; the overpowering spell that is upon him to depart, as the vision of the Grail comes, whose he is and whom he serves; the crushed self-abasement of Elsa,

her late repentance—too late; her illogical passion, hoping against hope to detain her knight; her exhausted emotions, waking at last only in fitful bursts, and exhibiting in the shock of their complete overthrow the phenomena of wild joy, instantly followed by the last flood of grief, in which her very life seems to exhale itself; the fateful gleam of a malignant spite, which prompts Ortrud a moment too soon to reveal her secret; the crowning vision of the San Grail, in the shape of the heavenly dove which once a year descended to renew the potency of the sacrificial cup, and now flutters for a second before the dazed eyes of mortals, in that supreme hour of an accomplished deliverance; and lastly, the perfect close, and sense of dramatic unity left upon the mind by the departure of the shining knight, as he came, over the great waterfloods, lost as soon as known—eternal symbol of the joy and tender glories that are for ever vanishing in the moment of possession; yet, in their transitory glow, leaving behind them the memory which is to feed the coming years with the bright legacy of an aspiring and insatiable hope: all this must stamp *Lohengrin*, as indeed, every work of Wagner's is stamped, with an impress of earnest reality separating it from all ordinary operas, and constituting it a great poem, wedded to dramatic action and filled with noble music.

H. R. HAWES.

A VISIT TO MYCENÆ, TIRYNS, AND ARGOS.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, D.D.

"... Lowly in the dust Mycenæ lies,
A barren rock, deserted and forlorn,
Though fallen her towers, extinct her race divine,
Her glory still lives fresh in Homer's line."

AN inspection of "the treasures of Mycenæ" was a little disappointing to me after reading the glowing descriptions given by their fortunate discoverer, Dr. Schliemann. They are not yet arranged for public exhibition, at least they were not when I visited Athens in the middle of June, but through the kindness of our ambassador we obtained access to the Royal Bank where they are kept, and had an opportunity of examining them. The larger gold vessels are, with one or two exceptions, extremely thin; and the double-handed amphoræ are about the size and shape of an ordinary sugar-basin. Most of them are also, unfortunately, so crushed and broken that it is difficult to make out either their exact

original form or style of ornamentation. One can distinguish, however, though with difficulty, figures of birds, dolphins, cuttle-fish, and other creatures, rudely embossed round their sides. The smaller articles—rings, bracelets, hair-pins, pendants, &c.—are curious and interesting; so also are the masks of thin beaten gold which covered the faces of the dead; and the buttons, and circular discs of gold, impressed with figures of insects and flowers. There are a few bronze swords and daggers which appear to have been in plated scabbards; the bronze is corroded, and of the scabbards only the gold-plating remains. There are several ornaments of opaque glass or crystal, and a number of quaint terra-cotta figures.

The simplicity of design in the various objects combined with the rude workmanship and archaic style of ornament, struck me as characteristic of high antiquity. They have been compared, besides, by accomplished archaeologists, like Mr. Newton of the British Museum, and Mr. Stamatachi of Athens, with some specimens of Greek art of the earliest period, and to these they have been found to bear a strong resemblance, so that they lead the mind back to the heroic age, and to those "ample streets of golden Mycenæ" of which Homer wrote. Indirectly, too, they help to illustrate Bible history, and to throw some additional light on Jewish antiquities; for the artists who beat out those thin plates of gold, embossed them with birds and flowers, spread them over carved wood, and moulded them with wondrous skill to the features of the dead, were in all probability contemporaries of the Phœnician and Jewish artists who decorated the temple of Jerusalem. In looking over the masks and embossed discs of "pure gold," and the carving on the cups, bracelets and rings, I could not help recalling the words of King Hiram to Solomon:—"I have sent a cunning man endued with understanding . . . skilful to work in gold and in silver . . . also to grave any manner of graving; and to find out every device which shall be put to him, with the cunning men of my lord David thy father."* A few of the larger articles discovered in Mycenæ, such as the scabbards of swords and daggers, were covered with plates of beaten gold as thin as the finest paper, and beautifully embossed. This enables one to understand more fully the style of the work in Solomon's temple:—"The greater house he ceiled with fir-tree, which he overlaid with fine gold, and set thereon palm-trees and garlands. . . . He overlaid also the house, the beams, the posts, and the walls thereof, and the doors thereof, with gold; and graved cherubims on the walls."†

It is worthy of note that Pliny says, "gold mines, and the mode of fusing that metal, were discovered by Cadmus, the Phœnician,"‡ whom Herodotus calls a Tyrian.§ Thus the archaic forms of the goldsmith's work appear to combine with the archaic forms of the Greek letters, and all early tradition, in showing that, at some remote period, Greece derived the elements of its art, its literature, and all that subsequently contributed to raise it to such a pitch of civilisation and refinement, from Phœnicia, which was, as we

know, closely connected with both Israel and Egypt. But, be this as it may, the treasures of Mycenæ cannot fail to excite the deepest interest in the mind of the Biblical as well as the classical scholar. Some of them, such as the gold masks, are quite unique. In one tomb the thin gold leaf was found which appears to have encased an infant held in its mother's arms. In these tombs, we have transmitted, by the artist's skill, the forms and features of the dead, their personal ornaments, signets, arms, drinking vessels, household utensils, and apparently also their tutelary gods; and all these have come down from an age so remote as to be beyond the range of authentic history.

TEMPLE OF MINERVA IN ÆGINA.

After a sight of the treasures I was all the more anxious to visit Mycenæ itself; and fortunately the task was easy, for with the steam yacht, in which we were cruising, we could reach it in a day. Accordingly, taking an intelligent guide from Athens, we left the Piræus on the morning of June 16th. Steaming over a glassy sea, close by the coast of Salamis, we gradually approached the heights of Ægina, and saw, on the summit of a wooded ridge, sharply defined against a cloudless sky, the columns of the temple of Minerva. The yacht was hove to, a boat lowered, and in a few minutes I was ashore with Angelo the guide. We found a couple of stout mules, whose owners readily accepted my offer of six francs for the excursion. So, giving the sailors instructions to await our return, and keep a sharp look out in the meantime, we rode off. Our path lay at first along a rich, vine-clad valley, then up the rugged slope of a hill through thin pine-forests, and in less than an hour we were beside the ruins. Twenty-two columns are on their pedestals, three of the portico and nineteen of the peristyle. Some portions of the architrave remain, but the entire cornice and pediments are gone; and of the cella not a stone is left. The rounded summit of the hill is cultivated, and I saw many large hewn stones, and drums of columns, built up in the sustaining walls of the terraces. Here were found those beautiful Æginetan marbles, now at Munich, which represent Minerva leading the heroes of Ægina against the Trojans. The temple was built in the sixth century B.C., and is, therefore, among the most ancient in Greece. It was long supposed to be a temple of Jupiter-Panhellenius, and was known by that name; but there can be no doubt now that it was dedicated to Minerva,

* 2 Chron. ii. 13, 14.

† Id. iii. 5-7.

‡ "Hist. Nat." vii. 57.

§ Id. ii. 41.

the special protectress of the island, and of all Greece. It is distinguished by the massive simplicity and grandeur of the oldest type of Doric; the stone, however, is unfortunately soft, and now greatly weather-worn, presenting in this respect a marked contrast to the

sharp, milk-white marble shafts of the temple of Sunium, which in position and style these ruins so much resemble.

The site is grand, yet strange in its utter solitude. Perched on the highest point of the mountain, surrounded by pine-forests, no



Temple of Minerva in Ægina.



Cyclopean Walls of Tiryns.

human habitation within miles, it yet commands a large portion of the rich and picturesque scenery of the island. The distant views also are magnificent; on the north the whole Saronic gulf, encircling the winding shores of Salamis; and all Attica, from the

isthmus of Corinth to the "sacred point of Sunium," with Athens like a speck in the centre; on the south the deeply-indented coast and mountain ranges of Argolis; while away on the east stretches the broad Ægean, thickly dotted with the grey Cyclades. The

old Greeks seem to have built their temples on sites so prominent that every stranger who approached their shores could see that the country was under the immediate protection of the gods.

ARGOLIS AND ITS GREAT CITIES.

"Some fame hath Argos in Hellenic lore." So wrote Euripides; and the view I got of its dark mountains and bold headlands from the heights of Ægina made me long to explore its primæval cities. On reaching the *Cecile* again, we steamed round the eastern end of the island, and got from the south another grand view of the temple. Our course now lay along the rocky islets which

cover the coast of Argolis, until, turning sharply past the Scyllæum promontory, we entered the gulf of Hermione. Then, keeping the naked hills and bright little town of Hydra on the left, and running close under the tall cliffs of Doko, we had the beautiful town and island of Spetzia before us. Steering to the right of it, we steamed into the Argolic gulf, the scenery of which is probably the finest in Greece. At six o'clock we anchored in the quiet bay of Nauplia at the head of the gulf.

We were now, as it were, in the very cradle of Greece, surrounded by the ruins of those great cities whose rise marked the dawn of her prosperity—surrounded, too, by many a



Entrance to the Treasury of Atreus.

spot famous in the mythical legends of her gods and heroes. Beside us was Nauplia, whose foundation dates back more than three thousand years. It is said to have been laid by Nauplius, an Egyptian, who was among the first to plant Eastern civilisation on the soil of Argolis. Just behind it rose the battlements of the citadel, crowning an isolated crag nearly two thousand feet high, and bearing to this day the name of that Palamedes, son of Nauplius, whom Homer mentions in his list of warriors before Troy. Two miles to the north are the Cyclopean ruins of Tiryns, said to be the oldest city of Greece. On the other side of the bay, at the base of the Parnon range, lies the

marsh of Lerna, where Hercules killed the many-headed Hydra; and on a hill-top above it may be seen the remains of the Castle of Hippomedon, one of the Seven whose expedition against Thebes Æschylus celebrates. More to the right, crowning a conical hill, is a mediæval fortress, standing on the foundations of Larissa, the ancient citadel of Argos; and Argos itself is spread along the plain below. At the foot of the mountain chain which shuts in the plain on the north, I could just distinguish the grey ruins of Mycenæ; and beside it, on the left, the rugged pass leading to the place where, "deep in a hollow plain Nemea lies." The position of that retired valley, famous for the exploit of

Hercules and the Grecian games, is marked by the conspicuous truncated, or, as Pausanias calls it, "altar-shaped," mountain of Apesas.* Every spot, in fact, on which the eye rests is classic ground, "immortalized in the line of some illustrious poet, or personified in some lively form in the brilliant allegory of Grecian fable."†

NAUPLIA AND TIRYNS.

Nauplia is a clean, well-built, prosperous-looking, modern town of about eight thousand inhabitants. I saw no relics of antiquity except the walls, and they only date back to the rule of Venetians, who have left their impress in the well-known escutcheon of the Lion of St. Mark, over the gate and on several parts of the ramparts. The town stands on the northern slope of a peninsula, which rises steeply to the summit of a perpendicular cliff on the south, and its low neck is almost cut through by a moat hewn in the rock. Immediately beyond the moat is the isolated crag of Palamedes, the citadel of Nauplia, said to be the strongest fortress in Greece, and now used as a state prison. In both Nauplia and Palamedes there are considerable garrisons. Opposite Nauplia, in the centre of the bay, is a picturesque Venetian castle, perched on a bare rock; here, I was informed, the public executioners of Greece are kept under guard. Such is the intense antipathy of the people to those functionaries, that were they to venture ashore without a strong escort they would be torn in pieces.

Taking carriages from Nauplia, we drove out of the Venetian Gate, just as the morning sun appeared over the rosy summits of the mountains of Argolis. Rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the air was transparent as crystal. Our road, an excellent one, led along the rocky base of Palamedes, and then, turning sharply to the left, traversed a marshy plain—the Licymnia of classic authors—between the head of the gulf and the rugged spurs of the mountains. In half an hour we drew up at Tiryns, whose ruins,

"Piled by the hands of giants,
For godlike kings of old,"

lie close on the right of the road to Argos, covering the table-top of an oval-shaped mound, which rises like an island from the plain. Its height varies from thirty to fifty feet, and it is about the third of a mile in circuit. The great walls are carried round

the brow, following the curves and angles of the steep rocky bank. They are now to a large extent ruinous, but in a few places the outer face is more than twenty feet high, forming one of the finest existing examples of Cyclopean masonry.

The appearance of the wall is strange, and at a little distance it might readily be mistaken for a pile of natural rocks. Large rough blocks of stone, just as they came from the quarry, or were taken from among the boulders of the plain, are built up without cement, and without any attempt to dress them or arrange them in courses. The interstices are filled with smaller stones, so as to make a tolerably smooth surface. As the wall is inclined inwards, and is about twenty-five feet thick, it has the look of vast strength and durability. The best preserved part is on the east, beside the principal gate. There was another gate on the south, now completely destroyed, having a narrow gallery leading from it, built in the thickness of the wall. The gallery has shallow recesses at intervals, each sufficient to hold two or three persons. The roof of both gallery and recess is peculiar; it is constructed of large stones laid horizontally, but projecting over each other, and so hewn as to converge to a point above, like two sides of an equilateral triangle. I have seen a similar kind of roof in some of the most ancient buildings of Ireland; it was probably used because the principle of the arch was unknown to the architects. Triangular headed windows and doors are common in the round towers and primæval chapels of Ireland.*

The existing ruins formed only the citadel of Tiryns. Of the city itself not a vestige remains; its site is covered partly with vineyards, and partly with fields of corn and tobacco. Even the flat top of the citadel is now cultivated, so that the words of the Greek poet are true—"Upon the very Cyclopean walls they plant their gardens." And the walls themselves have suffered much in recent times, their stones having been carried away for the construction of little terraces and field fences, and for the erection of a large farm-house and yard adjoining the ruins.

The walls of Tiryns, ruinous though they be, are deeply interesting as examples of the very oldest style of Greek architecture, and authentic relics of that heroic age celebrated in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The style is characterized by rude and massive simplicity.

* Pausanias, ii. 15. † Mure's "Greece," ii. 160.

* Petrie, "Round Towers of Ireland," pp. 127, 182-4.

Many of the stones are from five to seven feet long, and broad in proportion. In the ordinary wall they are undressed, and placed without any regard to regularity; but at the angles, in the sides of the gates, and along the inner galleries, all of which are manifestly of the same age as the outer wall, the stones are dressed square and laid in courses.

This style is called by Greek writers "Cyclopean," because it was considered too massive to be the work of ordinary mortals. Giants alone, it was thought, could handle such stones and build such walls. The masonry, however, will not bear comparison in massive grandeur and strength with the colossal remains of Phœnician masonry one meets with everywhere in Syria and Palestine; such, for instance, as the walls of Gebal at the foot of Lebanon, the stylobate of the temple of Baalbek, or the foundations of the temple-area in Jerusalem. The stones of Tiryns are but playthings when compared with the *trilithon* of Baalbek, one of whose blocks is sixty-four feet long, fourteen feet broad, and fourteen feet deep, weighing about twelve hundred tons, and hewn with the utmost precision. The masonry of Tiryns and Mycenæ struck me as bearing a close resemblance to that which I saw in some of the old cities of Bashan, away on the borders of Arabia.

Tiryns is interesting from another point of view. It was founded in the mythical age of Greece; it was captured by the Argives, and abandoned twenty-three centuries ago; and it was visited and described by Pausanias in the second century of our era. The words of his description would be almost as applicable to the ruins this day as they were then.

ARGOS.

After a hurried inspection of the ruins of Tiryns we drove on to Argos. The road runs, straight as an arrow, over a fertile plain, through corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards. An hour brought us to the city. Its houses are all modern, mostly detached, each having a large courtyard, or little garden. The streets are wide and clean, and there is an air of thrift and prosperity about both people and place, which I scarcely expected in this remote region. Carriages ply for hire in the streets; and they are far more numerous and better appointed than in some of the great cities I visited in Spain. Waggons and neat one-horse carts, too, have largely taken the place of pack-mules and donkeys. Beggars—those pests of the whole Spanish peninsula,

and other parts of Western Europe as well—seem to be unknown in Argos. The people are too busy to beg. Men, women and children were all occupied; some in the shops, some in vineyards pruning the young vines, some on the thrashing-floors, many in the fields under a burning sun. So far as I had an opportunity of seeing them, they were respectful, intelligent, and industrious. I was astonished to observe, however, that though far advanced in many respects, the peasants still follow the old wasteful Eastern custom of "treading out the corn" on the thrashing-floors with horses or oxen.

The Argos of the heroic and historic ages has disappeared. With the exception of the rock-hewn seats of a great theatre, and the Cyclopean foundations of the citadel which crowns the hill, nothing is left. That fame which, as Euripides says,* Argos had among the Hellenes, has not been transmitted to us through stately ruins or on inscribed tablets. Few places in Greece which played an important part in the nation's history, are so destitute of ancient monuments. But,

"Though fallen her towers, extinct her race divine,
Her glory still lives fresh in Homer's line."

The citadel of Argos, the venerable Larissa, proudly seated on its conical hill, a thousand feet above the city, is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the whole region. Founded probably by the Pelasgi, it has, until within the last few years, been reckoned one of the strongholds of Greece; and though now abandoned, it presents in its picturesque walls traces of the work of nearly every race and dynasty that ruled the country, from the mythical Cyclops to the modern Turk.

MYCENÆ.

"Strange, that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign,
To darken o'er the fair domain."

A comparison of the magnificent site of Mycenæ, in that rich and peaceful valley, with its dark and bloody history, suggests some such sentiment as that expressed in the above lines. Nature's choicest gifts were lavished upon the old city; but human passion has left it for long centuries ruined and forsaken.

"Such is the aspect of the shore:
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for life is wanting there."

It is an hour's drive, and a somewhat rough one, from Argos to Mycenæ. The road runs

* *Phœn.* 661.

direct from the base of Parnon, across the "horse-feeding" plain of Argolis, to the parallel range of Treton.* It passes in succession the classic streams of Charadrus and Inachus—dry in summer, but as the deeply-furrowed, sand-strewn plain, and ruined bridges testify, foaming torrents in winter. It was the ancient road to Nemea, Cleonæ, and Corinth. At its point of junction with that which comes direct from Tiryns, there is a small caravanserai, from which a branch leads to the village of Chavrati, half a mile distant, and this village is now the nearest inhabited spot to Mycenæ. Our carriages could proceed no farther, so we dismounted and found some peasants who took charge of our baskets and carried them to the ruins.

From Chavrati to the citadel of Mycenæ is about a mile, the path, which might easily be made available for carriages, winding up a bleak rocky slope, among terraced corn-fields. At the distance of half a mile I observed the first traces of old buildings. Farther on were the foundations of a wall, probably of the city, on the western side of the ridge up the crest of which the road runs. But the first monument we reached which gave me any idea of the greatness of Mycenæ was

THE TREASURY OF ATREUS.

This building took me completely by surprise. The general view of the site of the city was so utterly desolate, and the walls of the citadel, which I already saw in the distance, looked so like the jagged masses of natural rock on which they are founded, and by which they are encompassed, that I was not prepared for a monument so perfect and so unique in character. Being excavated in the eastern slope of the ridge, it is hidden from view until one stands close to its great door. In front of the door is a passage, twenty feet wide, leading, one would think, into the heart of the ridge, and flanked by Cyclopean walls. The jambs of the door are of fine masonry inclining inwards in the Egyptian style, and the lintel is a single stone about twenty feet long by seven or eight wide. Over the lintel is a triangular opening, its sides formed of horizontal courses of masonry, so hewn as to converge to a point, like the top of the gallery at Tiryns. The door is now without ornament, but there are marks on the jambs and lintel showing that it was not always so, and Leake describes it as follows:—"On the outside,

before each door-post, stood a semi-column, having a base and capital not unlike the Tuscan order in profile, but enriched with a very elegant sculptured ornament, chiefly in zigzag form, which was continued in vertical compartments over the whole shaft. These ornaments," he adds, "have not the smallest resemblance to anything else found in Greece."* The sculptures and semi-columns have unfortunately been carried off—some to England, to swell the treasures of our British Museum, others to Nauplia, to adorn the front of a church.

The interior is a circular vault, about fifty feet in diameter by as many high, lined with horizontal layers of large, well-hewn stone, converging to a point above, and forming a beautiful conical dome. The construction is very remarkable; each course of masonry projects over that below it, and the innermost edge of each stone in the course is hewn in the shape of a wedge, so as to form a section of the vault. Each course, besides, is a perfect circle, or rather two semi-circular arches joined together, and the whole is capable of resisting external pressure, just on the principle of the arch, though differently applied.†

It is worthy of note that very ancient structures of a similar style of architecture are found in other countries. Wilkinson describes one which he discovered at Thebes, in Egypt, whose date he estimates at about 1500 B.C. He says, "The chambers, instead of being roofed on the principle of the arch, are covered with a number of large blocks placed horizontally, one projecting beyond that immediately below it, till the uppermost two meet in the centre, the interior angles being afterwards rounded off to form the appearance of a vault."‡ Petrie also, in his work on the Round Towers of Ireland, thus describes some early buildings in that island:—"I have shown in my Essay on the ancient Military Architecture of Ireland, that the earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes, which our historians bring hither from Greece at a very remote period, were accustomed to build, not only their fortresses but even their dome-roofed houses and sepulchres, of stone without cement, and in the style now usually called Cyclopean and Pelasgic. I have also shown that this custom, as applied to their forts and houses, was continued in those parts of Ireland in which

* "Morea," ii. 374.

† Sections of the vault may be seen in Smith's "Dict. of Ant.," s. v. "Thesaurus."

‡ "Ancient Egyptians," iii. 321.

* Diodorus, iv. 11.

those ancient settlers remained, even after the introduction of Christianity, and, as I shall presently show, was adopted by the Christians in their religious structures. As characteristic examples of these ancient religious structures, still remaining in sufficient preservation to show us perfectly what they had been in their original state, I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendan, on Inishglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and to that of St. Fechin, on High Island, off the coast of Connemara, in the county of Galway, erected in the seventh century. In all these establishments the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built with lime cement. The houses, or cells, erected for the use of the abbots or monks, are of a circular or oval form, having dome-roofs, constructed, like those of the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchres, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size, without cement of any kind.* Petrie gives a sketch of one of the oval-shaped houses erected in pagan times. It stands in the island of Aran, in the bay of Galway; and he says, "The roof is formed, as in all buildings of this class, by the gradual approximation of stones laid horizontally, till it is closed at the top by a single stone."† In this respect it resembles the Treasury of Atreus.

Opening from the Treasury is a rectangular chamber hewn in the rock. Its door is similar in form to the outer door, and has like it a triangular opening over it. The chamber being dark we wished to see the interior, and so had a large pile of dry brushwood collected and set on fire. The effect was grand. The leaping flames, the picturesque costumes and flashing eyes of the Greeks who gathered round, and the great vault with its rugged sides and jagged roof lighted up in every part by the lurid blaze, formed a wild, weird picture, such as a Dante might have described or a Doré painted.

I observed, as others had done before, some large bronze nails high up in the wall of the outer vault, and many nail-holes lower down. Antiquarians have suggested that the interior was once coated with plates of brass nailed to the stones; and that, besides, the

arms and ornaments of the royal house of the Atreidæ were suspended round it. It was not uncommon in primæval times to cover the interior of temples and other great buildings with thin plates of the precious metals. I have seen what at least appeared to be traces of this mode of ornamentation on the walls of temples in Syria. We read too of brazen chambers in the early history of Greece; and it will be remembered that the whole interior of Solomon's temple was "overlaid with pure gold."‡

But what was the original object of this vault? Pausanias answers the question, deriving his information most probably from tradition: "Among the ruins of Mycenæ are subterraneous habitations of Atreus and his sons, in which they deposited their treasures."† There can be little doubt Pausanias referred to this vault and three other smaller ones of similar form, the remains of which still exist; and hence the name, "Treasury of Atreus," is usually given to the great vault. It seems to me, however, that any building designed for a treasury, in those early ages, would have been located within the citadel, and not in the outer and more exposed part of the town. This building has more the look of a mausoleum than a treasury, and it reminded me of some of the great tombs I had visited in Egypt and Palestine. Tombs were in ancient times not unfrequently used as places of worship, where costly offerings were dedicated to the manes of the dead, and where the richest robes and jewels of the dead themselves were deposited. The practice prevails more or less to this day. The tombs of the caliphs and Mohammed Ali in Cairo, of Saladin and Bibars in Damascus, are mosques; and the modern visitor to Constantinople may see, as I saw a few weeks ago, worshippers at prayer in the magnificent tombs of the sultans. There, superb Cashmere shawls, diamond aigrettes, silver lecterns, and splendid illuminated copies of the Koran, are ranged on and around the graves of the departed monarchs. The tombs of Christian saints and martyrs were, and still are, often honoured in a similar manner. The vaults of Mycenæ, therefore, I believe to have been tombs, in which doubtless some of the personal ornaments and arms of the dead were laid and votive offerings dedicated to their manes. It may be, too, that here were hung up, as in temples, in honour of the gods, such

* "Round Towers," p. 127.

† Id. p. 131.

‡ 2 Chron. iii. 4.

† ii. 16.

spoils as the dead had taken in war, a practice referred to in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus :

"Now the Argive host hath taken Troy :
And in the ancestral temples of their gods
Hath nailed the spoils for our eternal glory."

From the Treasury of Atreus I walked along the eastern slope of the ridge over little terraces, where the soil was almost covered with minute fragments of ancient pottery. I came in a few minutes to the so-

called Treasury of Clytemnestra, situated in a hollow recess just below the great gate of the citadel. It is a vault similar in all respects to that of Atreus, but smaller. Part of the dome had fallen in ; and Schliemann, as I was informed, partially cleared out the interior and opened up the passage to the doorway. He made no discoveries, however, of any moment.

(To be concluded in next Part.)

A WORD UPON WOMEN.

PROV. xxxi.

SPECULATION, however fashionable, is often not profitable, and we shall gain little light by inquiring who this King Lemuel of Proverbs really was. He may have been Solomon with this for one of his many names, as was common among the Jews ; or the whole of this last chapter of the book of Proverbs may be imaginary, from the name in the first verse down to the gates in the last. And yet we think, just as in the reading of some stories one character stands out in the memory with special distinctness, and its sayings and doings are so vividly life-like, that you feel sure it is a "faded photograph" which the author has given you—so here every verse is so suggestive, that the reader can hardly resist the belief that an unknown hand is sketching a real woman, whose many virtues death had stamped upon the memory with a solemn and stern accuracy. Be she who she might, her life was not one to be easily paralleled, or lightly forgotten, and the "virtuous woman" of that time may help to solve some vexed questions as to woman's work now.

By the way, we object altogether to the implied limitation in the popular use of the word "virtuous," as applied to this unknown. It would be a manifest insult to such a person to suppose that she *could* be other than refined, womanly, and chaste, and so we take the word in the old English sense of a refined well-brought-up lady.

And first, beginning in the very heart of the circle which is so beautifully rounded off and finished in the minor details of every-day busy life, we notice one short latter clause of a verse, which alone gives the key to this virtuous woman's strength. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." The Bible is not apt to lay bare much of the spiritual conflicts of any heart that is striving

after what it is now the fashion to call the higher spiritual life ; nor does it delineate with pre-Raphaelite minuteness the tears of a weeping suppliant, nor recount the groans of a breaking, sin-suffering heart. A few words, twice repeated, suggest the distinctive and peculiar strength of the virgin whose name was Mary, and indicate the quiet holiness of the woman who was honoured in being the mother of the Lord. She "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." "She loved much," is the only result alluded to of the process through which the woman, who was a sinner, became at once the comforter of her wearied Saviour, and the silent yet most severe rebuker of the inhospitable Pharisee. So, here, we are not told of hours of weak wailing over sin, or even of nights spent in devotion, much less have we hints of pages of diaries full of feelings and reflections, or strings, like Catholic beads, of broken resolves and good intentions, which are so apt to dry up with the ink that notes them down. No ! this woman is a woman of backbone. He who can wield a weapon well is seldom left out of sight in a warfare, and the really skilled workman, even in this overcrowded age, has rarely to complain of want of work. "Nothing to do," is usually the cry of either indolence or incompetence, and the virtuous woman recognises that there is work for her to do here in God's world, or she would not be sent into it at all. And the work needs brain, hands, heart ; it requires above all the "fear of the Lord," which "is the beginning of wisdom," and also, as Solomon himself had learnt, "the beginning of knowledge." In her inner life this woman feared the Lord, and with this as the starting point, we are brought to look at the visible outcome.

We would group under the head of self-denial, three noteworthy points about this

model woman. She is not merely a worker, although that would be something in our state of society, wherein both work and suffering would seem so often to be borne vicariously, but she "worketh willingly with her hands." One is apt to think sometimes that if the veneer of lady-likeness can be so easily injured or destroyed by employment in "the common round, the trivial task," it is barely worth the trouble of preserving its polish. Is it wise that our patent of nobility as nineteenth century ladies, should be made to rest mainly on something little better than the inch long finger-nails of Chinese exquisites? If we dare to alter the Master's words, "Not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man," we should be tempted to say,—Not the work which cometh to women's hands to do, in the neat and seemly ordering of daily home life, but the work which those hands so often find to do for themselves, is the real lowering of the standard of womanly proprieties. We confess, however, that the personal activities of this virtuous woman do suggest an idea of muscular Christianity, which contrasts forcibly with modern ideas of feminine delicacy and the necessary divisions of labour. It is really startling to find her at once an adept in commerce, a chancellor of the exchequer, a home manufacturer, a lord high almoner, an administrator of law; withal, a wife worthy of trust, and a mother whose children had right reason to bless her. Verily Solomon, with his large experience of woman kind, might safely assert, if he did not cunningly insinuate, that the price of such an one is "far above rubies."

We note, too, her early rising, which comes in as another of the exploded vulgar virtues, but which her busy life must have reduced to a stern necessity. Are there not twelve hours in the day? the slothful woman cries. Yes; but the working worth of the said twelve hours depends, very much indeed, upon the period of the day at which the count is made to begin. Mark, too, her habit of strict watchfulness; "She considereth a field;" "her candle goeth not out by night;" and in one exhaustive climax, "she looketh well to the ways of her household," perhaps as hard a duty as any here enumerated. To watch well and hold in check one's own spirit, so as to encourage wisely, check discreetly, reprove rationally, and keep in hand with a firm yet equable grasp the reins which guide the domestic chariot in its course day by day, is just, in New Testament words, "the patient continuance in well doing" which

scarcely ranks at all now as one of the truest manifestations of a Divine service. Yet all who have tried to live such a life know full well that it is a more searching test of discipleship than a place on innumerable committees, unflinching attendance at mid-day prayer-meetings, or even the rigid consecration of more than the Jewish tithe unto the Lord. Side by side, too, with the habits of self-denial, and as we think springing out of them as a necessary correlative, is that kindly consideration for others which so largely enters into this woman's life. We do not care to note specially her thoughtfulness for her husband, though the verdict that "she does him good and not evil all the days of her life," modern society could only reverse, and not endorse, in the case of far too many homes now! For, after all, a regard for the social distinction of the husband is very little better than the highest form of refined selfishness on the part of a wife. The twain once are one now; he may not rise without her, and if he fall, society takes very good care that he shall not fall alone. But this virtuous woman is considerate to her servants. Let us hope that in those days they were not so possessed with a spirit of change as now. "She giveth meat to her household," though we can quite imagine her, at the risk of being called mean, carefully putting by the seven or the twelve baskets full of fragments, and so reaching forth her well-filled hands to the needy by a womanly attention to the economics of the kitchen, rather than by an easy application to the husband's purse. "She giveth a portion to her maids" also, probably a marriage portion, if, as we hinted, it were possible then to engage at once the interests and the affections of the household helps, and by that two-fold tie bind them to the family they served. What can be said as to her arrangements for the clothing of the family, involving as many mothers know, an amount of contrivance and forethought which is often very harassing? Hannah makes, not buys, the little coat which is the annual gift to the absent Samuel; but the only sewing machine of those days was the two skilled hands of the busy mother, whose modern representative is now so apt to sigh over "The Song of the Shirt." But it is not an unfair inference from the context, that the husband, as he sat in the gates, was equally known by the perfect adaptation of his apparel, the result of her handiwork, as by his own manly intrinsic worth. Then, too, it is pleasant to notice the generosity of her outlay in the scarlet, tapestry, fine linen, and Tyrian purple, which so taste-

fully decorate her surroundings, and herself. Nor dare we for one moment imagine that the "brave attire" was donned only for the eyes of visitors, and that the silk never rustled with a pleasant sound in the ears of the boys and girls. But we may notice lastly, the personal contact with, and the wise help, of the poor. We suggested the manner of the "reaching forth of her hands," only adding that it would seem as if the case of each applicant was examined with careful scrutiny, and relieved with kindly personal discrimination.

We have but space for one word touching the reward of this life-long labour and toil; nor, indeed, is there much said, or even hinted at, about it. If "the heart of her husband could safely trust in her," so that in consequence of her wise management, he was not compelled to stoop to those tricks of trade, which now so often make success a terrible pain,—“he shall have no need of spoil.”—If he dared praise her—in public occasionally, without fear of contradiction, and in the holy hours of married life, which to her woman's heart would be dearer praise than any; if her children, in the strength of their manhood's judgment, to which her patient wisdom had trained them, or in the happiness of their own homes, happy in so far as they copied her—if they could say in life, "Thou excellest all," or in death rise up, and looking at her calm, still face, call her "blessed," what more could woman want? The proud contributor to her husband's success in life—the worthy sharer of the prosperity she helped to create—the wise loving helpmeet in the human home, which she had made a not inapt type of the Home in the Better Land: let such a woman rest from her labours, as those only can rest who both live to the Lord and die in Him. In the day when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is—the fruit of her hands shall indeed be given to her, and her own works,

made yet more bright and beautiful in the blood of the Lamb, "shall praise her in the gates" of the Eternal City.

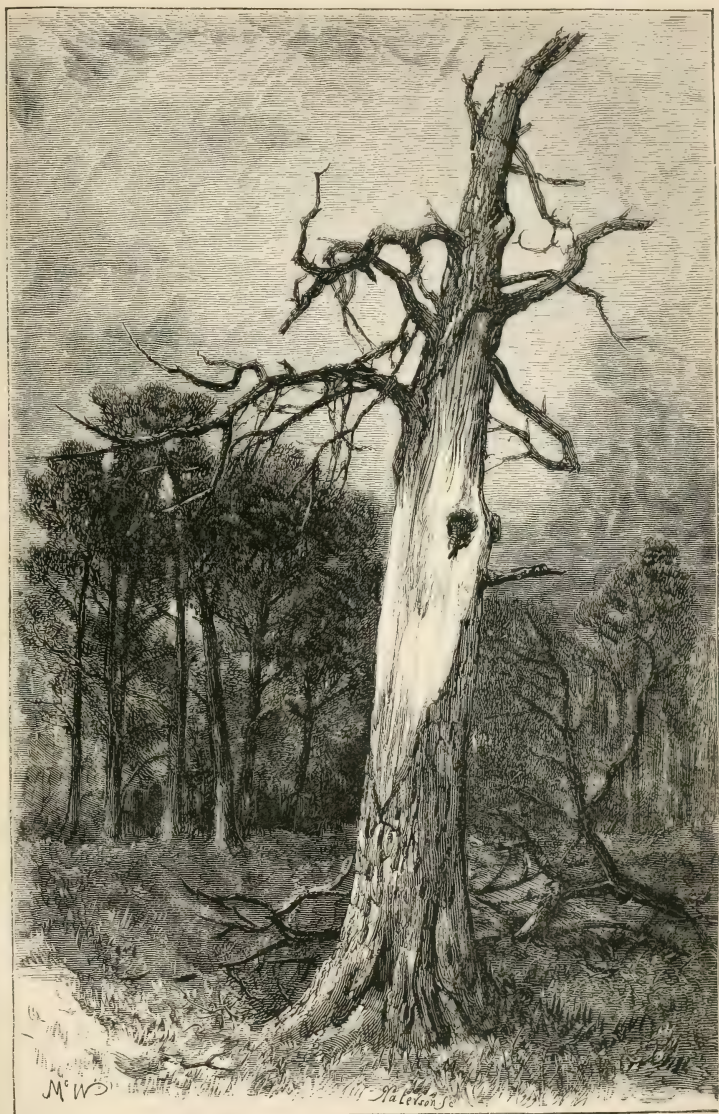
The cry comes as markedly from women as from men, "What *great* thing shall I do?" and there is danger, lest the so-called little things of every-day life should be relegated to hands unable to guide, and brains untrained to think. But if this picture in the Book of Proverbs be not purely ideal from end to end—if it do not delineate virtues which cannot exist in such combination, or torment us, Tantalus like, with a vision of perfect beauty, about which we can only sorrowfully say, "I awoke, and behold it was a dream," if this be not so, it were worth our while to study its points of contrast with our present unsettled and unsatisfactory home life. We say nothing of those, whom with "tip-tilted" feature of scorn the world calls single women, except to congratulate many of them upon the right noble use they are making of their exemption from household duties, and to wish them God speed. Even pity is wasted on the unmarried woman, whose thoughts are solely occupied with unkindly curiosity about her neighbours' business; or who betakes herself to some refuge of lies, in the vain endeavour to cheat time of his lawful prey. But for those who in the settled, and let us hope at least sometimes, prayerful exercise of a woman's prerogative, have elected for themselves the quiet resting-places of home, and husband, and children, is not something like this the lesson of it all? That the thorough, systematic, and religious development of all resources within the family circle of home, in all aspects, and for both worlds, will demand such a concentration and consecration of every power that any woman possesses, as will banish all craving for wider notoriety, and restrict any aspiration for a larger sphere of action.

M. E. MARTIN.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE road was long and dreary and my heart was sore oppress,
Yet ever must I hasten on, nor pause for any rest;
For many miles I had to go and short the autumn day,
But merrily the Robins sang to cheer me on my way.

No sunshine lay upon the hills or fields as I passed by,
And pitchy black the pine-tops showed against a dull grey sky;
And darkness stretched before me and darkness lay behind,
But ever more the Robins sang and cheered my fainting mind.



"An Autumn Song."

No other birds were singing in the woods or wayside trees,
The wind surged in the branches with the sound of troubled seas ;
So lone was I, so weary, my heart was like to break,
But blithely sang the Robins, and it seemed for my sad sake.

How often since in happier times more rapturous strains I've heard,
Of nightingales and thrushes, and many a poet's bird,
But all my life that song will seem the sweetest to my ear,
The song the little Robins sang when all the land was drear !

They sang when first I started, they were singing all the way,
On black fringed ash, on holly bough, or birchen silver grey,
They made me weep, they made me smile, they made me hope once more,
When joy had died within me and care oppressed me sore.

So bare of hope, so desolate my earthly portion then,
A lightning-blasted trunk it seemed amid an arid plain.
No break of blue athwart the sky, no flowers beneath my feet,
The Robins only spoke of spring in accents strong and sweet.

They told me of the joys to come, of April and of May,
Of summer-tide when winter snows had melted all away,
Of gladness in the teeming earth and in the hearts of men,
Of grief and trouble passed away and peace come back again.

M. B. EDWARDS.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE present calamity is not only the worst that has ever visited India, but it is the greatest disaster that has within living memory befallen the human race. The very figures tell a tale of terrible woe, but they are so enormous that they make no impression because they are almost unintelligible. Thirty-five millions of human beings whose normal state is poverty will be afflicted with scarcity. A census of the eighty-two great and imperial towns which, scattered throughout the entire earth, are now the chief seats of power, wealth, and population, would not give an aggregate of thirty million beings. It has been computed by those in India capable of forming a sound estimate, that the famine has already directly or indirectly caused the death of half a million of natives, and it is calculated that five millions of human beings will perish in the next few months. It is hard to imagine the profound sensation which would be created if we were told, in plain matter-of-fact terms, that within the next few months every living soul in London would perish from an equally matter-of-fact want of food. The last news from India is slightly more satisfactory, as far as the result of the rainfall in Madras is concerned, but it also informs us that the famine area is widening, and three other large provinces are

threatened with famine. In the Bombay Presidency the prospects generally have much improved, but in some of the districts where the famine has been most felt for the last six months the late fall of rain has been somewhat insufficient, and the pressure of prices and the scarcity are still severe. North-westwards, beyond the limits of the Bombay Presidency, in sterile Rajputana, which contains an area of more than one hundred and twenty thousand square miles and a population of about ten millions, there have been only a few light showers, and much failure of crops and pasture. In the Punjab, with its population of nineteen millions, distress, we are officially told, from loss of autumnal crops is very great. In the North-west Provinces, which comprise the enormous area of eight hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles, and contain a population of over thirty millions, the situation is fast becoming critical. In some parts the rice crops have not even been sown, and whatever crops were sown in the early part of June on non-irrigated lands, must long ago have been ruined by the scorching-hot winds which have prevailed. But during the last fifteen years considerable attention has been paid to irrigation works in the North-west Provinces, and the dire extremity of famine under which Southern India

now lies will never be again seen in these parts. In Madras the prospect is slightly more hopeful, but it would not be wise to be sanguine. There has been good general rain which will enable the cultivator to plough his land, but three months, at least, must elapse before he can reap his harvest. The Madras famine is serious enough now, but it must get worse and worse till December. Lord Lytton, in his *Famine Minute*, written after visiting Madras, says, "The situation is as severe as it possibly could be." It is almost certain that for the rest of the year the efforts of the Government will be taxed to the utmost to save millions from dying of want of food. All over India prices are rising rapidly, and this means great privation and no little hunger to many thousands of the poorer classes. All the resources—and they are but slender—of the Indian Empire will not be sufficient to cope with the present calamity. The thing is impossible, and should be recognised as impossible. The energy and foresight of the Government can conquer many, but not all, the evils arising from the famine. Government can relieve the more or less able-bodied, but the weak and aged, the orphan and destitute children, these must die or be saved by private charity. The loss by death of their plough and well-bullocks will tell heavily on the farmers, and private charity might come forward to help this crushing burden. In India the rulers of native states, as well as British subjects, are giving cheerfully to alleviate the sufferings around them. The appeal made to England has already been answered by a subscription of a quarter of a million. It is, however, not the actual amount that makes public contributions valuable, but the public sentiment of sympathetic watchfulness which they evoke.

Those who reside in England can have but a faint idea what a famine is like. The word has almost lost its original meaning in highly civilised countries, but it has all its old import in India. Once seen the horrors of a real famine can never be effaced from the memory of an eye witness, and words are but feeble instruments to convey anything like an adequate idea of its miseries. The effect of a season of famine in India is not merely to entail on its population a terrible amount of loss of life or temporary suffering, but to thrust back its progress for an indefinite number of years. The minority who have the means or the credit to live over a famine in personal safety come out of it with the savings of years utterly exhausted, with their jewels, their household goods, their

implements, and perhaps their very cattle and seed grain, sold or consumed, or, in addition to all this, oppressed with a load of debts from which they may never recover. From the position of men of substance they have sunk into that of beggars, from free men they have been degraded into the slaves of the money lender, the worst form of slavery in the world.

Famine in India is no exceptional occurrence. There have been no less than eighteen famines since the commencement of our rule, and fourteen during the present century. Within the last ten years India has been visited by four of these calamities. The records of the remoter famines are misty and indefinite. They tell of vast mortality, of tracts of great extent left without inhabitants, of destructive pestilence following in the wake of famine. Ibn Batula gives a graphic account of the sufferings which he witnessed in the famine of 1345 (approximately). Distress was general and the position of affairs very grave. "One day I went out of the city to meet the Wazer (prime minister), and I saw three women who were cutting in pieces and eating the skin of a horse which had been dead some months." In the reign of Shah Jehan, famous for the splendour of his public works and the magnificence of his Court, a great historical famine afflicted India. The liberality and energy of the Emperor could not check the mortality. "The numbers of the dead exceeded all computation or estimate. The town and their environs and the country were strewn with human skulls and bones instead of seed. Men ate each other, parents devoured their children. Bakers ground up old bones or whatever else they could get, and mixing the dust with a little wheat, sold the cakes as valuable rarities to the wealthy. Human bodies dried in the sun were steeped in water and devoured by those who found them." Mention is made of terrible famine in the reign of Aurangzeb (1658—1707), under whom the Moghul power attained its greatest splendour and widest extension. The exact range of this famine has not been determined, but it was not universal, for the Emperor imported grain on a very large scale both from Bengal and the Punjab. He sold part at a moderate price and part was distributed gratuitously. The historian represents these operations to have saved many millions of lives and to have rescued many provinces from total destruction. In the eighteenth century we do not find mention of any famine on a larger scale till the

great Bengal famine (1770.) The pressure of this famine was felt in all the northern districts of Bengal as early as November, 1769. Large numbers of people, after vainly endeavouring to obtain subsistence from leaves and the bark of trees, perished miserably of starvation, and the fields and highways were strewn with dead bodies. A third of the inhabitants of Bengal are computed to have perished. In many cases the starving objects sustained themselves with the flesh of forbidden and abhorred animals, and there were instances in which the child fed on its dead parents and the mother on her child. In 1783, a frightful famine ravaged the land from the Punjab to Bengal. That it proved terribly severe is apparent from its historical importance in the annals of India. A new era and a new population seem to reckon from that date—the native year, or Sumbat, 1840. Of this desolation Warren Hastings was himself an eye-witness. "From the confines of Buxar to Benares," he wrote with a curious candour to the Council Board, under date of 2nd of April, 1784, "I was followed and fatigued by the clamours of the discontented inhabitants. The distresses which were produced by the long-continued drought unavoidably tended to heighten the general discontent; yet I have reason to fear that the cause existed principally in a defective if not a corrupt and oppressive administration. I am sorry to add, that from Buxar to the opposite boundary I have seen nothing but traces of complete devastation in every village." Oppression had indeed brought the province of Benares to the most abject state of misery. The resources of the people had been exhausted by Warren Hastings's extortions, and an unfavourable season gave the finishing blow to their misfortunes.

In the year 1803 a severe famine prevailed in the North-west Provinces, partly caused by droughts and partly by the short-sighted policy of the British Government. The people were utterly unprepared to grapple with any new calamity. They had just been released from the yoke of a sovereign whose oppression and tyranny were notorious, and their new masters, on the strength of one good harvest, imposed on them rates too heavy to bear. The sufferings of the people are described as most severe. The pages of Mill and Thornton, whilst they give detailed accounts of the military operations against Holkar and Scindia, do not contain a word which would enable their readers to learn even from inference that the country

had been laid waste by a scourge far more terrible than war. As a rule the devastation of armies is trifling compared to the ruin which famine causes. It is only in the neighbourhood of the battle-field and camping-ground and along the line of march that the evil effects of an enemy's movements are felt. But famine strikes a whole country and leaves its mark on all. After a succession of indifferent seasons the misfortunes of the North-west reached their height in 1837. The pangs of hunger compelled mothers to sell their children, and crowds of persons, the picture of misery and despair, crawled about the towns begging for a morsel to eat. In the year 1861 the North-west was again sorely smitten with famine, and it is calculated that eight hundred thousand perished. The following few words describe the state of the population: "They were one and all starving, and the majority were skeletons from atrophy." This famine is the first of which any clear official narrative has been preserved, and Colonel Baird Smith's report on it is a model one. It is worthy of the man whose genius and labour did such good services at Delhi in the days of peril and danger. Deeply and fearlessly he searches out the origin of the evil, and as fearlessly he lays them open. Plainly and without disguise the errors of the past are pointed out, and he shows how the evil can be avoided for the future. It is sad to think how little the rulers of the land have profited by the lessons the master hand taught them sixteen years ago.

In the year 1866 the great calamity of famine was felt in its greatest intensity in Orissa. The management of that famine was not only a disgrace to a civilised Government, but a blot on civilisation. The horrors related recall to one's mind Boccaccio's description of the plague in Florence. Thousands and thousands of lives were sacrificed to the *laissez-faire* school. Timely measures were not taken to meet the evil when the famine threatened the country, nor indeed when it had become certain. A third of the population of Orissa were allowed to whiten the fields with their bones. Two years after Orissa, famine slew half-a-million of human beings in Rajputana. It is truly surprising how little attention was given in England to this terrible calamity, which swept away so many of our fellow-men. How many perished in the great war between Germany and France? Perhaps a hundred thousand! The interest awakened in England was profound, and large sums were sub-

scribed to relieve the sufferers from the war. Yet no money was raised to rescue those in India who were perishing from a more cruel death. The horrors of the Orissa famine have, however, roused the conscience of England, and established the principle that human beings must not be allowed to perish for lack of food. The lives of the people must not be weighed against the cost of saving them. This was the principle carried out in warring against the famine which attacked Bengal in 1874. The tracts which were distressed by that calamity covered an area of 20,950 square miles. The population of this territory was 10,700,000, of which 26·2 per cent. were estimated as requiring assistance from the Government in the worst season. The partly distressed tracts amounted to 19,159 square miles, with a population of 7,064,650 souls, of which 11·5 per cent. required Government aid. The total expenditure incurred by the Government of India in respect to the Bengal famine is estimated by Sir Richard Temple at £9,177,000. The policy of Bengal was better than the old policy of Orissa. The efforts which were made in Bengal to mitigate the horrors of the crisis reflect honour upon Lord Northbrook, Sir Richard Temple, and all concerned. After energy and preventive measures have mitigated a terrible famine into extreme distress, it is very easy for captious critics to say there was no apprehension of a famine at all. It is needless to argue with men who are superior to facts. It was a statesmanlike policy worthy of a great government which saved its subjects in Bengal from dying of starvation or from disease caused by insufficient nourishment. Lord Northbrook and Sir Richard Temple may have made mistakes in the management of the Bengal famine, but they were generous errors, and history will forgive them when it records their wide and liberal policy.

We have not attempted to give anything like a complete history of Indian famines. The subject is one of the greatest interest, and there are ample materials for an exhaustive history, but it is too great for our space. We have given the above short sketch in order that those living in opulent England may realise by the history of the past what many thousands, we might say millions, of their fellow-subjects will have to endure for the next four or five months.

There are certain facts gleaned from the past history of famines which ought always to be well borne in mind. These facts are, 1st, That great droughts rarely if ever occur without warning. A famine in the worst

sense of the word is the culminating distress that closes a series of bad seasons. 2nd, Local famines recur in one part or the other of the country every five, ten, or fifteen years. But with regard to the greater famines of a more far-spreading character, both the cycle of their periodicity and the areas of their range are very much larger; the difference is almost like that between comets of the smallest and those of the very largest orbits. The greater famines occur in successive centuries; instead of five, ten, or fifteen years they occur at intervals of fifty, one hundred, and one hundred and fifty years. An attempt has been made to connect the periodicity of famine with that of certain solar phenomena, but we have not sufficient data to form any sound opinion on this point.

We have now to speak of the famine of the present year in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies. In Bombay the area affected by the failure of the crop is 33,873 square miles, and the population amounts to nearly 8,000,000. The population consists of handy, industrious, intelligent Mahratta cultivators. The country is generally a vast plain, with undulating rocky ridges and low ranges of bare, barren hills, trap rock or trap detritus everywhere forming various soils, from rich black cotton soil to shallow red gravel, which only with abundant rains give a crop of millet, the usual grain. The ten large distressed districts of the Madras Presidency contain a total area of 74,000 square miles, and a population of 16,000,000 souls. This extensive area is much divided by hills and mountain ranges. The population consists of Tamil and Telugu ryots, and "they," says Sir Richard Temple, in his last able and eloquent minute, "are indeed a peasantry whom any Government might indeed be proud to reckon among its subjects."

In the Deccan and Madras the Ryotwari settlement of land prevails. Under this system every registered holder of the land is recognised as its proprietor, and pays a land tax direct to the Government. The ryots are the peasant proprietors of the land, and under them are the farm labourers. These often have small holdings of their own, but add to their livelihood by working, together with their wives and children, in the fields of their neighbours. "But now," writes Sir Richard Temple, "their vocation is gone for a time. There is no working or tending wanted for the withered crops. There is no harvesting to be done. The fields cannot be tilled for lack of moisture. The plough is unemployed. The oxen are straying in

quest of fodder." In every town, almost in every village, there are guilds of weavers, some weaving the finer others the coarser fabrics. The shady groves of trees serve as their factories. "But the demand for clothes has ceased for a time. The groves are no longer peopled, the spindles are hung up, and the looms are idle. The weavers thus thrown out of work generally have means to last them for a time, but as they become gradually pinched and straitened, they are unwilling to seek assistance from Government, which can be given only in return for labour unsuited to their sedentary habits." Here is a wide field for private charity.

We now come to the important question, What is it possible for the Government of India to do? What has it done to mitigate the worst evils of famine? Here we must offer a word of kindly warning. It is right for those living in England to offer India their charitable sympathy and hearty support; but it is most necessary to remember that it is not easy for those in England to guide wisely or to prevent advice from becoming embarrassing. The first great task in warring against Famine is not only to provide the food but to transport and distribute it. The failure of the ordinary crops makes it certain that a very large supply of food grain must be imported either by private agency or Government. Mill says, "Direct measures at the cost of the State to procure food from a distance are expedient when from peculiar reasons the thing is not likely to be done by private speculation. In any other cases they are a great error. Private traders will not in such cases venture to compete with the Government, and though a Government can do more than one merchant it cannot do nearly as much as all merchants." However, we must beware of applying general principles without regard to local circumstances. "The business of a political economist," says Senior "is neither to recommend nor to dissuade, but to state general principles which it is fatal to neglect, but neither advisable nor, perhaps, practicable to use as the sole or even the principal guide in the actual conduct of affairs." Every doctrine of political economy supposes the existence of certain conditions which are never exactly realised in practice; as, for example, a perfectly unfettered competition or a disregard of every consideration except that of profit and loss. It is assumed in political economy that the merchants of any place in which people are suffering from scarcity would be sufficiently alive to their own interests to import large

supplies of food. However, English economists neglect that important factor *Caste*, which is a very powerful trade union in India. It is a trade union which enjoys the sanction of superstition, and superstition is stronger than the love of gain with the mass of mankind. It is the influence of caste which, in a great measure, destroys the argument adduced by Adam Smith that a grain-dealer's interests are identical with those of the public. Also in the inland districts of India the grain merchants have not always sufficient capital to be able to take decided action upon the state of the markets, and they are slow to action even where their own interests are concerned. When we consider the political economy aspect of a famine we must bear in mind that there is a vast difference between acting in default of laws of political economy and acting in contravention of them. To misunderstand these laws is often fraught with danger in practical life. The law of supply and demand is that the price of any article adjusts itself in such a way that supply and demand become equal. This is very different to the popular notion that if you leave things alone every demand will in time be supplied. This is the error into which the Bengal Government fell during the Orissa famine, and the result was a serious one—the people died of starvation. Orissa was shut out from the world, but the districts in the Bombay Presidency in which scarcity prevails have ample communication with the outside world, and the facilities for importing food which such communication affords. The Bombay Government have adhered strictly to the policy of non-interference with the trade, and this policy has been entirely successful. The only limit to the activity of private trade has been the deficiency of the carrying power of the railways. The famine in Bombay has taught us how much private trade can do, and it also teaches us that the value of railways in India must not be measured by their dividends. Sir Richard Temple says one of the lessons deduced from the present calamity is "to maintain on the great railway lines a moderate though adequate reserve of engine power, so as to enable the railways to meet emergent requirements such as must arise in a year of famine." The policy of the Madras Government has been totally different to that of the Bombay authorities. "They did purchase secretly and confidentially through a local firm 30,000 tons of grain from places beyond the Presidency." It is almost impossible for a Government to conduct a transaction of

this nature secretly and confidentially. The mere rumour of a Government interference paralyzes private trade. Government must face the fact that if it is to supply grain at the cost of the State, traders will cease attempting to supply grain at the market value. This is the bane of anything like interference with the ordinary course of commerce. Lord Lytton has shown courage and wisdom in declaring that the Madras Government is to abstain from importing or otherwise interfering with private trade. Sir Richard Temple, in the account of his special mission to Madras, writes, "The activity of the grain trade has been most healthy, from the sea-ports to the central marts, from the railways to the roads, from the markets and depôts to the village booths."

The second great duty of a Government in forming a famine policy is to supply the public with food in a manner that will be least injurious to their self-respect. In order to accomplish this relief works have to be started. The question of large or small relief works has now happily passed beyond the stage of discussion. An important work which employs large numbers soon gets known, and people go direct to it instead of wandering in search of work, and dying of starvation before they reach it. As a heavy calamity compels Government to spend against their wish a very large sum of money on public works, it is far wiser to employ those who can labour on works of whose future beneficial effect in the distressed districts there can be no shadow of doubt, and apart from their being relief works are good to carry out for their inherent usefulness. Labour imposed for labour's sake is but little, if at all, preferable to idleness. Indeed, in one respect, it is worse, since labour increases the quantity of food man requires. Labour expended on works which are unlikely to be continued to completion after the famine has passed away, and which must therefore prove abortive, is labour wasted. Government lies under the severest obligation to see that, as far as possible, famine labour shall be of a reproductive character. The great aim of famine administration ought to be to segregate and classify the people. The able-bodied should be made to labour on public works, where strict supervision and discipline can be enforced; the less capable on smaller works, under civil officers or non-professional establishments; and those who are incapable of travelling any distance, or incapable of ordinary labour, ought to be employed in trifling works near their villages. The ques-

tion what wages ought to be paid on relief works is one of cardinal importance. It is, however, a question of fact, and can only be solved by practical experience and examining facts, and not by *à priori* calculations. It must, however, be borne in mind that the duty of a great Government is not only to prevent its subjects from dying of starvation, but to *save life*. The executive administration which, from notions of false economy, injured the lives and health of its subjects, would deserve to be impeached in the name of human nature itself. There has been much discussion of late as to the necessary amount of nutriment to be doled out to the starving recipients of state charity. The Sanitary Commissioner of Madras raised objections to the reduced scale of wages for relief labour introduced by Sir Richard Temple, and predicted an enormous loss of life consequent on them. Has the enormous mortality in the Madras Presidency been due to the reduction in the rate of wages? In justice to Sir Richard Temple it must be remembered that his stringent but necessary recommendations have not caused the loss of life in Bombay. Then why have they failed in Madras? Greater care has been taken in the Bombay Presidency to provide for particular cases, so that the general arrangements devised in the interest of the public, and having for their object the prevention of the abuse of state charity, might not press harder on the suffering people than could be borne. The system of village relief and village organization has been better managed in Bombay than in Madras. The Bombay and Madras Presidencies have one great advantage over Bengal: in them the village system is so much more perfect. The headman and village accountant do away with the necessity of appointing relief committees, except in very large towns. In Bombay they have been held responsible for any distress which existed, and which they did not bring to notice. They also have had orders to relieve cripples, the weak and aged, and to aid distressed travellers to reach their destinations. With regard to Madras, Sir Richard Temple writes, "On the 8th February I formally represented to the Madras Government the general importance of the subject, showing that however comprehensive the relief measures might be, still experience showed that individuals or families might be suffering in silence, and might compose themselves for death without complaining. For this there was one, and only one, remedy—namely, inspecting the villages from house to house,

and bringing forward for relief every destitute or famishing person who could be found." Writing on the subject of his second tour, Sir R. Temple says, "But still here and there among the villages, and sometimes among the gangs of sturdy and vigorous relief labourers, I found weakly or wretched individuals; and sometimes inquiry into these miserable cases showed that the poor people were sharing their wages with infirm people at home. Such infirm persons ought of course to have been singled out and brought forward for succour under the system of village inspection and relief."

We have discussed the great measures which Government must take in the campaign against famine, in order that the majority of Englishmen at home follow the present calamity with an intelligent appreciation of its phenomena as they may occur. We have necessarily omitted many essential measures which must be adopted. There are the relief camps to be started near large towns at central spots. There is the difficult task of adapting the internal arrangements of these

camps as much as possible to the caste feeling and other social habits of the people. There are the field hospitals for the diseased and for the distribution of medicine to the thousands who are certain to be struck down by fever, dysentery, and cholera, when once want of food has lessened their power of resistance to these maladies. The great question we now come to is, What can those in England do to assist in the great campaign against pestilence and famine? The private subscriptions sent out from England have already been the means of saving thousands of lives, and have done much to mitigate the sufferings of the feeble and sickly; but because we read that rain has fallen, we must not imagine that our task is finished. Though there are some gleams of hope for the future, the misery and want are still intense. It is a people in beggary, it is a nation which stretches out its hand for food. Thousands and thousands of our fellow-men, of our fellow-subjects, will perish within the next four months of want of food, if we hold not to them the meeting hand of charity.

G. W. FORREST.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Paul's prayer for the Ephesian Church.

EPH. iii. 14—21.

AS there is something inspiring in even a flying visit to sublime scenery, so it does one's heart good even to read deliberately and sympathetically this prayer of Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ, for the Gentiles. It lifts the soul away out of the prison of this Time-world; it gives a holiday to the weary spirit; it makes one forget the grief caused by sorrowful, depressing circumstances in the present condition of the Christian Church—rent asunder by theological controversy, weak in faith, dispirited, lukewarm, letting her hands hang down and her knees grow feeble, averse to heroic enterprise while the work of the world's evangelization is still so far from being achieved. When saddened by the divisions of the Church I would come to this prayer and be reminded of the one Father from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named; when painfully impressed with the lack of spiritual robustness in contemporary Christian character I would come to this prayer and be reminded of the rich grace of

God which can strengthen with might in the inner man; when chilled by the east wind of scepticism which prevails so widely in these days I would come to this prayer and be baptized anew into the spirit of genuine evangelism—the spirit of strong faith in Divine love, and of a zeal for the spread of Christianity which will not let one rest till all men have been made acquainted with the philanthropy of God toward the human race. And to think that this prayer was written by a man whose left hand at the moment was probably attached by a chain to the arm of a soldier, and yet has no smell of prison air about it, but rather resembles the song of the lark soaring up to heaven's gate—how it rebukes our despondency, how it makes one ashamed of the weakness and narrowness of his heart, what little men it makes us moderns appear!

The ground out of which the prayer springs is the double reconciliation of which the Apostle speaks in an earlier part of the Epistle (ii. 13—18), the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile and their union in one holy Christian brotherhood, and the reconciliation of both Jew and Gentile to the one God and Father from whom all men are alienated by sin. "For this cause," and in this cause

Paul bows his knees to the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ. But while in its general scope a prayer for the accomplishment of this sublime ideal—a world reconciled to God and to itself—the prayer is at the same time, and more immediately and expressly, a prayer for individual believers, and especially for the believing brethren in Ephesus and in the Churches adjacent. For the man who utters this prayer is no dreamy idealist who cares only for grand schemes: he is a man of warm heart who cares also with paternal tenderness for individual Christians, for the humblest members of the various Churches. Such a combination of high soaring flights of thought with kindly regard to the lowly and familiar is by no means a matter of course. The apostle Peter writes, "And to brotherly kindness charity," as if brotherly kindness and charity were distinguishable and separable graces. And so they are. There are men who have a great deal of charity of a sentimental and theoretical sort who are devoid of brotherly kindness; and there are many who have much brotherly kindness (for their own families, religious denomination, and so forth) but little or no charity. Paul combined both qualities in his character. He was not like that "friend of man" of whom it is recorded that he was the enemy of almost every man he had to do with. He was at once a universal philanthropist and a warm friend of all his brethren near at hand, well known, and known, not as perfect Christians, but as Christians like ourselves, weak in faith and needing much to be spiritually enlightened and strengthened.

It is precisely for the enlightenment and strengthening of Christians belonging to the Churches in Asia, well known and dearly loved, that Paul here prays. He prays as for children whom he would not have remain children always. They are his own spiritual children, many of them, and, like every parent, he desires that they may grow to manhood's stature, understanding, and strength. And in praying for such growth (which he does with great earnestness, for the matter lay near his heart, as the whole Epistle shows) he makes it plain what, in his judgment, are the means or conditions of growth. It is well to note these; for the thing prayed for concerns us as well as the Ephesians; we modern Christians ought also to grow, and we have much need to grow.

Two means of growth are specified: Faith in Christ and Christian love. Faith in Christ—"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Christ is the Sun of the soul, and

the soul must keep itself open by faith to His influence in order to grow, and if it continue to do so it shall grow without fail. Every word in this sentence is emphatic. "Dwell:" not there for a short season as a stranger in an inn for the night. Paul feared that these Asian Christians might be carried away from Christ by other teachers, "carried about with every wind of doctrine." The fear is only too fully justified by the history of many young disciples. Hence he says with emphasis that Christ may dwell in your hearts, as also in another kindred epistle: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," (Colossians iii. 16). "Christ," too, is emphatic. Christ, the whole Christ; Christ in His redeeming love, which believed in gives peace to conscience, and inspires the breast with grateful devotion; in His teaching, that having his words of wisdom dwelling in our minds we may grow wise and apt unto all good work, pursuing noblest ends by wisest means; in His character, the contemplation of which with unveiled face brings about slowly but surely a transformation into His own likeness. Many Christians grow not because the Christ of their faith is only a fragmentary Christ—Christ the priest, or Christ the prophet, or Christ the King or Head of the Church. It may even be said that the Church itself is by the worship of a divided Christ broken up into schools or parties distinguished by such epithets as "evangelical," "broad," "high," and each presenting only a one-sided Christianity far removed from the completeness of the "perfect man." Once more, "in your hearts" is emphatic. It is not the dry, formal theology of the understanding that promotes growth; it is the *Theologia pectoris* that is the true source of spiritual light and power.

The other means of growth is Christian love: "That ye being rooted and grounded in love." The love referred to is not God's or Christ's love to us, but our love to Christians and to men generally. What importance Paul attached to this grace as a means of growth, appears from the fact that he uses two metaphors to express its function. Rooted in love, grounded in love. The former word suggests a comparison of love to a rich soil, in which, if a tree be planted, it will attain unto an ample growth and become a great forest tree—an apt comparison suggestive of another, viz., of selfishness to a dry, stony, shallow ground in which no plant can grow to greatness, or be anything better than a stunted, scraggy shrub. The latter term, "grounded," suggests the

idea that Christian love is a strong, sure foundation whereon to build the edifice of Christian character. This, too, is an apt comparison. Some may indeed be inclined to doubt its appropriateness. What! love, that soft yielding thing, a firm foundation? The doubt is natural in selfish men of the world, in whose eyes the strong character is that of a man who has a hard heart, and who with steadfast aim seeks only his own interest. But after all their model of strength is not a strong man, which is what we are in quest of; he is only a strong human animal, strong with the strength of a beast of prey. The strong man has a large element of love in his nature; he has a soft heart as well as an iron will; he is as kind as he is brave; he can be yielding as well as unyielding; and he does not believe that man's chief end is to look sharply after his own interest.

Having pointed out the sources of strength Paul next proposes a trial of strength. "That ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints." The result and at the same time the test of growth is the power of forming large and worthy conceptions of divine love as revealed in Christ, and in the purpose formed by that love for the benefit of mankind. Men test the strength of iron by subjecting it to the strain of heavy weights; Paul tests the strength of Christian character by subjecting it to the strain of great ideas. The test is a good one. Spiritual weakness cannot believe in any very great love of God to sinners, or in any very great good yet in store for the Church or the world. It makes God as little hearted as itself. The "saints," on the other hand, those who have attained unto the strength of Christian maturity, have large ideas of God's grace: they comprehend "what is the breadth and length and depth and height;" comprehend that these are incomprehensible and illimitable; comprehend that the geographical dimensions (so to speak) of the divine purpose of grace are not those of Palestine, as Judaists imagined, from Dan to Beersheba, from the Jordan to the Mediterranean, but of the world, as Paul believed; comprehend that the depth and height are not less vast than the length and the breadth, that the grace of God in Christ reaches down to the lowest depths of human guilt and depravity, and raises the most degraded to sit with Christ in heavenly places; comprehend, in a word, that the extensiveness and the intensiveness of divine grace are boundless, and that however much a saint may know of the love of Christ he

must ever feel more and more that it passeth knowledge.

The apostle in the closing doxology makes indirect confession of his own weakness tried by his own test. He speaks of God as "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Such confessions all strong ones make, and the evidence that they feel what they confess is the fact that they labour in expression in speaking of God's gracious purposes. So Paul here: breadth, length, depth, height—of what, is not said. So the writers of the Psalms xxxvi. and ciii.: "Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heaven;" "As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy towards them that fear Him." These saints "throw out words" at God's grace, but in another sense than Mr. Matthew Arnold means when he represents the Bible writers as doing this. Arnold's words thrown out are rapturous phrases flung at a cloud which a man in a heated state of imagination mistakes for a great mountain. Paul's words thrown out are phrases uttered by one who finds himself in presence of a veritable mountain range, a Bernese Oberland, seen from the summit of Rigi in the bright summer morning of the Christian Era, and who feels it impossible to get words that shall adequately express the emotions of wonder awakened in his heart by the majestic sight.

In the very confession of his weakness Paul shows his strength. It was a great thing for him to believe that God could do greater things in the future than He had yet done. Paul had seen God do much in his time—Christianity planted all over the civilised world. But he expected God to do far greater things in future ages, so that He should have no need to live on a past reputation. Weak faith cherishes no such expectation. It is custom ridden, it wants the power to conceive an idea out of the beaten track, and the audacity to imagine greater things yet to come than have taken place in past history. But strong faith dares to believe that God can create a new heavens and a new earth which shall throw the old ones into the shade. And this faith helps to create the future it looks for; this faith removes mountains, fills up valleys, and prepares the way of the Lord.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Jesus healing the palsied man.

MATT. ix. 1-8.

The main point of interest in this Gospel story to my mind has always been the

distinct intimation that Jesus was moved to heal the sick man by a regard to the faith of his friends. "Jesus seeing *their* faith saith unto the sick of the palsy: Son be of good cheer." And, observe, what Jesus was moved to do by the faith of the friends was not merely to heal the sick man's body, but at the same time to heal his soul. "Son," he said, "be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." The soul was healed first; only after the forgiveness of his sins had been announced to him did Jesus say to the sick man: "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house."

We have thus, in this Gospel narrative, a very distinct recognition of the value of intercessory prayer, or if I may so express myself, of vicarious faith. God, we learn therefrom, hears prayers of believing men offered up not for themselves but for others: for neighbours, friends, relatives palsied in soul, who do not believe and who do not pray for themselves. He has regard to the faith of *this* man in his dealings with *that* man, and does good to the one because of the generous interest which the other takes in him. Of course this is a truth liable to abuse, and it has been grievously abused. Still we must not allow fear of abuse to deprive us of the comfort which the truth referred to is fitted to yield. It is certain that no man can be saved in the full sense of the word by another man's faith, that personal faith is requisite in order to salvation, that God deals with each man as an individual, that we must all "go to them that sell and buy oil" for ourselves. Yet it is also true that intercessory prayer has a place in the divine method of working. God deals with men not merely as individuals, but also as social beings grouped together in families, churches, nations, and naturally led by the ties which connect them together, and by the affections which spring out of these, to take a lively interest in one another's temporal and spiritual welfare. This is a truth which runs through the whole of Scripture, as all must feel when they recollect the story of Abraham interceding for Sodom, or of Moses praying for Israel at Mount Sinai when she had lapsed into idolatry, and the stress laid on David's memory at critical times in Israel's history.

The doctrine insisted on is reasonable as well as scriptural. It can give a good account of itself before the bar of philosophy. It is a wise, God-worthy policy to encourage men to pray, live, and even die for one another, in the assurance that they pray not,

live not, die not in vain. If you want men to take a generous interest in each other, that is the way to get them to do it. Tell men there is no use praying for others—no man can by prayer or holy living do his brother any good, then, of course, men will give up praying for others, or troubling themselves in any way about their fellow-creatures. For who would pray for praying sake, and vex his soul about things he cannot help? And what sort of a world would this be were there no praying men in it—no Abrahams interceding for Sodom; no Moseses ready to have their names blotted out of the Book of Life rather than that their country should go to perdition; no Pauls who could wish themselves accursed from Christ for their brethren; no Christ-like men bearing the burden of their fellow-creatures on their hearts, and desiring by all means to bring repose and peace to troubled souls? Why it would be a world given over to universal selfishness, heartless as well as prayerless, inhuman as well as godless; a sunless world full of blind men stumbling against each other, and knocking each other into the mire.

Look at the scene presented in this Gospel story. See those four stalwart men carrying their palsied relative into the presence of Jesus, determined not to be balked of their purpose, uncovering the roof and letting the sick man down to the place where Jesus was. It is a beautiful sight. What is fairer to look on in this world than such an enthusiastic display of generous concern for the welfare of a fellow-creature? Well, but there could be no such scenes were the law of the moral world, Every man for himself, no man's faith or prayers available for another. For the poor sick man could not believe, could not pray, could not speak, could not even *think* for himself; and in the case supposed his friends could not have believed, prayed, spoken, and thought for him. Knowing that, they would not have tried to do so, but would have left the poor man to his fate and have minded their own business. Let us be thankful that the law of the moral world is not such as to bring about a state of matters like that; that it is rather such that God can have a gracious regard to the world for Christ's sake, that He can hear prayers of saints for sinners, of Abrahams for Sodom, of devout parents for disobedient children; that He can have a kindly feeling towards an unworthy people for the sake of one eminently good man, that Israel can still be beloved of God for the Father's sake, that Scotland can be dear to God for the martyrs' sakes, that there is hope

for Africa because Livingstone loved her dark-visaged children and spent his strength and his life in her unexplored wildernesses ; that the "wilderness and the solitary place shall yet be glad on his account, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Let us not be afraid of becoming Romanists by so thinking. Let us remember we have more to fear than Romanism : even a Socinian way of thinking, which imagines that the *one* truth in the moral world is *individual responsibility*. Let us remember that the moral world, like the material, is upheld by the combined action of two laws. As the planets are kept in their orbits by the balanced counteraction of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, so the moral universe is maintained in harmony and settled order by the complementary action of the two great laws of vicarious love and personal responsibility, stated in these simple words by the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians : "Bear ye one another's burdens" (that being the law of love) ; "Let every man prove his own work" (that being the law of individual responsibility).

The duty arising out of the foregoing doctrine is plain. It is without ceasing to desire and to pray for the well-being, spiritual and temporal, of all men, specially of those whose case Providence brings closest home to us. We shall not do so in vain. Wherever such earnest, loving, prayerful interest is manifest miracles of healing will be wrought. Augustine, with inexpressible pathos, represents his mother praying for his conversion during the years of his unbelief as like the widow of Nain carrying her dead son on the bier of thought till Jesus should pass by and say, "Young man, arise." Jesus did come the way and utter the desired word of power. Mothers, Christians in general, do not pray as Monica prayed, in vain. Tell me where sick souls and praying souls co-exist in great numbers, and I can tell you where are the largest numbers of men carrying their sick beds on their shoulders. No fear of a community that has in it a sufficient number of Abrahams. In that community may be many sick of the palsy of vice, or of scepticism, but "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and they shall be healed."

THIRD SUNDAY.

"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."—2 PETER iii. 8.

The meaning of this apophthegm seems to be that the action of Divine Providence as revealed in human affairs is slow yet sure.

The connection in which the saying occurs helps us to understand its import. The apostle is endeavouring to fortify the minds of Christians against the objections of sceptics or scoffers who sneeringly ask, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation?" the implied assertion being that divine promises and threatenings are not to be heeded, the idea of Providence having no reality, and the world not being a theatre in which are displayed God's mercy and justice, but only a system of fixed natural laws, from which judgment days and miraculous advents and supernatural catastrophes of all sorts are utterly excluded. The apostle combats this sceptical view by two lines of argument, one having reference to the past history of the world, the other to the future. With reference to the past he says that the scoffers, in arguing against the second coming of the Lord, find it convenient to forget that there had been such events as the creation and the flood—the one an incursion of miraculous power into the realm of nature turning chaos into a world of order and beauty, the other a special judgment on the inhabitants of the world for their great and long-continued wickedness. For if there was a beginning of the world by creation, why should there not be an end of it by dissolution? and if God once deluged the earth by water, why should He not at some future period destroy it by fire?

In the second line of argument, beginning with the words quoted, the apostle sets himself to teach believers how to think of the long delays of Providence, that they may not be scandalised by the continued nonfulfilment of the promise, and begin to think that, after all, the scoffers are right. "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing ;" so he begins, in a manner which indicates a feeling that what he is going to say is very important—contains, in fact, a great secret concerning Divine Providence which, once mastered, will make believers proof against all doubts, misunderstandings, and impatience. Then he goes on to enunciate the great secret, putting it in the form of a paradox, that it may be the better remembered, and by its very mystery provoke thought and earnest mental effort to master it.

Looked at in one way this paradox might be taken to mean that the Eternal One stands in no relation whatever to time ; days, years, millenniums having no significance for Him,

But this is not the truth intended to be taught here. The idea rather is, that God's relation to time is different from ours—different in two respects. First, one day is to Him as a thousand years to us, in respect of patience; second, a thousand years are to Him as one day to us, in respect of mindfulness. Be not ignorant of this, says the apostle, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years are to us, and that will keep you from thinking that the Lord is slack concerning His promise, and help you to see in the long delays of Providence only the long suffering of a God who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. On the other hand, keep this also carefully in mind, that a thousand years are to God as one day to us, that at the end of a millennium He remembers His purpose, as well as we do ours at the end of a day, and is as much in earnest about it, and so doubt not that the day of the Lord, however long delayed, will come as a thief in the night.

God never hurries, and He never forgets—such is the drift of this remarkable text. He never hurries; one day is to Him what a thousand years are to us. What are a thousand years to us? In one sense the question has no meaning; for the days of our years are three score and ten, and we do not know what it is to be a thousand years old, and to look back at the end of such a protracted period over its course and to reflect on the events which occurred therein. A thousand years! Why, as Dr. Chalmers remarked in the funeral sermon he preached at Bendochie in 1814, "it will be all the same with us a *hundred* years after this." No one living now will have the opportunity of knowing what the events of 1877 look like to one living in 1977. But there is a sense in which we may be brought into relations with events not only a hundred but a thousand years past. We can learn from history what happened centuries ago; we can read such a book as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Well, how do we feel when we peruse the story of centuries past—say the story of the Scottish Reformation as told in the pages of Knox's history? Much interested, no doubt. Ah, but it is a very calm sort of interest. You sit at the fireside on a winter's night, and read that eventful history, and feel it to be a thrilling and a well-told tale. But the tragic passions which animated the men who lived in that generation, the consuming zeal for truth, the martyr devotion, the stern resolution, the unutterable sorrow of God's

faithful ones battling for the divine interest against heavy odds in those grim times—where are they? Buried in the dust with the men in whose breasts they heaved. At this distance we cannot feel as the men of that generation felt: at most, what we can attain to is a faint sympathetic echo of the loud noise made by the surging waves of the sea of human life.

Now in some such sense as this is the assertion to be understood that one day is to the Lord as a thousand years to us. We talk of the events of a thousand years ago very calmly—events which had they happened in our own time would have made our ears tingle, our blood boil, our pulse throb quick and strong, and our heart quake. And the apostle means to say that God takes events at the very time they are happening as calmly and dispassionately. He is the contemporary of all generations, and needs no history books to tell Him what occurred in the sixteenth century; while the drama of the Reformation was being played he was there to see, and He looked *on* somewhat as we look *back*. Not indifferent, mark, not careless, not abstaining from all providential control, yet in no haste to punish the wicked or deliver the righteous; insomuch that a man of God in those days might excusably have taken up the reproach of the Psalmist, who compared God to a man standing with his arm in his bosom, a passive spectator of deeds of wrong. "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever? Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand? pluck it out of thy bosom." Such is the fact. What is the reason of it? Why does God take events when they are happening as we take events which happened a thousand years ago? Sceptical philosophers will reply, because God is not a Personal Being who knows and wills, but only a neuter force working blindly, slowly towards a far-off event, as if it had a purpose though it has none. The apostle renders a very different account of the matter. He assumes that God is a being who has a will and cherishes purposes, and seeks to account for the phenomenon in accordance with that hypothesis. First, he is careful to say that the reason of the fact to be accounted for is not what we might readily suppose, *slackness* or *indifference*. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise." Whence, then, the long delays so trying to faith? Hence, "God is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Whatever other

reasons there may be, surely this is a very good one. Who would not rather bear the ills that come upon him through the sin of others, than have the world depopulated by a system of divine government under which men should be dealt with *at once* according to their sins? Do not all feel it to be an unworthy state of mind which causes men in a passion to pray that God would destroy this or the other evil-doer at whose hands they have suffered grievous wrong? How few would care to be taken at their word in such prayers! And even if all were earnest in such profane prayers, is it not well that vengeance is in the hands of a long-suffering God? What a world were this if it were otherwise! There would be "nothing but thunder" agoing! A single month of this miscellaneous vengeance, men destroying each other all round, would make us glad to return to the clement régime of a long-suffering God, who bears with all, and deals with none after their sins, and gives ample space for repentance.

"And a thousand years [are to the Lord] as one day" [to us]. This is the side of the doctrine with which we are most familiar, and which we find it easiest to understand. It has a plain and obvious meaning when taken in the sense in which it is used in Psalm xc., where it is written: "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past." The intention of the Psalmist is to express the eternal character of God's life in contrast with the brief life of man. The words are an equivalent for, "from everlasting to everlasting Thou art, O God." But the apostle uses the words for another purpose. Not merely to express the metaphysical idea that the life of God is everlasting, but to set forth a certain moral attribute of the everlasting one; viz., His mindfulness, whereby He is proof against all cooling of interest or forgetfulness superinduced by the lapse of time. He means to say that at the end of a thousand years God will be as mindful of His promise and as much interested in its objects as we are mindful of our promises, and interested in those whom they concern, the day they are made. That the lapse of time very seriously affects human minds we all know. We all know what it is to be much interested in some scheme of well-doing for a day or a month, and then by-and-by to become cold towards our own device, and ultimately to let it drop out of our thoughts altogether. Now the apostle would have us understand that God is not like men in that. He changeth not in

purpose and affection, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. At the end of a thousand years, or of ten thousand years, His purpose is as fresh as the day it was formed; and after long delay its fulfilment comes like a thief in the night; as if God were acting under the influence of some sudden impulse just new born in His heart.

Slow but sure, and swift and effectual at the last, such is the law of divine action in Providence, as set forth in many places of Scripture. It is a great matter to understand this law. It helps us to be patient under the ills of the present, and hopeful of better times in the future—in the distant future it may be, when we are dead and gone; and that thought may tend to depress us. We would like to see the end of the Lord, and the accomplishment of His glorious purposes. Yes! so Moses would have liked to see Israel settled in Canaan, so Simeon might have liked to see the Christian Church founded on the earth. But Moses had to be content with a Pisgah view of the promised land, and Simeon had to be content with a sight of the infant Redeemer. These worthies died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off. We will have to do the same thing with reference to many mighty works which God will perform ere the world's end. But what of that? We shall stand in our lot, the lot of the believing, in that day when the Lord shall come as a thief in the night.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS xxvi. 28.

Exegetical candour requires the expositor of these familiar words to state that the original Greek text presents a various reading which conveys a very different, almost an opposite sense. It is to this effect: Paul, thou very lightly persuadest thyself that thou canst make me a Christian. This reading is not unsuitable to the preceding context, where we find Paul appealing to Agrippa in these terms: "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Paul was very anxious to carry the King's sympathies along with him, if not to the extent of making him a Christian, at least to the extent of securing his own acquittal. He respected the King's character, and he knew that his good opinion would carry great weight with the Roman Governor Festus. Therefore he appealed to the Jewish king with a fervour that would take no denial to this effect: My gospel, Agrippa, is simply

an affirmation of the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecies concerning Messiah in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. The prophets say that "Christ should suffer, and that he should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles." I say that all this has come to pass in the person of Jesus. Do you then, Agrippa, believe these prophets? I know you do; for you are a pious Jew, not an ignorant heathen like Festus, who thinks me mad for speaking of such a thing as a resurrection. You do believe the prophets, and if you do, you must regard my gospel about Jesus as at least possibly true—for the prophets must be fulfilled some day, and why not now?—not as self-evidently false; and you will not regard it as criminal in me to affirm, as I now solemnly do, that they have been fulfilled in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. To such an appeal it would have been natural for Agrippa to have replied thus: Stop, stop, Paul! not so fast. You will have me a Christian whether I will or not. You must not take things for granted so. As a judge I protest against being transformed off-hand into a convert or a partisan. This accordingly is, in effect, what, according to the version of his words approved by critics, Agrippa did say in reply. It is a very different sentiment from what we have been accustomed to ascribe to the King; the common view being that he was so impressed with what the remarkable man who stood before him had said, as for the moment to be, and to confess that he was, half convinced that Christianity was true.

Wide as the two views diverge, it is not impossible to unite them. Whatever the King said, it is probable that it was not said in the solemn tone of a man who allows his real feelings to appear, but rather in the playful tone of a man who wishes to conceal emotion. On this supposition the *thoughts* of the King might be very serious, even such as the English text expresses, while his *words* might be more akin to the other reading: Thou lightly thinkest to make me a Christian. Let us then assume that the state of the case was this: Agrippa was not unmoved by the argument and appeal of the apostle. Paul saw the traces of a lively interest in the King's countenance, and became emboldened thereby to speak in a confident tone, and to address the King as no sceptical Sadducee, to whom all things divine were matters of indifference, but as a candid, thoughtful, serious-minded gentleman, not accustomed to treat any matter pertaining to religion lightly, and, least of

all, the matter then on hand. But the King, not willing to allow himself to be committed, parried the home-thrust, and affecting an indifference which he did not feel, replied, "Paul, you will have me to be a Christian forthwith." That is to say, he felt the force of the apostle's statement, but did not choose to admit that he felt it.

When thus understood, the reading approved by the critics is not so divergent in import from the old one as at first appears. Practically the difference amounts to this. On the current version of his words the King made a serious confession of remaining unbelief—he was only *almost* persuaded; on the other he disguised serious impressions under a mask of levity.

The two versions thus bring before us two forms of half-persuadement, possessing distinct characteristics while in practical result coincident. The one type includes all such as are partly persuaded to embrace the faith and the life of the Christian, but are held back, and by an air of melancholy confess that they are held back, by some secret sin, or some lurking sceptical doubt. Such persons probably never hear a rousing sermon, or witness an impressive communion-service, or converse with an earnest Christian on religious topics, without feeling in a strait betwixt two conflicting influences. They would, and they would not. They would be disciples of Christ, but they cannot believe in miracles, or in the resurrection; they would join the company of those who are minded to live sober, righteous, and godly lives, were it not for their position, their acquaintanceship, their favourite amusements and pleasures. So they halt between two opinions, and are neither one thing nor another. They believe with one half of their heart, so to speak, and are infidels with the other; they are Christians in sentiment, unchristian in conduct; they see the better and approve it, but they follow the worse. They are uneasy in mind, and reveal their uneasiness by their manner, and occasionally in conversation. They are fascinated by the subject of religion, and cannot let it alone; and yet they never get beyond talking. In short, they are solemn triflers, serious worldlings, religious infidels.

The bearing of the other sort of half-persuaded ones is different from that just described. This class of men do not bore you with their religious anxieties and dubitations and perplexities, but rather assume the air of men who care little about religion, and perform the *rôle*, not of prosers, but of banterers. While the former class present

the appearance of being far more in earnest than they really are, this class are far more in earnest than they care to appear. They are not melancholy, but affect gaiety rather. They won't allow you to get close to them in regard to matters of religion, but keep you at your distance by sallies of wit and strokes of humour. They make good-natured sport of enthusiasm and of any solicitude which may be manifested by zealous friends for their spiritual welfare, taking it all politely and in good part, but nevertheless steadily refusing to reciprocate their tone of feeling. When direct appeals like that of Paul to Agrippa are made to them, they parry the thrust by an evasive reply; such as, "Why, friend, you will have me a Christian whether I will or not."

These two classes between them comprehend a large number of men. The number of the half-persuaded is great.* It is painful to think how few comparatively have made up their minds to be out-and-out Christian. Indecision is too common in all departments of life, but most of all in religion. There are much fewer decided Christians than there are of decided politicians or decided men of business, and I may even add decided Churchmen, for it is possible to be very decided in our ecclesiastical sympathies and antipathies without being Christians. In religion men are so apt to think "almost" quite enough, and to regard "altogether" as Utopian and extravagant, or, as Festus bluntly expressed it, "madness." Paul's madness consisted simply in professing to have undergone a change of mind, and in openly declaring his belief in the resurrection of the dead. Would that more men were mad from the Festus point of view! Our Christianity is not worth a straw unless it be what such a man would call mad. Madness, in the world's vocabulary, means thoroughness in the language of the divine kingdom. Sobriety or sense in the one dictionary means lukewarmness, half-heartedness, sceptical apathy in the other. No doubt there are such things as fanatical extravagance, and blind zeal, and fussy busybodyism, which bring reproach upon religious decision; but there is also such a thing as decision entirely free from these vices, a decision which speaks forth "the words of truth and soberness." And it, too, is by some called mad; it may even be more detested than the religious decision which is really fanatical, for unbelief is annoyed to meet with any earnest faith which is sober and rational, and with any decided Christian who is not a fool, and in

its irritation it calls faith fanaticism and decision madness, even when it secretly respects them. Therefore we must beware of imagining that to be the right sort of religion of which men like Festus—careless, easy-going, jolly fellows—think well. We must be *incomprehensibilities* to such men, madmen in their eyes, else we are poor Christians, hypocrites, or moral imbeciles.

Some may ask, How do you define a thorough Christian? Now, I do not think it desirable to define with great precision religious thoroughness; but it may with confidence be said that the following are characteristics of the thorough-going Christian. He is anxious to make sure of erring on the right side—by excess rather than by defect of earnestness. He does not place religion in little observances, in the titling of mint, anise, and cummin, but lays the main stress on the great things of God's law, justice, mercy, and faith. "I would," said Paul in reply to Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were *both in little and in much*" (such is the literal rendering) "such as I am except these bonds." The earnest man says Amen to that sentiment. The half-earnest man is content to be like Paul in *little*; to be like Paul as he was before his conversion, when he lived a Pharisee, and felt secret prickings of conscience to which he did not yield; not as he was the day he stood before Agrippa, heart and soul on the side of Jesus Christ, and ready to bear testimony to His truth, come what might. Once more, the earnest man does not too lightly make himself a Christian. He is rather apt to doubt his Christianity when perhaps every other person is quite sure of it, referring to him as a very model of decision and thoroughness. In his godly self-jealousy he almost fears the good opinion of his brethren, and is ready to say what, according to the critics, Agrippa said to Paul, "Thou too lightly persuadest thyself that I am a Christian." Such godliness may easily become morbid, but it is a fault that leans to virtue's side. Better far such morbid self-jealousy than the vulgar self-complacency of the Pharisee, and a greedy appetite for the praise of men. Not he who flatters himself, or who eagerly covets the flattery of the religious world, is the thorough Christian, but rather he who is more concerned to be than to be thought good. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

ALEX. B. BRUCE.

DORIS BARUGH.

A Berkshire Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XLIV.—AT CROSS-PURPOSES.



GILBERT RAINÉ tried to go on with his sketch; but it grew more and more difficult for him to draw, and he grew more and more impatient. He closed his sketch-

book.

"Who on earth has been talking to Ralph about Miss Masham?"

If he had hazarded a guess he might have hit on the truth; but Mr. Rainé's mind was apt to be hazy on matters of real life, and he disdained hasty conjectures. The longer he thought the more certain he felt that Miss Masham liked Ralph Burneston better than she liked him.

"I don't profess to understand women," he said uneasily. "I have not had much to do with them; but surely a girl would never snub and tease a man she cares for, and Rika has often snubbed me."

He walked slowly towards the Hall, trying to recollect exactly what Ralph had said, and suddenly he got a clue to the young fellow's meaning.

He stopped short in his walk.

"He meant Mrs. Burneston when he said 'that woman.' She certainly is in Miss Masham's confidence; I might sound her." He put both hands in his pockets and went on again very slowly, his head bent forward. "What has come to me?" he said. "More than fifteen years ago I swore I would never

trust a woman again, and actually I am thinking of putting myself in the power of two of them—for of course Mrs. Burneston will go straight to her friend and tell her everything. Yes, I can fancy their jokes and laughter over the queer old bachelor's love."

The colour rose brightly in his face. He tried to think of something else. But it was no use; in the midst of his calculations of time and expense about some alterations at Austin's End, Rika's blooming face and merry laugh came unsummoned.

"Nonsense!" he said testily; "it's not true. I have not paid her marked attention, nothing that any one could notice. I have really avoided her lately. What could have made that mad boy talk in such a way?"

This time he smiled; a little lingering hope helped to curve his lips.

"I am not kind to her; I have not treated her well all day," he said. "I'll try another tack, and see if I can get her to smile at me as she smiles at Ralph—at least, as she did smile at him; she was cross to him at luncheon. I'll ask her if they have quarrelled."

Rika's favourite nook, when she was not with Doris, was in a low window of the library; but lately Rainé had observed that she always got up and went out of the room when he entered it.

The library was a large room, rarely occupied except by Gilbert Rainé and Miss Masham. It looked empty to-day as he came into it; but going along to its farther end he saw Rika, as he expected, curled up in a low chair, reading. She looked absorbed in her book, and Rainé smiled.

"She is not taking anything very deeply to heart," he said cynically; "I might have been sure of that. When a girl shows her feelings so easily on the surface, there is little depth in them."

The Persian carpet only covered the centre of the room, and his footsteps on the oak floor roused her. She uncurled herself and sat upright.

"Pray don't let me disturb you." He thought she looked vexed. "You seem very much interested in that paper book. Is it a French novel?"

"No; I never read French novels." She looked saucy and satirical.

Raine bent down over the book. "May I look? Alfieri, 'The Filippo.' Well, yes, that is exciting—rather beyond Alfieri's usual mark, I think. Are you a great admirer of this poet?"

"No; he is so cold-blooded, so very uninteresting, I think; but Gomez is a finely-drawn character."

"Ah! you like villains, do you?"

"No I don't," Rika felt that she was being teased, "but I like decided characters, really good people or really bad ones." She spoke with the irritation Raine seemed now always to create in her.

"Then you like very few people. Hardly any one is wholly good or wholly bad."

"How wilful you are! I did not say that. I like people who have good qualities, I mean qualities out of which goodness may spring. I like people who are not cold and cynical."

"And yet you do not like my cousin, Ralph; he is not cold."

Rika looked up startled. Raine had put more meaning into his words than he intended.

"When did I say I disliked Mr. Ralph Burneston?" she said hastily. "I do not dislike him."

Raine stood looking at her with a very puzzled face, then he went on recklessly.

"I have offended you somehow or other, I am always offending you, and I really did not mean to vex you."

Rika laughed, but she was vexed too.

"I am glad to hear it," she said gravely, and then she took up her book, as much as to say, "Do not interrupt me any more," and she wished Mr. Raine would go away.

"I must really set myself right with you, Miss Masham. I will not keep you a minute." He was hurt, but he was determined there should be no more misunderstanding between them. "Perhaps I have no right to speak of it, but Ralph seemed to think I have had something to do with your—your—well, he certainly gave me the impression that you had quarrelled."

"And if we had," Rika grew crimson, "what could you have to do with it?"

She looked so scornful that Raine hesitated. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I believe it was something Mrs. Burneston told him."

He stopped; he had blundered on without considering that Ralph's words might sound to Rika as he wished them to sound for himself, and till he came to Doris's name she had listened, but this was too much. She could not realise his meaning.

She felt dazed and foolish; a feeling that Doris had spoken openly about her to Mr. Raine, and that she must leave him at once, was all she could grasp.

She got up hastily, but she could not raise her eyes; her face was scorched with shame and anger.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said. "Mrs. Burneston would not discuss me with your cousin, and certainly not with such a stranger as you are to me."

Raine was surprised at her haughtiness.

"She has been copying Mrs. Burneston," he said, and then he put himself in Rika's way as she moved towards the door.

"What have I done now?" he said earnestly. "I have offended you again. I beg your pardon, do forgive me, and for Heaven's sake let me try and explain. I never was so far from wishing to vex you; perhaps I am incapable of pleasing you; won't you sit down again and let me try?" he said imploringly.

But Rika was so upset, so deeply mortified, that she read him all wrong. She only saw in this unusual wish to please her an assurance founded on the belief that she really cared for him. Her eyes smarted with unshed tears, and her heart ached painfully, it was so full of righteous wrath against Doris. She shook her head.

"There are things best left unexplained, and this is one," she forced herself to smile, and then in her natural manner she said, "talking things over is often apt to show the worst side of them; let me pass, please."

Without waiting she walked round him and was out of the room before her disturbed listener had collected his wits.

"Good Heavens!" he said, when at last he could grasp the subject again, "I am an ass! I have made a precious fool of myself, too, just when there was something in her face;—by Jove I'm an ass, a consummate ass."

He stood there overwhelmed with confusion.

He was by far the cleverest person at Burneston Hall; he had read more and seen more than most men, and yet he felt so helpless, so thoroughly ignorant how to get out of this scrape in which he had plunged himself, that when the door opened and in came little Phil calling for Ralph, the tall, keen-witted man felt as if even that baby were wiser than he was.

The little fellow ran up to him, "Where is Ralphie?"

"Ralph's not here, my dear," he said. "Ralph never comes into the library, Phil."

The child shook his head and looked up, his little face was very sad.

"Me can't find him," he said; "me's been everywhere, in mamma's room, and Faith's room, and in study, me can't find Ralph."

There was a despairing sound in the sweet childish voice. Gilbert looked at him more attentively, and saw that Phil had been crying.

"Ralph's out, my boy," he said, soothingly.

Phil shook his head.

"No, no! Me saw him come in."

Just then the door opened softly, and Phil's nurse appeared with a scared face.

She looked much relieved to see her charge.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she curtsied to Raine, "but I couldn't tell what had happened to Master Phil; he's wild to find Mr. Ralph, and just now he slipped away from me and I couldn't think what could have become of him."

"Do you know where Mr. Ralph is?"

"I don't know, sir." There was a confused look in the woman's eyes that puzzled Raine.

"Come along, old fellow." He stooped down and lifted Phil on to his shoulder. "We'll see if we can find papa."

"Me doesn't want papa—me wants Ralph." Not even the ride on a tall shoulder, usually one of the delights of his life, could chase the sadness from the child's voice and earnest dark eyes. "Help me find Ralphie," he half sobbed.

"What is Ralph about?" Gilbert said to himself, and then, with his usual directness, he went straight to his cousin's study.

CHAPTER XLV.—BITTERNESS.

DIRECTLY his interview with Ralph was over, Mr. Burneston went to the housekeeper's room. He said a few words to Faith, and bade her keep the matter entirely to herself.

"You can say Mr. Ralph is not well," he said carelessly, and then he went out and across the meadows beyond the river—a sort of aimless wandering to get rid of the time, and to avoid the chance of another talk with his wife.

He would have been wiser if he had sought out Rika or Raine, and asked them to bear him company. His thoughts went with him, and they would be listened to. He could not tell what had happened, or how it had been effected, but it seemed to him that all at once a gulf had come between him and Doris—a space that could not be bridged

over. He could not specify the feeling, but it seemed suddenly possible that he had only been married for the position he could give his wife and her children, and also—and this was the thought he tried hardest to flee from—that nature had triumphed at last, and that, spite of all her training and seeming refinement, Doris was different to himself, and looked on things in a lower and coarser way than he did.

Well, and if she did? He had married her with his eyes open. He could not expect a miracle.

"But she has been a miracle," he said earnestly. "No other woman in such a position would have behaved so well. It is only this shock rousing me up rudely from my dream of perfection that has disgusted me. I must force myself to forget this afternoon."

Easier to say than to do. He could not close his eyes and ears to the memory of his wife's flushed face and contemptuous looks, and her angry defiant words.

"How harshly she spoke! She was like a creature transformed," he said sadly.

Was this the true Doris—forced out of all the artificial restraints of her education and her position—a Doris likely to reappear whenever her will was set aside or her dislikes thwarted? He could not lay this terrible doubt; and when he came down to dinner, so late that it had been announced before he reached the drawing-room, he found himself looking at his wife with new eyes, wondering at her coldness and silence. No one remarked on Ralph's absence, and Doris imagined he had left the Hall.

When dinner was over she went away to her room, leaving Rika to amuse herself alone.

Little Phil always came to help his mother dress for dinner, but to-day he had not come, and Doris, busy with her own thoughts, had not sent for him.

She was very angry with her husband. It seemed to her that he had put her claims and Ralph's on the same level. Her whole being dilated with immeasurable haughtiness.

What had she ever done to Ralph that could be weighed against the coarseness of his insult to her? and yet his father thought Ralph's conduct such a trifle that he asked her to remember the lad's age.

"If any one had so spoken to mother father would have horsewhipped him," she said bitterly. Her heart went out in a kind of longing anguish to the Cairn. If she could only have her father's sympathy just

now and could listen to his righteous indignation she should be soothed. She never thought of asking his counsel. It would have seemed extraordinary to Doris to ask advice from any one; that would have been a tacit acknowledgment that she herself was wrong.

"Ralph even sees it as I do," she said bitterly. "He sees that we cannot live in the same house."

She rang her bell as soon as she reached her room.

"Tell nurse if Master Phil is not in bed to bring him here."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid went, but the nurse did not bring little Phil. Doris waited, and then she went up to the night nursery. She longed to ease her troubled heart by the sight of her darling.

The tiny bed was empty, and she went back to her own room; at the door she met the nurse.

"Where is Master Phil? he should be in bed," she said rebukingly, for it was long past the child's bedtime.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am." The nurse's confused, hurried manner frightened Doris. "He—he won't come away, ma'am."

"Come away from where. What do you mean, nurse?"

"He's there, ma'am," she jerked her head backwards, "sitting outside Mr. Ralph's door, and he says he won't come away; nor he won't eat his bread-and-butter neither."

"Won't?—nonsense! Light me along the gallery."

The nurse hurried on—her mistress's imperious manner alarmed her.

CHAPTER XLVI.—RALPH'S VIGIL.

THE storm that had swept over Doris, rending away all self-control and gentleness, was raging yet more fiercely in the bosom of the housekeeper.

Mr. Burneston's announcement that Ralph would keep his room that evening had filled her with lofty contempt.

"He's a poor creature, t' squire is," she said; "he cannot guide his own bairn athoot shutting him up."

But there was a certain solace in feeling that she should have her boy all to herself; and when she carried up Ralph's dinner she was full of smiles. He took little notice of her, and did not condescend in any way to satisfy her curiosity.

Later, when she came again, she brought in little Phil, and then to her surprise Ralph turned on her in fierce anger.

"Take away that brat," he said; "how dare you bring him into my room without leave? He and his cursed mother are the plagues of my life."

"Whisht, whisht!" Faith frowned and shook her head. "How can an innocent bairn like yon plague ye? See, he wants to kiss you, poor little lad."

"Where has you been? Me wants you, Ralphie." The child put his hand confidently on his brother's knee, and looked up in his face.

Ralph jumped up abruptly, and went away to the window, turning his back completely on the room. The child did not cry, but looked frightened and appealingly at Faith.

Her spirit rose against Ralph's harshness.

"Poor wee bairn!" she said. "Mr. Ralph, you're not setting your brother much of an example as to manners."

"Take that child away, I tell you, and keep him out of my sight," he said angrily, as Phil tried once more to clasp his hand with his tiny fingers. He pushed him away, and the child burst out crying.

The young fellow's heart was really softening towards the child, and if he had been alone he would probably have submitted to Phil's coaxing ways, but the child's likeness to his mother had maddened him.

Phil shrunk away and clung to Faith's apron.

"For shame of yourself!" she said, as she raised the little fellow in her arms. "I couldn't hev thowt ye'd be so cowardly."

It was an unlucky word. It brought the memory of his discomfiture back keenly, and he turned round furiously on Faith.

"Take that child away, and don't show your face here again unless you can hold your tongue—or, stay, you can bring me some brandy, and be quick, d'ye hear?"

His manner cowed Faith. There was a wild excitement in it that made her shrink from answering him. As she closed the door behind her she heard the key turn in the lock.

Phil struggled in her arms till she set him down, and then he began to cry. "Ralph's angry with me," he sobbed, "an' me's not naughty."

The nurse was waiting in the gallery, and she tried to quiet and lead the child away.

But Phil would not be pacified. He left off sobbing, and seated himself on the mat outside his brother's door.

"Me stay here," he said, decidedly. "Ralph come out presently and say me's not naughty."

Faith stood still. Ralph's words had stupefied her. This was Mrs. Burneston's doing then. No one would have guessed at the tempest that had risen in the tall, slender woman as she stood there rigid.

The nurse's voice entreating Phil to come away irritated her.

"You'll disturb Mr. Ralph next," she said. "Leave the child awhile, an' he'll tire of himself. I'll see he takes no harm."

And the nurse had left him till she heard that her mistress had gone up-stairs.

Meanwhile Faith stood so wrapt in her own anger that she would scarcely have noticed the child's departure if little Phil had followed his nurse.

But there was no feebleness in her wrath—through it she went on forecasting what the end of this struggle might be.

It was, she saw plainly, a struggle for power between Mrs. Burneston and Ralph and herself, represented by the squire. In less than a year Ralph would be of age, and then he would have a home perhaps of his own, where she felt sure she could, if she chose, be mistress, but to wait for this would be yielding up a right. Both she and Ralph had lived at the Hall much longer than Mrs. Burneston had, and if they left there would be no one to check her pride.

"The squire 'ud not dare say his soul was his own if he was left to that woman. She's ruined my boy, body an' soul," Faith said sternly. "She's driven him to drink an' wicked ways, an' she'll do as she likes wi' t' squire, poor fond hoit."

She looked down at the child; he was still sitting against the door, but his head had drooped on his cheek; he was asleep.

"God help ye, poor ill-starred bairn!" She stooped and laid him down on the sheep-skin rug. "Sleep while ye may; wiv such a muther ye've a fitful life afore ye."

She went off to do Ralph's bidding, leaving the sleeping child alone. She had not gone many minutes when Doris came along the gallery and saw Phil lying like a faithful dog beside his brother's door.

A spasm of pain twisted her face. She silenced the nurse's exclamation by a hasty gesture, and then, she stooped and tenderly raised the sleeping child.

His weight was almost beyond her strength, but she never paused till she reached her bedroom, then she sat down, and still holding little Phil in her arms, she undressed him and laid him in her own bed.

Then she walked into the outer room, and beckoned the nurse to follow her.

"How did this happen?" Mrs. Burneston said sternly.

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; it's really Mrs. Emmett's fault, not mine at all."

Doris's eyes were full of anger, but she kept it out of her words.

"When I engaged you to take charge of Master Philip, I told you he was never to be left in Mrs. Emmett's care."

"Yes, ma'am," there was a tearful sound as the nurse answered, "but Master Phil has been fretting for his brother all the afternoon; and at last Mrs. Emmett comes suddenly into the gallery out of Mr. Ralph's room, and she takes Master Phil by the hand away from me and into the room and shuts the door."

"Well, what else?"

"He didn't stay long with Mr. Ralph, but when he came out he wouldn't stir from the door. I asked him to come and help you dress, but nothing would move him. I stayed with him, ma'am, till I was tired out, and then Mrs. Emmett said she'd stay while I fetched his supper from the nursery; but it wasn't a bit of good, ma'am, so I waited till I thought you had come up from dinner, and that's just as it happened, ma'am."

Doris stood still, trying to think: it was very difficult to shape out any plan in the wild anger that mastered her. Her husband evidently refused to do what she asked; Ralph was to stay at the Hall to defy her and to rob her of her child's love.

"We will see who conquers," she said contemptuously. Aloud she bade the nurse go away and send her maid to her.

She sat down at her writing-table and wrote these words to her husband:—

"Phil is not well. I shall not leave him this evening. Will you therefore sleep in your dressing-room? I do not wish to have any further discussion about your son. I hear he is still in the house.

"DORIS BURNESTON."

She went to the window and threw it open; she was almost stifled with the intensity of pent-up feeling.

She might conquer; her own heart told her that she would conquer, but at what a price! She could never forget that her husband had taken his son's part against her, and that if he yielded it would be for the sake of peace, not from conviction or love of her.

"I must always despise him. I must always feel"—Even to herself she could not say it. A huge overleaping wave of

pride stifled the thought, and tried to hide even from her remote consciousness, the thought that her husband did not consider her his equal. Her sitting-room windows looked westward, and the sky was full of yellow light this evening, though under the trees it had grown dusk. It was oppressively warm, and as Doris leaned out the evening air brought no refreshment to her hot forehead. Presently, close beneath the window, came a murmur of voices, and then she saw figures disappear round the angle of the house.

She went back into her bedroom, which occupied the end of the opposite wing to Ralph's, and had windows on two sides. She looked out, watching the two figures.

Yes; she was right; it was Rika's white dress that she had seen. Her friend and her husband were walking slowly, side-by-side, along the terrace.

This was a relief; she had so feared Mr. Burneston would come to seek her.

She opened her note again and added a postscript—

"Do not come to my room. Phil is now asleep."

And then she desired her maid to give the note to Mr. Burneston when he came indoors.

"I shall not want you to-night, Burnell," she said; "I am anxious not to awaken the child."

A strange fascination drew her back to the window. She looked across at Ralph's room; there were lights within, but the curtains were drawn, and the branches of the huge weeping beech, already mentioned, surrounded this end of the house, and made it indistinct in the failing light. A slight breeze was rising, moving the branches gently to and fro.

Rika was still pacing up and down the terrace with Mr. Burneston; but while Doris watched, Gilbert Raine came out of the house from the garden entrance and joined them in their walk.

Doris had not been thinking of them while she looked, but now a new idea came to her in connection with Rika. She thought she would go home with her for a time till Ralph had left Burneston.

"She is vexed with me, but that is simply her own folly and prejudice. If she had heard Ralph Burneston's words to-day beside the river, she must have changed her opinion of him."

She thought Rika's vexation would quickly yield to delight when she told her her project of paying her a visit; her schoolfellow

owed her so very much, Doris argued, that she would surely be glad to discharge some part of the obligation. Just now in the distorted state of her mind, she thought of this more than of the love that had been between them.

Doris had threatened her husband that if Ralph stayed at the Hall she would leave it, but she cared far too much for the opinion of the world to do this in a way likely to compromise Mr. Burneston and herself. She would not go to the Cairn. Her father and George would ask questions, and her mother would fuss, and just now she could not endure interference of any sort. This quiet parsonage, where she would be treated as an honoured guest, was the retreat she longed for; and her visit there would show her husband that she was in earnest.

Little tenderness mingled with the stern sadness with which she looked from the window at her husband. At last the sound of his laughter reached her, and she closed the window and turned away.

If she had stayed a moment longer, she would have seen Mr. Burneston come into the house in search of her.

Rika was following him, but Gilbert Raine stopped her.

"Miss Masham, will you listen to me for a minute?" he said. "I often find fault with you, but have I ever accused you of being unjust?"

In the half light Rika felt more at her ease with him; even if she did look foolish she knew he could not see it.

"I never said you did."

There was more of her old brightness in the tone, and Gilbert took courage.

"Ah, but I thought you very unjust—and not long ago, either."

"I suppose you want me to ask why, just to give you a chance of teasing."

"I am not in a teasing humour, and whether you ask or not I shall tell you; you refused to hear my excuse for having offended you. Now, this was more than unjust; it was ungenerous—it was putting me in the wrong without appeal."

Something—a deep undertone—in his voice quieted her pride. Her heart throbbed strangely, but not with the pain it had suffered in the library. What it was she did not know; but something made her half shrink from, and yet drew her on strongly, irresistibly, to trust in Gilbert Raine. She felt sure he would not misjudge her, and once more she spoke naturally.

"I am glad you allow me some generosity."

She looked up smiling, but the tender, serious look that met hers quenched her sprightliness, and made her shy again.

"I want you to listen to me seriously." He began to walk faster, as if the movement helped him. "I did not mean to speak so soon; I fear you are not prepared for what I want to tell you. I have no choice. Did I not hear you tell my cousin just now that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," he went on hurriedly, "I must tell you something before you go. I had meant you to find it out for yourself, but it can't be helped. Do you remember that talk on the staircase years ago?"

Her large round eyes opened widely.

"Yes, I remember—about Clytie, and some other things; but why do you want to know?"

"Ah!"—he drew a long breath—"it is something to me that you do remember. Well, ever since that day I have been trying to forget that talk."

There was a pause. Rika's heart was loosed of such a mighty restraint that her sauciness came back.

"You have been trying ever since? You have not tried very hard then."

She laughed, and he laughed too—hardly so naturally as Rika did, for his fear that she would not listen to what he wanted to say had made him strangely nervous.

"Yes; and besides that, I refused more than one invitation to Burneston lest I should meet you here. I thought you were like other women, and I did not want to be reminded of you. Are you angry at this confession?"

"Why should I be angry?—and yet I am. Why do you speak always so scornfully of women?"

"I will tell you some day; I am not sure enough yet. You are, perhaps, after all only an ordinary woman."

"I am quite sure I am a very ordinary woman." She laughed, but not easily; his manner puzzled her. "But, Mr. Raine, tell me if I offend you so much as to make you avoid me, why do you tell me all this?"

He smiled, though he had grown very earnest. It seemed to him no girl who was merely trifling with him could be so frank.

"I want to know," he said hurriedly, "whether I have done wisely in coming here after all. Tell me candidly whether I should not have spared myself a disappointment by staying away altogether?"

Rika was blushing deeply, but he could not see this in the dying light.

"I hardly know how to answer," she said at last.

"Shall I put a plainer question? When you go away from Burneston, will you forget me, or will you feel, as I do, that there must be no question of parting between us two?" He waited impatiently. "Are you, or are you not, sorry to leave Burneston?" he said angrily, for he thought he was again deceived.

"I am glad for most things," she said frankly; then all at once she understood the pain his silence expressed, "but I am sorry for others."

"One question more—have I anything to do with your sorrow?"

"Well—yes!"

He took her hand in his, and drew her under the cedar-tree.

"I am not used to young ladies," he said, "and I am an awkward old bachelor; but I do love you as well as I can love. Rika, will you be my wife? Tell me at once."

Rika shook her head.

"You are making a mistake," she said earnestly. "If you knew more of me you would never ask me. You can't think how full of faults I am. And then I never can help teasing. I should offend you altogether perhaps."

He drew her closer to him, and put his arm round her.

"My child," he said tenderly, "you have made me very happy. It is I who ought to fear for my worthiness; but I will not be satisfied, old as I am, unless you can give me your whole heart. Do you think you can do this, Rika?"

She hesitated. "Yes, I think I can," she whispered, and in that moment father and mother and all the merry home party were completely forgotten; new and sudden as it was, it seemed to Rika that she had never known what the word love meant before.

Presently they came out from under the cedar-tree, and walked up and down, sometimes talking, but chiefly silent in that unspeakable newness of bliss which no words can render—the glimpse of perfection which is given us for a brief space on earth, for each seems to the other so perfect in those first unreal moments of union—a bliss that does not stray an inch beyond the lover and his beloved, they are so wrapped in it they have no thought but for each other—a bliss which is selfish to all the world besides, and yet unselfish to the being which shares it.

Gilbert Raine could rouse himself from this first taste of happiness to feel the wind blowing keenly across the river, and to take Rika indoors lest it should chill her; but he never roused to remember how he had stood holding Rika's hands in his, and listening to her simple confessions beneath his young cousin's window.

Ever since his meeting with Rika in the library he had been so bent on winning her, that he had had no thought for aught else, and Ralph's absence during the evening had been altogether unheeded by him.

And all this time, while these two hearts had been pouring joy into one another's lives, Ralph had stood watching them, or rather divining their presence, betrayed even in the gloom by the white dress of Rika.

Faith had returned to his room with the brandy. He asked her where his father was; and she told him that the squire was walking up and down the terrace with Miss Masham.

Ralph went to the window and saw Gilbert join them. Then he watched his father's departure, and all that followed.

It was the bitter end of all. But for the hope of winning Rika, and thus triumphing over his stepmother, he would have defied his father, and left Burneston at once; as it had proved, he had only stayed to witness Gilbert's triumph. He could not see Raine and Rika distinctly, but he felt sure enough from their movements that no ordinary talk was passing between these two.

When they disappeared under the cedar-tree, he uttered a heart-felt curse.

"It is that woman's doing—all of it," he said. "She could not marry her to her brother, so she puts Gilbert in his place. I'll not stay here like a caged bird, to see their love-making. No, my friends, when you come to look for me to-morrow, the cage will be empty."

He drank off some brandy, and then he went again to the window.

His cousin and Miss Masham stood beneath it, and even in the gloom he could see that Raine held the girl's hands in his.

"The old fool!" he said furiously, "but I'll spoil his game yet."

He set the door open between his rooms, and kept walking up and down, stopping now and then to drink, and then resuming his walk, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets.

It seemed as if he could not stop for a moment. Twelve o'clock struck by the

clock over the stables, and still he walked quickly up and down.

The wind had by this time become furious, and the huge branches of the beech-tree rattled against one of his windows, but he seemed unconscious of time or sound—he kept walking up and down.

CHAPTER XLVII.—BESIDE THE GATE.

The wind had risen to a gale during the night. Chimney-pots, slates, and branches of trees, scattered in every direction, showed the violence of the storm, and as Mr. Burneston went up the road past the Vicarage there was still wind enough to make him pull his hat over his eyes and button his coat more closely.

Last night his own thoughts and the storm had helped to keep him awake, and now, long before his usual time for rising, he had come out to clear his brain.

But the bright morning did not cheer him; he was very sad and troubled; his wife's conduct grieved him bitterly. It was a revelation of her character he was not prepared for. He considered the plea of little Phil's illness a mere subterfuge to screen her temper.

"I must be master in this case," he said, as he reached the Vicarage; but he heard no inward echo to this assurance; no effort of will rose up to say, "You shall be master, by my aid."

He stopped before the Vicarage gate. "I wonder if Spencer is up," he said. He had no fixed intention of consulting the vicar, but he needed help so sorely that if he could have seen his old friend he would certainly have asked his advice.

Mrs. Riccall, the housekeeper, stood at the open door, and seeing the squire, she curtsied and came forward to answer his question.

She did not think the vicar would be down for a good hour, and Mr. Burneston took his way across the glebe-fields.

The geese were there, eating grass and squabbling as if they had been doing so ever since his last visit. The grunting of the pigs, the crowing of cocks and clucking of hens, showed that life was stirring at Church Farm; and all at once he heard the swing of the white gate and Shadrach's call, and he knew that the cows were passing out to the lower meadows.

He was not in a mood to speak to Shadrach or his wife, and he stopped at the gate leading to the rick-yard—the gate made so memorable in his life, and which still had power to stir his heart deeply.

Could it be only nine years since Doris had appeared to him a sudden vision of perfect beauty, as she swung there singing her "fond rhyme"? How long ago it seemed!

More than once during the first year of their marriage he had tried to take her back with him to that sweet memory, and she had shrunk from it—shrunk with such evident dislike that he felt it would be selfish even to let her see the store he set on it.

"Ah!" he said, "who knows! if I had been more masterful I might have gained her respect; I fear she has none for me now, or she would not be so careless of giving one pain."

Unknowingly he was judging his wife hardly in gifting her with a quality she lacked. For her want of sympathy hid from Doris now, as it had in the early days with regard to George and her father, the pain she had given her husband. Her own affec-



tion for him was far too tepid to enable her to guess that although he might blame her, his love was too deep to change. She thought he would shrink from her as she now did from him: it would have been impossible to her even to guess his sorrow when he learned that she could sleep without an exchange of forgiveness. The ache was in his heart still.

He stood leaning against the gate, very sad and desponding.

It seemed to him that he must yield; he must send Ralph away again among strangers, or Doris would fulfil her threat and take Phil out of his brother's reach.

"Such wilfulness, too," the poor, weary man said fretfully. "The child need never be with Ralph. Poor Ralph, she is very hard on him."

There was another alternative; he could speak strongly to Doris and point out to her how much more dignified it would be to stay

at Burneston and compel Ralph's good behaviour in future; for Mr. Burneston believed that the young fellow would keep more restraint over himself if he were gently treated. But the squire shrank from this. He could not resolve to go through another scene with Doris; he had suffered too deeply yesterday.

"What a mockery life is!" he thought. "There is no one man or woman who can escape sorrow and disappointment. Gilbert was right when he told me to keep my freedom; he seems happy enough. Just now I would gladly change places with him."

And then, with the impatience of his hopeful temperament, he told himself that it was only a question of time. It was a quarrel between Doris and Ralph, which they would both grow to forget, and that as wisdom and discretion came to Ralph—Mr. Burneston took it as a matter of course that they would come—the lad would learn to value and to love his stepmother. As long as his thoughts centred on Ralph, hope was easy, but it was different when he came back to the real heart-wound—Doris. They had had disagreements, but this was their first quarrel, and how cold and hard and unforgiving she had proved herself! and then he came back to the point from which he had started—"How utterly careless she is of giving me pain!"

Will Slater had also risen early this morning, to ascertain the damage done by the storm, and he walked about his domain growling ominously. Slates had been whirled from out-houses on to cucumber and melon-frames; carnations and dahlias lay prostrate on the flower-beds, a new plantation of standard roses was ruined, and a limb of the cherished cedar lay on the grass beneath its parent tree.

"Caps mah, 'at it diz, what fer t' wind comes i' sike a gait. Wind noo an' then theer's nae harm in, it purifies things, but sike a tearin', rampagin' bullock o' a wind Ah nivver heeard on, nor wishes t' hear again. Ther ain't onny Providence in it, sae theer noo!"

He paused and listened as the wind sighed in a wailing gust round the house, as if it refused to submit willingly to the calm that was pressing on its mischievous wings.

"It soughs still," Slater said.

He went slowly on to the other side of the cedar tree to see the damage done, for it was from this side, farthest from the garden, that the branch had fallen.

"Woonkers!" He stopped in dismay, the ground here was strewn with fragments of boughs from the beech tree, one branch heaped on another in such confusion that the amount of mischief could not be seen at once. "Woonkers!" he said again; and then he turned to go home, for he had come out without breakfast.

The Hall door opened, and there stood Mr. Hazelgrave in the act of letting out Mrs. Burneston's little King Charles spaniel. The pretty little creature came frisking up to Slater, shaking his long ears, and gambolling with that indescribable outcry of welcome bestowed by small dogs on their favourites.

But Slater did not return the favour.

"Getten oot, ye snablin' cur," he pretended to kick the frolicsome little creature; "Ah finns yur splay fut overver a' mah flower-beds. Gan in wi' ye, d' ye hear; that's wheer ye sud bide, ye larl limb o' Satan."

But the dog went sniffing along the terrace.

"Gan in wi' ye, d' ye hear?" Slater turned wrathfully on the intruder, whose large heavy paws, made him, at times, an object of dislike to the gardener.

The dog crouched at the angry tone, but he would not follow Slater. He went on sniffing till he reached the fallen branches, and then he began to whine and scratch violently.

"An empty bird's nest or sum sike trumpery.' The gardener was hungry; and just at that minute he wished he had a switch in his hand.

"Coom oot on't, ye tastril. Ye"—He ran after the dog, for the creature had plunged madly down among the fallen branches, and only his black tail, wagging violently, and his furious barking showed where he was.

"Drat t' imp! he'll break a leg or summat. Ah mun see 'im safe indoors; t' bairn Phil's fair set on 'im, and onnything at t' bairn fancies t' mistress thinks a heap on. Sae coom oot o' that, ye—what maks yu so mad? Ye're as hot-footed nobbut ye'd fun your breakfast. Coom oot! Dash mah, Ah'll fetch yur scruff oot o' t'."

He scrambled on to the heap of fallen branches, and thrust his hand down to drag the dog out; but the creature resisted violently. Its barking had changed to a moaning whine which puzzled Slater. The dog's struggles, small as he was, had brushed off the twigs and leaves, and made an opening through which he had forced his way to the lower branches, and he was now beyond the reach of the gardener's arm; but Slater was

determined to capture him, and he struggled down among the branches, widening the opening as he went with one of his broad shoulders.

All at once he stopped, and for an instant lay motionless on the heap of branches—then slowly he raised himself on his feet.

His face was still red with the rough struggle among the branches, but his eyes stared wildly, and large drops stood on his forehead; and while he stood the red on his cheeks faded to a ghastly paleness, and his lower jaw fell.

"My God!" he said.

Then he stumbled on to the house as if his sight failed him; a sort of instinct rather than any reasoning process—he was too frightened to think—made him go round to the front entrance instead of that which opened on to the lawn.

Till now he had kept a dead silence. He had not even attempted to call the dog away; but just beyond the door, at the open gates leading to the stable-yard, stood Lot Groves, Mr. Sunley's deputy, who had come upon a message from the sexton to the squire.

Then the full horror of what he had seen, half hidden among the beech-trees, thrilled through the dazed man's frame, and he shouted out with all his strength.

"Theer's murder yander—murder! Ah says. Theer's t' yung squire liggin' dead an' cauld 'atween t' beech boughs."

"Murder!" Lot flung both arms up at the word, and then ran wildly out at the front gate. "Murder!" he shouted as he went; and then the steep ascent of the village street quieted him.

But when he came in sight of Sunley's cottage, and saw the sexton at his door, nodding across to Shadrach Swaddles at Church Farm Gate, Lot's panic terror found voice again.

"Murder!" he cried. "Murder doon at t' Hall! T' yung squire's liggin' deead under t' windys among t' beech boughs. He's bin murdered i' t' night."

The squire had stood some time at the gate fighting his own thoughts, and at the strange confused murmur of voices, he roused as if from sleep; there were several speakers, so it seemed to him, and all at once came a woman's shrill scream of horror.

He roused and turned quickly; and while he tried to gather in the meaning of these sounds he saw Joseph Sunley hobbling up to him, with a flushed face and excited gestures.

Behind him came Shadrach Swaddles trying to hold the old man back; and just in sight were several figures running. Sukey's face was white and scared, her blue eyes opened widely, and her fair hair floating in the wind.

"What's the matter with you all?"

That was all he had time to say.

Joseph Sunley had got up to him; and as he opened his toothless mouth his tongue quivered with the awful message he had come to speak.

Shadrach's face, too, was full of awe; and he caught at Joseph's arm with his rough fingers.

"Hev a care, Maister Sunley. Donnut be tellin' it sudden."

The squire stood spelled. He grew pale and leant against the gate. He could not ask a question.

"Theer's murder been done at t' Hall!"

Joseph's voice cracked as he screamed in the squire's ear. "T' yung squire's lying dead atween t' trees!"

Mr. Burneston's face grew grey, his lips moved, and so did his right arm slightly; his stick fell from his hand; then his whole figure swayed and rested heavily on the gate.

"It's t' Lord's will," Joseph began; but Shadrach's eyes were keener; he pushed the old man aside rudely, just in time to catch Mr. Burneston in his strong arms as he fell forward rigid, but with open eyes.

"Sukey," he called over his shoulder, "run doon tu t' Parsonage an' fetch help tu carry t' squire tu t' Hall, at yance. Tell t' parson he hes fainted off dead."

The man's voice was hoarse with suppressed feeling; but Joseph Sunley felt aggrieved at this sudden loss of an audience.

"Bon it!" he said querulously, "Ah thowt t' squire was mair manful. Mebbe it's t' suddenness on it, an' a wee blood-letting wad bring him reeght eneeaf. Ah've gitten a blood-letter somewheres."

"Whisht, ye awd hoit." Shadrach spoke sternly. "Ye'll nut dare tu touch t' Maister whiles Ah hands 'im. Gang yer ways; it's yu 'at hev worked t' mischief. Help mey, Sukey;" and he began to loosen the Squire's collar and stock.

Timothy Tyzack hobbled forward, and looked curiously in the silent face.

"Mah gran'fayther war the same," he said calmly, with that strange want of emotion one sees in the very old, "and he nivers spoke again."

Lot Groves stood stupid and silent, staring

first at Sunley (who had looked foolish since Shadrach's rebuke) and then at Mr. Burneston.

And all this while the squire lay grey and silent in the man's arms, so heavily inert, that strong broad-shouldered Shadrach had to lean heavily on the gate to keep his footing.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—BESIDE THE DEAD.

DORIS had not slept better that night than any of the other inmates of the Hall. The child, too, had been restless. But towards morning Doris had fallen into a deep sleep, with little Phil sleeping sweetly beside her.

She roused at last, and it seemed to her that the knocking she now heard had been going on for some time while she slept; then she remembered that she had fastened the doors of her room when the maid left her. She got up hastily and went to the door. The nurse was waiting there with a pale, troubled face, but her mistress was too much preoccupied to notice it.

"If you please, ma'am, I am come for Master Philip, and—and Mr. Raine wishes to see you as soon as you are ready."

Little Phil waked and sate up. "Mamma, me wants Ralphie," he said. "Will Ralphie kiss me now, mamma?"

Doris kissed him and hurried him away. She was vexed that his first thought should be of his brother. She felt puzzled, but she did not choose to ask a question. "I will ring as soon as I am ready," she said. Had it really come to this? Had her husband asked his cousin to mediate between them?

Her lip curled, and she went on dressing without ringing for her maid.

But Mr. Raine was in an impatient mood. Just as she was dressed came another summons.

"Mr. Raine told me to say he is waiting in your sitting-room, ma'am."

Doris felt haughty and ill at ease. Yesterday, for the first time in her life, she had sought a special interview with her husband, but it had jarred her to seek it—she so much disliked anything out of the ordinary tenor of life, anything which roused emotion. The dispute that had followed rankled. She was angry with her own want of self-control, and now this thought that her husband had consulted Mr. Raine made her very angry; it would have been so much wiser if he had kept their dispute to himself.

She found Mr. Raine standing in the middle of her sitting-room. If she had not been so self-centred she must have seen how

agitated he was. He remained standing, even when she seated herself.

"You sent for me," she said coldly.

"Something very sad, very terrible, has happened," he said abruptly. The strange tone in his voice made Doris look at him fully, and then the change in his face struck her at once. He looked ten years older, and his hair was rough and disordered.

"What is it?" she said. She looked round with a sort of gasp; she had no room for any thought but her child, and Gilbert Raine guessed at her fear.

"It is Ralph—an accident," he said. "Poor dear fellow—he—he—we suppose that he fell from his bedroom window in getting out during the storm last night. He is dead."

Her thoughts went more swiftly than his words did.

"Dead!" she repeated. Then a slight shiver passed over her and she sate silent.

Raine had already told the news to Rika, and she had burst into tears.

"How cold this woman is!" he thought; then he said, "Do you know where your husband is, Mrs. Burneston?—he has not been told."

"Are you sure he is not in his dressing-room?"

Raine shook his head. "He is away somewhere." Then he broke out suddenly, "Oh, Mrs. Burneston! think what a blow this will be to him! he was so proud of Ralph."

Doris felt as if she was turning to stone, but she tried to rouse herself.

"Where is he?" she said mechanically, and then with a change of manner, as a sudden fear shot painfully through her brain, "Where is little Phil? Surely—surely they will not let the child!"

Raine was shocked by her seeming want of feeling.

"The child is probably in his nursery. So far, Mrs. Burneston," he said formally, "I have done what seemed right to do, but now I must go in search of my cousin. Will you come down with me and see if all is done that he would wish done for the poor boy?"

He turned away hurriedly; his voice was choked, and yet Doris sate still apparently unmoved by this terrible blow.

"Thank you; I will come presently," she said. "Please do not lose a minute in going to seek for Mr. Burneston. You did not say where you had put!"

He interrupted her—"In the library; do go down as soon as you can." Then, carried away by his feelings, he looked at her

earnestly. "Indeed, Mrs. Burneston, I speak for your own sake; if you don't go down your want of interest will be remarked on; I think you should show yourself as soon as possible."

Doris looked at him keenly.

"I am going down," she said; "but I beg you to find my husband and break this sad news to him gently."

Something in her look startled Raine. It was reproachful, he fancied, but he had no thoughts to spend on Doris; his heart ached so sorely for the bereaved father.

Doris felt deeply misunderstood. The sudden news had terribly shocked her, but she had been too long accustomed to hide her feelings from observation to give way to them now in the presence of Gilbert Raine. Yet while she had felt more horror than she could have been expected to feel for anything connected with Ralph Burneston, she had been misjudged. She rose up as soon as Gilbert had departed. She was thankful she had not to break the tidings to her husband. He too would probably have misjudged her.

"My sorrow would not have satisfied him," she said; "his will be such demonstrative grief. Poor Ralph! I wish it had not happened just now." She stopped, and went on thinking—"We should never have agreed. He would have brought perpetual strife between Philip and me; after all, it is the suddenness one regrets. If it could have come in a less painful way—poor Ralph!"

She shrank from going down, and yet the wisdom of Raine's suggestion struck her forcibly; for she had an intuitive knowledge that the household guessed at her dislike to her stepson. But as she went slowly down the broad staircase a strange feeling of guilt gathered and seemed to take complete possession of her. A flush rose on her cheeks and seemed to burn there.

Benjamin Hazelgrave stood at the library door very sad and downcast.

He did not speak when his mistress approached, but he deferentially unlocked the door and opened it for her to go in.

Doris had never seen death, she shuddered and trembled at the idea of seeing it alone; she wished she had asked Rika to bear her company, and she half turned back to seek her, but the butler was looking fixedly at her, then he shut the door and she was alone. She made an effort to quiet her agitation, and went slowly forward into the room.

The shutters had all been closed, but some

light came in through the round tops of the windows, and from two tall candles on a table.

Doris felt in a dream. She saw dimly that one of the large writing tables was covered with a sheet; the white covering told out powerfully in the gloom of the room. A strong shuddering seized on Doris, and she shrank from the awful presence dimly indicated beneath the shrouding linen, and for a moment she clung to one of the tall chairs for support. She was struggling against herself—not only against her fear, but against the horrible unnatural joy that had suddenly wakened in her at the sight of that rigid form on the table. Her boy was heir now. Who could claim his inheritance? "No one! no one!" she repeated. But she hated herself for the thought even while it came; and how earnestly in this moment of sore temptation she strove to be good, to be what she considered noble, forgiving, and magnanimous, wholly without one mean thought to alloy her greatness!—in vain, she could not conquer; the passion she had cherished and warmed so long in her bosom would have its triumph; she would have given much to be able to shed a tear for the fair lad struck down in the pride of his youth and beauty, and instead she found herself planning the future she had so long coveted for her child, even while she stood beside his dead brother.

All at once she started violently, and if she had not clung again to the chair she must have fallen on the floor in the ghastly terror that seized her; for something stirred the white covering, and she forced herself by a great effort to look steadily—

"Ah!"—and then she darted forward and snatched her child to her bosom.

Phil cried out passionately, and struggled in her arms.

"Don't take me away; me wants to stay with Ralphie, mamma," he cried. "Ralphie wake soon."

Before she could speak, before she could even realise what was passing, a figure which till now she had not seen in the gloom, rose up from kneeling beside the body. It was Faith Emmett; her grey hair hung loosely about her face, and her eyes were red and swollen.

"Whisht!" she raised her hand solemnly. "Ah'm shamed on ye, Mistress Burneston, to come troublin' t' rest o' t' dead."

"Hush!" Doris spoke sternly; she had set Phil down, but she kept his hand tightly clasped in hers. "How could you bring

the child to such a dreadful sight? It was frightfully wrong." Her voice shook with agitation.

"It's for yu to haud yer peace." Faith's anger rose, and her eyes gleamed malignantly. "Ah wonders yu can bear tu face yur wark. Yes, Mistress Burneston"—her voice rose with a wailing sound as if she were chanting a dirge—"yur wark—yu may not hev caused his death wi' yer ain hands, but fer all that yu hev caused it; yu took all t' pleasure an' all t' joy oot o' t' poor lad's life; yu bred strife atween him an' his father, where noane wad ha' bin athowt yu; nivver a word o' love, nivver a thowt o' kindness did yu gi' him fra first to last, an' noo yu can show skime nae langer, yu taks yer bairn fra him as if he war too gude fer t' likes o' his ain brother."

The words had stabbed deeply, but still Doris tried to maintain her self-possession.

"Silence!" she said; "you are in great grief, and you don't know what you say. Hush! you must not stay here unless you can control yourself; Mr. Burneston will be here soon."

"He may come," she said, "but Ah've gotten maist reeght to him"—she pointed to the table as she spoke—"fer Ah've loved him all thro' bad an' gude alike; t'were all yan to me. Ah, God knows hoo Ah loved him!" Then some memory came back, she raised her head, pushed her hair from her face, and pointed one finger at Doris.

"Yes, 'tis yer ain wark; ye've sent him tu meet his God wi' his sins on his head, but they'll lie at your door, not his; it was you that druv him to wild ways, yu that ruined his peace. May God reward yu fer it! An' noo yu thinks yer way's clear, an' yer bairn is heir to Burneston; an' yu dares to come an' threaten me beside him 'at ye've wrangled so sorely."

Her words had come like a torrent, but now Doris roused herself to check them.

She spoke sternly. "At such a time, and here too, beside him, how dare you use such words? Silence!" she said commandingly, for Faith's yellow eyes blazed with fury, and she came close up to her mistress and shook her finger menacingly in her face.

Doris turned to go away; the woman seemed to her a maniac. She had never fathomed the violence of Faith's nature, till now so sternly repressed in her presence.

The old woman glared as if she would spring upon her. "Silence you!" she screamed out. "What hev Ah to fear, Ah

that hev loved him allays? 'Tis yu that hev warked t' wrang that sud suffer."

Phil broke in with his sobbing, pitiful cry—

"Ralphie, me wants Ralphie."

"Ay!" she went on, her eyes full of scornful triumph; "all his cry, poor bairn, has bin fer Ralphie—ye'll nivver loose his love for his dead brother—ye are nothing beside him." She had softened a little as she looked at the child, but now she spoke out again loudly and wildly, "Go, go! what fer are yer here skimming at me? Ah wonnut hev ye stand here to freeat t' sperrit o' him—him that ye've bin t' rewin on"—she raised her hand solemnly. "No; Ah'll speak oot mah heart. Ah calls on t' Lord to curse yu, yu an' yur bairn 'at ye hev sinned fer. May ye nivver know joy nur peace. May t' bairn turn your life into a long sorrow, an' when yu comes to die may yur sperrit nivver rest, but wander moanin' about lahe ye hev made ithers moan their lives lang."

She flung herself on her knees again beside the table. Doris might have been one of the chairs for any heed she took henceforth of her presence.

Mrs. Burneston was scarcely conscious of her own existence. She had snatched Phil and held him to her bosom as if to shield him from the frightful words, but her hands trembled so that she could hardly grasp the child. Phil clung to her, frightened. Faith's violent words and gestures had terrified him into silence.

Doris turned and seemed to grope her way blindly to the door. She felt as if Faith's words were weapons, and could strike Phil even in her arms.

"God help me!" she murmured, but the words came mechanically. There was in them neither faith, nor trust, nor love. How could there be? She had loved self only all her life. She, who had so little love for God's creatures, could not look lovingly to God for help; hers was only the cry of helpless humanity. God had made her—He was bound to help her in her need.

Her standard of right and wrong represented to Doris good and evil; as to any love of God or of prayer in the abstract, such ideas had not visited her busy brain, or when brought there temporarily by some chance remark made by George or Rika, had been dismissed as unreal and visionary.

And now she felt blind and helpless, and yet with an eager clutching longing for help; a sense of wrong-doing oppressed her, and Faith's words sounded again and again in

her ears. She only felt that she must get away from this old mad woman.

She reached the door at last; her limbs trembled so that she could hardly carry the child, and yet she feared to loose him from her arms.

At last she was safe in the hall: it was empty, and her heart leaped with intense relief as she sank exhausted into a chair.

Little Phil struggled down out of her arms, and went back to the door of the library.

"Come here." She roused herself to speak. "Come here directly, Phil."

The child shook his head, and grasped the door handle.

"Me want to wake Ralphie," he said in his little decided voice.

Doris rose and tried to get him away, but he cried out loudly. She turned the key and left him standing there. She was too full of anguish to struggle with him; her confidence and self-possession were gone. It seemed to her horrible that the child should leave her for his dead brother.

She went on to the entrance door and looked out; the chill air refreshed her throbbing head. She was so wrecked of human love that she felt an unusual longing for her husband's return. There would at least be peace between them now, she thought, and then she shuddered as Faith's awful words came back. She turned towards the great gates. If her husband had gone to the village he would come in that way.

At the gate stood Benjamin Hazelgrave and his wife, and several of the servants, some pointing with their fingers and talking together.

What was happening? What were these people waiting for?

The gates stood open, and it seemed to Doris that it would distress her husband to have to pass through such an assemblage when he came in. She called to Benjamin, but her voice did not reach him. He was as eager as the rest, craning his neck to see what was passing outside.

Doris went down the steps. She was resolved to spare her husband this trial.

As she reached Benjamin there was a movement in the group of gazers, they parted right and left, and Gilbert Raine came hurriedly towards her through the passage opened for him. He took her hand and led her back quickly to the house.

"What is the matter? Have you found Philip?" His silence puzzled her. She could not see that the poor fellow was striving to find the kindest way to speak.

"Yes," he said; then he went on in an excited voice, "Oh, Mrs. Burneston, you must prepare yourself for more trouble; I hardly know how to tell you what has happened. Poor Phil is quite struck down by this terrible accident. I fear he is paralysed. They are bringing him in."

Doris started and pressed her hands tightly together, but her wits came back; she seemed steadied in a moment.

"Do not fear for me," she said firmly. "Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Yes—yes, I have sent."

Watching the sad procession as it came slowly through the gates, mechanically her eyes rested on the bearers—Ephraim Crewe, Shadrach Swaddles and two of Crewe's farm servants; Joseph Sunley and old Tyzack; Mr. Spencer walking sadly last of all—but she could not nerve herself to look at her husband's face; she only saw that he lay there motionless, and she turned and led the way in silence to her own bedroom.

CHAPTER XLIX.—"SHE CAN TELL ME."

"He must not be left an instant," the doctor sent for from York had said, after he had seen Mr. Burneston. And Doris answered, "I shall not leave him."

She had watched for three days and nights beside her husband. He had recovered consciousness in a few hours, but he was very feeble, and had not attempted to speak.

It seemed to Doris, as she sat looking straight before her at vacancy, that her brain too had received a shock.

She did not acknowledge the justice of Faith's accusation, but a consciousness of wrong-doing—an entirely new consciousness to Doris—oppressed her. It was not, she well knew, only from her devotion and love to her husband that she sat wasting, so it seemed to her, these hours in his room; his own man or Phil's nurse would perhaps have tended him just as well, but this would have left her free to think, and there was an actual relief in forcing herself to perform hard, unusual duties. She had rung to inquire for her child soon after her husband's consciousness returned, and the nurse had brought him to the bedroom door; but the instant the child saw his mother he began his cry for Ralphie. Doris sent him away, and sternly denied herself the luxury of gazing at her darling.

She rarely looked at her husband as he lay there; the likeness between his face and that other one lying in the gloom down-stairs made her shudder and shrink from him.

It seemed to Doris that Ralph's spirit was gazing at her out of his father's eyes.

"Doris"—she started and uncovered her face, his voice sounded cold and changed, she thought—"you had better lie down and rest—you will be ill;" then he stopped, but he left off looking at her. Then, after a few minutes, "Be so good as to send Faith Emmett; she is used to nursing."

The blood that had left her face till it was ghastly in its whiteness, came back and dyed her cheeks and throat, her strong indignation at this injustice almost choked her, and yet she dared not try to utter it; had not the doctor said the slightest agitation might prove fatal? And yet angry as she was that Faith should be preferred to her, she clung more in that moment to her husband than she had ever done before.

"I—I am not tired, Philip," she ventured to say in a low, pleading voice; "indeed I would rather stay. I want to nurse you."

He frowned again. He seemed to have some trouble in finding his words, for his lips moved and he looked sad when no voice followed the movement.

"You must go," he said at last. "Send Faith; she can tell me"—

And then Doris saw—the veil was rent suddenly from her eyes, and she saw with the painful clearness which attends the first vision of those who have been blind. Oh! why had she never seen before that her duty was to live her husband's life as well as her own? And instead she had so cut herself off from all sympathy with his natural feelings towards Ralph that Faith's sympathy was more prized than hers.

"She can tell me!" Doris shrank into herself; the name of Ralph could never more be spoken between her and her husband. He knew not only that she had hated his son, but that she had coveted his inheritance. "She can tell me." She! this woman who had cursed her and scorned her must be set in her place by her own order, and Philip must never know the insults she had endured from her. It was a bitter punishment.

She looked at him; his eyes were fixed on her as if he were impatient for her to go, and she rose slowly.

"Send Faith," he said, and then he closed his eyes without even a smile of farewell.

Doris was too utterly crushed to think of self as she crossed the room to obey him. She rang for Mr. Burneston's man and then went to her room. It was still very early, and she waited some time before she summoned her maid—waited in a sort of

dull stupor; then she rang and desired her to tell the housekeeper to go to Mr. Burneston. Even for her husband's sake she could not have met Faith Emmett face to face.

"You can tell nurse to bring Master Phil here, if he is awake," she said.

The woman hesitated. She was in great awe of her mistress, who scarcely ever spoke to her except to give her orders; but Mrs. Burneston's worn face and heavy eyes moved her pity.

"Oh, ma'am," she said timidly, "won't you lie down and rest? Sleep would do you good—you look so worn; and Master Phil would be ready against you woke."

Doris stared in surprise.

"I am quite well," she said coldly. "I wish Master Phil to come to me."

"Yes, ma'am." But at the door the maid turned again. "Master Phil is not very well, ma'am. Nurse asked the doctor to look at him yesterday."

"Not well!—why was I not told?" Then she recollected herself. "You are right, Burnell; go on and tell nurse I am coming to see him."

How long ago it seemed since she had gone to seek her darling, and had found him lying—she shuddered at that memory and turned hastily into the nursery. Phil lay in his little cot; the nurse and Burnell were both looking at him earnestly. Neither of them spoke when Mrs. Burneston came in, but they drew aside that she might see her child.

He did not see her, though his dark eyes were wide open, strained on vacancy. His sweet little face was very pale, and round his eyes were large dark rings; his lips, too, looked purple and fevered, and his nose pinched and wasted.

Doris bent down and kissed his hot cheek, but he took no notice.

"How long has he been like this?"

"Not long, ma'am; he's been fretting ever since you took him from the library. He's eaten nothing, ma'am. The doctor said he'd eat when he was hungry, but he's done nothing but fret and call for his brother, and now, ma'am, he won't rouse nor take notice."

Doris set her teeth hard. Come what might, she would not yield up her darling.

"I should like to see Mr. Raine," she said; "will you ask him to come to me at once?" Never in her whole life had Doris felt so utterly alone. Her husband had sent her from him, her child was ill, dying perhaps, and she must save him herself—there was no one to help her.

Gilbert Raine had a surprised look on his face when he came into the nursery.

Doris took his hand and began to speak quickly. "Thank you for coming," she said. "You sent for the York doctor the other day. Will you send for him again at once?"

"Good heavens! Is Philip worse, and have you left him? Ah, Mrs. Burneston, why did you not let me nurse him?"

He spoke impetuously. He had not forgiven Doris's coldness about Ralph, and he thought she had deserted her husband for the sake of her child. It was more than she could bear.

Gilbert looked at the nurse and pointed to the door, and when she had gone he stood feeling horribly ashamed of himself till Doris checked her sobs and was able to speak.

"My husband is not alone," she said; "I came away by his wish. I came here and found Phil like this," she said, pointing to the little disfigured face. "He is very ill—that Steersley doctor has no skill to save him, but the doctor from York might, if you will send for him without delay"—then clasping her hands fervently—"without the delay of a minute."

Raine's heart had reproached him keenly. He had never made a woman cry before, and when he saw the little wan, suffering face in the cot he felt like a criminal.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly; "Rika said the child was poorly, but I did not know he was so ill. I will go to York myself at once and bring back the doctor."

He was bending over the cot, his face was on a level with hers. Doris put her lips suddenly to his forehead and kissed him.

"Thank you," she said, "you are a good man!"

He shook both her hands warmly. "My dear child, keep a good heart," he said, "I will be back soon. Let Rika help you, and do take a little rest." And he went.

A faint smile stole over her face. "They are friends at last, then!" she said.

CHAPTER THE LAST.—NORTHWARD.

THE north wind felt wintry in its keen crispness, and the sky had the lowering look which so often heralds snow.

The sharp air made John Barugh's eyes smart, and he sent his chin down among his wraps for shelter as he drove northward. He was in the last stage of his journey, but he was going round by a cross-road, so as to strike the Steersley road above the town itself—the direct high-way would have taken him through Steersley, and this would have

caused a longer delay, and he knew George would expect him to call on Mr. Hawnbly.

"Neeah, neeah!" John squared his shoulders and bent his head before the pitiless keenness of the wind. "Ah'll nut leave t' track for onnybody; Ah've com to see Doris."

There had been great consternation at the Cairn, when Joseph Sunley wrote to George a full account of Ralph's death, and of the squire's seizure.

George's first impulse was to go over to Burneston Hall and see what was really happening. At so great a distance it was difficult to believe in such terrible misfortunes, especially as Mr. Sunley narrated them, in a concise, cold-blooded manner, as if he were telling the story to strangers. But when John read the letter, he noticed at once that Mr. Raine was at Burneston, and he told George to stay where he was. In a few days came a letter from Miss Masham, but there was no word of wishing for George's presence.

George wrote to Doris expressing the family sympathy, but no answer had been received from her.

At length came a few hurried lines.

"Father, will you come to me? My darling is taken away, and I am left alone. My husband is still very ill. I cannot do without you.
DORIS BURNESTON."

This was the first time they had heard of the child's illness.

For some minutes there was dead silence, and then Dorothy flung her apron over her head and sank weeping into a chair.

John Barugh looked into his son's eyes an instant, and then he said softly—

"God help her! Ah mun gan noo. Ah sehd Ah'd niver set foot i' t' Hall, bud then Ah niver thowt Ah'd be needed, bud Doris says she cannut deea athoot me—bless her! Ah mun geh t' day. Coom, awd lass, coom, thoo mun think o' Doris, nut o' theesel'; think o' t' poor lass wi' her deead bairn."

But Dorothy rocked herself in her chair.

"What does the man think I'm thinking of? My poor girl—my blessed little Phil!" she said between her sobs; and then she rose to prepare for her husband's departure.

"We'll never say so much to poor dear Doris," she said to George as her husband drove away; "but if she'd sent for me to nurse the precious darling it might have ended differently. I've no faith in your fine stuck-up nurses."

"I don't suppose, mother" — George looked very sad at the thought of Doris's trouble—"that she ever trusted him to a nurse; be just to our Doris, she was wrapped up in little Phil."

The name set poor Dorothy off again, and then she looked reproachfully and with streaming eyes at George.

"Of course she was, my dear, but not more than I was in you, lad. Ah, children are careful comforts. Oh dear, oh dear! what will come next?"

John Barugh had had a long journey; he had changed his horse, but even this one was beginning to flag when he came in sight of the square grey tower and weird fir-trees of Burneston. His own spirits, too, which at first had risen with rapid driving through the keen air, had grown very depressed.

"Mah poor lass! the one thing her heart was fair set on, was little Phil," he said tenderly; "an' noo 'at sheea needs comfort t' husband cannot gi' it. Eh, bud it's hard on Doris."

He had resolved to go past the church gate and round by the vicarage, so as to avoid the village, but as he passed the church a wheezy "Hulloa" stopped him. He looked over the gate; Joseph Sunley was hurrying away from his deputy, Lot, whose shock head showed above the edge of a half-made grave, and the sexton was waving his thin arms to attract notice.

John Barugh reined up his horse, and waited by the gate.

"Weel, neeghber, an' hoo's a wi' ye at t' Cairn? It's lang syne ye cam fer tu tak' a look at us."

"Yes," the farmer said gravely. "Ah've coom to t' Hall; mah lass—Mrs. Burneston, that is," he corrected himself—"she's sent fer mey."

"Eh, it's a sair judgment on her, neeghber; nobbut yu tempt t' Lord He'll hev it oot wi' ye. She couldn't bide t' other lad, an' shu nivvers shed a tear to see him cut off in his prime, an' noo her ain bairn, 'at she set afore God Almighty, he's pined an' pined till he's pined his lahtle life oot, an' he's taken fra her an' laid besahde his brother."

"Ye're hard on her, Joseph Sunley," John spoke hastily; "wheea can say shu nivvers shed a tear? an' Doris nivvers was great at crying fra t' tahme sheea was a lahtle lass, bud"—his voice grew sad again—"d'ye meean 'at t' lahtle lad's laid besahde his brother already?"

Joseph nodded.

"Yis, yis, t' deea afore yesterda'; Ah seed it deean mysel'. It were sad an' lonesome to see her stan' theer"—he pointed over his shoulder—"as tall an' pale as a lily, an' no soul besahde; sheea had no tears, bud her eyes was swelled an' red wi' crying, so theer noo."

John Barugh drew his hand across his eyes.

"D'ye meean 'at t' squire's too sick yet tu seea his ain bairn put i' t' kirk-geate?"

"Ah meean what Ah sehs, an' Ah sehs what Ah means," Joseph spoke snappishly. He was not accustomed now-a-days to contradiction or cross-questioning. "T' squire's a brokken man, t' doctor hes telled mey himself; sehs he, 't' squire's done fer; he's as awd as yu, Maister Sunley, an' lahkely t' be so t' rest o' his deas; he may be better noo an' then, bud he'll nivvers be his ain lahke again; and he mun not be wearied.' Eh, things ur reeght doon bad at t' Hall. Mistris Emmett hes flitted—an' nowt's kenned uv her."

John Barugh groaned. He nodded to Sunley and drove on to the Hall.

The news about the squire seemed to him worse than the loss of little Phil.

"An' he's not more then forty years awd," he said.

He did not ask for Mr. Burneston when he reached the Hall, but was shown at once to Doris's sitting-room.

George had been right about his sister; she had never left her child except now and then to see her husband; but no persuasion or force even could induce little Phil to take food or to cease fretting for his brother. Ralph's repulse, and the sight of Ralph pale and motionless in the gloomy library, had possessed him, and in his wandering—for his weakness induced fever and then delirium—he cried incessantly, now to his brother to forgive him, and now to waken from his sleep.

Doris sat beside her child with a bursting heart, but tearless to the end, and then she went alone to the churchyard and saw him laid beside Ralph.

Mr. Raine had gone to London to transact some necessary business for his cousin, and Doris had asked Rika to leave her before the end came with little Phil. Her friend begged hard to stay with her, but Doris maintained her wish to be alone.

It was easier to bear her burden unwatched even by her friend's loving eyes; but she had scarcely given way to tears since she parted from her darling—the wound was

too deep—it seemed to have burned out all feeling but that of pain.

Only when she came slowly back from the churchyard a great longing had seized on Doris, and she sat down and wrote the note which had brought her father to the Hall—and then her tears came.

Now she heard the sound of wheels, and presently the heavy step that took her back so many years coming along the passage, and she shrank from meeting her father. She rose up, almost resolved to go away; her pride, which had seemed dead since her child had left her, struggled to be heard. How could she let her father see how utterly alone she was? But while she stood hesitating the door opened, and there was her father.

He came forward, for Doris had no power to move, took her hand, and gently kissed her cheek. Her grief-stricken face, so pale against her plain black gown, her bowed head, moved him to the deep sorrowing reverence a worshipper feels towards a broken Madonna. But as his lips touched her they ended the struggle within her. Like a little child she leaned her head till it rested on her father's shoulder, and then, as she felt the support of his strong arm come round her, fell sobbing on his heart.

"Mah lass, mah poor lass," John said.

That was all. He did not know how to comfort her, and he let her be, just patting her shoulders with his broad hand.

He did not try to check her tears at first.

"They'll ease her sore heart," he said to himself; but when he found the tears did not cease, but seemed like to drown the closed eyes and slender quivering throat, he led her gently to a seat, and placed himself beside her. He wished for George or Mr. Hawby; it seemed to him that they would know the right thing to say.

"Whist, mah lass," he said, "yu mun not greet so sair, yu mun take comfort noo."

The old feeling of her childish days, that she must never be foolish "before father," came back to Doris, and helped her to check her sobs; but still as she spoke large hot tears fell silently on the fingers twisted together on her lap.

"I cannot take comfort," she said sadly. "Where can I get it from? Indeed, father, I am not grieving only—for—for Phil"—she stopped to steady her voice—"there is so much to be sorry for."

"Ah knows." John smoothed her hair with his red fingers. "Ah've heeard, an' it

makes me ower sad; bud, lass, t' squire's young yet, an' t' doctors mistak' sometahmes."

Doris shook her head.

"Yes, father, but there is so much that can never be righted now; and think of Philip dragging on years and years of life, and feeling all the while old and helpless. Oh, I cannot bear it!"

She started up and walked to the other end of the room.

John looked after her, and again he wished for George's help to comfort her.

Doris came back, her hands hanging down, her whole figure drooping and despondent.

"Think how young I am, father; I may have to live fifty years of this life. I cannot live it. I love Philip; yes, I know I love him dearly now, but he is as feeble as a child; I cannot bear it. And how can I help him?—I cannot give him back what he has lost. There is no help, no comfort in anything," she said wearily; and she clasped her hands in an anguish of despair.

John had left off wishing for George, his strong sympathy was leading him to the truth; he took the clasped hands in his.

"Mah lass, ye're reeght there," he said. "When sorrow comes there's small help or comfort to be found on airth in onnything or onnybody for onny of us, and we cannot bear our burden oursels; bud Doris, lass, theer's One 'at'll bear it fer us, aye, an' gie us comfort, too; nobbut we ask Him to help us to trust in Him."

She shook her head.

"That's not for me, father; I'm——" she hesitated. "I'm not good, you know; I mean, not in that way. I did pray to God to spare my child,"—her lips trembled—"and what good did it do?"

John looked troubled. He sat silent awhile.

"Mah lass," he said tenderly; and again he put his broad hand caressingly on her bowed head. "When t' lahtle lad was wiv ye, deead ye gi' Him yal he axed fer?"

She raised her head and looked inquiringly at him.

"Weel," he said shyly, "yance He took a bairn fra mey, an' Ah wearied an' fretted, an' thowt it waaz mair 'an Ah could bear, bud Ah've fun' comfort. Ah've learned 'at Ah've gotten tu deea His will, nut mah ain, an' t' Lord's schealed mey tu trust Him. Ah trusts Him noo, at He'll deea yal 'at is reeght fer us—an' nobbut yu axes fer trust, He'll gi' yu that, Doris."

A VISIT TO MYCENÆ, TIRYNS, AND ARGOS.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, D.D.

THE GATE OF LIONS.

THE great gate of the Citadel, well known for more than two thousand years as the Gate of Lions, is by far the most striking monument amid the ruins of Mycenæ, and one of the most remarkable in Greece. It is approached by an avenue thirty feet wide, having on the left the high massive wall of the Citadel, and on the right the lower but equally massive wall of a projecting bastion. The old pavement still exists, with the ruts of the chariot-wheels deeply worn in it. The gate is about eleven feet wide by ten high, narrowing at the top, and having huge monolithic jambs and lintel. Over the lintel is a triangular opening in the masonry, like that in the Treasury of Atreus; but here it is filled in with an enormous slab of stone, twelve feet wide and ten high, on which are sculptured, in relief, two lions standing on their hind legs, and resting their fore paws on the base of a short column that rises between them. The column, or perhaps it might more correctly be called altar, increases in diameter towards the top, and is surmounted by a large capital ornamented with knobs and fillets. It was in all probability, as Müller states,* the emblem of Apollo, who was honoured as the protector of gates: hence the appropriateness of Clytemnestra's allusion when she addresses her mental prayer to the sun-god. Sophocles represents her standing by this very Gate of Lions, and saying,—

"Hear thou the while, Phœbus, who guard'st our gates,
My secret prayer: for not to friendly ears
Can I speak forth, nor dare I breathe in air
All that I mean, while she stands here beside me.
Yet hear me—thus—as I with heed will speak

... Grant me still, living an unbarned life,
To wield the sceptre here in Atreus' halls,
Consorting still with whom I consort now,
And happy in such children as may nurse
No secret hate or bitter grudge against me.
Such boon, Apollo, slayer of the wolf,
Grant of thy grace as fully as we ask it."†

The appearance of this gate is very impressive, indeed it is unique. The walls on each side of the passage leading to it are built of large, roughly-squared blocks, laid in courses, without cement. The three stones which form the gate, as well as the sculptured slab above, are colossal. And though the execution of the sculptures is rude, the drawing is free, and the attitude of the lions spirited.

One sees in them the germ of that high artistic genius of ancient Greece, which appears to have first showed itself in this region, and which subsequently reached its climax under Polycletus and Phidias, both of whom were pupils of Agelidos of Argos. It is evident, too, that the architects who built the rough Cyclopean walls of Tiryns, could, when requisite, execute far finer work. In fact, one sees in the citadel of Mycenæ three distinct styles of masonry: the first, like that in the outer ramparts of Tiryns, rough and irregular; the second, called polygonal, composed of large stones hewn to various shapes, but having their sides fitted into each other; and a third of squared blocks laid in courses; and all these coeval and built by the same workmen.

With real skill those primeval architects adapted their mode of building to the requirements of the position and to the purpose they had in view, expending only so much time and toil as were necessary. Utility was their first aim; and every detail in structure, style, and workmanship was made subservient to it. Petrie shows that in these respects, also, the ancient architecture of Ireland bears a close resemblance to that of Greece. The earliest circular houses and ecclesiastical edifices present examples of all three styles of mural masonry, while the sides of the doors are uniformly inclined inward.*

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

The Gate of Lions stands at right angles to the main wall of the Citadel; and after passing through the gate, the foundations of the wall may still be seen on the top of a ledge of rock to the left. The road to the summit appears to have run for some distance parallel to the outside wall, and then to have turned up a steep incline, and perhaps passed through another gate. Just within the Gate of Lions, however, and on the same level, to the right, is a projecting bastion, defended by a wall built along the edge of a high cliff; here lie the tombs in which Schliemann discovered the treasures.

The tombs are in a group, within a curious circular enclosure, formed by two rows of flags, standing on their edges and set end to end. Between the rows is a trough, like a

* Dorians, ii. 6.

† *Electra*, 1374 seq.

* "Round Towers of Ireland," pp. 169-189.

water-course, about a yard wide, the object of which it is difficult to imagine. The tombs themselves were ten or twelve feet deep, divided by masonry; and, if one may judge from the immense mass of rubbish thrown over the adjoining wall, they were not only filled, but covered over, with a heap of earth and debris. Five tombs, I think, have been opened; and it struck me, in cursorily examining the spot, that there must be several others within the enclosure. It seems to be the opinion of the Greek government that valuable treasures still remain buried, for a guard of soldiers is kept on that dreary site night and day. They watched all our movements; and they would

scarcely permit one of the party to pick up a stone, or even to stoop to the ground.

There is, I think, a high probability that these are the tombs of some of the earliest and most distinguished princes of Mycenæ; and perhaps among them is that of Agamemnon himself. No inferior personages would have been buried in a position of such honour as the gate of the citadel; and then, besides, the golden vessels, ornaments, and arms testify to the wealth of the occupants. In the time when Pausanias visited Mycenæ—the second century of our era—local tradition still identified certain tombs, for he says, after mentioning the Treasuries of Atreus and his sons, "There is also a sepulchre of



Gate of Lions, Mycenæ.

Atreus, and of all those who, returning from Troy with Agamemnon, were slain at a banquet by Ægisthus. There is a tomb here of Agamemnon, and of his charioteer, Eurymedon, and one sepulchre in common of Teledamus and Pelops, who, as they report, were the twin children of Cassandra, and who, while they were infants, were slain by Ægisthus at the tomb of their parents. There is likewise a sepulchre of Electra. . . . But Clytemnestra and Ægisthus are buried at a little distance from the walls, for they were not thought worthy of burial within the walls, where Agamemnon and those that fell with him are interred."*

* ii. 16.

This passage seems to me to indicate that the tombs of Agamemnon and the others were in a group, and inside the gate of the citadel, to which I think Pausanias here refers; while the tomb of Clytemnestra and her paramour lay outside. May it not have been the vault immediately below the gate? The whole current of the story, also, in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus and the *Electra* of Sophocles, shows that the tomb of Agamemnon was close to the gate of the palace, which was doubtless within the citadel. Thus, when Electra comes out of the palace and stands by the grave of her murdered father, the Chorus accompanying her chant—

"Sent from the palace forth I tread,
With hands shrill-clapped, a doleful train,—
Libations bearing to the dead."

And dream-interpreters, in heaven's high name
To faithful utterance pledged, proclaim
That unavenged 'neath earth, the slain
Against their slayers wrathfully complain."

And again, when Electra and Orestes stand
on either side of the tomb, Electra chants
these touching lines, invoking her father:—

"In turn my tearful strain,
O father, hear!
Hark how thy children twain
Chant anthems clear!
Exiles beside thy tomb,
Sad, suppliant pair:—
No hope relieves our gloom,
Triumphs despair."

To this the Chorus reply:—

"And yet, if so the gods ordain,
Hereafter gladder notes shall sound:—
Instead of dirge, joy's rapturous strain
Back to these halls shall lead again
The dear one newly found."

The door of the palace is represented as within sight, and the interior chambers within hearing, of those grouped round the tomb of Agamemnon. If the representations given in these noble tragedies be true, and we have no reason to doubt them, for Mycenæ was still standing when Æschylus and Sophocles wrote, then there is, I think, the highest probability that the tomb of Agamemnon was at, or close to, this spot. But, doubtless, Dr. Schliemann will present the case in all its bearings, and with the full weight of his extensive classical reading and minute topographical knowledge, in his forthcoming work, to which students look forward with deep interest.

SITE AND ENVIRONS OF MYCENÆ.

I climbed to the top of the citadel, now covered with terraces, from which the corn had lately been reaped. I walked all round it, examining the remains of the walls, which are still in places more than twenty feet high, and as many in thickness. I inspected the postern gate on the north, set at right angles to the line of the wall, and constructed with monolithic jambs and lintel, like the Gate of Lions. I afterwards sat down on the highest point to make a rough sketch of the site, and to study at once the grand features and historic associations of the surrounding country—a country of which Pindar affirms that his "powers of speech were too limited to relate in full all the honours in which its sacred soil had a share."*

Homer rightly describes Mycenæ as situated "in a recess by the Argeian land,"† That

Argeian land—the rich and beautiful plain of Argolis—

"Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless,"

is entirely commanded by the heights of Mycenæ. A rugged mountain chain shuts it in on the east and north-east. From that chain two conical peaks stand out conspicuously; they are separated by a ravine, which, before it enters the plain, forks, enclosing between its branches a narrow rocky ridge, and upon that ridge stands Mycenæ. The citadel occupies the highest part—a flat-topped eminence, flanked by broken precipices descending into wild gorges, and thus forming in itself a natural stronghold, which is farther strengthened by those Cyclopean walls which have, for well nigh three thousand years, excited the wonder and admiration of travellers. The citadel is, as nearly as I could estimate, four hundred yards long by two hundred wide. The postern already mentioned opens into the northern ravine; which is neither so deep nor so rugged as the southern; and the Gate of Lions is on the west, where the elevated citadel joins the lower section of the ridge on which the main part of the city stood. The ruins seem to have undergone little change since the time of Pausanias' visit. He approached them from the Nemean road, through the mountain pass, and thus sketches his route and the objects that met his view:—

"Above Nemea the mountain Apesas is seen, on which, they say, Perseus first sacrificed to Jupiter Apesantius. Then, on returning to Tretus, and again proceeding toward Argos, you will see on the left the ruins of Mycenæ. . . . Among other parts of the enclosure which remain is a gate with lions standing on it; and they say that these were the works of the Cyclops, who also built for Proteus the walls of Tiryns. Among the ruins there is a fountain called Persea."* This is doubtless the fountain which may be seen in a little glen to the south-west of the city.

Standing on the now deserted site, the whole Argolic plain was spread out before me, with the serrated ridge of Arachnæum on the one side, and the loftier and grander chain of Artemisium on the other. Away on the south, beyond the plain, lay the deep blue waters of the gulf, guarded on the left by the fortress of Palamedes, and on the right by Larissa, the citadel of Argos.

Looking down on those shattered walls and prostrate ruins I found it hard to realise

* Nemean Odes, x. 18.

† Odysseus, iii. 263. Perhaps there is here a play upon the name Μυκῆνη, to which the word μυχὴ, "recess," bears some resemblance.

* Pausan., ii. 15, 16.

the fact of their remote antiquity. It was difficult to believe that their foundations were laid in an age of heroic myths long before the authentic history of Greece began, and that they now form a kind of connecting link between the colossal remains of Phœnician, Jewish, and Egyptian architecture, and those exquisite temples and monuments of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, with which the classical student is so familiar.

The ruins of the great cities of Argolis are deeply interesting and instructive, also, in their romantic associations, for they were the scenes of many of those events, mythical or real, which the poets of Greece immortalised in their noblest productions. Pelops, the first king of Mycenæ, gave his name, we are told, to the Peloponnesus; Hercules, the fabled son of a princess of Argos, slew the Hydra of Lerna and the lion of Nemea; the inhuman crimes of Atreus brought those woes upon his house and city which Æschylus describes :—

“ Dwelling accursed of God ;
Dark home of murder and infanticide ;
The lord lies slaughtered in that drear abode,
And the dank floor with bloody dew is dyed.”*

These words the poet puts in the mouth of Cassandra, as she looks round in horror at the palace-gates of Mycenæ, and then, when asked by the Chorus—

“ Why heaven-struck, heaping ill on ill,
Pour'st thou thy frantic sorrows vain ?
Why shrieks thy voice, ill-omened still,
Its awful burthen in awakening strain ?
Why roams thy sad prophetic song
Only the paths of grief along ?”

Cassandra replies :—

“ See, see ye not upon yon palace-roofs,
Like shapes in dreams, they stand and gibber there,
The children murdered by their nearest kin !
Lo, there they are, in their full-laden hands
Entrails and bowels, horrible food, on which
Their fathers have been feasting.”

In Mycenæ Agamemnon, Homer's “ king of men,” reigned, and was basely murdered on his return from Troy by his faithless wife, Clytemnestra. The origin and succession of the rulers of the city are well sketched by Homer in the fabled story of the sceptre of Agamemnon. The passage is thus beautifully rendered by Lord Derby :—

“ His royal staff, the work of Vulcan's art,
Which Vulcan to the son of Saturn gave,
To Hermes he, the heavenly messenger ;
Hermes to Pelops, matchless charioteer ;
Pelops to Atreus ; Atreus at his death
Bequeathed it to Thyestes, wealthy lord
Of num'rous herds ; to Agamemnon last
Thyestes let it, token of his sway
O'er all the Argive coast and neighbouring isles.”†

Here, by this Gate of Lions, Æschylus located two of his grandest tragedies, and perhaps it may have been the sculptured lions over the gate that suggested the lines in which Agamemnon is represented as describing the destruction of Troy :—

“ The roaring lion, rampant o'er the towers
Sprang, glutting his fierce maw with kingly blood.”

Here, too, Sophocles locates his tragedy of *Electra*, and makes his heroine speak of the adjoining palace as “ rich in gold and rich in slaughter.”

None, in fact, of the cities of Greece—not even Athens—can boast of traditions at once so ancient and so grand as Mycenæ. Every spot in and around it is enshrined in the splendid creations of poetic genius ; and every hero whom history or fable has connected with the city lives still in the writings of Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles. But while poetry has immortalised the story of Mycenæ, it seems to have been at the same time inspired to pronounce its doom. Blood-stained, polluted by the vilest crimes, it could not survive, and now for three-and-twenty centuries it has been a desolation. Æschylus, with what one might almost call prophetic instinct, sketched in vivid colours at once the cause and nature of its sad destiny. He makes the Chorus sing in *Orestes* :—

“ Thrice the Atreidan storm hath burst
O'er Mycenæ's halls.
Child-devouring horror first
Brooded o'er these walls.
Next a king's disaster came,
When the chief who led
Hella's warriors known to fame,
In the bath lay dead.
Now, behold, a third is come,—
Saviour, shall I say, or doom ?
From what quarter sped ?
Full accomplished, when shall fate,
Lulled to rest, her stormy ire abate ?”

And then the Furies, or Fates, follow in the same strain :—

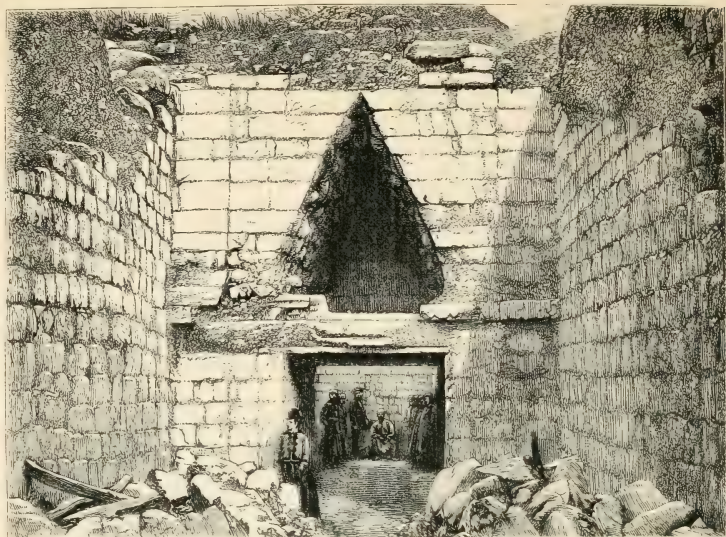
“ Now o'er the victim I fit the Great refrain.
The Furies' dæth-hymn, madness-brought ;—
Torch of the brain, from Hades brought—
Soul-binding, lyreless, mortal-blighting strain.

For fate supreme ordains that we
This office hold for evermore :—
Mortals imbrued with kindred gore
We scathe, till under earth they flee :
And when in death
They yield their breath,
In Hades still our thralls they be.”

Mycenæ was destroyed by the Argives, and finally abandoned in B.C. 468—the year Socrates was born. It is strange that two of Greece's most famous cities, Mycenæ and Tiryns, should have been ruined and deserted at the very time when the country attained its greatest pitch of prosperity. It was

* Agamemnon, 1036 seq.

† Iliad, li. 100 seq.



Tomb of Clytemnestra, Mycenæ.



Mars' Hill and Temple of Theseus, Athens.

Greece's Golden Age of philosophy, poetry, literature and art. Anaxagoras the philosopher; Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, the poets; Herodotus and Thucydides, the historians; Polycletus, Myron, and Phidias, the sculptors, were then all living. Thus, as the foundation of Mycenæ and Tiryns may be said to mark the birth of Greece's greatness, their ruin may also be said to mark the climax of her glory.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"—ST. JOHN xxi. 21.

INTERNAL evidence goes far to prove the genuineness of the last chapter of St. John, so conspicuously detached from the rest of the narrative, and, as some have thought, added by a later hand. And among these traits of internal evidence may be named the identity of St. Peter's character with that portrayed in the Gospel. Nothing, indeed, can be more true to nature than this question here attributed to him. He had just heard from his risen Lord the prediction, half clear, half mystical, of the death he was destined to die. He had learnt that in after days he was to exchange the liberty of his earlier life for bondage and violence and martyrdom. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." There is no sign that the prospect dismayed him. Once he had vehemently vowed that he would follow his Master to prison and to death, and that, though all should forsake Him, yet would not he. But in the testing hour he had miserably failed, and bitterly had he suffered for his failure. And now, reinstated by his forgiving Lord in that confidence which he was never again to forfeit, his last utterance had been, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." And in the strength of that love which Christ had disciplined and accepted, he feels equal to the stern lesson now given him to learn. He knows himself better than in the days when he protested so loudly. He makes no wild vow of fidelity now. No comment on the career revealed to him escapes him, but he is ready to set out along the path which his crucified Master had trodden before him. His thoughts turn at once from himself to the fate of his dearest friend and fellow-disciple, the partner of his heavenly, as of his earthly calling, the man whom Jesus loved with so special and personal a love. He longs to pierce the veil which hangs before St. John's future. But his curiosity, unselfish as it seemed, was not to be gratified. With a gentle touch of rebuke Jesus puts back the inquiry. "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

St. Peter, then, was not to know what lay in store for his friend. And apparently St. John himself, near as he lived to his Master's heart, was not to know either. It must have seemed strange to St. Peter, who had watched so long the tender intimacy between the two, to be met by such a refusal. Something more than mere affinity of spirit he must have felt sure there was in that close communion which St. John had enjoyed with his Lord on earth. So marked a privilege could not have been vouchsafed to him merely for his own sake. St. Peter might well suspect that it was meant to fit him somehow for the work that lay before him in the world. What that work was, it may have been long before he knew.

As it proved, he was destined to linger upon earth till not only St. Peter, but all the dear colleagues of his younger days, had glorified God by their deaths. It has been well suggested that that prolonged career of patient waiting may have been the very discipline required to wean him, the impetuous Son of Thunder, from the vaulting ambition of his early manhood, when, not knowing what manner of spirit he was of, he had petitioned for a throne by the side of his triumphant Lord. Certain it is that his love was crowned with nobler reward than that to which he had aspired; and in the deep reverence which waited upon his saintly old age, and the influence he lived to exercise upon a new generation of believers, as the one survivor of the twelve, he was promoted to honour worthy of the bosom-friend of Christ.

But, to return to St. Peter's question, which of us can pass through life without being often tempted to ask respecting one and another of his fellows, "And what shall this man do?" Fancy will busy itself with the possible future of our friends and acquaintances. With more or less of sympathetic interest we gather up all our impressions of them, our knowledge of their aptitudes and defects, their natural advantages and drawbacks and, straining our gaze into the coming years, we try to forecast their various fortunes, their chances of success or failure in life. Those who can look back to the days of school or college will remember how boyish imagination loved to construct its own life-drama, and to portion out the characters among playmates and class-fellows. And we put the question cheerfully in those sanguine

days when we knew little of this world, and feared no evil. It is otherwise in later days, when we have learnt the infinite complexity of life and the instability of all earthly things. We put it then with a saddened curiosity, with a deep sense of pity and responsibility. We have then been taught what Christ taught St. Peter, that another is girding us and leading us, and shaping a destiny for us most unlike that which we had dreamt of for ourselves. We have learnt that, like St. Peter and his partner, two may be thrown together and fated to work together for a while in closest fellowship, whose paths may nevertheless diverge infinitely before the end of their pilgrimage. This is what we learn, and it makes us cautious in forecasting the fate of any. The life of any number of men is full of inequalities. We see those who have started in the race under the same outward conditions, under the discipline of the same institutions, with characters apparently most similar, so strangely assorted in after days, that there is no end to the surprises of life and the seeming caprices of fortune. Experience, therefore, teaches us to muse with much distrust of our own foresight over the future, either of our contemporaries or of those who are younger than ourselves. And yet with that instinctive sympathy which makes a human career the most interesting of all things, we cannot help perpetually asking ourselves what will become of others, above all, of those who are dear to us, before they die.

But such speculation receives little encouragement from Christ. In St. Peter he seems to reprove it as ill-timed curiosity: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." It matters not to thee what becomes of thy fellow-disciple, far more momentous is it that thou shouldst not fail in thine own duty. Thou hast to follow Me: thou hast to glorify Me by hard service and mortal suffering. Do thy part, and leave the rest to Me.

Yet let us not trace here any discouragement of a loving interest in others. Who can suppose that the pattern friend is here counselling a selfish absorption in our own concerns, and an utter indifference to the future of those we love? Even the day-dreams of imagination indulged by friends must be in some sense sacred to Him who has taught us to love each other with a love like His own. We may be sure it was not the love in St. Peter's question that Christ rebuked, but only the curiosity which unsettles—the intrusion into a secret which He, for wise ends, had kept in His own power.

The Christian poet has well reminded us that we need no answer to St. Peter's question when we ask it concerning those who are Christ's—

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves."

SECOND SUNDAY.

"He that is not against us is on our part."—ST. MARK ix. 40.
"He that is not with me is against me."—ST. MATT. xii. 30.

The first impression which these two sayings convey is that they are inconsistent with each other, if not irreconcilable. When we take them apart from their context, it would seem as though in one of them Christ was demanding uncompromising adherence, and in the other was pronouncing even a negative or passive support to be a positive gain to His cause.

But there is really no inconsistency here. We shall soon see this if we examine the circumstances under which the sayings were severally uttered.

I. First let us take that which I have quoted from St. Mark: "He that is not against us is on our part." You will see that these words are elicited from our Lord by St. John, who had brought under His notice the case of one whom he and his fellow-disciples had found casting out devils in their Master's name, although outwardly not in communion with Him. It is curious to observe what apparently prompted St. John to mention this incident. Our Lord had just been rebuking the twelve for an unbecoming strife about precedence by setting a little child in their midst, and pointing to it as a pattern of the spirit which He would have them to be of. And He had added, "Whosoever shall receive one such little child *in My name* receiveth Me: and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." Here was a principle enounced which struck at the root of their unworthy emulation. How could such rivalries as theirs arise if all actions were acceptable in virtue of that *spirit* which equalises the pretensions of all? How could any magnify himself, or press his own claims, if the one thing needful and the one rule of action was to do all *in the name of Christ*? We may doubt whether the Apostles could grasp this great principle at the time. St. John at least, the most thoughtful and spiritual, fails to grasp it. It occurs to him that he must lately have been acting in direct violation of it. He

seems to say to himself, "If this be so, if everything that is done in Christ's name is approved by Him, then can we have been right in forbidding one who was professedly working in that name?" Could St. John have known that our Lord referred to the attitude of the heart—to the *spirit* and not to the form, to the inward allegiance and not the mere outward invocation—he would have known that the case he was describing was little to the point. But observe how our Lord, with that Divine sagacity which detected so quickly whatever was hopeful, could see even in that superstitious use of His name as a charm or spell the promise of better things. The stranger who had so far acknowledged Him might go farther. The name he was not ashamed to confess and to use before men might, when the eyes of his understanding were opened, become a real moral power to himself. And therefore Christ says, "Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

The spirit of this saying is that of a patient and hopeful tolerance. To those who heard it, it was a caution not to despise a partial belief—a belief disfigured possibly by gross error, but honest and loyal as far as it went. It taught them a lesson invaluable to the missionary—the recognition of preparatory and intermediate stages of conviction and knowledge. It taught them to drive back none who, though outwardly unidentified with them, and working by other methods than theirs, were nevertheless advancing the object of their ministry.

Do not *we* need the guidance of this maxim? Surely it indicates our true relation towards those who, though they follow not with us, are nevertheless working towards the same ends, and in the spirit of Him whose name we bear. No man can really be the foe of Christ who is living in the spirit of Christ. True charity, which is ever the best policy, reckons all such as friends. There is an affinity wider than the terms of any Church communion. And surely, if Christ reckons the most rudimentary belief, the most partial allegiance, as so much gain to His cause, He must be served by many whom the Churches anathematise.

II. And now let us turn to that other saying which appears on first hearing to breathe a very different spirit, "He that is not with me is against me." The occasion

which drew it forth was widely different from that which gave rise to the tolerant and politic utterance we have just been considering. The cure of a demoniac, who was at once blind and dumb, had produced a deep impression on the minds of the people; and the Pharisees, to counteract this impression, gave out that this and all such miracles wrought by Jesus were due to Satanic agency. "This fellow," they said, "doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." It was a worse charge than that which He had drawn upon Himself by neglect of ascetic rule: "He hath a devil," *i.e.* He is possessed, and is therefore only a tool in the hands of the powers of evil. The libel now is far more malignant. He is set down as a direct emissary from the kingdom of darkness, working in its interests, and using its spells. And our Lord's reply to this vile charge is of a twofold character. It is addressed first to the *intellect* and then to the *will* of His accusers. He shows the absurdity of suggesting that evil could cast out evil, and then He passes on to denounce the almost hopeless corruption of heart and mind displayed by those who shut their eyes to His true motives and the real sources of His power. "He that is not with Me," He says, "is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." That is to say, there is no neutral attitude possible to those to whom I am revealed, and who have full opportunity of judging what I am and whence I come. Those who, with all the data before them, are not on my side and in sympathy with Me, must be against Me, hinderers of My work and enemies of My kingdom.

The trial which found the religionists of Christ's day so fatally wanting is repeated again and again in the history of the Church and in that of each individual life. It comes to each one of us, not in the call to a crucial decision for or against Christ, so much as in those incessant calls to keep the eye of the soul single that the whole body may be full of light—in those appeals which truth and goodness are perpetually making to us all in forms that are often unfamiliar and unwelcome. Men ask us if it is still possible to be guilty of the unpardonable sin. Yes, we answer, if it is still possible to deny the presence of holiness where it is most clearly attested—if it is still possible to decry a goodness which demands changes of life we are too cowardly and selfish to face—if it is still possible to shut our eyes to truth when it comes to us from unexpected quarters,

when it irritates our pride or conflicts with cherished prepossessions. "Every one that is *of the truth*," said our Lord, "heareth my voice." It is disloyalty to truth or hatred of goodness that makes enemies to Christ. And if in these common lives of ours we are guilty of either of these sins, then, whatever profession we may make, we are in reality *against Christ* and in league with those who rejected Him.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one : to every man according to his several ability."
—ST. MATT. XXV. 15.

More than once the Bible emphatically tells us that with God "there is no respect of persons." But in truth there is a very real respect of persons, maintained by One who infallibly knows our true value, and Who has made us what we are. Our Lord Jesus Christ has distinctly informed us that God, in dispensing natural or spiritual gifts (which ever be the sense we attach to the *talents*) bestows in different proportions, and that He is guided in the bestowal by our several ability, by our capacity, *i.e.*, to turn to account what He entrusts to us.

The claim for equality, rightly understood, is one which the Gospel does not merely concede, but which it places in the forefront of its message; teaching that "there is no difference," that as all have "sinned and come short of the glory of God," so, "in Christ Jesus," in view of our relation to Him, our need of His redeeming work, and our dependence on His grace, there is neither high nor low, neither rich nor poor, neither learned nor unlearned, neither bond nor free. In our eternal destiny we are all equal in this sense, that we are all the objects of the same love, we are all ransomed by the same blood, we are all heirs of the same salvation.

On the other hand, is it not clear that inequality is the very bond of human society? Its existence, indeed, is inconceivable without it. Society, in its simplest and most primitive form, owes its origin to the interdependence of those who are unequally endowed for the work and the struggles of life. Were all men equal, each would be self-sufficing, and could afford to say to his neighbour, "I have no need of thee." Our diversities are intended to draw us together. They are God's call to mutual help and co-operation. We see this vividly enough in family life, and family life is the miniature and the germ of all society.

And thus, when our Lord in the parable of the talents pictures the Divine Householder as endowing His servants in different proportion, we know, whatever mystery surrounds their distinctions, that they are at least true to fact, confirmed by daily observation, and that the whole fabric of our social life rests upon them. The teaching of Christ, as it has been well said, illumines the realm of nature as well as that of grace.

But there cannot be a more mischievous perversion of that teaching than to represent it as sanctioning monopoly, or as intended to play into the hands of the fortunate and the powerful, and to leave the unfortunate and scantily endowed to their fate. It is a libel upon Him who threw in His lot with the poor and despised of this world, to suppose that He would have no redress of the inequalities of human destiny. Has He not made it clear that blessings turn to a curse in the keeping of him who attempts to monopolize them? He has made our own final acceptance to depend upon the amount of our unselfish interest in those who are worse off than ourselves. This is revealed in the very discourse to which the parable of the talents belongs: "Depart from me, ye cursed, for I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not."

It is impossible for any one parable to set forth every aspect of the truth. And we can imagine a supplementary parable, reflecting the very mind of Christ, in which the servant with the five talents would be pictured, not as working apart, but as going to his less favoured fellow-servant, to take him by the hand, and, as going to the least favoured of all, to cheer him, and to point out to him an investment of the one talent which he had despaired of turning to account for his lord. We can never forget how when the fortunate ones, who had got Christ to themselves, tried to silence the blind beggar who cried out for Him, but could not reach Him, He stood still and commanded him to be brought, and gave him a gift which lifted him at once to the same level of spiritual privilege with the rest.

The Gospel, which has ever been the inspiration of progress, bids us on the one hand to be content with such things as we have, and on the other to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Such an attitude of mind, such a balance of contentment and aspiration, is only possible to those who set themselves to see this life and all its ambitions

continually in the light of the Divine Master's charge—"Occupy till I come."

As we look on at this time to His return, and to the account which we must then give, we know that, whatever has been the scale of our endowment, whether with the gifts of fortune or with spiritual faculty, there shall be no respect of persons at the last. The man of five talents and the man of one talent shall stand for judgment in the same capacity, as servants of the same Master. The deference and the precedence which wait on privilege here will then have vanished for ever, and only the consciousness of *responsibility* will remain. And there is only one verdict which it concerns us to work for, whatever our sphere, and whatever our powers. It is that which the Judge, before whom we must appear, pronounced long ago on one of the humblest of His servants—"She hath done what she could." No higher than this can reward the grandest and saintliest career that ever adorned the doctrine of Christ, and set forward the salvation of souls.

And nothing less, thank God, is in store for that obscurest of workers, who can only point to "patient continuance in well-doing." It is to *fidelity* that the promise is made, and the welcome is secure. He who is faithful in the few things committed to him is as dear to God as the best-endowed: he shall enter side by side with him who has been "faithful in many things" into the joy of his Lord.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—TITUS ii. 13.

There are doubtless thoughts of terror inseparable from the Second Advent. It is to strike the hour of awful disclosures. It is to be the signal for that great assize at which quick and dead shall be judged, and unimagined separations shall be made. But though St. Paul was familiar with this solemn aspect of his Lord's return, and it formed a constant topic of his preaching, all fears of the great tribunal seem to have been habitually absent from his mind. The second coming was to him a "blessed hope," awaited not only without foreboding, but with eager and triumphant joy. His whole heart gravitated forward to "that day," as he called it, the day of perfect vision and full fruition of the Christ who was his very life.

And now, at this season, when the thought

of almost all Christendom is turned to the Second Advent, let us ask what is the attitude of our hearts towards it? Can we take up the Apostle's language and speak of it as a "blessed hope"? It is no doubt true that the supposed imminence of Christ's return made the thought of it a more vivid and constraining reality to St. Paul and the first believers than it can be to us. We can hardly attain to that state of rapt and earnest expectation in which they constantly lived, believing as they did that their own generation would be witness of it. But the question is, does the thought of the Advent stir in us any hope at all? As the years roll by, and the Churches commemorate again and again the first Advent, with its traditional accessories of joy and congratulation, we must surely ask ourselves, whether we are looking forward with any conscious or definite expectation to that "glorious appearing," which was so real and so dear to St. Paul.

Every anniversary of the Advent gives us solemn warning that we are nearer by a definite period, of which the longest life contains but few, to the end of our probation here. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." And it is our wisdom to see death and judgment habitually in one line of perspective. For we have countless reminders that "the Lord is at hand," ready to break in upon the brightest and dearest of lives. The youngest and strongest must not stop his ears to that Advent cry; for even he stands at every moment upon the verge of the great world of realities, almost within sight of the great white throne, almost within hearing of the irrevocable sentence of Christ.

It is not enough that this should be the master-thought of our consciousness. If we are truly Christian it ought to be the happiest and most blessed of all thoughts. Ask yourselves then, what is your hope? What is it that sobers and harmonizes all your motives? What is it that you fall back upon to sanctify all success, and to compensate for all failure? What is it that sustains and cheers you, and makes life well worth living, when the hopes of earth that brighten the horizon of youth as with a coming glory have melted into the air? Do you know the inspiration of that one hope which "maketh not ashamed"? You may soon ascertain this if you will only look at that incessant stream of half-shaped ideas, fancies, and ambitions which forms the staple of most men's consciousness. What lessons we might learn of ourselves

from occasional sober contemplation of that vagrant and unresting thought-stream ! How much it would tell us about the true tone and bias of our lives, if we would pause and mark the thoughts which recur to us with chief persistence ! We all of us possess, and most of us, it is to be feared, abuse the wonderful gift of shaping out some conception of the future. Imagination is one of the sublimest of human faculties, and capable of noblest use, as it is also capable of foulest perversion. Sin can convert it into a charnel-house of corruption, or make it the avenue to a fool's paradise. But purity can turn it into a treasure-house of glorious forecasts, and of aspirations that are in their very nature divine. It is that faculty which gives the spirit wings to soar within the veil. When once it is chastened by the faith of what God has promised, it can bear the soul away into actual possession of the heavenly and unseen. All indeed cannot rise to the same height, nor idealize alike the materials of immortal hope ; but there is no nature in which the capacity of the ideal is wholly wanting, and religion is the supreme means of educating and satisfying it. "Every true Christian," it has been rightly said, "has the soul of the poet latent within him." For imagination, as indeed for every other faculty capable of heavenly use, the Gospel of Christ points to its true object, and finds its grandest consecration. God would have us live in the future, while we labour in the present ; citizens already of heaven in heart and hope, wont to rise on the wings of faith into its unclouded calm, to refresh ourselves amid the confusion of this lower scene by the vision of its majestic order, and to stir our flagging pulses with the music of its song. How then are we responding to His purpose ? What is lifting us out of the engrossing present ? Have our eyes learned to look for Christ, and our hearts to love and long for Him ? Is the thought of His return a terror we are fain to put away, or a familiar and most blessed hope which we are daily seeking to intensify ? There is one infallible test of the possession of that hope. "Every man" that hath it "purifieth himself even as He is pure." If you are really looking and waiting for Christ, if you believe that He will come again, if, in St. Paul's words, you "*love His appearing*," it is most certain that you will be striving to become like Him now. You may indeed assent to the doctrine of His return, and join in the creed which proclaims it, but it is no "blessed hope" to you unless it is leaving its mark day by day

upon your life, and bringing out unmistakable traits of that Divine likeness which shall be perfected when we "see Him as He is."

FIFTH SUNDAY.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."—REVELATION xxii. 13.

We must all have noticed how great sayings acquire new force and sublimity under exceptional conditions of the inner or the outer life. How often we have listened to the glorious challenge of the Apostle, "O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?" But what impression does it make in the average hours of existence, when past bereavement has lost its keenness, and possible bereavement is little realised, compared with the thrill it sends through us when heard in the chamber of death, or at the open grave in which we are laying some beloved form in the "sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life" ? And these magnificent words from the Apocalypse, —who does not feel that they are sublimer than ever when heard in the last hours of an expiring year ? How striking a commentary upon them is supplied by that relentless march of time which the busiest of men then pauses to lay to heart ! We then see and feel that "all things come to an end ;" we are acutely conscious of the transience of all things here below. That which is a truism in our ordinary hours, becomes at such a time a deep and serious truth. We lift up solemnised hearts from this whirl of change to One who is eternally the same, and whose years shall not fail ; to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day ; whose eye beholds all things in heaven and in earth ; whose being spans all duration and embraces all existence, "the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity."

And amid this perpetual flux of human things, and in view of this inexorable procession of the years, there is surely deep comfort in the thought of One who is the Essential Life, in comparison with which all else is but phantom and shadow. There is repose in the thought of the great "I AM," with whom time is one everlasting Now. There is something elevating and inspiring in that unchanging Existence ; something which, while it awes, no less steadies and reassures, in the thought of that unruffled, all-embracing Consciousness which takes in the whole march of events, and all their minutest details, from everlasting. Surely it

is a token of our true greatness, and a pledge of our immortal destiny, that we do not acquiesce in our own littleness, but, with an instinct which gloriously tells of our affinity to it, cling to that absolute Permanence, the great central Stability, which stands unmoved amid the tidal sweep of generations.

It is the privilege of God's children to find security for the individual life in those great attributes which represent Him as besetting us "behind and before." He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of every single existence. Each one of us can say, in the words of the Psalmist, "My times are in Thy hand; I have been left unto Thee ever since I was born." Through the helplessness of infancy, through the unheeded perils of childhood, through the tasks and temptations of early manhood, through the graver cares of later years, He has been with us. He stands at the origin of this mysterious personal life of ours. He is the Alpha, the beginning of it. He is the Omega, the end of it, that to which it tends, and in which it is to find its final satisfaction and rest. And all the intermediate space is filled with His presence. He "is about our path and about our bed, spying out all our ways." He is evermore laying His hand upon us, to warn, to sustain, and to save.

We have reached this evening one of those impressive meeting-points of past and future, by which we measure our sojourn here. The most thoughtless feels some arrest put upon him. The change of a unit in the dating of the year is a reminder that the "night when no man can work" is appreciably nearer to us all. But no man can regard the approach of that night with fear, who is living in the light of the truth that an Almighty and loving Father is the beginning and the end of all that concerns him. Least of all can he dread it who lives by faith in the great revelation of that encompassing care made to us through Jesus Christ our Lord. He who has taken our

nature upon Him, and lived and died for us, is the pledge and the measure of that fatherly love on which we safely rest. And to be a Christian is to have Christ for the Alpha and Omega of life. We are "complete in Him who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." That holy rite by which we were brought within His fold marks Him as the Alpha, the beginning from which we date the life of which He is the Omega, the end and the exceeding great reward.

As we take leave this Sunday evening of another grant of opportunity, conscious of much done amiss and much left undone, let us come to Him and make Him the Omega of the closing year. Let us end it in Him, and in Him alone. Even those whose consciences accuse them least, and who can humbly trust that the year that is running out has been marked by a closer walk with God, by the cultivation of loftier motive, by the entrance on nobler work, by the acquirement of fresh graces, and the escape from besetting sins, even they feel that, had they been more truly in earnest, and more forgetful of those things which are believed, they would be nearer the goal to-night, and within clearer view of the prize of their high calling. We can but leave the past, with all its failures and omissions, in the merciful hands of One Who is not extreme to mark what is done amiss. But let us prove the sincerity of our hearts, and the loyalty of our wills, in spite of all that shames and accuses us, by making Christ the Alpha of the new year that is at hand. Let us "begin, continue, and end" it in Him, "the Author and Finisher of our faith," laying down at the feet of His cross the burden of our sins and shortcomings, dedicating to Him every power of service, and trusting all the unknown future to His unchanging love.

"Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
He shall suffice us, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the *end*, for Christ was the *beginning*,
Christ the *beginning*, for the *end* is Christ."

R. DUCKWORTH.



THE MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

(For a Fresco.)

FIRSTLY thou, churl son of Janus,
 Rough for cold, in druggert clad,
 Com'st with rack and rheum to pain us ;—
 Firstly thou, churl son of Janus.
 Caverned now is old Sylvanus ;
 Numb and chill are maid and lad.

After thee thy dripping brother,
 Dank his weeds around him cling ;
 Mist his footsteps swathe and smother,—
 After thee thy dripping brother.
 Hearth-set couples hush each other,
 Listening for the cry of Spring.

Hark ! for March thereto doth follow,
 Blithe,—a herald tabarded ;
 O'er him flies the shifting swallow,—
 Hark ! for March thereto doth follow.
 Swift his horn, by holt and hollow,
 Wakes the flowers in winter dead.

Thou then, April, Iris' daughter,
 Born between the storm and sun ;
 Coy as nymph ere Pan hath caught her,
 Thou then, April, Iris' daughter.
 Now are light, and rustling water ;
 Now are mirth and nests begun.

May the jocund cometh after,
 Month of all the Loves (and mine) ;
 Month of mock and cuckoo-laughter,
 May the jocund cometh after.
 Beaks are gay on roof and rafter ;
 Luckless lovers peak and pine.

June the next, with roses scented,
 Languid from a slumber-spell ;
 June in shade of leafage tented ;—
 June the next, with roses scented.
 Now her Itys, still lamented,
 Sings the mournful Philomel.

Hot July thereafter rageth,
 Dog-star smitten, wild with heat ;
 Fierce as pard the hunter cageth,
 Hot July thereafter rageth.
 Traffic now no more engageth ;
 Tongues are still in stall and street.

August next, with cider mellow,
 Laughs from out the popped corn ;
 Hook at back, a lusty fellow,
 August next, with cider mellow.
 Now in wains the sheafage yellow
 'Twixt the hedges slow is borne.

Laden deep with fruity cluster,
 Then September, ripe and hale ;
 Bees about his basket fluster,
 Laden deep with fruity cluster.
 Skies have now a softer lustre ;
 Barns resound to flap of flail.

Thou then too, of woodlands lover,
 Dusk October, berry-stained ;
 Wailed about of parting plover,
 Thou then too, of woodlands lover.
 Fading now are copse and cover ;
 Forests now are sere and waned.

Next November, limping, battered,
 Blinded in a whirl of leaf ;
 Worn of want and travel-tattered,
 Next November, limping, battered.
 Now the goodly ships are shattered,
 Far at sea, on rock and reef.

Last of all the shrunk December
 Cowled for age, in ashen grey ;
 Fading like a fading ember,
 Last of all the shrunk December.
 Him regarding, men remember
 Life and joy must pass away.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



"JASPER DEANE."

JASPER DEANE: WOOD-CARVER OF ST. PAUL'S.

A Tale.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN;" "HIRELL;"
"ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE;" ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—LOVE'S LABOUR.

INTENSE was Jasper's devotion to the work in hand during the week that was to be so critical. And just as intense was the happiness he enjoyed the while. It was May's sweet face that was perpetually before him, reminding him one by one of every little trait in her character that had charmed him at the time, been forgotten, and now revived once more; of each peculiarity in her features that tended to remove them from the rank of merely commonplace beauty; and of many a little incident in their life of love that had acted upon them like links of a golden chain binding them in the one glorious bondage that the proudest of earth find it a privilege to submit to.

When three days had passed, and he began to be a little anxious as to his rate of progress, he received a letter early one morning from Mr. Gibbons, which for a time disturbed the quiet energy of his labours. It was to tell him that if he needed a day or two more, he could take it, for the Dutchmen were getting up a little competition among themselves; and that all the works they brought would be exhibited in the workshop; Gibbons, of course, present, with Sir Christopher, and a few other persons of distinction. He ended by naming the day (Thursday), and by saying he had regained all the carvings of which Jasper had given him the list, and he would see to their being put in place, leaving in their centre a vacancy for that which was to be the crowning work of the whole—the face of the one who might, he supposed, be considered as the source of all Jasper's inspiration, and who would he hoped be present.

Jasper understood the meaning of this friendly contest. It was, no doubt, to enable Gibbons, first, to show his patrons the quality of the men he had collected together, so that there might be no fear of overpowering him with the magnitude of the task he had undertaken; and, secondly, to put his assistants on their mettle, and call forth their utmost powers, so that he might know how best to distribute the work according to its—and their—several qualities.

Where would Jasper be in this competition? He might hope as much as he pleased

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from it, but unluckily he had no knowledge of the chief elements. He had not seen a single carving by any of his rivals. No wonder then that he faltered a little in courage, as he remembered how full of audacity he was before seeing the pot of flowers, and how cast down and timid afterwards.

But did not Mr. Gibbons know the merits and defects both of their work and of his (Jasper's)? Of course he did. He would leave all to him. And if he did fail it should be no ignoble failure. There should be no lack of reasonable faith in himself and in his master—as he began to delight to call Gibbons, in his own silent communings with himself.

After showing the letter to May, and full of the—to him—delicious surprise that awaited her to find herself thus sharing with her lover anxieties and probable triumphs of a kind she had certainly never contemplated, he put it in a cover addressed to the Rector; and went out to provide for its immediate dispatch, having merely added these words from himself:—

"I feare there can be no hope of youre and Mistress Martin's long-promised visite, in time for the day mentioned herein; but if that were possible, and I should succede in this newe tryal, youre presense is the onley thinge I do believe that Providence itself coulde give me to enhance the hapiness of my hearte."

"J. D."

While he was gone, Hatheway had a new customer, who addressed him with a flickering smile of humour playing about his face.

"I think, Mr. Hatheway, I was a little rude when I came the other night to see your nephew. And I want to do two good things—make my peace, and secure one of your best periwigs."

Need it be said how the barber responded, knowing as he did what that visit had done for Jasper, and what it was now doing for himself?

A little flurried, he brought out his best hair to show, began a confused dissertation on style and adaptation to faces, and had to be reminded that Mr. Gibbons wished to be measured: a hint that silenced him.

The measuring over, Mr. Gibbons said—

"I will step up to Jasper."

"He's gone out with a letter."

"No matter, I will leave something for him in his workshop," said Mr. Gibbons, with that same smile flickering again over his features. And once more he marched through the passage and up the stairs. As he went, he met May on the first landing; who blushed at seeing a stranger there, and passed down, while he was saying to himself—

"Lucky dog! Who couldn't carve angelically, with such a model always at home!"

It must be owned Mr. Gibbons was rather too fond of catching people and their little secrets unawares. And he went up all the faster on learning that though the master of the garret was away, the wife was near.

On Jasper's table lay the original sketch of May, and beside it the unfinished block. It was this that tempted the great artist to come in so surreptitiously. He wanted to be sure how Jasper was getting on. Suspicion was an original part of his nature, but so modified by other and admirable qualities that it never led him into any but temporary injustice; and he was so conscious of its existence and tendency, and of his own power to give it timely check, that while he allowed it free play, he watched it, and amused himself with it, as if he were a bystander looking on at a scene in a comedy.

The block underwent a searching examination. What he thought of it, may perhaps be guessed by his action. Sitting down at the table, he drew on the corner of the paper drawing a most laughable caricature of Jasper in his rage, as he had seen him on hearing of Godfrey Trimmer's charge, and when he had turned the rage to mirth, by asking Jasper to keep as he was, while he sketched him; and when, in fact, he had sketched him on his thumb-nail without exciting Jasper's notice. Subsequently he transferred it to his sketch-book, and now gave Jasper the benefit of his humour and skill. The caricature accomplished, Mr. Gibbons hurried away, to dispatch his letters of invitation to the great folk, which were ready in his pocket; but which, after writing to Jasper, he had decided to delay till he had seen his young *protégé*, and was sure he was in full training for the contest.

CHAPTER XX.—MR. TRIMMER'S CHARITY.

GOING to St. Paul's to find a man to deliver his letters personally, one who knew the residences in question, Mr. Gibbons could see no suitable messenger, but a man employed under Mr. Godfrey Trimmer. He had used this

man often before for such purposes, but on the last occasion some slight incident had suggested to him as a remarkable fact that this particular workman and no other was always in the way when he needed such assistance.

Mr. Gibbons then began to note the man's face, manner, and expression; and so came to the resolve to employ him no more—remembering perhaps his connection with Trimmer, and Trimmer's connection with Jasper Deane.

But there was no other suitable messenger at hand, and he wanted prompt delivery and replies. Why not then take this person? What did he know of the fellow to make him so suspicious? Why merely that his face was ugly, the expression of it uglier, the manners of the man ugliest of all, because so fulsomely slavish. And what then? Was the poor wretch to be condemned in character because nature in a freak had condemned him in his person?

The letters were given, and an extra gratuity promised for care, speed, and exactitude.

It might have suggested another thought to Mr. Gibbons, concerning his own espionage on Jasper, and how like begets like, if he had known that while his messenger appeared to go straight towards the gate of exit, he really turned sharply round the moment he knew Mr. Gibbons could no longer follow him with his eye, and went rapidly to Godfrey Trimmer's little office, opened and instantly closed the door after him, and presented the letters to that "most worthy" person, and smiled in anticipation of his reward.

But Mr. Godfrey Trimmer was a man on whom even his nearest confidants found it difficult to rely, in regard to his passing mood. So looking at the obsequious messenger with an expression he meant to be severe, but which seemed to redden and harden into ferocity, he said—

"Letters? I'll look to them presently. Harkye! you and I have another job to settle first. I put a handful o' money into a drawer here yesterday; I locked it safely up, and find to-day three shillings gone."

The man changed colour just a little, but began to bluster about his character, and half hinted a threat; upon which Mr. Trimmer, who could be bold enough when he had the whip hand of anybody, said—

"You alone saw me put that money by, and without counting it."

"And therefore stole it?" said the man,

impudently, and as in ridicule of his master's logic.

"Exactly. Now turn out and empty your pockets, or I shall send you at once to prison, and where *that'll* send you to I leave you to find out."

Horribly frightened, but keeping up an air of bravado, the man did as he was ordered, and placed the contents of his pockets on the table, chiefly copper coins, but with two shillings among them.

"Where's the other shilling?"

"I tell you what it is, master," began the man, with a loud voice, as if anxious that passers-by should hear him.

"Stop!" whispered Godfrey in the man's ear, coming close to him, "the money was marked! Before I touch it now, see whether you cannot find on each of those shillings three minute dots like dirt specks on the royal countenance."

The man had no need to look. He was caught and knew it. And though he took up the pieces in succession it was rather to give him time to think than for any confirmation of the terrible statement.

He dropped at once on his knees, and with a wonderful outpouring of tears and sobs confessed his guilt and begged for forgiveness.

"Where's your key?" demanded Mr. Trimmer.

The man produced it from a secret pocket made on purpose in a thick part of his long coat, where it was hardly likely ever to be noticed, even by those who might handle the garment.

"Stay where you are," said Mr. Trimmer. He then tried the false key, found how smoothly it opened the lock, better indeed than his own key, as he remarked aloud. But from that moment his features began to relax.

"Can you write?" he asked of the kneeling suppliant.

"My name's as much as I can manage, dear master."

Mr. Trimmer thereupon sat down and wrote something on a piece of paper.

"Listen," he said, as he began to read the paper aloud. This done he handed the paper to its ostensible author; who, aided from time to time, read as follows:—

"I hereby confesse to have robbed Master Godfrey Trimmer undere cirkumstancs of partklere ingratitooode and grate truste, and I swear if he wyll forgiv me and not send me to the gallowes as he thinkes he maye I will

bee his faithfull servante to comaunde till deth."

"I wish to live in charity with all men—sign that. Put your name there," said Mr. Trimmer, indicating with his finger the place.

And the criminal wrote his name, which was difficult to read, but meant—Thomas Langland.

"Now mind, Langland, I might say I have bought you, body and soul, with those two shillings, and therefore you need expect little more. But I don't say so. No. I'll be generous, so long as you obey me and stick to me faithfully in everything I say and do. Now get up. And mind, this paper won't be left here in future; but will be placed where it will be acted on the moment you begin to slacken in my behalf, or to scheme against me."

The man rose, and looked as though he had not only got through a bad business, but that quite unexpectedly he was beginning a new and more promising one, entirely after his own heart.

A philosopher indeed might very well have wondered just then which of the two had laid the neatest trap for the other; so radiant did the thief become after his confession and absolution, and so satisfied was Mr. Trimmer with the look of things in general.

Mr. Trimmer began at once to show his view of the privileges the new compact conferred on him by opening before Langland's eyes, and without ceremony, one of Mr. Gibbons's letters.

"Hum! Ha! Exhibition! Quality to be present. The whole meant for the glorification of that young rascal, Jasper Deane! All his carvings will, I suppose, be shown *as his*, and I shall be obliged to be present, and say nothing. Nice prospect!" So ruminated Mr. Trimmer.

This was to be a day of "nice prospects" for Mr. Godfrey Trimmer. Thomas Langland put a newspaper into his hand, with a look that prepared Godfrey for something. Glancing over the paper he lighted on a letter from an anonymous correspondent that in a minute or two took every bit of colour out of his face, and caused him to turn from the observer, and sit down, trembling in every limb.

The letter was an attack on Sir C. Wren, fierce and brutal; the work obviously of one of the knot of enemies who pursued the great architect with ceaseless slander and misrepresentations about his ideas and works; but the sting for him, and for his humble and

ignoble follower lay in a suggestion, veiled and dark, but that could have no other meaning than that the wages paid to the men on the works of St. Paul's were one thing, and the wages charged quite another.

In this last movement to conceal the workings of his face Trimmer's eye was directed towards the little square window of the office; and he saw at some distance Sir Christopher and Gibbons walking and talking together—and as he thought excitedly; the former holding a paper in his hand, which looked like the one he held in his own shaking fingers—both men approaching his way.

He felt that he could not for any earthly reward meet the two at that moment; so hurrying Langland off with the letters, warning him to evade Gibbons, and to meet him (Godfrey) late in the evening for most important business, he too slipped out of the office, just in time to escape the notice of Wren and his companion.

CHAPTER XXI.—IN WHICH MR. GIBBONS PROPOSES TO PLAY MANY PARTS.

It was, as Mr. Trimmer suspected; the anonymous letter that had so troubled him was the same that also troubled Sir Christopher Wren, and which he had immediately shown to his valued friend, Mr. Gibbons.

He also was greatly shocked by it; and the generous indignation and sympathy he expressed did much to enable Sir Christopher to recover his ordinarily calm and philosophic state of mind, which the suggested imputation of fraud had certainly disturbed.

But he was unusually depressed in spirits. It was not, as he told Gibbons, the inherent difficulties of the gigantic task he had undertaken, or that he was so ignorant of the nature of the human materials with which he had to deal as to expect more than it was the obvious interest of the persons concerned to give; no, it was the ceaseless interference with his plans when accepted, and the unmeaning and injurious delays forced upon him when no direct obstacles were imposed, that so affected him. In consequence there was always around him a net-work of intrigue. Men saw how all sorts of interested councillors were listened to, and hastened to add to their number. Then, when at last the schemers and he began to come into contact, there was a sharp collision—he defeated them no doubt, but in so doing made only so many more enemies, ready and eager to catch up and disseminate any rumours that might injure him.

Reviewing the past, and the plans he had

furnished with such signal promptitude immediately after the fire, he said to Gibbons, in tones the agitation of which told how deeply he was affected—

"You know the scheme I laid out for the rebuilding of all this part of the city with wide and stately streets, and all converging to a common and grand centre, in the midst of which I placed the Cathedral; yet see how they are raising the old narrow streets—shutting in the new pile as if to hide it away out of sight before it can assert itself and its rights before all men by its existence; depriving me of the noblest opportunity that architect ever had; and robbing the capital in its heart of those elements of dignity, beauty, and convenience that would have made the edifice on such a site one of the finest in the world!

"So again with St. Paul's itself. At first it must be repaired only. When that precious scheme was found hopeless, then eight years must elapse before anything effectual is done. Well, at last we are beginning, and now the Duke of York, for the sake of his popish views and hopes as regards the future, is compelling me to modify in a most serious degree the noble august simplicity I aimed at, by pushing out places on each side that may do, I suppose for mass chapels, oratorios, confessionals, and what not: details that are beautiful and fitting in the catholic structures of former days, but useless and false to the Protestant service of our time! God help me! My back is strong, but I fear it will break down some day under the miserable persecutions I submit to in order to get along at all."

While thus talking and going toward Godfrey Trimmer's office, neither spoke of him, neither signified any intention of seeking him, nor seemingly even thought of him till they found themselves at his door, and stopping; and there both became conscious at the same moment as they looked in each other's faces, that without concert they had obeyed a common instinct leading towards that man.

Wren opened the door, looked in, and said to his companion—

"No one there!" so they continued their walk and conversation, which now returned to the anonymous letter. Wren saw in it only a fresh and more diabolical effort to create discord between him and his heads of departments, by implicating them in a charge of fraud, on the one hand; and between him and the King and Parliament on the other, by raising doubts as to his capacity for

governing the large body of men under his command. So thinking, he did not care to pursue the subject of the letter any further; he felt quite sure the anonymous writer had no groundwork for his base and cowardly insinuation.

Mr. Gibbons rather objected to this view, and thought it well to be looking quietly into things.

"Will you do so for me?" asked Wren.

"How do you know that I am not the very rogue pointed at, or one of the rogues, if there are more of us?" asked Gibbons.

"How do I know that I am not?" was Wren's answer, as he put out his hand and smiled.

The hand was taken, warmly grasped, and there was no need of explanatory words on either side.

"Do you suspect?" and the architect glanced towards Trimmer's office.

"Do you?"

"No. I think not."

"I fear I do."

"You are wrong," said Sir Christopher warmly. "No rogue could be such a fool at the very beginning of operations."

"Shrewdly hit!" responded Gibbons, "but rogues cannot always afford to wait long enough to establish a character for good sense."

"That's true. Have you any idea that he is in difficulties?"

"Well, I do hear that the man he sold his business to in Charlsbury is so dissatisfied with the statements made to him before purchase, as compared with the actual results afterwards, that he refuses to continue at present the instalments agreed on."

"That looks bad. Do then what you think best. But be careful. Were I a subordinate officer I know nothing that would sooner stir me to rebellion than to find my superior tampering with my men in the hope to prove me a rascal."

"I know myself, and I know whom I represent," said Mr. Gibbons with a courtly bow; that showed he, originally of very low estate, had not neglected to study the graces.

And so they parted, after a few words about the coming exhibition of the carvings on Thursday next, in which Wren was greatly interested.

"Now then," thought Mr. Gibbons to himself, as he left the works, "to see if I can't get fresh light on this cause that so much amuses me, of Trimmer *versus* Jasper, Jasper *versus* Trimmer. Who knows but I may be discoverer, witness, advocate, judge, and executioner, all in one?"

CHAPTER XXII.—TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

WHEN Mr. Trimmer became aware that Gibbons had left the works, and probably for the day, he returned to his office, and began at once to look into his accounts.

His chief object appeared to be the construction of a new book out of one that was old, but of which only a few pages had ever been used. These he cut away neatly, and then wrote on the dirty parchment cover the title, "Paye Detenshon Booke." In this he made a considerable number of entries of names of the men under him, with small sums set against each for the weeks they had been employed.

A cold sweat broke out on his face when he had done, and began to reflect whether he had or had not better use this book at once, or reserve it for the last moment of danger and defence.

Two or three times, he took up the book and his hat, and went towards the door, as if deciding to use it at once, and anticipate his "enemies;" but laid both down again in the fear that instead of the book proving an effectual defence, it might give the people he dreaded their first actual knowledge that he had detained these sums, while charging as paid the entire wages in the book regularly submitted to Sir Christopher. Of course he had detained them only for the good of the King's service, to ensure the regular attendance of the workmen; and for their own good, by his putting by for their benefit sums that would otherwise be wasted. Mr. Godfrey Trimmer felt all the pleasures of philanthropy as he again drank deep draughts of inspiration from this source. There was, however, a drawback: he had wished to avoid dissatisfying the men, and therefore said nothing to them about the sums detained; and they might be such brutes as, instead of rejoicing over their little stores in the hands of their earthly providence, to use bad words and have slanderous thoughts against him. However, he was not quite at their mercy, as they would find; and if all ended well—he'd take care to make a clean sweep of those who were dangerous or made themselves unpleasant.

At last he decided to put the book in his capacious pocket, but not use it if he saw his way without; and then went straight to Sir Christopher's own office, and luckily found him alone and writing.

Mr. Trimmer had done his best to fortify himself against the first eagle glance of that

dreaded eye; but when he met it, all power and expression died out of his own eyes, though he avoided letting them drop, or turn away.

He had also prepared his every word, so that he might begin before Sir Christopher could say anything to hurt his feelings and courage.

"Sir Christopher," he said, with that smile on his ugly cherubic face which the architect detested, and of which he once said to Gibbons it was a smile that might have been intended as a warning light at night on dark roads to make the foul ways plain, "there's a queer letter in a paper of to-day infamously abusing you, and hinting that some of us who are so proud to serve you are only great knaves. Well, let others answer for themselves, and me for myself. Look, Sir Christopher," and he placed before him the ordinary account book, showing the sums charged as paid. "Now, Sir Christopher, I will call in as many as you like of the men, and ask them in your presence if *their* wages are here honestly set down."

"Nothing can be manlier, more dignified, Mr. Trimmer, I may add nothing more grateful to me, than to see the gentlemen on whom I so much depend, mindful not only of their own honour, but of mine, when so virulently assailed!"

"I am so pleased, Sir Christopher, to hear you approve of my boldness in thus coming to you;" but he nearly spoiled the effect by that irrepressible smile.

Going to the door, he went out and came back in a minute or two with Langlands.

"This is the first man I can see; one often employed by Mr. Gibbons when he has messages to send westward."

"Nobody better," said the architect quietly.

"Langlands," said Trimmer, "look at these entries about the wages paid to you. You see them?"

"Yes, master," said Langlands, staring hard at the book.

"Are they correct?"

"Quite correct, master."

"Now glance over the wages set down of the other men. Do you see any that you know to be as correct as your own."

"Quite as correct as my own!" said Langlands impressively.

"That will do, Langlands. Mind, not a word of this outside. Sir Christopher would not like his heads of departments to be even supposed to need such inquiries as these."

"No," said Sir Christopher. "And I tell this man you came here in obedience to your

own sense of duty, not through any fear of mine about you, for I had none."

Langlands went away, and Mr. Trimmer rather ostentatiously proposed to go and fetch in several other men; but Sir Christopher, refusing to hear one word more on the subject, rose to intimate the interview was over, shook hands and parted, the architect's last thought being—

"An excellent man, if he would but forswear smiling evermore!"

CHAPTER XXIII.—JASPER'S GREAT DAY.

THE head of the youthful bride was finished so early in the afternoon of Wednesday, and so well finished, as the sculptor could not but believe, that he resisted the ceaseless desire to touch, and touch, and touch again, by solemnly affirming to himself, in the name of all that was most sacred, that he would not any more let a tool approach the face.

How it smiled upon him! How the eyes, even in such a material, became filled with life and play and colour! How full of love and sweet prophecy! How full of revelling in the faith that she herself was henceforward a sharer in and an indissoluble part of his triumph, as she was already one with him in heart and love, and in her every hope in life.

But he was restless—felt as if he must do something, yet could not go away from the sweet head and bust of his beloved. The gracefulness of the pose witched him when he would no longer dally over the charms of her face.

Suddenly a happy thought occurred: he would put a wreath of blossom round the head! and what could that be but her own namesake flower? He had sketches by him made long ago, some of them made in May's presence; while one in particular exhibited her in the very fashion he thought the bust should show. "Ah!" thought he, "what a day of happiness that was, when she sat on a mound teeming with wild flowers, and arched, and roofed, and walled in by the long drooping branches of the hawthorn tree above!" Ah! yes, and it was then he told her she embodied the beauty of every flower she saw, that she must be crowned as their queen; and so he had woven the simple wreath of May-blossom shown in the sketch, and placed it on her brow, assuring her he had left not a single thorn behind.

He went to work at once, committing himself, without reflecting that he had ruined his work for the next day if he could not

complete the wreath within the time. For his first step was to cut a hollow channel round the head, for the reception of the new wood that he must add, in order to carve the wreath.

But he was in that state when all things we desire seem possible; and when the facilities appear to pass into a far more exalted state, as if to redeem the artist from the difficulties he has himself created.

The latest time at which he could even hope to be able to put it properly in its place free from interruption, was between eleven and twelve o'clock. At or soon after twelve the visitors were to appear.

Although at work the entire night, he was not able to lay down the last tool till he heard the two quarters struck by St. Saviour's, and knew it was half past eleven; and he had something like a mile or more to go.

Away he went, running, walking, and running again, Gibbons's emphatic words about punctuality ringing in his ears, while he cursed his folly that he could not have left well alone.

As he reached St. Paul's with his covered package, and entered the inclosure, he met some of the men he had been accustomed to drink with at night, and could not but notice their hostile or contemptuous faces; whether showing offence at his desertion, or whether Mr. Trimmer had been at work on them, he knew not.

He was glad to hear from a friendly workman he chanced upon apart from the others, that the people of quality were with Sir Christopher, in his office, but had not yet gone to see the carvings.

Another unpleasantness lay in his way. Gibbons's Dutchmen, having seen all their carvings properly put up, were now lounging about the door; and when they saw him there was immediately loud and excited talk among them in their own language, not one word of which Jasper understood. But their tones warned him he was not, as he had expected to be, among friendly competitors, but among men, who, once fancying themselves his enemies, would not have, or leave to him, the ordinary chances for coming to a better understanding by friendly converse.

All this was depressing, but could not, must not, be given way to. He was pleased to find the place empty, as regarded persons. The space round the walls was divided by hanging pieces of canvas, an interval being left between each; and on the canvas appeared, in big letters roughly painted, the initials of the competitors.

Jasper thought he would like to lift each piece in succession and have a look, but checked himself, as he reflected that such an act might be misinterpreted; so sought for his own compartment, found it, lifted the curtain, and there saw all his carvings, mounted with admirable taste and judgment; and saw in the centre a bracket for the new work—his bust of the hawthorn-wreathed May.

He had only to place and make it secure, and all was ready.

Should he wait there? or go out and afterwards come in when he saw his rivals doing so?—if indeed their and his presence was to be permitted at all.

He answered himself by going out and wandering about to avoid those heavy Dutchmen, who glared at him as if he were an incarnate spirit of evil.

Presently he saw Mr. Gibbons coming, followed by a man with a broom in his hand, whom Jasper remembered to have seen about the place.

Catching sight of Jasper, Gibbons smiled and said—

"All right?"

"I hope so, sir," said Jasper.

"I have not a moment now to look at it—Sir Christopher is impatient; you delayed us. Now, Langlands, quick with your broom. Jasper, when he comes out you go in, and stand by your work, as the other men will."

So saying Gibbons passed on and entered the shed, as if to be sure that everything had been cleared away. He came out again directly, and went off, no doubt to summon Sir Christopher and his guests.

Langlands soon followed. He had scarcely removed himself and his broom out of the way, passing close by Jasper as he went (and looking as scared as if he had been caught in his dust-raising operations by the quality), before the Dutchmen entered; and then Jasper saw Sir Christopher advancing at the head of a group of magnificently-dressed personages, including among them men whose names the world does not willingly let die, but who here can only appear as shadows, and so depart.

Jasper hastened after the Dutchmen, and stood by his compartment, and tried, as he saw the others trying, the efficiency of the cord, by which the curtain was to be drawn aside at the word of command from Mr. Gibbons.

Can our youthful hero's astonishment be conceived by any stretch of fancy, when he saw in the rear of the incoming visitors Mr.

Gibbons and Sir C. Wren paying particular attention to a young lady-like person, plainly dressed, and to a venerable handsome-looking clerical man—and these two May and the Rector? Jasper knew then that his and May's whole story had been told to his future patrons.

A blush and a smile from May, and a wave of the hand from the Rector, ending in a kindly

gesture that warned Jasper he need take no notice of them, situated as he was—this was the only possible greeting.

Mr. Gibbons nodded to the man who was next to Jasper, and he uncovered; and his carvings were looked over and pryed into, and the observers talked among themselves, but allowed no expression of opinion to reach the workman; who, indeed, moved away into



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a corner of the place, as he had been instructed to do.

Jasper trembled at the thought his turn would come next. But no; Mr. Gibbons went round away from him, so that he would be the last.

On one occasion only did the low voices break out into an expression of surprise, admiration, and enjoyment, which they could

no longer repress. This was when one of the men, after showing his own compartment, removed also a narrow strip of curtain in the corner that did not seem to belong to him, and revealed a strange work. It was a kind of bass-viol, over which imps and fays were straying in the most comical attitudes, touching a string here as if afraid of what would happen, and stooping to listen there with ear

to the ground or surface ; while in yet another place an imp appeared to be calling his brethren in a flock up the edge to come and see for themselves or they never would believe !

Mr. Gibbons nodded for the next man to unveil ; but the looks of the Dutchman who had shown this rich piece of carving made it perfectly clear that he had no share in it, and was rather disgusted that it appeared there at all in juxtaposition with his.

"It must be Mr. Gibbons's !" said one voice, and all eyes were directed towards that gentleman.

"It is mine," he said quietly ; "but if you please we will go on. I think you will find something that you will value more than this if you think simply of the best interests of art."

Jasper coloured deeply, and then could have bitten his lip through at such a revelation of his thoughts. How did he know Gibbons referred to him, or what works of excellence might intervene between Gibbons's and his ? His annoyance so affected him that he was quite pale before his turn came, as he thought how he might be disappointed at the reception of his work.

It is not often in the life of man that any event occurs so overwhelming in its suddenness of surprise, or so awful in the first glimpse of its possible consequences, as Jasper now experienced ; when, drawing aside his curtain, and then turning diffidently away, he heard a loud exclamation from his patron, Mr. Gibbons, re-echoed instantly by other voices.

Looking hurriedly to discover the cause, he saw all eyes staring at his centre-piece—the crown of all his carvings—his hawthorn-wreathed May ; and then he, too, stared at it, and saw that it had been so utterly ruined by violence as to become a spectacle for fiends to chuckle over in delight. The delicate nose, lips, and chin were broken—but we need no further pursue the details of the atrocity that had been perpetrated.

"Jasper !" cried Mr. Gibbons, as if sternly waiting for some explanation that it was impossible satisfactorily to give.

"I swear to you, sir, in the presence of the Almighty, I placed that block on the bracket perfect when I entered here about an hour ago."

"Did any one see it ?"

"No."

"Can you point to any man, any enemy, wicked enough, and bold enough to venture, in such a presence, on such an attempt to injure you ?"

"No, sir," responded Jasper, who felt heart-broken, and as if there were but one relief for him—to get away from the place, away from May and the Rector, away and out of this bitter, cruel world.

"Is Mr. Godfrey Trimmer here ?" asked Mr. Gibbons.

"Yes, Mr. Gibbons ;" and the person called for came to the front with a smile, but rubbed it out, so to speak, by an effort, as he saw the unresponsive look of the carver-in-chief.

"These works are all familiar to you ?" said Mr. Gibbons, pointing to Jasper's compartment.

"All !"

"And you declare they are not this young man's own exclusive work ?"

"I do."

"I did not believe you before, now I do. This fellow, moved by what special hope of deception I know not, undertook at my desire a new carving, marked by me."

"Ah ! Ah !" interjected Mr. Trimmer, as though he understood all things now.

"So that," continued Mr. Gibbons, turning to Sir Christopher and addressing him, "if that proved a work of true excellence, such as I saw reason to expect, I might accept these also as his, and give him a place commensurate with his deserts. I regret deeply, Sir Christopher, that you and our distinguished guests have been so"—

He was interrupted by a wild yell. While he had been speaking, Jasper—seeing only the confusion among the guests, who were talking together in knots, and thinking only of escape, was getting near the door, when his late master met him, and gave him a look so full of malignant triumph, that Jasper forgot everything but the man's former dealings with him, and the conviction they now created that this last outrage was his doing also ; and without a word clutched him suddenly by the throat, threw him to the ground, and put his foot on his breast, then shouted aloud for all to hear—

"This is the murderous villain who has killed my work ! I know it ! And you will all know it too some day."

There was a faint shriek ; and the brilliant crowd opened to let May pass through.

"Oh Jasper ! Jasper ! what is it you do ?"

"Do not speak to me ! it is not fit you should, if I am the wretch he thinks me. Wait ! as I shall. God in his love and mercy bless and comfort you. You will see me no more till"—

He moved to go. She caught his arm—

she clasped his waist—she kissed him—but he broke loose, and pushed her aside, and was at the door, when it opened and two men appeared on the threshold—one dragging the other in: they were Larken, the workman who had befriended Jasper in his worst extremity, and Langlands.

Mr. Trimmer, who had risen, and was on the watch to see how he could best finish off Jasper's business for ever, now thought he saw a more pressing necessity to take care of himself; so said, with an air of authority, while trying to shut the door on them—

"You are drunk! This is vile! Go away! For shame!"

But Larken had planted his firm step inside, and no strength of Trimmer's could remove it. Fearing, however, that he might be hindered if he did not speak quickly, he shouted out—

"Sir Christopher! Mr. Gibbons!" They heard, and came near to see what was the matter.

"Mr. Trimmer, *I* will speak to them," said the architect, with an air of dignified reproof of the attempt he saw making to silence the men.

"Sir Christopher," said Larken, gasping for breath, "I've learned from this man, who came to congratulate me on my little fund in Mr. Trimmer's hand, and who I told had no fund belonging to me, that—that the upshot of the matter is—that—he—that worthy gentleman there who so hangs his head—has been charging wages to me I never received, and never was to receive. And I've been to other men, and they all say the same."

"I can only answer this bad man by showing a book I have kept all along to credit the men the difference between the actual wage and the money paid for the time," instantly and loudly said Mr. Trimmer.

"I don't remember your explaining that to me," said Sir Christopher, "when you came on purpose to explain the other day."

"But, Mr. Gibbons," said Larken, addressing him, "there's worse behind. I saw this man in a place where we hang up our spare things, and where he did not see me, take a hammer out of his pocket, and a bit of wood, and put them into the pocket of one of the Dutchmen. 'Well, that is odd,' says I to myself. Presently he goes away, and I hears the rumour of Jasper Deane's trick—how he had knocked his own carving about to spoil it, so that it might not be brought in evidence agen him that he was an impostor. Aha! thinks I, here's work as

wants seeing to quick. So I takes the hammer and the bit of wood out of the pocket where this—what's your name? oh, Langlands—had put it, and was coming here, when I met him. 'Now's my chance,' says I. So I out's with the hammer and the bit of wood, and his face turned as white as my chalk; and he began to shiver and shake, and presently it all comes out—he had been bribed by Mr. Godfrey Trimmer, who had got a hold on him by ways he isn't willing to explain, and which I, to spare his feelings, won't venture to explain for him. Poor devil! He was most unwilling to come, but I persuaded him by saying if he didn't I'd smash his skull with his own hammer. And now, Mr. Gibbons, if you will please try this bit of wood on Jasper Deane's carving, I shouldn't wonder but you'll find it fit somewhere."

Mr. Gibbons, whose eyes blazed with joyous light, as he looked at the bit of carving, but who would not even glance at Jasper till he had confirmed the man's story, went to the carving, placed the broken-off hawthorn leaf and flower into the wreath, and then cried—

"Look! look! there is no sort of doubt in the matter!"

All hurried to look; and as they did so, Mr. Godfrey Trimmer and Langlands saw their opportunity, and stole away, and from that moment their places knew them no more.

Meantime Jasper sat down on a chair he found, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out all but God, to whom he yearned to offer up his prayers and thanks of devout ecstasy, while May leaned over him, with her hand on his shoulder.

As the confusion subsided, Mr. Gibbons thought proper to ask Sir Christopher's permission to say a few words as to the object of the competition; and which were to the effect that this young man's works had greatly interested him, not so much for their executive powers, which were yet immature, but for the thought, fancy, and invention they exhibited. Mr. Trimmer had deceived him for the moment into believing, not that Jasper was not a true artist, but that he was not a true man, and eked out by foolish cunning the skill that needed only to display itself. That was over now. Mr. Trimmer was no doubt as big a liar as he was found to be a rogue; and these unmutated works by Jasper, as compared with all the others, were in his opinion, inferior to some of them in manual skill, but superior to all in creative

design. That being so, he assigned to him the prize he had all through in his mind. He had been applied to by a gentleman in Lincolnshire, patron of a living there, with a very beautiful church, to undertake the work of decorating the at present naked chancel with a complete series of wood-carvings on some great religious subject; or if he could not himself do so, then to send him the best possible substitute, who should be dealt with liberally, and have a pretty house and garden assigned him, with one of his own servants to wait upon him; for, said the gentleman, 'Those who honour art, must honour the artist.' So I hand over to my young friend here this commission, which he may quietly prepare himself for in the leisure hours of the next two or three years; during which I

claim his services as a wood-carver of St. Paul's."

"And," said Sir Christopher, taking May by the hand, "I beg, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you the original of the spoiled work; whom, I think, judging by all I have heard of her, nothing can spoil."

The smiles, handshakings, and kind expressions that now cheered the young pair were so profuse and overpowering that Sir Christopher again interfered, and said—

"They will dine with me to-morrow, when I shall feel honoured by any of the ladies and gentlemen present joining us; and then they will start the day after, to spend their deferred honeymoon with my dear old friend, and fellow-student at Oxford, Dr. Marten, lest after all they really do both get spoiled."

THE END.

COLOUR IN BIRDS AND INSECTS.

By LADY VERNEY.

A VERY beautiful and curious instance of the adaptation of means to an end, of design, in what appears at first sight to be merely an "ornamental" question, almost accidental in its details, has been lately discovered and discussed by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace—*i.e.*, Colour in animals and plants.

It is one of the now numerous cases of the reduction to law and order of a number of isolated facts, which, when noted in their relation to each other—strung together as it were, on a connecting thread, show intention, intelligible object, even in the more recondite processes by which "Nature" carries on her work.

That mere beauty, the enjoyment of man, pleasure from the sights before his eyes, is one reason for the hues which have been imparted by the Creator with such lavish profusion to flowers, birds, and insects, Mr. Wallace at least quite allows; but the researches of our great naturalists have discovered in many cases a distinct use for colour: it serves so evident a purpose that it becomes extremely interesting to work out this part of the problem.

It would also seem that if colour can be the means of imparting pleasure to man, even as a "supererogatory" work, while subserving some obviously useful end, the twofold result makes the argument of design stronger. Mr. Darwin observes of "the extreme beauty in colours of certain sea slugs," that "it is

probably of no service to them," and of the gorgeous tints of decaying leaves in an American forest that it is not of the least advantage to the trees. Here may we not say that the "use" of beauty has been probably intended and calculated for?

Mr. Wallace observes that brilliant colour is supposed to be developed more in tropical countries than elsewhere, by the direct action of the light and heat of the sun; but in his charming book on the Malay Archipelago he mentions that, after twelve years' observation of the floras of the tropics, both East and West, he has seen nothing more brilliant than some of the shows of bloom in temperate climates, such as the masses of flower of our own gorse and broom, of the purple heather in Wales and Scotland, of the poppies in a cornfield, of rhododendrons and azaleas, of the blue Alpine gentians, and he might have added, the carpets of wild hyacinths in spring, "which seem the heavens upbreking from the earth," as Tennyson describes them in "Guinevere." Naturalists all describe the tropical forests as an endless expanse of green foliage. "Here and there," says Mr. Bates, speaking of Brazil, "hangs a wreath of scarlet passion flowers or a solitary orchid, but not enough to qualify the extent of leafy hues." Some great flowering trees make gorgeous exceptions, but the rule seems constant as to the preponderance of green. Again, with regard to birds and insects in the tropics, those most splendidly coloured are found in

the deep shades where the sun's strength cannot penetrate, "while in the open Sahara and other deserts, where the sun has most power, almost all living things are sand colour." A large proportion also of species belonging to hot countries are very quiet in hue, while certain butterflies, such as the peacock and red admiral, and the kingfisher and red and green woodpecker among birds, quite rival those of the tropics. Still, "no doubt there is a preponderance of highly coloured species there." One reason for which given by Mr. Wallace is the luxuriant vegetation throughout the year, which affords more protection and food in winter than the bare trees and frozen earth of northern climates, to keep life in the more delicate species. Also the tropical zone comprises a much greater land area than the two temperate zones, and has much more "life-sustaining power;" greater opportunities for developing and preserving varieties will therefore be found there.

Mr. Wallace sums up the uses of colour in living organisms as "protective," "warning," and "attractive to the other sex." It is "protective" when, as is the case with most fishes, and such marine animals as the porpoise, the back is dark, so that to birds of prey they are almost invisible when seen from above, while their under surfaces are light coloured, so that to an enemy looking up from below they must be equally difficult to distinguish against the light of the clouds and the sky. The amount of light to be seen under water can best be realised in an aquarium by those who cannot test it for themselves by diving.

The white fur of the Arctic fox and hare is well known, and also the manner in which the feathers of the ptarmigan become blanched when dwelling amid the snow in winter. The brown colour of animals that inhabit sandy deserts, the green birds and insects common in tropical forests, the likeness in colour of birds to the surroundings of their nests, of insects to the bark, leaves, and flowers among which they dwell, are all instances of protective colours.

The appearance of a specimen in a cabinet is often no guide whatever as to what colours are really protective. Some of those which are apparently most strikingly apparelled are really adapted with beautiful exactness to be confounded with their surroundings. Such is the caterpillar of the Emperor moth, which is brilliantly dressed in green, with pink starlike spots, yet harmonizes so well with the heather on which it feeds that it is almost invisible.

There is no bird which would have been supposed to be less calculated for concealment by his plumage than a kingfisher, with the azure and green iridescence of the feathers on his head and back; but one day this autumn two friends were sitting on a narrow rough rocky promontory, jutting far out into the wild northern Welsh sea. The weather was calm and sunny; it was late in the afternoon, as they looked down into the deep, clear, transparent water in the little bay below, with its rocky bottom nearly white, where the seaweeds could be plainly seen waving gently to and fro in the swell. The colour of the water in the sunny glow of the level rays was like that of a peacock's neck, blue and green shading into each other, with exquisite translucent hues and reflected lights. Presently a kingfisher flashed across the bay, and through a natural arch pierced by the waves, broken beneath the little promontory under their feet, in and out of the rocks he flew, across the water, threading the arch backwards and forwards, razing the surface of the sea, darting probably after some minute fish, like a green line of light. His colouring matched that of the water so exactly, that he looked like a drop which had suddenly become alive and taken wing, and it was only the excessive rapidity of his flight that showed his whereabouts. Probably in breeding time his fishbone nest would have been found under the arch, with which he seemed to be so intimate, perhaps in a hole among the *Asplenium marinum*, which hung in feathery tufts from the roof of the arch, and where it would be "protectively" confounded with the white felspar and the blue-green of the leaves.

The earth-coloured caterpillar, with two legs at each end of him, which is so often found stretching from one twig to another, is almost impossible to distinguish in his stiff brown immobility from the sticks among which he takes his abode; his protection is as great from his want of activity as in the other case from its excess.

The number of insects which imitate leaves, both dead and alive, flowers and moss, seems to be great. Mr. Belt mentions a green leaf-like locust which he saw overrun by a host of foraging ants, whose acute senses yet did not find out the impostor which kept immovably still. The under side of the wings of many butterflies has markings exactly like blotched and withered leaves, and some have even a transparent hole through them to increase the resemblance—the edges are jagged, apparently for the same

reason. When the bright upper surface is hidden by the wings being raised and closed, the insect disappears like magic among the leaves, and it is scarcely possible to discover it until it moves.

A pink mantis found in Java is so exactly like an orchid that it feeds on the insects, particularly butterflies, which are attracted to it as to a flower, and it is thus "a living trap, forming its own bait,"—a most aggressive kind of protection. That the sense of colour is much the same among animals as with ourselves, appears from the manner in which what are intended for protective colours match with the objects surrounding the would-be hidiers.

The position of the black spots, ocelli, or bright patches of colour on the tips and disks of the wings of butterflies, is probably also a protective measure, as when these are struck at by birds the vital parts of the insect would remain unhurt.

The extreme brilliancy of the plumage of humming-birds, which would make them dangerously conspicuous, seems to be compensated for by their activity; their flight is so rapid that they could be caught with great difficulty by birds of prey, while the morsel would be too small to repay the captors for the trouble. Their wings are literally invisible from the rapidity of their motion, when the birds are hovering before a flower and sucking the honey with their long bills; indeed, "though the smallest of birds, they are the most full of vital energy of all." They vary in size from that of a humble-bee to that of a willow wren, and are described as dashing about like little blazing meteors, shining with a sort of metallic brilliancy resembling precious stones, sapphires, rubies, and topazes, more than mere feathers. The immense variety of their colouring and of their crests and ornaments "shows a high antiquity for their race," during which it has had time, as it were, to develop in difference and intensity of hues, while "their great abundance in the countries they inhabit show how well they are adapted to the conditions of their existence."

Many of the most brilliantly coloured male birds have the most Quaker-like wives. The pheasants, chattering, and birds of Paradise, are attired in the most gorgeous colours, while their females are usually of a dull brown or olive green. Here it is evident that protection during the breeding season must be one of the chief causes of the difference. A bird sitting upon her eggs would be peculiarly defenceless unless concealed by

the leaves and moss, the grass and earth, among which the nests are built.

It is certainly remarkable that all the showy birds, when both sexes are equally brightly and conspicuously coloured—such as kingfishers, toucans, tits, &c.—lay their eggs in holes or form covered nests, so that the females do not need this protection. Mr. Bates describes the toucan, indeed, as plastering up his wife in the hole of the tree where she lays her eggs, so that only her enormous bill projects, by which she is fed by her mate. Here she continues imprisoned till such time as the eggs are hatched—a rather hard addition to the sacrifices demanded from mothers in general (and for which the children of no species or genus seem to be at all adequately grateful).

There are some few extremely curious instances where the female is decidedly larger, more brightly coloured and strongly marked, and also more pugnacious than the male bird. This is found among "the fighting quails," the painted snipes, and the common cassowary. In all these cases the males take charge of the eggs and sit upon them! This is not a quite unknown variety in the human species; we have all of us seen instances where the man chiefly cares for the home and the children, while the wife is displaying her plumage in public.

"Warning colours" are extremely curious. For example, there are certain large families of butterflies, comprising many hundred species, all conspicuously coloured with almost every tint and pattern. They fly slowly, and never attempt to conceal themselves, yet no bird, spider, lizard, or monkey ever touches them, the reason being that they are too nasty to eat. "Their smell and taste are absolutely disgusting to other animals." Here we see the reason of their showy colours and slow flight; it is good for them to be recognised, for then they will not be molested. Unless they were easily distinguished they might be caught and maimed, even if not eaten. Many defenceless gay beetles and moths are also nauseous, while bees and wasps, being amply able to take care of themselves, and not liable to injury from gaudy and conspicuous clothing, may, as it were, dress as they please. The caterpillars of the magpie, mullen, and Burnet moths are very showy and never hide; they "give notice to their enemies that they are unpalatable" and are refused by birds and lizards, who greedily devour the green and brown ones. As the skins of caterpillars are extremely tender, and a slight peck would be fatal, it is par-

ticularly advantageous to them that the birds should be under no mistake; and a South American Sphinx, mentioned by Mr. Bates, "four inches long, banded with black and yellow, with head, legs, and tail of bright red," certainly fulfils all the conditions of notoriety for his own good which could be desired.

Mr. Belt discovered a frog in Nicaragua very smartly dressed in red and blue, fearlessly hopping about in the day. He immediately felt convinced that it must be uneatable, as frogs in general are green or brown, and come out only at night. He took one home and threw it among his fowls, when all refused to touch it, except one foolish young duck, evidently inclined to experiments, who "took the frog in its mouth, but dropped it directly and went about jerking its head as if to get rid of something nasty."

One most remarkable mode of "protection" has been discovered by Mr. Bates—a number of defenceless creatures may be said to mimic the colouring and marks of those with warning colours. The butterflies good to eat have put on the livery of the uneatable, soft beetles imitate the markings of those which are hard, moths seek to be mistaken for wasps, and harmless snakes for those which are dangerous.

We found once an excellent specimen of mimicry in the large fat brown caterpillar of the elephant hawk moth, feeding on a tuft of willow herb. It is very good eating for birds and quite helpless against them, but is protected by two large shaded spots strikingly like eyes, with an apparent eyebrow over them, situated in the forehead just above the real small eyes. It is a most unpleasant-looking individual, when it thrusts out its strange snout and seems to glare with its immense sham eyes. It is not therefore surprising to hear that when once a caterpillar of this species was put on a tray with some crumbs, the sparrows and small birds who came down to feed retired in a fright when they saw the very uncanny beast, apparently gazing at them with a stony stare.

Lastly come the instances when the two sexes differ in colour; sometimes they are entirely unlike, sometimes they vary only in intensity of hue. The cases are rare among mammalia, reptiles, and fish; among birds and butterflies they are common, and the distinction is often strongly marked; among beetles and wasps it is seldom found.

According to Mr. Darwin the difference

is a consequence of the preference of female birds and butterflies for gaily coloured mates. This "voluntary sexual selection" has enabled the handsomest and strongest males to gain the best wives; the most healthy parents breed earlier and can naturally provide best for their offspring, and so any variation or improvement among them holds and continues. The laws of inheritance are as yet little understood, but it is evident that certain qualities and colours are transmitted through the mothers only to the males. It is possible, indeed, "that the females represent the primordial colours of the genus to which they belong."

Mr. Wallace has some doubt, however, whether the ladies really care much about colour; among poultry, turkeys, and peacocks, the hens go on feeding while the male birds are strutting up and down displaying their tails, their crests, and general finery. There is no doubt, however, that the females do prefer "the most vigorous, defiant, and mettlesome males," and that "colour is most vivid in the most pugnacious and energetic individuals," so that the effect is much the same in the end.

"The various kinds of crests, knots, combs, wattles, and plumes of the most diversified kinds, and decorated with the most beautiful colours, developed among the males," says Mr. Darwin, "apparently for the sole purpose of ornament," and to make themselves agreeable, form a curious contrast to the received customs concerning dress among man and womankind, where highly coloured and fine clothing is monopolized by women. It may, however, be said that till the present century the finery was quite as great on the male side. The real "Sir Percy Shafton's"† wardrobe, his "carnation velvet doublet, slashed and puffed with cloth of silver," "his skyblue jerkin and trunk hose lined with white satin," were as brilliant as any woman's gear of the time. The courtiers of Queen Elizabeth certainly rivalled her ladies in splendour (whatever may have been the truth concerning Sir Walter Raleigh's time-honoured cloak), while poor Goldsmith's "peach-coloured velvet coat with a hole in it" may serve to remind us how late in the last century our splendour continued.

There has been a curious "degradation" of colour in the dress of women of late: it has become much darker. Does this imply that colour is only a "survival" of the early days of barbarism, when our animal instincts were

† Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery."

predominant? It will be sad indeed if we are to signalise our civilisation by wearing only Quaker hues, particularly as in dress they are quite as expensive as are the warmer tints.

The colouring of living organisms is indeed

a question of extreme interest, and it is one where small observations, carefully noted, of facts within our own knowledge, will evidently be of some value to the great men now studying its phenomena with such keen and cautious interest.

THE ERLE-QUEEN.

On London, Westminster, or any other Bridge.

OH! haste thee, my daughter! the river is deep.
Come to me! I woo thee! What needest thou? Sleep?
What lovest thou? Pleasure and wassail and wine?
Come now to thy mother, and all shall be thine!

My daughters shall woo thee. Dost feel their kind arms?
For thee they are singing their soft muttered charms.
My sons shall pursue thee! Dost hear the deep sound?
Hark forward! hark hollo! The bay of the hound—

While the nymph flitteth onward, yet turneth her head,
Still smiling! beguiling the youth over-spied,
Enraptured, encaptured, forgetful of all,
Save the moment that speedeth, the looks that enthrall.

Pursued or pursuing, betraying betrayed,
Still wooed and still wooing, here none shall upbraid.
Here may'st thou adorn thee,* and be it thy will
To be wicked, none scorn thee; thou may'st be so still.

Oh haste thee! It is but a leap—and my grasp
Hath found thee! is round thee! my mother-like clasp,
Far sweeter, my daughter, than revel or sleep.
Oh, haste thee! the water is cool and is deep!

DORA GREENWELL.

* Mr. Cazenova, in a tract published some years ago, suggests the fearful possibility that its conditions may not

past on the future state of the impenitent class, suggests the possibility that they shall be such as they shall dislike. "Evil, be thou my good."



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WALKS IN LONDON.

X.—ALDERSGATE AND CRIPPLEGATE.

FROM St. Martin's-le-Grand at the back of St. Paul's, let us turn to the left down Aldersgate Street, so called from the northern gate, one of the three original gates of Anglo-Norman London. Some derive its name from the Saxon Aldrich, its supposed founder; others, including Stow, from the

alder-trees which grew around it. The gate (removed in 1761) as restored after the Fire, was rather like Temple Bar, with the addition of side towers, and was surmounted by a figure of James I. It was inscribed with the words of Jeremiah—"Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes,



Shaftesbury House, Aldersgate.



"Shakspeare's House," Aldersgate.



Redcross Street.

sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever."

On the right of Aldersgate Street, behind the Post-office, is an ugly church, built by

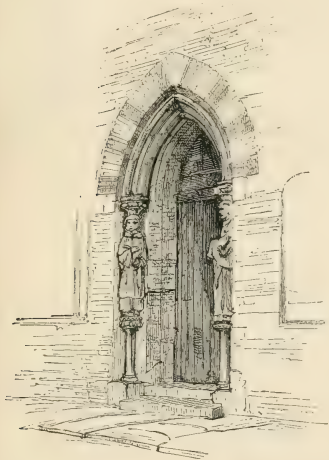
Wre. name called St. Anne in the Willows—a curious monument in this church were re-to at the end of the last century. One of Mr. Heiwood, 1701, recorded the fate of his father, the Peter Heiwood who was killed by Sir Fawkes, and, in revenge, was

† Sir

stabbed to death in Westminster Hall by John James, a Dominican friar, in 1640.

On the left is Bull and Mouth Street (Boulogne Mouth) curiously commemorating, in its corrupted name, the capture of Boulogne Harbour by Henry VIII., in 1544. The Bull and Mouth Inn was one of the great centres from which coaches started before the time of railways.

On the left of Aldersgate Street, the branches of a plane tree waving over a small Gothic fountain, will draw attention to the Church of St. Botolph Aldersgate, of 1796, which contains the monument of Dame Anne Packington, supposed to have written "The Whole Duty of Man." A brotherhood of



In Austin Friars.

the Holy Trinity was attached to this church. The Palmer in John Heywood's "Four P's," describing his pilgrimages in different parts of the world, says that he has been—

“At Saint Botulphe and Saint Anne of Buckstone,

Praying to them to pray for me,
Unto the blessed Trinite."

Little Britain (commemorating the mansion of John Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, temp. Edward II.), a tributary of Aldersgate Street on the left, was as great a centre for booksellers in the reigns of the Stuarts as Paternoster Row is now. It is the place where, according to Richardson, the Earl of Dorset was wandering about on a book-hunt in 1667, when, coming upon a

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hitherto unknown work called "Paradise Lost," and dipping into it here and there, he admired it rather, and bought it. The bookseller begged him, if he approved of it, to recommend it, as the copies lay on his hands as so much waste paper. He took it home, and showed it to Dryden, who said at once "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too." The street has still much of the character, though it has lost the picturesqueness, described by Washington Irving in his Sketch Book.

A little beyond, on the right of Aldersgate, Falcon Street leads into Silver Street, which contains one of the pretty quiet breathing-places bequeathed by the fire to the City. A



St. Giles, Cripplegate.

stone tells "This was the parish church of St. Olave, Silver Street, destroy'd in the dreadfull fire in the yeare, 1666."

On the left of Silver Street is the Guild-
Street, containing (left, No. 33) the
geons Court Room. Their Hall
and their Company consists
nor Surgeons, but when the
tained its charters, and long
barbers officiated as surgeons in
still in Italy. The well-known
sticks out above a barber's door
rates this, as it was customary
about to be bled to hold a staff
to keep his arm upon the
operation. An old porch to Golden
Second's time leads to the
dame of Play House

contains several good pictures : the Countess of Richmond (with a lamb and an olive branch), by Sir Peter Lely, Inigo Jones by Vandyke, and a grand Holbein of Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber Surgeons. The Company have refused offers of £12,000 for this picture in later years, though Pepys somewhat contemptuously says, "I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture." The picture is really a noble one and most minutely finished, even to the details of the ermine on the king's robe and the rings on his fingers. Henry, seated in a chair of state, is giving the charter to Thomas Vicary, the then master, who was sergeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and is said to have written the earliest work on anatomy in the English language. The thirteen principal members, who kneel in gowns trimmed with fur, bear their names on their shoulders. The three on the right, Chamber, Butts, and Alsop, were all past masters of the company, at the time of the giving of the Charter. Dr. John Chamber was the king's chief physician and Dean of St. Stephen's College, Westminster, where he built the cloister; Dr. Butts, also physician to the king, had been admitted to the company as "vir gravis; eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia, et prudenti consilio Doctor:" his conduct, on the presumed degradation of Cranmer, is nobly portrayed by Shakspeare. Dr. J. Alsop is represented with lank hair and uncovered. Sir John Ayliffe, who kneels on the left, was also an eminent surgeon, and had been sheriff of London in 1548; according to the inscription on his monument in the church of St. Michael Bassishaw, he was "admitted to court," by Henry the Eighth, "loved him dearly well;" and was "rewarded for his services to

screen in the Hall commensurate to the latitude of a man who, after a long illness, was discovered to be dead and resuscitated by the efforts of the Barber Surgeons, when his body was offered them for dissection. Amongst the members of the Company is a very curious picture by order of Charles II., and presumed to be the Master at the time being, John Worsborough, his chief physician. He is shown with a partially gilt, and the stem of a pipe in the oak of Boscobel, and a ring around containing

little bells, which ring as the cup passes from hand to hand.

Windsor Place, Monkwell Street, commemorates the town house of the Lords Windsor. The modern houses on the right of the street occupy the site of the Hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, a cell of Quorndon Abbey in Leicestershire. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Lambe a clothworker, who built, c. 1540, an interesting chapel, pulled down in 1874, over its fine old Norman crypt (of which a portion is preserved in the garden of the Clothworkers Hall in Mincing Lane).

Returning to Aldersgate Street, Westmoreland Buildings, on the left, mark the site of the town house of the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland. On the right of the street, conspicuous from its front with eight pillars, is a fine old house built by Inigo Jones, formerly called Thanet House, from the Tuftons, Earl of Thanet, but which has been known as Shaftesbury House since it was inhabited by the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the "Achitophel" of Dryden, so graphically described by him.

"For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

Lord Shaftesbury chose this house as a residence that he might the better influence the minds of the citizens, of whom he boasted that he "could raise ten thousand brisk boys by the holding up of his finger." His animosity to the Duke of York obliged his retirement in 1683 to Holland, where he died. The house, as Maitland says, is "a most delightful fine residence, which deserves a much better situation, and greater care to preserve it from the injuries of time."

Close by were Lauderdale House, the residence of the minister of Charles II.; and Bacon House the private residence of Sir Nicholas, father of the great Lord Bacon—the fat old man of whom Queen Elizabeth used to say "my Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged," and of whom so many witticisms are remembered, especially his reply to the thief Hogg, who claimed his mercy on plea of kindred between the Hoggs and the Bacons, "Ah, you and I cannot be kin until you have been hanged."

Opposite Shaftesbury House was London House, which, being at one time the resi-

lence of the Bishops of London, was the place to which the Princess Anne fled in the Revolution of 1688. An old house with low gables and projecting windows which stood near it, and which still exists, is called, without reason, "Shakspeare's House," but, as the "Half Moon Tavern," it was a well-known resort of the wits of the sixteenth century. Much curious carving, seen in prints of this old building, is now destroyed.

The whole of this neighbourhood teems with associations of Milton, who lived in "a pretty garden-house" in Aldersgate Street after his removal from St. Bride's Churchyard. In 1661 he went to live in Jewin Street (on the right of Aldersgate, formerly the Jews' Garden and the only place where Jews had a right to bury before the reign of Henry II.). It was here that Milton, who had already been blind for ten years, married his third wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshul, of a Cheshire family, in 1664, the year before the Plague. Here also probably it was that, as Jonathan Richardson describes, "An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire—Dr. Wright—found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair and dressed neatly in black: pale, but not cadaverous: his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk-stones."

Here, in his blindness, Milton gave instruction by ear to Ellwood the Quaker in the foreign pronunciation of Latin, which he aptly said was the only way in which he could benefit by Latin in conversation with foreigners. It was this Ellwood who, when the Plague broke out in 1665, gave Milton the cottage-refuge at Chalfont St. Giles, in which he wrote his "Paradise Regained." He returned to London to reside in Bunhill Fields in 1666, and there, on Nov. 8, 1674, he died, and was attended to the grave, says Toland (1698), by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly discourse of the vulgar."

Jewin Street leads into Cripplegate, so called, says Maitland, "from the cripples who begged there." Here, as we stand in Redcross Street (so called from a cross which once stood in Beech Lane) we see rising above a range of quaint old houses built in 1660, and so displaying the architecture in fashion just before the Great Fire, the tower of St. Giles, the church of the hermit of the Rhone, who was the especial saint of cripples and lepers. It is, as the Author of "The Hand of Ethelberta" describes it, "clothed in every neutral shade, standing clear against the sky, dusty and grim in its upper stage,

and hoary grey below, where every corner of stone is rounded off by the waves of wind and storm."

The church which is celebrated for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell, has been grievously mauled and besmeared with blue and white paint internally. A foolish Gothic canopy with tawdry alabaster columns has been raised over the fine bust of Milton by Bacon, placed here in 1795 by Mr. Whitbread. The poet was buried in 1674 in the grave of his father (*ob.* 1646), "an ingenious man," says Aubrey, "who delighted in music." The parish books say that Milton died "of consumption, fourteen years after the blessed Restoration." In 1790 his bones were disinterred, his hair torn off, and his teeth knocked out and carried off by the churchwardens, after which, for many years, Elizabeth Grant the female grave-digger, used to keep a candle and exhibit the mutilated skeleton at two pence and three pence a head. This sacrilege led to Cooper's lines—

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away.

"O ill-requited bard! Neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts the dead!"

On the south wall is an interesting bust to Speed, the topographer, 1629; and, near the west door, the slab tomb of Foxe the martyrologist, 1587. On the north wall are the tombs of the daughter and granddaughter of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy. The latter is represented rising in her shroud from her tomb at the Resurrection, which has given rise to a tradition that she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened her coffin to steal one of her rings. The parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620.

In the sunny churchyard of St. Giles, a well-preserved bastion of the City of Edward IV.'s time. The lower part is formed of rude stones and tiles, the upper courses of flint laid in cement. The battlements of the old wall adjoining were removed in 1803 and a stupid brick wall erected in their place "at the expense of the parish."

The bells of St. Giles's, which long tolled curfew to the City, are celebrated, and

"Oh, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
Realising great sermons with its iron tongue!"

Redcross Street leads into Golden (Gold-
ing) Lane, where the name of Play House

Yard on the right, connecting this with Whitecross Street, is a memorial of the ancient "Fortune Theatre" erected in 1599 on that site: it was last used in the time of Charles II. This theatre is considered by some to have been "The Fortune," by which Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, made his wealth: others identify it with Killigrew's playhouse called "The Nursery," which was intended as a school for young actors. Pepys records his visit to the theatre by saying, "I found the musique better that we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be."

On the left is Barbican, so called from a watch-tower on the city-wall, where Milton lived 1646—7, and where he wrote "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." In Beechland, by Barbican, was the palace of Prince Rupert.

On the left of Fore Street is Milton Street, formerly the notorious Grub Street, well known as the abode of small authors, who, writers of trashy pamphlets and broadsides, became the butts for the wits of their time: thus Grub Street appears in the Dunciad—

"Not with less glory mighty Dullness, crown'd,
Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce."

The name "Grub Street," as opprobrious, seems however to have been first applied by their opponents to the writings of Foxe the Martyrologist, who resided in the street, as did John Speed the Historian. Oddly enough, in this neighbourhood full of memories of him, the modern name of the street is not derived from the poet but from Milton a builder. In Sweedon's Passage, opening out of this street, was a curious old building called Gresham House, pulled down in 1805; was shown as the house of Sir Richard Dick") Whittington in the reign of Henry III, and of Sir Thomas Gresham in that of Edward III.

Ascending a few steps, Cripplegate Build-
ing into the street called London Wall,
opposite the picturesque modern Hall of the
Carpenters' Company, which recalls the old
building of Innsbruck, and is decorated with
the baier-bearing stags, which are the crest
of the Company.

Close by, with a fine old brick and stone front towards Philip Lane, is Sion College, founded 1631 by Dr. Thomas White, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, for the use of the London clergy—"where expectants may lodge till they are provided with houses in

the several parishes in which they serve cure." The college has a chapel, library, and hospital, attached to it. Half of the library was consumed in the Great Fire. Fuller resided in the quiet courts of Sion College while he was writing his "Church History."

The neighbouring Church of St. Alphege, London Wall (dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by the Danes in 1014), might easily escape observation. Its tower belonged to an earlier church, St. Mary Elsing Spittal, founded in 1532, of which the Early English doorway is a relic. The interior, rebuilt 1777, is little better than a square room, but on its north wall is preserved the handsome Corinthian monument of Sir Rowland Hayward (1593) twice Lord Mayor, and, at his death, "the antientest alderman of the city." He kneels under the central niche, on a red cushion, facing the spectators, and at the sides are his two wives and the eight "happy children" of each.

Opposite St. Alphege, a fragment of its Churchyard is preserved (in a garden formed 1872) for the sake of the fine fragment of the old London Wall which it contains. A small gate called Aldermanbury Postern, in the Wall close to this, led into Finsbury Fields, much frequented by the Londoners in summer evenings.

On the right is the opening of New Basinghall Street, named (with Bassishaw Ward) from the Basings, who lived hard by in Blackwell Hall, from the reign of John to that of Edward III. Here, in a quiet court, is the Church of S. Michael Bassishaw (Basings haugh), one of Wren's worst rebuildings. It contains the tomb of Dr. T. Wharton, remarkable for his devotion to the sufferers in the Great Plague of 1665. In the old church, destroyed in the Fire, Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor in 1547, uncle of Sir Thomas, was buried with solemnities like those which still attend the funerals of the Roman princes.

Further down London Wall, on the right, at the entrance of Throgmorton Avenue, the new Hall of the Carpenters' Company is being erected. Many will remember with bitter regret the noble old building destroyed when this was built—the staircase and vestibule adorned with exquisite medallions from designs of Bacon; and the hall, so picturesque without, and so full of glorious oak carving within—one of the best of the buildings which survived the Fire. On its western wall were frescoes of unknown antiquity, illustrative of the different allusions to the carpenters' art in Scripture, which had

been whitewashed in Puritan times and rediscovered in 1845. The first Hall, built "by citizens and carpenters of London," was erected in 1428 on land leased in this neighbourhood from the Priory of St. Mary Spittal.

Passing the ugly Church of Allhallows in the Wall, built in 1765, containing an altar-piece by Dance, we may enter Broad Street and turn to the right.

Where Broad Street falls into Throgmorton Street, a gateway on the right leads into the quiet courts of Austin Friars, occupying the site of a famous Augustinian convent founded in 1243 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester; but the church, which was retained for the king, was granted by Edward VI. "to the Dutch nation in London to have their service in" (as he says in his journal of June 29, 1550), "for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like." The Dutch still own the building, which has some handsome Decorated windows. The tombs in this church—once like a cathedral, the present edifice being only part of the ancient nave—were amongst the most magnificent in London; and it still contains the remains of a vast number of eminent persons, including Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Surrey, beheaded in 1397 by Richard II. for joining the league against Vere and De la Pole; Humphrey de Bohun, godfather of Edward I., who fought in the battle of Evesham; Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who was so powerful in the reigns of John and Henry III.; Edward, eldest son of the Black Prince and of the Fair Maid of Kent, who died in his seventh year, 1375; the 10th Earl of Arundel, executed in Cheap-

side in 1397; John de Vere, 12th Earl of Oxford, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1461; the barons who fell in the battle of Barnet, buried together in the body of the church in 1471; William, Lord Berkeley, (1492) and his wife Joan; and Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, through the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey—of whose death Charles V. said that "a Butcher's son" (Wolsey) "had devoured the fairest buck in all England." It will scarcely be believed that the monuments of all these illustrious dead were sold by the second Marquis of Winchester for £100! The monastery had been granted by Henry VIII. to the first Marquis, who is celebrated as having lived under nine sovereigns, and who, when asked in his old age how he had contrived to get on so well with them all, said, "by being a willow and not an oak." He was the builder of Winchester House in Austin Friars, which was sold to a city merchant by the 4th Marquis, but only pulled down in 1839. In this house the famous Anne Clifford, who was described by Dr. Donne as "knowing everything, from predestination to slane silk," married her first husband, Richard, Earl of Dorset, February 25, 1608—9. Winchester House is commemorated in Great Winchester Street, which till lately contained more ancient houses than almost any street in London. Now many of them are rebuilt, but the street has an old-world look, and ends in a quiet court surrounded with ancient brick houses, with a broad stone staircase leading to the principal doorway.

Turning to the right from the gate of Austin Friars, we soon find ourselves at the eastern front of the Royal Exchange, before which is the seated Statue of George Peabody by W. Story.

A. J. C. HARE.

A PHYSICIAN'S THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Being an Address delivered to the Glasgow University Missionary Association.*

By PROFESSOR GAIRDNER, M.D.

I DESIRE, on the present occasion, with some diffidence, but with the utmost sincerity, to give expression to a few of the thoughts that have occurred to me about the great work of Christian Missions, especially in our own country among the neglected masses in our great towns, as we see them in the present day. In making these remarks it may be well to say, *in limine*, that I do not pretend to any great knowledge of the details of the missionary work, either of this or of any

other association; or rather, let me put it

* The address here published, more than ten years after its delivery, was prepared at the instance of Professor (now the Very Rev. Principal) Caird, who, however, is in no way responsible for what is written; the very essence of the request made by him as the Honorary President of the Association, being that the "Physician" was to speak his own thoughts, without limitation or restriction, either as to subject or manner of expression. The address gave rise to a warm, though very friendly, discussion, and thus far accomplished its object; but the author did not on that account think of giving it any wider publicity, until, finding it laid aside, and after more than the Horatian interval of delay, it occurred to him to send it, with certain omissions and a few added notes, to the Editor of GOOD WORDS.

thus : such knowledge of details as I have proceeds from another side altogether of what may nevertheless be very truly called a missionary work ; my views, as a sanitary officer and otherwise, having been chiefly directed to the physical aspect of man's degradation, and to the moral and spiritual through the physical ; rather, indeed, to the great mass of sin, misery, and godlessness, on which the power of Christian sympathy needs to act, than to the special channels through which it is acting for good. And there is, further, one great and overwhelming reason why on this subject I should speak "without partiality" of all the various kinds and denominations of religious societies. During the last four or five months it has pleased God to call to the assistance of the sanitary officers, under pressure of a great emergency, the active beneficence and voluntary co-operation of nearly every religious community in Glasgow. Thousands of Christian men, at the call of duty sounded forth from the pulpit, have gone forth into the homes of the poor, to read them the lessons taught by the apprehended approach of a great pestilence ;* and, so far as personal observation permits me to speak, Catholic and Protestant, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, Churchman and Dissenter, orthodox and heretic, High Church and Low Church and Broad Church, have all worked with equal zeal and devotedness, according to the share assigned to each in this work of true piety and love ; which we may surely call, in a certain sense, a great missionary effort. Have I not reason, then,

* The reference here is to the epidemic of cholera of 1866. At an early period in the course of the sanitary preparations to meet this epidemic, but before any case had occurred in Scotland, when hospitals were being built, house-to-house visitation organized, &c., the want was experienced of a sufficiently large staff of intelligent agents to bring the most elementary sanitary lessons of precaution rapidly before the population in those 40,000 or 50,000 houses which at that time were presumably most open to epidemic invasion. The suggestion hereupon made to the medical officer by an eminent clergyman, to appeal for volunteers to the Christian churches of all denominations, was promptly followed up, and in a few weeks from 3,000 to 4,000 missionaries of health, selected by the various congregations without distinction of creed, and carrying printed as well as oral instructions from the sanitary officials, were at work in the districts, which were minutely mapped out, so that every individual of this great army knew exactly his place and what to do, and to whom to apply in certain foreseen emergencies. The instructions thus pressed home to the poor, in anticipation of the epidemic, had relation to personal and domestic cleanliness, removal of nuisances, suitable food, temperance, &c. ; and the papers which conveyed the instructions were so framed as, without exciting undue alarm, to give minute directions as to proceedings in cases even of slight illness, disinfection, how to get medical assistance, &c. There is every reason to believe that the influence of this great and sudden movement was most beneficial ; and, although it cannot fairly be affirmed that the comparative exemption of Glasgow during the cholera epidemic of 1866 was due to this cause, yet the moral as well as physical results at the time were felt by all concerned to be so good, as to make a solemn service of thanksgiving, held in almost all the churches on the 1st of January, 1867, an appropriate and almost spontaneous expression of the general emotion.

to say and to think that, in this instance at least, a power and a spirit have been developed manifestly one and the same, though underlying all the various forms of the religious life ; a spirit essentially Christian, but deeper than all the divisions of Christendom ; a power founded, not on fleeting forms of opinion or of doctrine, but on that which makes all things ours, in that we are Christ's and Christ is God's ?

I wish to use this illustrative example of what is, or might be, common to all Christian missions, for the purpose of suggesting to you some of the considerations which occur to me as to its bearing on your own work in this Association, and in the general field of missionary enterprise. And if in so doing I should fail to utter anything new, or even stumble upon thoughts that are so familiar as to be truisms to many of you, I am sure that you will pardon me for the reasons already assigned. Even a truism, if it be at the same time a truth sincerely and simply spoken, may acquire a new character in falling from the lips of one accustomed to view these and other subjects as a physician, rather than to think of, or to address, educated theologians on subjects pertaining to the work of religious instruction.

It will appear, for instance, the merest truism to say that the chief object of missionary enterprise is to "preach the gospel ;" to make the names of God and of Christ known among men, and especially among those who through ignorance or vice have cast out the image of God from their hearts, and are living in practical atheism ; who, as St. Paul expresses it, are "without a Christ, aliens . . . and strangers . . . ; not having a hope, and without God, in the world."² But in how different a spirit is this work of preaching the gospel, or *evangelization* (to use the real phrase of the New Testament) pursued in different cases ! How immensely different the gospel, *i.e.*, the glad tidings, of Paul, for example, coming absolutely as news to most of those who heard him in Galatia or in Corinth, from the well-worn and often merely customary phrases of many a modern evangelist ! How different, again, the teaching and preaching, nay, the whole tone of thought (even in using similar language) of the modern evangelical Calvinist, from those of Calvin himself ! How distinct the evangel of Calvin from that of Luther ! and of both of these from the cheery, humorous, homely gospel of Hugh Latimer as preached at

* Eph. ii. 12.

Paul's Cross to multitudes of admiring but commonplace and practical Englishmen; and this again from the trumpet-tongued gospel of John Knox, "wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places!"* Or compare for a moment any of these with the gospel preached by the early followers of Loyola to the Buddhists of India and China, and then contrast this marvellous triumph of organization and passive obedience with the strongly individual piety, and the genuine missionary zeal for God and Christ, of such men in different ages as Augustine, and Bernard, and the good bishop Fénelon, and the yet nobler pastor Cberlin in his quiet Alsatian valley, not only building up his rude and rustic people in the faith, throughout the destructive crisis of the French Revolution, but making them also "zealous of good works;" occupying them with education, and with all manner of real improvements, till it may almost be said without a figure that, through the active loving spirit of Christ operating in the pastor's example, the desert was made to "rejoice and to blossom as the rose."

Looking to the wide range of possible missionary achievement, and to the very imperfect success of actual missionary work in many cases, I confess that I have often been led to doubt whether the special gift of "preaching the gospel" is not largely misapprehended, and perhaps therefore overestimated in the present day in its relation to its effect upon the classes usually considered to come within the scope of missionary influences. Or rather, let me state the doubt in another way. Is the preaching of the gospel by a modern missionary really the same thing—or is it often even anything like the same thing—as the spreading of the glad tidings of salvation in the first ages of Christianity? Does it really appeal to the same feelings, touch the same deep human sympathies, waken up the same slumbering echoes of something noble within the man, as when the first missionaries of the good news of God made their appeal from city to city, and from house to house, calling on both Jews and Greeks to receive the simple truth that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, sent through the grace of God to save men from their sins?

That there is still much of the old spirit, who can doubt? That it is more widely

diffused, indeed, through the whole fabric of society in the present day than in any previous age, it is possibly not too much to affirm. The noble works of Christian philanthropy which the present age has already seen, the humane and essentially just character of modern legislation, the multiplied instances of care and sympathy for the slave, the outcast, and the oppressed, the improvement of our prison discipline, the foundation of ragged and industrial schools, the systematic education of the deaf, dumb, and blind, the earnest and universal movement towards sanitary reform, are all so many testimonies that in the midst of our thousands of churches and millions of professing Christians, "preaching the gospel" is not dissociated from Christian work. But is it not, nevertheless, true, that with too many of us it is otherwise; that our religion tends too much in the direction indicated by the modern sense of "preaching the gospel;" that is, to setting forth and hearing the word of God, often in abstract theological language; to an occasional logical and emotional exercise, rather than to a serious and thorough training of the soul for its daily struggle with temptation, and worldliness, and selfishness, and sin?

To say this of the religious aspects of general society is only to say in other words what is preached from week to week from hundreds of pulpits—that our faith is often weak, and our love cold; that with too many of us religion is a matter of Sabbath observance, a thing of set times and places, not an all-pervading influence; a form of doctrine, not a renewing of the heart; a profession of faith, but not faith itself; or at least not a living faith, but one which, because "it hath not works is dead, being alone." And it may with a certain force be pleaded on the other side that in general society religion unquestionably has a great, though indefinite, influence upon the daily life; an influence not, it is true, visibly demonstrated, as in the old Catholic times, by the formal devotion of individuals exclusively to works of charity and of practical beneficence, under a vow of celibacy or of poverty; but rather an informal and at times almost latent influence, which has, nevertheless, with many persons a sustaining and elevating effect upon the tone of domestic life, and even finds its way into the haunts of business and of pleasure—not obtrusively, but as a widespread and subtle odour of incense "sweetening the breath of society," as Dr. Chalmers quaintly said; tempering the mammon-

* Eph. vi. 12.

worship of commerce with a nobler principle, and keeping both art and literature pure, even when it cannot be asserted that the religious spirit is directly represented. To say that literature is often frivolous, and art vain, and commerce selfish, and domestic life hard and ungracious, and the world, even among church-going people, eminently worldly on week-days, is to make a general charge that cannot be gainsaid, but which does not exclude, or even render improbable, a very large influence for good leavening the mass, and arising directly from the ministrations of the pulpit, and from the other ordinances of religion among what are commonly termed the "church-going" classes.

It is widely different, however, among the neglected, the dissipated, the ignorant and careless, and even among the very poor, hovering upon the verge of respectability, but not able, or not willing, to comply with all the complicated conditions that enter into the idea of respectability in our modern artificial civilisation. With these, the waifs and strays, the pariahs and outcasts of our social life, the "Arabs" of our great towns, the pauperised and helpless day labourers of the agricultural districts, the "preaching of the gospel" is too often the reverse of a message of gladness. Either the spoken word fails to get access at all, or it is resented and spurned as something worse than unintelligible. Here and there only is there a stray case of repentance and conversion; the mass remains unmoved. Whether or not the truth may have been spoken and, up to a certain point, apprehended, it is very plain that the electric chord of sympathy has not been touched. It would seem as though a new gospel were needed for these poor castaways; for notwithstanding our thousands of churches, and the almost infinitely multiplied forms of appeal; notwithstanding the unquestionably increasing influence of Christianity in pervading almost every other class of the community, there remains an ever-enlarging mass of outside utter godlessness, almost impenetrable to the missionary; and nowhere denser, or more impenetrable, or more visibly increasing from year to year, than in this our Presbyterian Scotland, and this our very flourishing and on the whole both enlightened and religious town of Glasgow, which has for half a century, at least, been among the most flourishing and most progressive of the cities of the empire.*

I do not wish to overcharge a picture which under every view of it must be sufficiently dark. But many observations in different quarters have convinced me that the class which I refer to, the class whose amelioration is the aim alike of the home-missionary and the sanitary reformer, and which is too often the despair of both—this dangerous class, so far from diminishing, is (there is too much reason to believe) increasing from year to year. Further, it may be assumed, without the slightest risk of error, that the class to which I refer is to be numbered in Glasgow, not by hundreds or even thousands, but rather by tens of thousands; that in all the indications of social degradation—drunkenness, rags, impurity physical and moral, coarse repulsiveness of demeanour—and in its utter shamelessness amidst its degradation, the worst portions of this class in Glasgow can scarcely be paralleled anywhere else.

I venture to ask you now, without waiting to verify the details of a picture which must be in its general features too well known to you, to consider for a moment if they do not imply, on the part of society at large, a duty either greatly neglected or greatly misunderstood? I ask you in other words, Is there a gospel in Christianity specially adapted for this class? And if so, how is it that we fail in the application of that evangel in the very quarter where it is most needed?

That there is a gospel applicable to this

City Improvement Act, obtained from Parliament almost without opposition in 1866. The earliest efforts in this direction were due to a voluntary association which, on a comparatively small but still considerable scale, showed what might be done by buying up unwholesome and overcrowded property, notoriously the haunt of crime and disease, and converting it gradually to better uses by partial reconstruction. But the Act of 1866, which was the parent of other similar pieces of legislation since, and notably of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of Mr. Cross, was introduced into Parliament mainly at the instance of the late Lord Provost Blackie, who, along with Mr. John Carrick, the city architect, gave unwearied attention to the details of the scheme, and brought it into exact accordance with sanitary requirements. Subsequently, the admirably judicious and careful superintendence of the working of the Act has been mainly due to Sir James Watson and Bailie Morrison, successively the conveners of the committee to whom its administration has been intrusted. From a paper recently submitted by the former of these gentlemen to the British Association of Science at Plymouth, it may be interesting to quote a single short paragraph, as illustrating the dependence of the moral and religious state of a population in some respects upon physical causes—

"The result of the operations of the committee has been entirely to renovate large portions of the city. Wide and handsome streets, with large spacious shops and dwellings, have taken the place of narrow streets and lanes, of old and dilapidated buildings. The narrow closes, where the criminal classes were wont to combine for all sorts of crimes, and from whence they nightly sallied out to rob and plunder, have given place to respectable dwellings. Fever dens have been extirpated, and, by the aid of the Sanitary Committee, the death rate has been in these districts greatly reduced. Many of the vicious who inhabited these localities, being driven from them, have been forced either to labour or to emigrate. The moral effect produced it is not easy to ascertain, and this effect can only be gradual. It must, however, be apparent to every one that there are few things more likely to raise the tone of the working classes than clean and comfortable homes in healthy localities and respectable neighbourhoods."

* The author has great pleasure in stating that the darkest shades in a picture which he does not even now think to have been exaggerated at the time, have been greatly modified by the truly beneficent and enlightened administration of the

class—nay, that such a gospel was specially sent to, and specially welcomed by, this class in the early days of Christianity, is surely one of the most prominent and clearly defined facts in the New Testament narrative. When He walked the earth whose whole life was one great “home mission,” it was everywhere “the common people that heard him gladly;” it was the “publicans and sinners” with whom he chiefly consorted; it was the “multitude” that followed him “afoot out of all cities” when they saw him “depart into a desert place privately;” and on the other hand it was the rich man who could “hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven;” the Scribes and the Pharisees, who though they sat in Moses’ seat, yet “rejected the counsel of God;”^{*} hypocrites indeed, inasmuch as they “shut up the kingdom of heaven against men;” neither going in themselves, nor yet suffering them that were entering to go in.[†] And when John sent messengers to know from Christ himself the tokens of the Messiahship, it was this which was insisted on in common with the wonderful works of healing and beneficence, as the culminating and conclusive test of the new gospel: “Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.” “The poor are evangelized,” so, I pray you to observe, it is written in the original; it was not the preaching of the gospel *to* the poor, but the reception of the gospel *by* the poor, that was the real moral miracle, the crowning evidence of the Christianity of Christ. It was the almost visible breaking-up of the hard crust of ignorance and selfishness, the melting of the ice, so to speak, under the warm rays of a more than human, and yet most human, sympathy, displayed in words of infinite compassion and works of divine beneficence; this was the missionary work—the gospel—of Him who “for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich.” And it is the preaching of such a gospel as this, and no other, which in all times and places will cause the hearts of the poor and neglected to leap up rejoicing, at the thought of the great deliverer. Nor will the mere “preaching of the gospel” in any case suffice; the good news itself is everywhere to be associated with works of beneficence in the spirit of the Master, whereby

the pressure of physical misery may be relieved, and the love of Christ shewn forth again and again among his followers to the end of time.

We may feel assured, then, that the form of missionary effort which is most according to the mind of Christ, the gospel which is most completely filled with His spirit, is that which most deeply penetrates into the hidden depths of social life; which presents most vividly to the poorest—nay, to the most degraded and degenerate, the most ignorant and sinful of men—the idea that his life is, or may become, a noble and a true one, according to God’s will revealed in Christ Jesus; that poverty and affliction have been for ever hallowed and made venerable in Him who, amid an admiring people, “went about doing good,” yet “had not where to lay His head;” but that in order to have any share in the gospel of Christ it is necessary to follow His example; to be pure as He was pure; holy as He was holy; loving, and gentle, and forbearing to all, as He was.

Such a gospel as this, wherever and however set forth, will always be attractive to the poor, if not overlaid with abstruse and technical theology, or conveyed in long and tedious forms of discourse, or in language difficult to be understood. But it is to be feared that the elaborate education of divines in dogmatic theology, and the habits of thought engendered by the study of such subjects as are treated of in systematic courses of divinity, may sometimes tend to raise up these subjects into an undue importance in their relation to practical work; and therefore it is that familiarity with the actual condition of the poor, through the instrumentality of such a society as this, may be of a value to young clergymen far beyond what at first sight appears. In medicine we have long been familiar with an analogous relation of practical to systematic instruction. In the class-room, the student learns all manner of doctrines about all diseases, and either falls in with the opinions of his teachers, or is led to think for himself. But a man so educated would nevertheless be in most instances a very bad practitioner, unless he had also the opportunities afforded him, in hospital and dispensary, of observing human nature during the actual struggle with disease. It is here, in fact, and not in the class-room, that he learns the ultimate facts and opinions by which he is guided when sent into practice on his own responsibility. Here he finds that much of the doctrine he has been taught, though not without value in itself, or

^{*} Luke vii. 30 (referring to the baptism of John).
[†] Matt. xxiii. 13.

even unimportant as regards questions of medical treatment, is really of very limited practical application; while facts and inferences rise into importance at the bedside to which systematic teaching can give only very imperfect expression. Above all, it is in this thoroughly practical field only that he comes to know *men*, to understand their wants and feelings in disease, to feel *for* them and *with* them, and to modify theoretic views in relation to practical emergencies. Am I wrong in supposing that this most valuable kind of instruction, or rather of education, is often not acquired by clergymen till after many years' experience in their parishes, and perhaps in some cases is never acquired at all? It appears to me that the operation of a society like this ought considerably to facilitate the acquisition of such experience at a comparatively early period.

The business of the missionary is essentially practical; he comes in contact with the sick human soul very much as the physician with the sick human body. He will soon find out, if I mistake not, that "preaching," in the ordinary sense of the word, goes a very small way indeed in overcoming morbid tendencies and implanting or fostering healthy instincts. What is wanted is not preaching, but sympathy; not doctrine, but a man's heart filled with love to God and Christ, and yet, like the heart of Christ, "not untouched with a feeling of our infirmities." And it is only in the midst of such work that doctrines get to assume their true relative importance in the mind, and that the janglings of schools and sects, of heresies and orthodoxies, are seen to be as nothing in the eye of God, beside the great work of saving the individual soul through love.

The great apostle of the Gentiles, who was surely the greatest, if not the first, of all Christian missionaries, has left us a vivid personal record, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, of the impressions produced in his mind by the doctrinal divisions introduced at an early period into that Church. It cannot be supposed that the author of the Epistle to the Romans was indifferent to doctrine, or careless of absolute truth; but in the face of the divisions in the Corinthian Church, his tone is throughout that of one who sees clearly that there is something greater than doctrine, and infinitely more essential to a Christian Church—something which is likely to be lost sight of in the midst of dogmatic discussions. Even in congratulating them (perhaps with a slight touch of sarcasm) that they are rich "in all utterance

(doctrine) and in all knowledge,"* he warns them against the schisms and contentions which have already arisen. For himself, he is most anxious to disclaim all these refinements of doctrine; he indeed came to them at first not to baptize, but to evangelize; that is, not as a priest, but as a brother man; not with ordinances or doctrines, but with the glad tidings simply; not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. Thus, the cross of Christ was his *one* doctrine, a crucified Messiah his one answer to the Jews, who required a sign, and to the Greeks, who were seeking after wisdom. This one great fact of a *crucified Christ*, he declares, is to the faithful the power of God, which will annihilate Judaism, and the wisdom of God, which will overthrow Greek philosophy; nay, it is even a part of God's divine wisdom to bring to nought the wisdom of the world by the very foolishness of his method of salvation; foolish, in that it takes no account of the prejudices either of Jews or Greeks, yet truly wise, in that it stirs the very inmost heart of humanity. For what Jew, as a Jew, could bear to be told that his Messiah perished on the cross? And what Greek, as a Greek, could do otherwise than spurn a wisdom which brought no victory and no crown except out of suffering and humiliation? Such, however, was the one great doctrine of early Christianity, majestic in its simplicity, touching in its apparent weakness, "a stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks,"—that the crucified Christ had become the Saviour and Lord of the world.

Is it possible to read these chapters of this Epistle (1 Cor. i.—iii.) intelligently, and not to ask how far our modern "preaching of the gospel" corresponds with this old programme? Is it not often, on the contrary, destitute of that simplicity which constituted the very power of the original gospel? Is it not often overlaid with rhetoric, cumbered with metaphysical speculation, buried in theological and mostly mediæval dogma? Such, I think, is at all events the tendency

* The peculiar wording of this passage, and especially the use of the word *gnosis* in connection with what follows in the beginning of chapter viii., v. 1—3, justifies the inference that an ironical compliment is intended to the superior "knowledge," or self-satisfied illumination of those Corinthian Christians who, even in the first flush of their early enthusiasm, could not be restrained from more or less abstruse speculations, which they believed to be in some way more spiritual than a simple faith in Christ himself. To these his words of rebuke are, "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth; and if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know. But if any man love God, the same is known of him." How many ancient and modern so-called orthodoxies, hard and dogmatic statements of belief substituted for the true gospel, or glad tidings of Christ, stand condemned in these words!

of a system of education for the ministry which rests exclusively upon academic training, which draws from Calvin, from Augustine, or even from the Bible itself, the materials of its inspiration, but communicates no direct and personal knowledge of the

human heart and of human life. It is for these reasons that I can see in your Missionary Association not only an additional means for good among the poor, but, rightly employed, an important adjunct to the training of the young divine in this university.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

VII.

"By the light of burning martyr fires Christ's bleeding feet
I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not
back."

LOWELL.

WE have reached the critical point in the great drama. All present chance of the triumph of the kingdom of God, humanly speaking, in the lake country of Galilee, the battle-field chosen by Himself, where His mightiest works had been done and His mightiest words spoken—the district from which his chosen companions came, and in which clamorous crowds had been ready to declare Him king—is now over. Before entering that battle-field, when face to face with the tempter in the wilderness, He had deliberately rejected all aid from the powers and kingdoms of the world, and for the moment the powers of the world had proved too strong for Him. The rulers of that people, Pharisee, Sadducee, and Herodian, scribe and lawyer, were now marshalled against Him in one compact phalanx throughout all the coasts of Galilee. His disciples were melting away from a leader who, while He refused them active service, bewildered them by assuming titles which they could not understand. They were longing for one who would rally them against the Roman oppressor and give them their own land again, free from tribute. Such an one would be worth following to the death; but what could they make of this "Son of Man," who would prove His title to that name by giving His body and pouring out His blood for the life of man—of this "Son of God," who spoke of redeeming mankind and exalting humanity to God's right hand, instead of exalting the Jew to the head of humanity?

In the face of such a state of things, to remain in Capernaum and the neighbouring towns and villages would have been to court death there, and at once. The truly courageous man, you may remind me, is not turned from his path by the fear of death, which is the supreme test and touchstone of his

courage. True;—nor was Christ so turned, even for a moment. Whatever may have been His hopes in the earlier part of His career, by this time He had no longer a thought that mankind could be redeemed without His perfect and complete sacrifice and humiliation. The cup would indeed have to be drunk to the dregs, but not here, or now. This must be done at Jerusalem, the centre of the national life and the seat of the Roman Government, during the Passover, the national commemoration of sacrifice and deliverance. And so He withdraws with His immediate disciples from the constant stress of battle, from this time keeping away from the great centres of population, except when, on two occasions—at the Feast of Tabernacles and the Feast of the Dedication—He goes up to Jerusalem. This portion of His life comprises something less than the last twelve months, from the summer of the second year of His ministry till the eve of the last Passover at Easter in the third year.

In glancing at the main facts of this period, as we have done hitherto, we have to note chiefly His intercourse with the twelve apostles, and His preparation of them for the end of His own career and the beginning of theirs; His conduct at Jerusalem during the two autumnal and winter feasts; and the occasions when He comes into collision with the rulers and Pharisees both at these feasts and in the intervals between them.

The keynote of it, in spite of certain short and beautiful interludes, appears to me to be a sense of loneliness and oppression, caused by the feeling that He has work to do and words to speak which those for whom they were to be done and spoken, and whom they were to bless, would either misunderstand or abhor. This becomes clear, I think, at once, when, in the first days after His quitting the lake shores, He asks His disciples the questions, "Whom do the world, and whom do ye, say that I am?" He is answered by Peter in the well-known burst of enthusiasm, that though the people only look on Him as

a prophet, such as Elijah or Jeremiah, His own chosen followers see in Him "the Christ the Son of the living God." It is this particular moment which He selects for telling them distinctly that Christ will not triumph as they regard triumphing, that He will fall into the power of His enemies and be slain by them. At once the proof comes of how little even the best of His own most intimate friends had caught the spirit of His teaching or of His kingdom. The announcement of His humiliation and death, which none but the most truthful and courageous of men would have made at such a moment, leaves them almost as much bewildered as the people had been a few days before. Their hearts are faithful and simple, and upon them the truth has flashed once for all, that there can be no other Saviour of Men than this man with whom they are living; but by what means and to what end the salvation shall come they are scarcely less ignorant than were the people, who had been in vain seeking from Him a sign such as they desired. "They understood not His saying, and it was hid from them, that they perceived it not." Rather indeed they go straight from that teaching to dispute amongst themselves who of them shall be the greatest in that kingdom which they understand so little, and their master has to begin again at the beginning of His teaching, and, placing a little child amongst them, to declare that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The teaching as to His death and humiliation is repeated again after the Transfiguration, and indeed whenever any exhibition of power or wisdom seems likely to encourage the frame of mind in the twelve generally which had brought the great rebuke on Peter. How slowly it did its work, even with His disciples, there are but too many proofs.

With His kinsfolk, and the people generally, his mission, thanks to the cabals of the rulers and elders, has come to be looked upon with deep distrust and impatience. "How long dost thou make us to doubt? Go up to this coming feast, and there prove your title before those who know how to judge in such matters," is the querulous cry of the former as the Feast of Tabernacles approaches. He does not go up publicly with the caravan, which would have been at this time needlessly to incur danger, but, when the feast is half over, appears in the Temple. There He again openly affronts the rulers by justifying His former acts, and teaching and proclaiming that He who has sent Him is true, and is their God. It is evidently on account of

His courage that the people now again begin to rally round Him. "Behold, He speaketh boldly. Do our rulers know that this is Christ?" is the talk which fills the air, and induces the scribes and Pharisees, for the first time, to attempt His arrest by their officers. The officers return without Him, and their masters are, for the moment, powerless before the simple word of Him who, as their own servants testify, "speaks as never man spake." But if they cannot arrest and execute, they may entangle Him further, and prepare for their day, which will surely come. So they bring to Him the woman taken in adultery, and draw from Him the discourse in which He tells them that the truth will make them free, the truth which he has come to tell them, but which they will not hear, because they are of their father the devil; and ends with asserting His claim to the name which every Jew held sacred, "before Abraham was I am." The 7th and 8th chapters of St. John, which record these scenes at the Feast of the Tabernacles, have probably done more to make men courageous than all the stirring accounts of bold deeds which ever were written elsewhere.

The report of what had happened at the Feast of Tabernacles seems to have rekindled the fitful zeal of the people of Galilee. Christ does not, however, avail Himself of the reaction until the time comes for another return to Jerusalem to the Feast of Dedication, when (probably in the month of November or early in December) He returns once more to Capernaum, to prepare for His journey. The Pharisees, impotent themselves for the moment, now hurry to warn Him that Herod is seeking to kill Him; but He passes on His way with perfect indifference. The crowds seem as of old inclined to gather round Him again. He selects seventy from amongst them, and sends them on to prepare His route, following Himself with the multitude. And now, again, in the first days of this progress, the most trusted of the apostles show how little, even yet, they understand their Lord or their work. When they see their Master once more at the head of a throng of followers, the old spirit comes back on them, and they are anxious to call down fire from Heaven to consume those who will not receive Him. His rebuke and warning, even yet, pass by them. The incidents of the journey impress them more and more with the belief that now, at last, the kingdom is coming with power. At length, at some point in the progress, they are amazed, and

as they follow are afraid (Mark x. 32). Once more Christ takes them aside, and endeavours to dispel their dreams, repeating to them, in painful detail, what will happen to Him at Jerusalem that He will be betrayed, delivered to the Gentiles, mocked, scourged, spat upon, crucified. In spite of this warning, in the next verse (35) we find James and John asking for the places of honour.

At the feast He is met by the Pharisees and scribes in a somewhat different temper. He is again at the head of a vast and eager multitude. They know that some, even of their own number, are inclined to believe in Him. They appeal to Him, passionately, to say who He is. He replies by referring to His former teaching about His father, whom they claimed as their God, adding, "I and my Father are one." Such a reply He well knew could only have one result. He was alone; and in the ears of those who surrounded Him he was speaking blasphemy, which could only be expiated by instant death. Yet he neither hesitates nor temporises, but when they seize stones to inflict the penalty, meets them with a bearing so calm and manly that they can no more cast the first stone at Him than they could three months before at the woman taken in adultery. He leaves Jerusalem once more after the feast, going across Jordan with His apostles to the country where John preached and baptized, and remains there preaching to those who came to Him until the news of Lazarus's death takes Him for a few days to Bethany. After the raising of His friend He returns to Peræa again, and leaves it only when the great caravan is passing by on its way to the Passover in the early spring. He joins, passing with it through Jericho, the city of priests, and selecting there the publican Zacchæus as His host—a last lesson, by example, of the kind of material which will be used in building up His kingdom.

On the first day of the feast He rides into Jerusalem in apparent triumph, the city mob joining the pilgrim mob in greeting Him with loud Hosannahs. Once more He cleanses the Temple, and rouses the covetousness of the money changers into active alliance with the bigotry of the priests, and the wild anger and jealousy of the rulers, to sweep this terrible Galilean revolutionist from the face of the earth, before He can ruin them all. For two days He continues to meet them in the Temple and public resorts of the city, shaming, confuting, and denouncing them, and widening hour by hour that breach which

was already so wide between the nation and city and their true Lord and King. The last scene in the Temple, recorded in John xiii. brings the long struggle to a close.

The more carefully you study this long wrestle with the blind leaders of a doomed nation, which had now come to an end, the more you will recognise the perfect truthfulness, and therefore the perfect courage which marks Christ's conduct of it. From beginning to end there is no word or act which can mislead friend or foe. The strife, though for life and death, has left no trace or stain on His nature. Fresh from the last and final conflict in the Temple court, He can pause on the side of Olivet to weep over the city, the sight of which can still wring from Him the pathetic yearnings of a soul purified from all taint of bitterness. It is this most tender and sensitive of the sons of men, with fibres answering to every touch and breath of human sympathy or human hate, who has borne with absolutely unshaken steadfastness the distrust and anger of kinsfolk, the ingratitude of converts, the blindness of disciples, the fitful and purblind worship and hatred and fear of the nation of the Jews. So far, we can estimate to some extent the burthen and the strain, and realise the strength and beauty, of the spirit which could bear it all. Beyond and behind lie depths into which we can but glance. For in those last hours of His life on earth the question was to be decided whether we men have a Father in heaven, whether there is a Son of Man, the head of humanity, who has united mankind to their Father, and can enable them to know Him.

VIII.

"Thou seem'st both human and divine;
The highest, holiest manhood Thou!"

WE have reached the last stage, which is also the most critical one, of our inquiry. It is upon the accounts which we have of Christ's Agony that the scornful denial of His manliness mainly rests. How, it is asked, can you Christians recognise as perfect man, as the head and representative of humanity, one who showed such signs of physical fear and weakness as Christ in the garden of Gethsemane? Even without going to the roll of saints and martyrs, hundreds of men and women can be named who have looked a cruel death in the face without flinching, and endured tortures at least as painful as His with a constancy which was wanting in Him. It was, indeed, a speech of this kind, in which the death of the Aboli-

tionist leader, John Brown, was contrasted with that of Christ, as one so far superior in manliness that it should be enough of itself to shame Christians out of their superstition, which induced me to propose this inquiry to you. Now I freely admit that there is no recorded end of a life that I know of more entirely brave and manly than this one. About that I think there would scarcely be disagreement anywhere. The very men who allowed him to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution, and then hanged him, recognised this. "You are a game man, Captain Brown," the sheriff said in the waggon. "Yes," he answered, "I was so brought up. It was one of my mother's lessons. From infancy I have not suffered from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness;" and he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms and walked cheerfully on to the scaffold, thankful that he was "allowed to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature, as all must." There is no simpler or nobler record in the book of martyrs, and in passing I would only remind you that he at least was ready to acknowledge from whence came his strength. "Christ, the great Captain of liberty as well of salvation," he wrote just before his death, "saw fit to take from me the sword of steel after I had carried it for a time, but He has put another in my hand, the sword of the Spirit, and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever He may send me." And to a friend who left him with the words, "If you can be true to yourself to the end how glad we shall be," he answered, "I cannot say, but I do not think I shall deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ." The old Abolitionist would have been as amazed as any man at such a comparison as we are dealing with, and have reminded us that, so far from treading the winepress alone, he was upheld by the sympathy and enthusiasm of all of his own nation for whom he cared.

No such support had Christ. He knew too well that even the strongest of the little band which came with Him to the garden would deny Him before the light dawned over Olivet. And that sense of utter loneliness it was, more probably than all the rest of the burthen which He was carrying, that wrung from Him the prayer of agony, recalled almost before it was uttered, that the cup might pass from Him, and caused the sweat as it were great drops of blood to fall from His brow as He knelt and prayed. How the tradition of that agony and bloody

sweat has come to us it is hard to say, as the nearest witnesses were asleep; but no Christian doubts that it is a true one, or that the passion of human weakness which then passed over His soul was a genuine shrinking from the unutterable anguish which was weighing it down to the dust. But even admitting frankly all that is recorded of the agony and bloody sweat, such admission can only enhance the sublime courage of all that follows. It is his action when the danger comes, not when he is in solitary preparation for it, which marks the man of courage. As Judas with his torchmen draws near He gathers Himself together, rouses His sleepy followers, and meets His enemy in the gate. There could have been no quailing in the glance before which the armed crowd of priests' retainers went backward and fell to the ground. Follow Him through that long night: to the sanhedrim chamber, where He Himself furnishes the evidence which the chief priest sought for in vain while He was silent—to the court of the palace, where He bore the ribaldry and dastard tortures and insults of the low Jewish crowd till morning, turning in the midst of them with the reminding look to Peter, which sent His last friend, broken down by the consciousness of his own cowardice, weeping into the night—to the judgment-seat of Pilate and the scourgings of the Roman soldiers—to Herod's hall and the insults of the base Galilean court—back again to the judgment-seat of the representative of the divine Tiberius, and so to the final brutalities in the prætorium while the cross is preparing, and the blood, dripping from the crown of thorns on His brow, mingles with that which flows from the wounds of His scourgings—and find, if you can, one momentary sign of terror or of weakness. In all the world's annals there is nothing which approaches, in the sublimity of its courage, to that last conversation between the peasant prisoner, by this time a mass of filth and blood, and the Roman procurator, before Pilate led Him forth for the last time, and pleaded scornfully with His nation for the life of their King. The canon from which we started must guide us to the end: there must be no flaw or spot on Christ's courage, any more than on His wisdom and tenderness and sympathy; and the more unflinchingly we apply the test, the more clear and sure will the response come back to us.

We have been told recently, by more than one of those who profess to have weighed

and measured Christianity and found it wanting, that religion must rest on reason, based on phenomena of this visible tangible world in which we are living. Be it so. There is no need for a Christian to object. Looking, then, at that world as we see it labouring heavily along in our own time, as we hear of it through the records of the ages, I must repeat that there is no phenomenon comparable to this of Christ's life

and work. The more we canvass and sift and weigh and balance the materials, the more clearly and grandly does the figure rise before us as the true head of humanity, the perfect example, not only of wisdom and tenderness and love, but of courage also, because He was and is the simple Truth of God—the expression at last in flesh and blood of what He who created us meant and means our race to be.

WINTER TOKENS.

WHEN the stormcock blows his whistle
And the tomtit files his saw,
And the robin pipes his treble
And the rook flies with the daw,
And the cricket tunes his fiddle
To the kettle's merry song,
And the sleety blast is driving
The poor beggar-boy along;
When the sea-coal fire burns brightest
And the kittens loudest purr,
And no music to the sportsman
Beats the pheasant's sudden whirr;

When the cowerd sets his springles
By the runnel and the mere,
And the starlings seek the plashets
At the belling of the deer;
When the colly in the coppice
Cracks his snails upon the stone,
And the carrion-crow sits telling
His doleful tale alone,
While the young thrush in the thicket
Tries his notes o'er for the spring,
And the wild geese, flying V-like,
Speed swifter on the wing;

When the flails make merry music
To the urchins out of school,
And the old men seek the settle
While the maidens card the wool;
When fair Nelly from the forest
Calls the acorn-hunting swine,
With her cheery "Chuggy, chuggy,"
In the glow at even-chime,
And old gossips croon their stories
As they knit around the fires,
And wee Jenny Wrens a-peeping
See the poachers set their wires;

When young Hodge, the weary plough-boy,
Snores, with heavy head awry,
As sly Roger plays the sweetheart
To prim Polly, rushing by,
While old Pedler Joe laughs, spilling
The cider in his mirth,
O'er Ship the farm-dog, dozing
And dreaming on the hearth,
And the goodwife rocks the cradle
Till the master's voice is heard—
"To bed, boys," as "Tuwhit, tuwhoo,"
Hoots sage Minerva's bird:

Then the black storms shake their mantles
O'er the leaf-forsaken trees,
And the snipe comes with the woodcock
And the culver seeks the leas,
And the little lads are busy
Making ready for the fray,
With their cannon, logs, and crackers,
For great Guy Fawkes his day—
When piles of blazing bonfires
And spiteful, hissing toys,
As serpents, squibs, and rockets,
Please large and lesser boys;

Then the skylarks flock together
And the linnets crowding sing,
And the children, 'mid the heather,
Their red rose berries string;
Then, the fruits all safely hoarded,
Lo, the farmer waits for morn,
With a shout for bleak November
And the merry hunter's horn;
While the dormouse and the squirrel,
Curling cosy in their nest,
Tell of merry Christmas coming
And a weary earth at rest.

EDWARD CAPERN.





The Rev. William Black, M.B., C.M.

LIVINGSTONIA AND ITS LOST LEADER.

THE ashes of Livingstone sleep in Westminster, and over them the sculptured stone speaks of how he sought unswervingly, in sickness and in health, to heal "the open sore of the world;" but a still more eloquent memorial of his life and labours is to be found in the East Central African Mission Station, Livingstonia, which the enkindled enterprise of his countrymen has planted. Public feeling being deeply moved by the untimely death of the great missionary, at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. James Stewart, of Lovedale, Livingstone's old yoke-fellow, it was determined, in May, 1874, to enter in and possess the wide and effectual door of work which his labours had mainly set open. The Church of Scotland and the Free Church, with unanimous voice, embraced the idea, and chose the great lake Nyassa as the site of the proposed mission. Money—a sure pulse by which to test the true from the spurious enthusiasm—flowed in quickly, and now the treasures of the two Churches for this special object have received about £20,000. Other Churches, caught by the same wave of enthusiasm, have followed this example, and have selected other parts of East Central Africa as fields of evangelisation. The Church Missionary Society, with a starting-fund of

£12,000, has chosen as its sphere the shores of the Victoria Nyanza; while at Lake Tanganyika, intermediate between the two preceding stations, the London Missionary Society, also with a commencing-fund of £12,000, has organized a third new and distinct mission; so that it would seem as if the death of Livingstone has been as powerful as his life to help mission work—the cause he at once represented and advocated as the hope of Africa.

In May, 1875, the first or pioneer band of missionaries was sent out by the Free Church to Lake Nyassa. It was guided by Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., and Dr. Robert Laws. They started on the latter half of the journey from Port Elizabeth on 6th July; and, putting together the pieces of their little steamer, the *Itala*, at the mouth of the Zambesi, they steamed up that noble river and its tributary, the Shiré, into the great lake, the only interruption to their steady progress being the formidable Murchison Cataracts. They entered Nyassa on the morning of the 12th October at sunrise, and joyfully hailed the sudden flood of glory as a propitious emblem of the advent of the Sun of Righteousness, upon its sin-clouded and slave-peopled shores.

From that day to this an unexampled prosperity has been vouchsafed them. By friendly arrangement with the neighbouring chief, Mapunda, a sandy bay with adjacent territory has been secured upon Cape Maclear as a permanent site, "having a western exposure, while sheltered on the east by tree-clad mountains and on the south by three islands." Here a rough harbour has been formed, a general building plan laid out, and a native population has begun to settle under the sheltering wing of their "fathers, the English." A large reinforcement reached the station on 21st October, 1876, headed by Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, and Dr. Black, a young and promising missionary, upon whom the leadership was meant to fall after the withdrawal of Dr. Stewart. This second party had been accompanied as far as the Murchison Rapids by another band of mission-workers, headed by Dr. Macklin and Mr. Henderson, and sent out by the Church of Scotland. They selected a site near Magomero, and called it "Blantyre," after the birth-place of Livingstone.

At both these stations schools have been opened, and scholars are now coming in plentifully, while religious services on Sabbath and week-days are regularly held. For this work the native volunteers trained at Lovedale are of great assistance. Side by side with the teaching, preaching, and healing of the sick, training in husbandry, carpentry, masonry, weaving, and blacksmith-work is being carried on by competent tradesmen from home attached to both stations. Cattle, too, have been introduced as beasts of burden, and ultimately, it is hoped, as a meat supply. But it is feared that the dreaded *tsetse* may be in the district, and upon the absence of this pestiferous fly may be said to depend all possibility of agriculture on a large scale; and, what is almost as important, all possibility of bullock-travelling when roads shall be made. So the health of the cows and the calves is daily as anxiously looked after as that of so many human beings threatened with the plague.

The moral effect of the British flag upon the local slave-trade has been most wholesome. Before the mission was planted it was estimated that across the ferries of the lake and along its southern shores slaves were carried to the number of twenty thousand per annum. This has now been very largely decreased, and could be entirely checked if a small armed party were kept cruising about on the lake. Charged with the duty of considering the desirability of this, and with the survey of a new route to the coast from the

north end of the lake, it is cheering to know that her Majesty's consul for Mozambique, Captain Elton, and three others, are now probably at Nyassa, having passed Mazaro on the Zambesi on 18th July last.

Already the possibility of opening up trade with these rich inland districts has had considerable attention. The existing route is, as we have seen, chiefly by river, with Port Elizabeth as a basis. The Murchison Cataracts form, however, a huge break in the line of communication. Everything going up or down must be at that point unshipped and undergo portorage for sixty miles over a rough broken pathway. Besides this drawback, the Portuguese Government have advanced claims to the exclusive right of steam navigation of the Zambesi, on account of their settlements upon it, and during the last two years they have exacted high duties upon certain merchandise. How far their right, on both points, has a solid foundation, may well be questioned. But a friendly settlement of differences seems to be near; and quite recently the Lisbon Government have, we learn, reduced their tariff upon duty-charged goods to a uniform rate of two-and-a-half per cent. This route, therefore, as at once the easiest and least liable to interruption, is now being perfected with a view to developing trade. A new portorage road at the cataracts, connecting the upper and lower Shiré, and passing through Blantyre, has just been surveyed and its construction begun. The defrayment of the expense entailed will be solicited from the International African Exploration Society, inaugurated by the King of the Belgians. Mr. James Stewart, C.E., of the Punjab, has most generously given up a year of his furlough to undertake this and other road surveys in connection with the new station.

An entirely new route to the settlement is, however, now in process of being opened up. It is meant to start from Kilwa, about latitude 9°, in Zanzibar territory, and strike the north end of the Lake near the Mazitu settlement of Ironga. The needful survey is, as we have already said, being now undertaken by Captain Elton and his party, who will work their way eastwards, via Mesule and Lukose, to the sea-board terminus. Kilwa has been chosen on account of its good harbourage, a serious deficiency both at Quillimane and Zanzibar. This route will be about three hundred and fifty miles in length, and would meet equally well the necessities of coast communication for Lake Tanganika, by a branch road of one hundred miles more.

Such a highway would thus have command of about two thousand miles of coast upon both lakes, and besides, would keep up communication with the vast territories beyond, towards the Lualaba. Some Glasgow merchants have sent out an experimental trading expedition to Nyassa, via Kilwa and Mesule. It is in charge of Messrs. J. and F. Moir, sons of a well-known physician in Edinburgh, and they are accompanied by Mr. Maze, an engineer of much practical experience. In all probability this expedition and that of Captain Elton will meet one another about half way.

We have, in our wish to give a connected general view of the prospects of Livingstonia, kept purposely back any reference till now to the first black cloud cast over the promising sky of the young mission. By the loss of the mails of the *Cashmere*, we are as yet without the full details of the sad calamity. But the facts that have been received are briefly these. In the beginning of May Dr. Black was prostrated by an eighth or ninth attack of fever, which rapidly increased in intensity of effect and was accompanied by stupor and delirium, from which he never rallied, in spite of every attention lavished on him, and on Monday, the seventh of the month, he "fell asleep in Jesus."

Thus ended, half a year after his arrival at the lake, and in the thirty-first year of his age, the brief career of a most devoted missionary, to whom the Church had committed a great trust, because he had given promise of great things.

The story of William Black's life is replete with interest. Permeated as it was by one grand overmastering emotion, which governed implicitly every energy and faculty, its simplest events, to those in sympathy with him, attract and command notice.

He was the first-born of his parents, and, like the infant Samuel, was, before his birth, consecrated by his mother's prayers to the Lord's service. His early life, 1846 to 1866, was spent at his birthplace, Dunbog, a sparsely-peopled rural parish, prettily placed under the shadow of Norman's Law, in the north-east district of Fifeshire. Here he grew up a stirring, daring boy, whose heart was much more in his play than his lessons. His fishing-rod, his rabbits, and his pigeons sadly preoccupied his mind, when it should have been centred upon sums in proportion and dates in history. And this strong bias, which neither advising nor flogging was able to alter, obstinately clung to him, as if in the blood. Nature, not books, was his delight,

and every farmer for five miles round knew the bright-eyed handsome face of the school-master's son, and generally connived at his oft-repeated raids upon the trout, the peewit's eggs, and the hawks' nests. The Saturdays were to him Elysium, for books could then be lawfully shelved and long excursions indulged in without fear of consequences.

Such a life developed in him great self-reliance, decision, and fearlessness, so that soon no errand was thought too difficult for him to execute. In illustration of this, when about ten years of age his mother was taken suddenly ill, and the nearest help from relatives was at Letham, a place six miles over the hills, and towards which there was only an imperfect sheep-track. But to this place in the murk of midnight Willie was the appointed and ready messenger, passing dauntlessly in his way a spot which, in local superstition, was haunted by the ghost of a murderess. There are few men, not to speak of boys, would have cared for such a walk, weirdsome with the shuddering scream of the curlew and the noiseless spectre-flit of the heron suddenly beclouding the path as you proceed.

When about thirteen, his father, anxious for his more thorough education, entered him as a pupil in Cupar academy, and there the larger number of advanced scholars of his own age roused him somewhat to emulate their application, and he upon the whole made more satisfactory progress in book-learning. His old love, however, of deeds of daring still clung to him, and on one occasion nearly caused him permanent bodily injury. A narrow ledge on the second floor of the academy runs externally from window to window, and along this, in mere bravado, he was progressing one day, when he fell heavily to the ground, where he lay for a while bruised and stunned. But as no bones were broken, the accident but sufficed to sober him for a week.

When fifteen he became enamoured of the calling of an architect. His mother unceasingly hoped and sought for him some sphere as a worker for Christ, but he having as yet evidenced no change of heart, she allowed him to follow his own decision. So, as a training towards his aim, he engaged for a time in practical joiner-work. While thus employed, about the age of nineteen, he became deeply anxious about his religious condition. No special circumstances led to this anxiety other than a diligent use of his Bible and his mother's earnest prayers. His

distress was deep and prolonged. With strong crying and tears he sought for spiritual peace, but, for many months, he found it not. The Lord was thus, doubtless, leading him to deep heart-searching to humble him, but also to fit him for after usefulness in his service. A marked feature in his awakened state at this time was the fear of being spoken to by others on the subject of his personal interest in Christ; so that he seemed to be at one and the same time anxiously seeking and yet dreading to find the light. It was, perhaps, the conviction of "I ought to know and rejoice in the truth, but I don't, and am ashamed to say so." There was one whom he specially shunned, the family physician, Dr. John Lyell, a skilful and much-esteemed practitioner in Newburgh. He was so well known for speaking pointedly to others about their interest in the Saviour, that when Willie saw his gig approach he invariably went and hid himself.

Pursuing still his desire of being an architect he, in his twentieth year, entered a suitable office in St. Andrews. It was in this ancient city, while thus occupied, in 1867, that he passed through the great crisis of his life, and lost his doubts and fears by a clear apprehension of the simplicity of salvation through faith in Jesus. As in the case of many more, led like him through prolonged darkness, the joy and comfort of assurance was such as compelled him to proclaim it to all around. It seemed to him that if he did not speak the very stones would cry out. So, "straightway he preached Christ" in the streets, and became very bold in his appeals to the consciences of the careless; insomuch that many reckoned him "a pestilent fellow." Shortly before he left for Livingstonia he had the great joy of coming on traces of the fruit of such work. He had been speaking at Stirling upon the subject of the mission, and at the close a young man came up and shook hands with him, saying, "I know you. You are the street-preacher of St. Andrews!" The truth then heard had impressed him, and it had at length led to his conversion. Strange to say the same week he had a letter from another young man in Columbia, U.S., telling of the blessing he had got from his meetings in St. Andrews, and that he was now himself working for Christ in the backwoods.

From this time onwards the work of grace in his soul gradually deepened, and he began to long for a complete consecration of all his energies and time in direct work for the

Saviour. The wish was at first but dimly shaped in his mind, as the barriers toward its realisation, in the shape of money and education, were apparently insuperable. But a mother's prayers had to be answered, and so the missionary spirit took deeper root in his heart, and the lions in the way lost their awe-inspiring appearance as he was led up to them.

With characteristic fortitude he began at once to revise and extend the studies that he had so slighted in former years. Burdensome beyond idea was the work he now went through, in rearing for himself a solid and permanent basis of exact scholarship. But with unshaken determination he sternly girt himself to the work, saying, "What has been done can be done, and why not by me?" But while these efforts were in time crowned by a moderate success, he never shut his eyes to the fact that many an aching head and sleepless night might have been saved him, and better work been done, if he only had, while a boy at school, been as diligent in study as he had been in play.

Meanwhile, Dr. Lyell, of Newburgh, the family doctor, had, in the providence of God, relinquished the ordinary practice of his profession and become superintendent of the Glasgow Medical Missionary Society. Knowing Mr. Black's missionary longings he, in 1870, offered him an assistantship in his dispensary. This was joyfully accepted, and the Christ-like work of the medical missionary, as there seen by him from day to day, decided him as to the branch of service for Jesus to which he ought to devote himself. His resolution was warmly approved of and forwarded by Dr. Lyell, and the same winter saw him enrolled as a medical student in Glasgow University. Thus the difficulties towards the accomplishment of his object vanished as he went forward.

For about three years he continued helping in the Medical Mission work, making the while steady progress in the systematic study of the art of healing. He was greatly liked by the poor, his generous and sympathetic nature readily begetting their confidence and gratitude. Not content with the opportunities of usefulness he enjoyed at the dispensary, he started cottage meetings in an out-of-the-way and remote corner of the city. His memory yet lingers in the place, and to this day the Medical Mission receives more patients from that locality than from districts as destitute situated much nearer its chief centre of work. In the college his religion was not hid, and his fellow-students soon

knew that Black was a "revivalist." Occasionally they sought to make him the butt of their ridicule; but his *quid pro quo* was usually so pointed that his would-be castigators soon tired of their work. On one occasion his reply, perfectly justifiable in self-defence, so exasperated his tormentor that he lifted his hand to strike him. Black, with that quiet impressiveness which, when he lost self-consciousness, seemed his natural mood, placed his large and firm hand gently upon the shoulder of the passionate youth, and said, "Why, man, were I minded I could strike you down at a blow; but what's the use?" And with a few more words about the folly of quarrelling, the enemy of the one moment, before he quite understood how, became the friend of the next.

The Glasgow University Medical Students' Christian Association was started at this time, and through the kindness of the Senate had given it the free use of one of the class-rooms for its meetings. Mr. Black, prominent in its organization, delighted greatly in its Saturday gatherings, and during the last winter of his studies became its president. These meetings still continue, and, while usually devotional, are varied about once a month by an address from some senior member of the profession.

In 1872 Mr. Black was selected as the Paterson Bursar (a bursary restricted to students in training for medical mission work), in itself a high testimony of the esteem in which he was deservedly held. In 1873, having resigned his assistantship at the Medical Mission, as the hours of duty prevented lecture attendance, he had the further honour of being chosen a district missionary to the Free Barony congregation, of which the Rev. James Wells was then minister. Into his direct duties in this office he threw himself with great zeal, besides identifying himself with and helping all departments of the Christian work of the church. His Sabbath-evening Bible-class was one of his most attractive and most useful works. The membership was of both sexes, and not uncommonly a hundred and fifty were under his instruction on such occasions. Over them he exercised a kind of magnetic power, securing their rapt attention, not by any novelty of style or matter, but by the golden bond of a perfect sympathy. He came so alongside of his hearers that he seemed to hold the hand and speak in the ear of each.

Having very largely the gift of organizing, and that enthusiasm which begets enthusiasm, he had a wonderful power of getting

others to work. A band of some thirty young men gave themselves up to his leadership, and his own earnest spirit was soon largely infused into them. Cottage meetings and district tract distributions were never before so extensively undertaken as through them. Influenced too by his example, a number of these are now working and studying towards various departments of mission work. One of them, indeed, has become the new Paterson Bursar, and will in due time doubtless walk in his steps and devote himself to the foreign field.

In this way the winter passed of 1873-74. In that succeeding, he unfortunately decided to carry on simultaneously with his studies in medicine theological studies at the Free Church College. The Paterson Bursary enjoins on the acceptor that two years should be spent in such studies *before* or *after* graduation in medicine. He chose, and there can be no doubt imprudently chose, to begin those new studies before he had finished the others. So that at one and the same time he was a student of medicine, a student of theology, and a district missionary. This blunder was destined to bear its own punishment. His health, by the excessive tax such engagements made upon it, and by a reduction of the hours of rest, became in the course of the session seriously impaired, and he was thus compelled to abate his unceasing application. One, however, while grieving over his mistake and its disastrous result, cannot but envy and admire that fervid zeal which seduced him from a sober judgment of his own powers of performance. A burning desire for present usefulness and early complete consecration to direct mission work consumed him. He said in deeds what others have in words, "Better to wear out than to rust out;" forgetting, however, that undiminished continuity of force, in both religion and physics, is much more influential than momentary intensity.

The severe strain upon Mr. Black's strength was at this time such that often he could not get sleep but from the use of opiates. Nor need we wonder at it when we read from his own hand (in his "Opus Dei," an occasional diary) what he compressed within the compass of four-and-twenty hours. We give the last entry in the book, slightly abridged:—

"28 March, 1875. Sabbath. This has been a day of great work.

"1. Among the young men at 8.30. Subject, 'The unpardonable Sin.'

"2. Among the Kirk Street children, 11 o'clock. Some of the little darlings wept when I told them that this was presumably the last time I would be among them as chairman. Most of the monitors too were weeping. May God bless them all! I feel very sorry myself to part with them.

"3. Afternoon. Went with Mr. Russell as a deputation for the Students' Missionary Association to Free St. Matthew's. Both of us received great attention. Results, over £13 to the Livingstonia fund.

"4. My Bible Class at 5.30. A large attendance, and unusually attentive. Many cried, specially the young women, when I said that I should likely not meet them again as their teacher. I shook hands with all of them as they retired. May I meet them *all* in heaven! They wish to give me some present before I sail for Bombay, but I have no time to arrange a meeting. The question was put to me, 'But if you don't come back what shall we do with the money?' I said, 'Give it to Jesus.'

"5. I took the evening meeting in the Hall. It was crowded, and all the people were very attentive. My subject was 'Hid,' Col. iii. 3. Lord, make impressions for eternity."

The reference to Bombay made above refers to the medical advice which he had received, to take complete rest and a thorough change. He accordingly, a few days after the Sabbath's work just detailed, spent three months as surgeon of the steamship *Macedonia*, making, during that time, a voyage out to India and back. This seemed thoroughly to recruit his shattered health, and his worst symptoms, before he returned, seemed entirely removed.

During the preceding year he had been introduced to the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, the promoter of the Livingstonia Mission, as a suitable head for that new centre of evangelization. And so greatly had his zeal and general ability impressed those who knew him, that on their recommendation he was, before the completion of his studies, appointed to be the head of the mission under Dr. Stewart. This was an opening entirely after his own heart. He coveted pioneer work. Indeed his great love of nature from boyhood, and his trade experience in early life, in addition to his other acquirements, made him peculiarly suitable for the post.

His aim was in due time attained, and in the spring of 1876 he had the pleasure of graduating in Glasgow University as M.B.

and C.M.; while a few weeks afterwards he was ordained, by the Glasgow Presbytery of the Free Church of Scotland, to the ministry, after an abridged theological course, by special authorisation of the Assembly. Numerous presentations, tokens of the sympathy and approval with which himself and his work were viewed, were showered upon him. So warm, indeed, was the "God speed you" expressed by all, that the young missionary felt that if the path to duty had been toilsome and laborious, his achieved position, as the Church's chosen herald, was worth it all; and he saw that he was being sent out strengthened and supported by her united prayers, and that no lukewarm interest would be taken in his future career. He had also the blessed consciousness of his mother's joy. The long-cherished and oft-repeated desire of her heart, that her first-born should be a worker for Christ, was thus, in His own time and way, heard and answered.

It will be remembered that early in 1875 the first Livingstonia Mission party left. A reinforcement to this first party now fell (May, 1876) to be led by Dr. Black; and it was accompanied by another goodly band of pioneer missionaries, sent out by the Church of Scotland under Dr. Macklin, who, as we have already seen, have occupied a new centre of operation at Blantyre, near the cataracts. This large company, after being enthusiastically welcomed in Cape Colony, and receiving an important native contingent from Lovedale, started for Nyassa, accompanied by Dr. Stewart. The party, on the 21st of October, reached their destination without serious mishap; and Dr. Black, though prostrate from fever, managed to crawl on deck and join in the shout of triumph and psalm of thanksgiving that could not be restrained as their little steamer glided towards the mission settlement at Cape Maclear. Here, as we already know, after six months of unwearied toil, so joyfully endured, so heartily performed, was he summoned, by a fresh attack of fever, home to receive from his Master's loving hands the conqueror's palm; and from His gracious lips that welcome, more enviable than the loftiest niche in the temple of fame, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our purpose is all but done. We have attempted to show what was the calling and the training of the missionary which the cause of Livingstonia has lost. His labours in that distant field we have indicated rather

than traced, for, brief as they have been, are they not written in the chronicles of the Church? But over his boyhood and early years we have lingered more lengthily, and have tried to bring out that God's grace made

him what he was—a noble type of just such a missionary as Africa needs; a man with a Christ-like spirit, an indomitable will, an unflagging zeal, and a consuming passion for the salvation of souls.

R. LAIDLAW.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, days, and months, and years;

Farewell, thoughts, and hopes, and fears;

Farewell, old delight and woe;

Farewell, self of long ago!

In the old familiar place

Time sped on at slower pace—

Past recall indeed you lie,

Days, and months, and years gone by,

Now the old familiar door

Shuts us out for evermore!

Farewell, house—no more our home!

Others, in the years to come,

Hither homeward will return—

On the hearth their fires will burn;

Children that we do not know

Gather round the blithesome glow;

Other feet will tread the stair,

Other guests be welcomed there.

We, whose home it was before,

Shall be strangers evermore!

May be, in the years to come,

Past the house our feet may roam—

Over all a subtle change

Will have stolen and made it strange,

And the house we leave to-day

Will have vanished quite away.

In this house's joy and care

We shall have no lot nor share;

All our life herein will seem

Like a half-forgotten dream.

We shall be as ghosts, that come

Ling'ring round their ancient home,

If our feet pass evermore
Near the old familiar door.

Farewell, days, and months, and years;

Farewell, buried hopes and fears!

Wheresoe'er our footsteps stray,

Whether long or brief our stay,

Whatsoever good we find,

Many graves we leave behind.

So, farewell, old joy and pain,

We shall never know again!

Farewell, all things that we leave!

Surely, life and warmth must cleave

To the house, when we are gone.

Can it empty seem, and lone,

When the echoes of the years,

Hopes and joys, and griefs and fears.

Scarce have died from roof and wall?

Surely, ghostly steps will fall

On the bare dismantled floors.

Gliding in at open doors,

Flitting up and down the stair,

Will not shadows wander there—

Shades more vague than shadows are,

Or than ghosts that break death's bar?

Sure our wraiths, when we are gone,

Oft will haunt the chambers lone—

Come to seek (ah, ne'er to find!)

All the years we leave behind?

Farewell, house, for evermore!

Farewell, old familiar door!

Farewell, home—yet no, not so—

Home goes with us where we go!

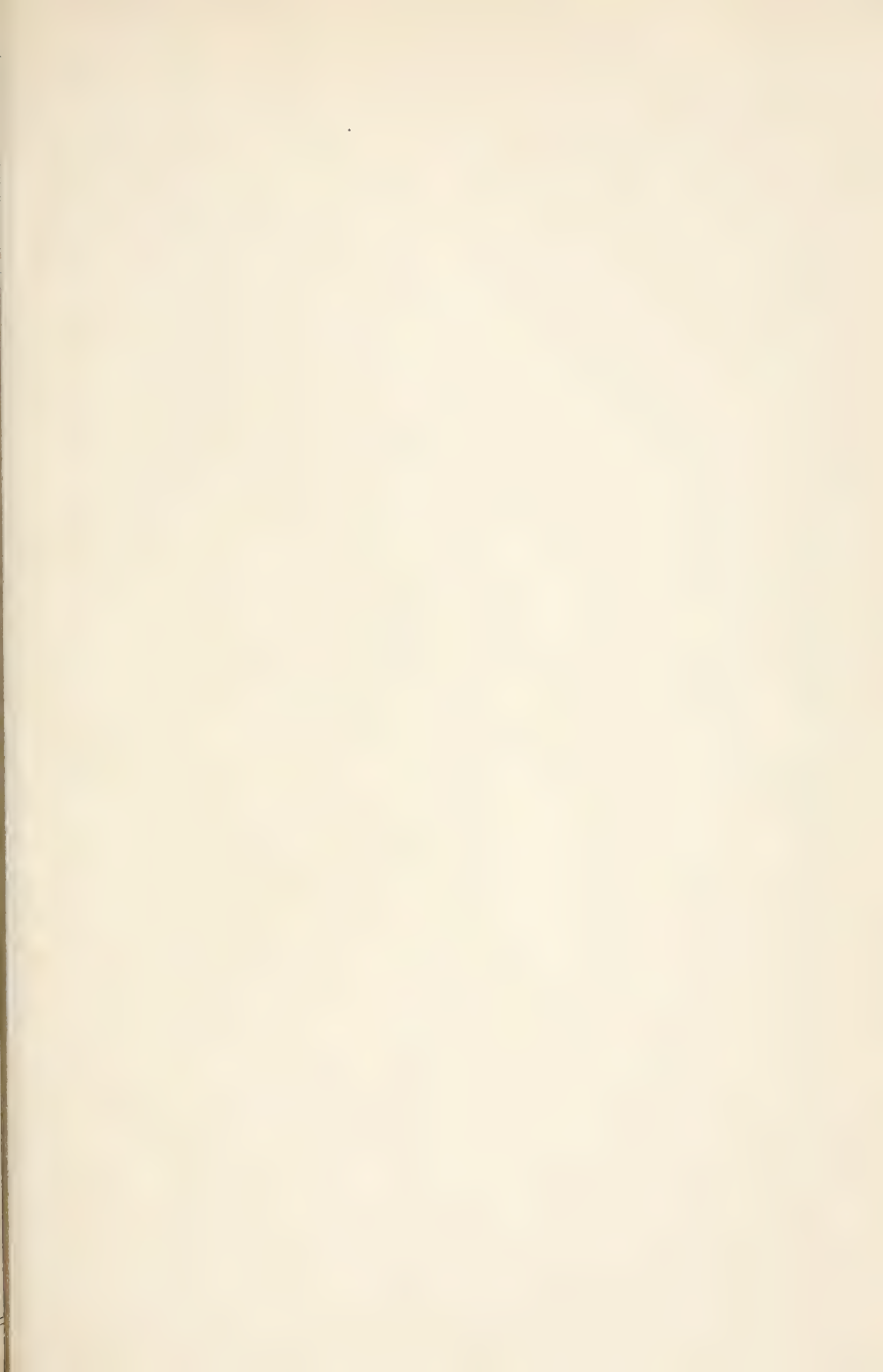
MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

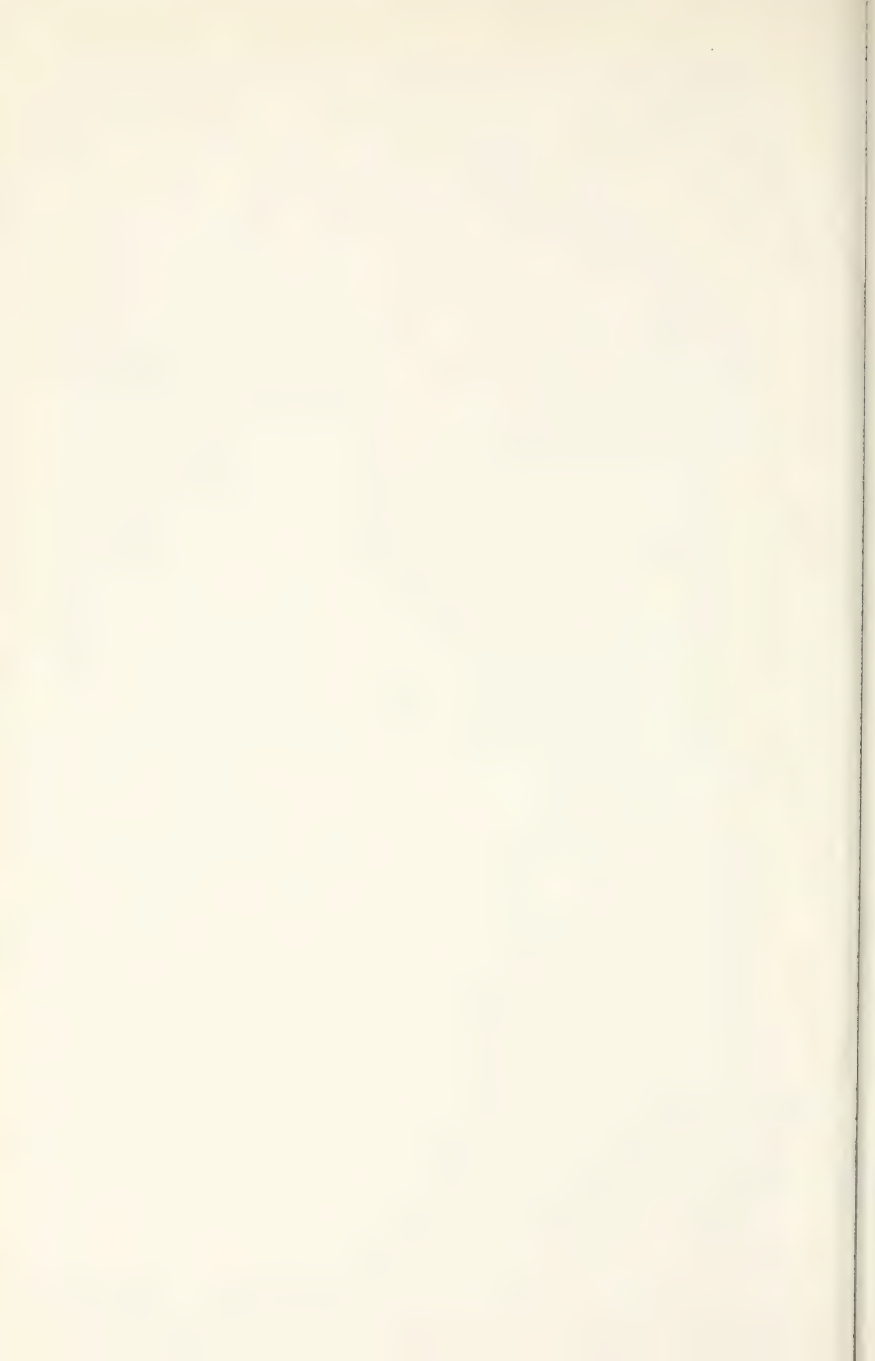
CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

NOTE.—The passage in GOOD WORDS of October, p. 667, originally stood thus: "It stood for many centuries in the ancient city of On, or Heliopolis, where Joseph was wedded to Asenath, the daughter of the High Priest, and lived on the most friendly relations with the land of the Pharaohs. It was underneath its shadow that Moses became learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, and employed that learning for

the deliverance and the education of his people." The form in which it was printed arose from a mistaken reading of a passage in Sharpe's "History of Egypt."

Erratum.—At p. 673, second column, line 30 from top, *for* antiquity, *read* contiguity.







MAY 1966

WESBY

